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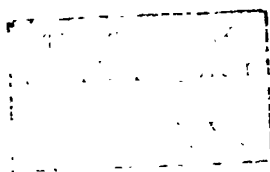
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FRANK LESLIE'S

PLEASANT HOURS.

Feb. - July 1873.

Dedicated to Light and Entertaining Literature.

1906 1/2



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Madame d'ErLon.

CHAPTER I.

My good friends, I am Desré Lantier, at your service—a Normand, a small *propriétaire* in my way; but, bless you! a few years ago I was only a valet. Now, it is not often that a gentleman's gentleman undertakes to write a story. Ladies'-maids do frequently. In fact I am sometimes almost horror-struck at the awful secrets that those confidential creatures give to the public, but gentlemen's gentlemen, rarely.

I am the exception, however.

Having been one of the fortunate in the *tirage au sort*, I settled all old scores, and then quitted Fécamp to seek fame and fortune as a valet. Well, time passed. I made money—yes, I made it by modest speculations. I gained a reputation, and, after an absence of ten years, I returned to my village, to find my parents dead, and Virginie, my pretty little sister Virginie, gone, and no one could tell me whither.

No one except Toicette, the fortune-telling old hag, who lives yet just under the cliff. She told me, and I paid well for the information, but it was worth its price.



MADAME D'ERLON.—'MONSIEUR, I AM THE VICOMTESSE D'ERLON. THAT MAN, MY HUSBAND, IS YOUR WIFE'S LOVER. HERE IS A LETTER SENT TO HIM BY HER YESTERDAY. JUDGE NOW.'

I returned to Paris, but I soon fell ill, and was forced to retire from the service of Monsieur le General Fleury. At the end of a few weeks I recovered sufficiently to enter that of the Vicomte Philippe Girodet d'Erlon, an American, a Southerner who had but lately fallen heir to a great fortune and a grand title.

Let me add that, for excellent reasons, I was no longer Desiré, but Dominique Lantier, and as Dominique only, my employer knew me.

Now, the vicomte was a fine fellow. He was tall and black-eyed, handsome, generous, and the greatest *roué* in Europe. To sum it all up, I may say of him what has already been said of a far greater personage: "It was the business of his life to break all the commandments, except one. He did not steal."

And when I say that Monsieur le Vicomte did not steal, I say all the good that can be said of him, from a moral point of view.

But we got along together admirably, monsieur and I. It is true that I was neither tall nor handsome, nor gallant, but my heart was light and full of tenderness for all the world; so full of forgiving tenderness, that once when I overheard a young person of my acquaintance say to a friend, "*Ce pauvre Dominique*, he is not handsome, like Anatole, but he is so good," I did not utter a reproachful word, but I managed to break Anatole's head before a week was over, and then I said "adieu" to mademoiselle.

Ah, what a merry life we led in Paris, monsieur and I! We had an *appartement* in the Rue Lafitte, very near the Maison Doré. My master kept the finest horses, gave the most exquisite *petits soupers*, and spent the most money of any man in France. He lived, in fact, the enjoyable, luxurious life of a gargon, with an unlimited banker's account.

And this charming existence had lasted for several months, when, one morning in early Spring, there came a turn in affairs.

I was in the vestibule, brushing a coat, when the bell rang. I opened the door. A lady dressed in black entered. That did not startle me, for it was not the first time I had seen a lady enter that very apartment.

But this one had not the manner of any preceding visitor. She was neither so insolently self-possessed as a fair one of the Quartier Bréda, nor so nervously agitated as a person of the *grand monde* would have been. She was simply calm, composed, and gracious; and from the moment I heard her voice and saw her face, I felt irresistibly attracted toward her.

And what a face! As clearly cut, as perfect and as colorless as that of a marble goddess, with great brown eyes, straight brows, and a tiny mouth. Rather thin were the lips, and haughtily curved, but very pretty, notwithstanding.

And what a voice, my friends! so low, and sweet, and musical!

"Monsieur," said the unknown, "I wish to see Monsieur le Vicomte d'Erlon."

"Madame," I answered with a bow, "my master has just gone out."

"But he will return presently?"

"He certainly will, madame."

"Then, *mon ami*, with your permission, I will wait for him," she said.

I led the way to the *salon*, and withdrew to an adjoining chamber. Through the parted curtains of the door I could see the stranger sitting by a window that gave upon the courtyard. Presently she arose and walked about the room, looking curiously at everything, and touching everything, from the cigars and a tiny glove, with "Coralie" embroidered on the gauntlet, to a perfumed billet from Coralie herself, that monsieur had received only the day before. This she deliberately drew from its envelope and read. I was overcome with astonishment, and upon the point of addressing a gentle remonstrance, when this extraordinary visitor crossed the room rapidly and opened the other door—the door of my master's bedchamber. I was by her side now.

"Madame!" I cried, "there is nobody here. I have already told you——"

But the unknown interrupted me with a somewhat impatient gesture.

"Silence!" she commanded, imperiously. "You have already told me a falsehood. That is enough. Your master has not been home all night."

And then she returned to her seat by the window, and I, in silence, stole softly to my post of observation.

In a few moments more a carriage rolled into the courtyard—a step tripped up the stairs, the bell sounded, the door was opened, and Monsieur le Vicomte Philippe Girodet d'Erlon stood before me.

"Monsieur," I commenced, in a mysterious whisper, "there is a lady in the *salon*."

"Peste! Who is she?"

"I do not know, monsieur. She is young; she is handsome; she has read Mademoiselle Coralie's letter; she has been into your bedroom; she has——"

"Philippe!" interrupted those soft tones. "It is I, *mon ami*, and I am waiting for you."

At the sound of that voice, the look of surprise with which my master was receiving the announcement of his visitor's performances changed to one of blank horror. My word, I had never seen the gay gentleman so disturbed.

But this emotion speedily vanished, and he turned upon the speaker with a smothered exclamation that might have been a welcome, but I mistook it for a curse.

"Philippe!"

She had removed her bonnet and mantle, and was standing in the doorway; and a very pretty picture I inwardly acknowledged that she made, for I saw now what I had not seen before—that her short, fair hair clustered in flat rings about an exquisite head, that a rose-leaf tint had crept into her snowy cheeks, and that her great eyes were fairly luminous. One little white hand upheld the heavy *portière*, the other was extended to my master.

"Philippe," she repeated, "come!"

She was obeyed.

Monsieur le Vicomte sprang forward, and then

—the *portière* fell, and the door was closed upon the two.

A FULL hour passed before I was again disturbed. Then my master called me.

"Dominique, receive madame's orders," he said, shortly, without looking at me, and never pausing in his restless pacing to and fro.

"My good Dominique," interposed the lady, rising and approaching me, "you are to go to the H tel de Saxe, in the Rile d'Antin."

"Good, madame."

"You are to see my maid, Jacqueline, and to fetch her here, with my luggage."

"Good, madame."

"That is all, Dominique."

"Scarcely, madame. Your name, if you please."

"True, true. Madame la Vicomtesse d'Erlon. Please go now, Dominique."

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS had gone by, and in that short space of time a complete transformation had been effected at No. 19 Rue Lafitte, *au second*. Madame and Jacqueline were there. And madame was a marvel, a thorough tactician, a skillful diplomatist. She managed my master as a minister manages his sovereign, or as a marshal manages his armies. And she merited decorations far more than many others do who wear them. It was, I repeat, wonderful, but Monsieur d'Erlon's conduct was still more so. He uttered no protest, even to me. In fact, he was obstinately dumb about the whole matter, and once, when I ventured to ask him how long he had been married, he answered just as I expected he would, for he was a remarkably civil person to his inferiors.

"Dominique," said he, looking up lazily through a cloud of cigar-smoke, "that is none of your business. I am married. Let that knowledge content you, as it does me."

He studiously avoided his wife, however, never meeting her except in the *salon*, and then never speaking to her before me. Of course, I endeavored to cultivate Jacqueline, but Jacqueline was old, and ugly, and obstinate, and I might just as well have paid my respects to the blank wall.

So, you see, there was really nothing to distract my attention from my duty in the ante-chamber, where I had been stationed by monsieur. And that duty was simple enough. Whenever little *bottines* trotted up the marble staircase, and passed before our door, I was to send them trotting down again yet more hastily. But Madame la Vicomtesse never failed to call to me, loud enough to be heard by the wearer of the little *bottines*:

"Dominique, tell that person that my husband is not at home. Bid her enter, however; I will see her."

I leave you to guess how many accepted the polite invitation and entered.

And more than half the time monsieur was in his chamber, and, of course, overheard all that

passed. Decidedly, matters were altogether incomprehensible. I went down to the *conciërge* for the fiftieth time. I reproached her bitterly.

"For a shame, Madame Gradot!" I said. "I would never have believed this of you. Here is my master, who is as generous as a prince, and yet you refuse to render him the least service."

Madame's fat hands were clasped in horrified wonder, and her round black eyes grew rounder and blacker yet.

"I refuse to render a service to Monsieur le Vicomte? Who? I? I? Ernestine Gradot? Why, Monsieur Dominique, you are jesting! I would cut myself in pieces for him!"

"Yet you will not prevent those women coming up to us."

"Ah, these women! Well, monsieur, they are little devils, those women! They glide past the *loge* like ghosts. I never see them. I never know that they are here until I catch the rustling of their skirts upon the stairs. Then I run after them. I call, I shout, but, *poof!* they are already at your door. Now, what do you say to that, my friend?"

I could have said that, in my soul, I knew that all this story was false, and that she was selling us to Madame d'Erlon; but as such a declaration might have produced the most unpleasant results, I wisely held my tongue.

"Go in peace, monsieur," continued the artless creature. "If another woman ascends that staircase she will have to pass over my dead body."

A half-hour had not gone by, when that little brown-eyed witch, Sylvie, rang our bell.

"Be very careful, Monsieur Dominique; it is important," she whispered, handing me a letter.

"Mademoiselle," said I, in the same tone, "tell me, did you pass over a dead body on the stairs?"

She jumped back with a low cry.

"*Mon Dieu!* no. Why?"

"And you did not kill the *conciërge*?"

It makes me laugh now when I think of that young person's abrupt departure; but when I recall the backward glance of amusement, horror and fright, I fairly hold my sides. How Sylvie got down the stairs, Providence and the *conciërge* alone know. I have an idea that she rolled down. I did not go to see, however. I just shut the door and turned away, to stand face to face with my mistress.

"Give me that letter," said she.

"My dear madame, if you——"

"Give me that letter!"

"Madame, I cannot betray a confidence."

Her red lips curved in a half-sad, half-mocking smile.

"Betray a confidence!" Then, suddenly: "See, Dominique, I am alone and neglected. I have not a friend in the world. Dominique, for God's sake, be my friend."

"Madame, I would die for you."

"But you will not betray him for me?"

I hesitated. She turned away with a deep-drawn sigh.

"I see," she murmured. "You cannot, poor Dominique!"

I rushed to her; I knelt before her; I seized her hands and kissed them.

"Madame!" I cried—"madame! dear madams, for you I can do all things! Take it!"

PRESENTLY, madame came to me.

"Here is the letter, my good Dominique. You can give it to your master when he comes, and you need not say that I know anything of it, for there is no harm done, you see."

So, after all, monsieur received his letter in good time.

CHAPTER III.

It was after ten the next evening when my mistress and I alighted from a hired carriage at a certain mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain.

"Announce Madame la Vicomtesse d'Erlon," said my mistress, and I, following closely, had the pleasure of witnessing the tableau which soon presented itself in that gorgeous *salon*.

"Madame la Vicomtesse d'Erlon!" cried the valet. And if he had cried, "I proclaim the end of the world!" he could not have caused a greater sensation among the three persons present. They started to their feet. One, a white-haired, fine-looking man, advanced to the intruder; the second, a handsome woman, uttered a cry of astonishment; but the third, who was my master, made one step forward, paused, folded his arms, knit his black brows, and so stood, braced, as it were, against the impending shock.

It came in these words, and in an open letter handed to the white-haired man:

"Monsieur le Prince de Varignon?"

The other bowed.

"Monsieur, I am the Vicomtesse d'Erlon. That man, my husband, is your wife's lover. Here is a letter sent to him by her, yesterday. Judge now."

Monsieur de Varignon received the missive with a courteous bow, and read it carefully.

"Is it true?" said he, at last, breaking the dread silence that had fallen upon the group. "Can it be true; that this lady is your wife, monsieur?"

"It is true, *mon Prince*," was the haughtily-given response.

"You see," interrupted my mistress, with her reckless, mocking laugh, "and yet you were almost guilty of the rudeness of doubting me. Oh, fie! Yes, truly, I am that happy creature, Madame d'Erlon, whose existence you never even suspected, whose existence no one in France suspects. Monsieur le Prince, I have the honor to salute you. Monsieur le Vicomte, I trust to have the pleasure of seeing you when you return to the Rue Lafitte. Adieu, gentlemen."

And without another word, simply gathering up her skirts as she passed the princess, my mistress walked to the door, I following. But she paused upon the threshold, arrested by the prince's tone of command.

"Wait, madame! You cannot go yet. Wait! you must tell me——"

"Pardon, monsieur. I shall tell you nothing

more. There is my husband. Address yourself to him," madame answered, haughtily, and swept from the room.

My master did not return that night. God only knows how madame passed the weary hours, for she had sent Jacqueline to bed, and remained alone.

Once only she lifted the *portière* between the *salon* and the reception-room, where I kept my lonely watch.

"Are you there, good Dominique?" she asked, in that sweet way that always went to my heart.

"I am here, madame," I answered. "Fear nothing."

"Poor Dominique!"

The curtain fell, and I heard no more until broad day.

Then there came the sound of wheels in the court. I opened the outer door. Hasty steps were echoing on the stairs. In a moment more my master appeared.

"Where is madame?"

I pointed to the *salon*.

He dashed past me and entered it. He did not close the door, so I heard all. He did not even draw the curtain, so I saw all.

Madame was standing in the middle of the chamber when monsieur strode up to her, his face livid, his eyes glaring with a devilish fury.

"Woman, there has been murder done!" he said.

"You are not hurt, monsieur?"

"No, but De Varignon is dead. Are you satisfied?"

"Not at all. I would have preferred differently."

"*Ma foi*, I believe it. You are cruel and wicked enough for that, and worse. What demon drove you to this? Tell me!"

"What demon? You are right. That is the word. It was the demon of love. I love you. Yes, I love you, and no woman shall come between us, and live. I swear it, oh, *mon Dieu*!"

"Adress!"

"I am not. But I am your wife; detested and abandoned now, but your wife always. Ah, monsieur, with what can you reproach me? In what have I offended?"

"You have not offended, nor do I reproach you. It is all my fault. I should have remembered that women of your class are always malicious and revengeful."

"But faithful. Only grand ladies make unfaithful wives."

"Perhaps so. Well, I do not wish to be rude, or I would remind you that, after all, you have been a very fortunate person. If I had not been such a fool as to marry you—if I had not taken you to America, and so given you the opportunity to ingratiate yourself with my old idiot of an uncle, and become his heiress, you would not now be able to gratify your wicked propensities, and track me about the world to wear me out with your persecutions. *Pardie*, yes, you are the most fortunate person of my acquaintance. Dominique!"

I went to him.

"Monsieur le Vicomte called?"

"Yea. Explain the cursed mystery of that letter."

"Permit me," interrupted madame. "Dominique can explain nothing. I overheard your go-between. I took the letter from your servant, and I substituted another in its place. No mystery, you see."

Judge of my surprise when, instead of the indignant outburst that I expected, my master only laughed, not sweetly, not pleasantly, even, it is true, but still he laughed.

"Oh, Virginie, my beloved little wife! Ah, Virginie, my precious one! my angel!"

And, laughing still, he quitted us.

Seeing that madame appeared to be lost in a profound reverie, I seized the opportunity and stole as noiselessly as possible from the room.

Presently my master's bell summoned me.

"Pack a trunk," said he, as unconcernedly as possible. "I start for London to-night."

That was all. Not a word about the letter.

When our preparations were finished, monsieur returned to the *salon*.

"I leave you now, Virginie," he announced, always with the same quiet unconcern.

"He is really dead, then?"

"Yes. Speak no more of it, I beg. Will you meet me at London?"

"I, monsieur!"

"You, madame. Certainly you cannot suppose that I would expect any one else."

"Ah, may I—Philippe?"

"May you?"

He caught her in his arms—I saw him do it—he caught her in his arms; he kissed her again and again.

"May you?" he repeated. "Poor, foolish, jealous little wife! Yes, come to me, Virginie. Come, forgive, and, with God's help, we will be happy yet. Nay, do not weep, dearest one; tears unnerve me. Do not weep, but promise to come to me."

Ah, my good friends, will you not believe that the promise was made, and fulfilled?

CHAPTER IV.

SEE us now at the Vertona Palace. You who know Venice, know the Vertona Palace. You have admired it, of course. You can run glibly over the ugly stories concerning it, that are handed down from generation to generation. Well, let those stories pass. What mattered it to us whether the marble floors were stained with damp or blood? We were brave. Ay, three brave, strong and reckless souls, so we were speedily at home in that spacious old place, with its small-paned, deep-framed windows, its ghostly corridors, its massive staircases, and its screen of rank ivy that covered it as mold covers a grave.

I confess that, at first, it was not a lively habitation, but my master's constant presence, his pleasant voice and ringing laugh soon made it

quite home-like, and the atmosphere of love and confidence was simply heavenly.

All unhappiness concerning that *liaison* seemed to have died with the man who had been so foully wronged. And, as for the woman who had deceived him, no one appeared to know or care the least in the world about her.

The duel had caused a great excitement; the victim had been buried, and the widow was somewhere, certainly; it really did not matter where.

It did not matter now to Madame d'Erion. Heavens! how that woman had changed! She was fresher and brighter, and more beautiful than ever. And love did it all—love and faith. She loved and she believed. That was the secret.

One morning, intrusted by my master with a commission, I sought her as soon as he had gone out for his drive and his letters and his visits, for in that fashion did he always sum up his daily duties.

So, when I had seen him off, I went to the vicomtesse. She was in her chamber, and received me graciously; then, at my request, she dismissed that old Jacqueline. But a great, surly dog that madame had found somewhere, and that monsieur hated, and aptly named "Fiend," was permitted to remain. During the whole interview that followed, that brute was beside his benefactress, crouching there and winking his green eyes at me, and growling audibly. The circumstance did not impress me then. It did later, and now I remember it with positive dread.

"Madame," I said, entering upon my subject boldly, "I am charged by my master to give you this."

I placed before her a small ivory box, of exquisite workmanship.

"What is it?" she asked, flushing prettily and smiling up at me.

"Nothing but *bonbons*. Open it, madame. Press this spring. There!"

"Oh, Dominique!"

I caught her hand.

"Madame la Vicomtesse, permit me," I said, trying to speak calmly. "Do not touch them—do not, for the love of Heaven!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Nothing but this. Wait!"

I took a *bondon* from the box, broke it, and threw the pieces into a gilded cage swinging among the vines that draped the window. Down dashed the ill-fated bird, Amor, and pecked at the sweets, carolling blithely, when suddenly he faltered, was silent, and fell over, dead!

I turned to madame. She was standing by the cage, her hands clasped, and two great tears stealing down her cheeks.

"Do you understand me now?" I ventured.

She raised her glorious eyes to mine.

"They are poisoned," she said, simply.

"Yea."

"Who did it?"

"Who sent them?" I demanded.

"You said that my husband sent them. Dare you accuse him?"

"I dare. Nay, hear me, madame. I will do more than accuse; I will prove. From the day

you entered Monsieur d'Erlon's home, I have been commissioned by him to act as a spy upon you, and to report every action, every word."

"Wretch!"

"That am I not, but he is. He hates you. You know it, yet you could come to him. What madness, *mon Dieu!* What madness! Well, you came, and you had not been twelve hours with us before monsieur made me a proposition, which was that, for a certain consideration I should act as *espion*."

"And you consented?"

"I promised—yes, madame. But after that scandal and duel, he concluded to find graver work for me to do. So now, madame, I am promoted from the office of spy to that of assassin."

My listener shuddered.

"Will you kill me, Dominique?"

"Do you ask that question, madame? In the name of God, be just, and say to whom have I been faithful. Has it been to your husband? Have I not already betrayed him to you? Do I not betray him now? Kill you?—you? Can you think it?"

"But what could prompt him to this now?"

"His passion for Madame de Varignon. She is here. You do not know it, for you are scarcely more than a prisoner. But she is here. He sees her daily, and he wishes to free himself for her sake."

"And you! Why are you so good to me, Dominique?"

"Why? I will tell you, madame. Years ago, when I quitted Normandy, I left there a little sister—a pure, good girl. When I returned to Normandy, I found there no sister. Nothing but the ugly story of her sin and shame."

"Had she sinned, Dominique?"

"Had she not, madame? Gone, and no one could tell me whither! But at last I found a clue, and so, through patient working, I gained my reward. I learned the name of her wronger—a fine gentleman whom a cursed fate had sent to our village. He was rich, too, and I—well, I was poor, for a valet seldom becomes a banker, even with such a generous master as mine was. I had been in the service of Monsieur le General Fleury, if you remember, madame; so, when old Toinette sold me her information, I took counsel with myself. I said, 'See, now, my friend, it is true that this rascal has injured you. Still, he has neither stolen your purse nor broken your head. He has only dishonored you. Clearly, then, it is no question for the tribunal; it is an affair between man and man. But if I should go to this honorable gentleman as an equal, he would have me kicked from his presence. I will do better. I will go to him as a servant, not as Desiré his poor victim's brother, but as Dominique Lantier.' Yes, madame, thus did I reason, and the result was that I became a servant to my greatest enemy, but I learned all that I sought to learn."

"And that was?"

"That my Virginie, my tender-hearted, foolish, ignorant little Virginie, was dead."

I paused. Madame's face sank upon her hands.

"Virginie! that is my name, too!"

"I know it, madame."

"But the man? who was he?"

"Your husband!"

"Yes, I thought so. How could you remain with him when you knew that he was the guilty one?"

"You may well ask that. How could I, indeed? I will tell you. You kept me."

"I?" looking fixedly at me.

"You, madame. Ah, try to understand me, I beg. I entered the vicomte's service, hoping, doubting, fearing. I did not know that my sister was really dead until after you came. Before that time I was a man of will and decision. Since then I have been nothing but an assassin at heart and a coward in action. A hundred times have I said, 'I will kill him,' and a hundred times has the thought of you made a poisoner of me. I could kill him—yes; but, God be merciful! I would die for you, madame."

"Poor Dominique, you love me, then?"

"Yes, I love you just as I loved my Virginie. There can be no insult in that, madame. I love you as I loved my little sister, and no power on earth shall take me from you. I will guard you. I will give my life for you, if need be. Ah, madame, bad as I am, my heart turns to water when I think of you! Do not, ah, do not bid me leave you!"

I shall never forget the sad wistfulness with which my mistress watched me as I told her all this; and when I had finished, she asked:

"Where did Virginie die?"

"In America. He took her there. He told me so when I spoke of her as a girl whom I had known, and I then ventured, laughingly, to accuse him. He imagined that I knew more than I did, and so honored me with his confidence."

"Dead! Well, let us work for her now, Dominique!"

"Let us work, madame."

"Swear it!"

"I swear!"

She gave me her hand. I kissed it. It was thus that I registered my oath.

"And now for the princess, said madame.

"Well, since she is here, I will send her a present. I will send her the box of *bonbons* that my husband has given me. Will you see that they reach her?"

"I will attend to that."

"Thank you, my good friend. And, Dominique, let it be well understood that they come from Monsieur d'Erlon."

Before night, Madame de Varignon had received her present.

CHAPTER V.

I DID not see my master all day. Truth to tell, I did not expect him. I knew that he would give me ample time to do the work required.

As for my mistress, she did not leave her chamber until evening. Then she went to the

salon, and that great ugly brute of a dog sulked in after her, and stretched himself at her feet. I saw them when I took in the candles, but madame did not appear to notice me, whereas Fiend growled viciously. 'How horribly pale my mistress was! Positively, she frightened me.

Presently the vicomte returned. Bah! a glance at that face told of the lowering storm.

"Come with me!" he said, briefly.

I followed to the *salon*. Madame arose silently as we entered.

"Now, wretch, tell me who sent that box to Madame de Varignon!"

"I did," interposed his wife. "I received them from you, and I sent them to her. Is she dead?"

"Murderess!" cried the vicomte, springing at her with uplifted hand. "It was you who killed her!"

"Fiend! Save me, Fiend!"

The words had scarcely fallen from the woman's lips when there was a savage growl, a rush, a smothered cry, a fall, and then arms were holding me fast in a nervous embrace; a white face was close to mine, and a voice was calling:

"Desiré! Desiré! Desiré!"

Oh, the horrible agony of that moment!

I tore myself from madame. I seized the dog, and endeavored to draw him off the prostrate man.

Futile effort! The beast had his foe by the throat, and was killing him.

"Ring for assistance! Ring!" I commanded.

"Is he dead?" my mistress asked.

"No—ring!"

Instead of obeying, she reseated herself and looked coldly at us.

I sprang to the door, shouting to the servants. When they came flocking in, poor Fiend had loosed his hold. He was lying dead from a rapier-thrust, the only weapon at hand. It was an ancient affair, that rapier. A curiosity, put to the most ignoble use, for with it I had killed the brute, but, *portie!* the brute had been bolder than I—he had killed the man!

CHAPTER VI.

I TURNED to look for madame. She had disappeared. I left the others with the corpse, and went to her chamber.

"Madame," I commenced.

At her gesture of silence, I paused. Then she advanced to meet me, and in her hand was a common chaplet—a rosary of carved wood.

"See this," she said, with bated breath, holding the beads aloft.

I knew them. Just such as those had I, a boy, fashioned for baby Virginie.

"*Enfant!*" I cried, the old manner of speech coming to me at the sight of this memento of my youth—"enfant, where art thou?"

"Here! Ah, Desiré—brother—I am your Virginie! I am the little sister of that happy time. Ah, brother, for sweet Mary's sake, be pitiful! I did not know you until you told me the story of the past. I have been wrong, I

know, but then my heart has been torn, and my life has been wrecked, and that has made me wicked. No! it is false! I have *not* done wrong. I have been sinned against. God knows how I have suffered; let God judge. Desiré—brother—let *Him* judge and sentence!"

My Virginie! I held her in my arms. I kissed her again and again, and this I said:

"I forgive thee. Even if *He* condemns, I forgive thee!"

I LEARNED many things before that night had passed. First, I became convinced that Virginie was a wife. That old uncle of whom the vicomte had spoken had seen her, had heard her story, and, upon a threat of disinheritorship, compelled his nephew to marry her. Then, by way of keeping his word, the old man made Virginie his heiress. Dissensions ensued. D'Erlon came to Paris. His wife found him there; and then, we know the rest.

THERE is a lady of the Russian Court, a very grand lady, I assure you. Her husband, a person of distinction, enjoys the confidence of his sovereign, but madame, who is a wit and a beauty, receives the adulation of the world.

Once every year this happy woman comes to a quiet country-house near St. Petersburg. To the man who is always the first to welcome her, she says:

"I am here, my brother."

And he answers:

"God bless you, my Virginie. God bless and keep you forever, my sister."

Curious Wills.

IN 1814, Lady Francis Wilson, daughter of the Earl of Aylesbury, was informed by Archdeacon Potts that a parishioner of his named Wright, then lying dead at a poor lodging-house in Pimlico, had left her a valuable estate in Hampshire. The fair legatee ridiculed the idea, as she knew no such individual. However, she went to Pimlico, and recognized her defunct friend as a constant frequenter of the opera, who had annoyed her by continually staring at her there. One would naturally suppose that the friendless man had fallen in love with the lady, or been attracted, perhaps, by her resemblance to some lost love of his youth. There may have been some tender feeling in the case; but, then, how are we to account for his leaving £24,000 to the Countess of Rosslyn, £4,000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and £1,000 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—all of whom were ignorant of his existence? The worthy Archdeacon would have scouted the notion of the man being insane, for had he not proved himself in his right mind by leaving him £1,000, "as a mark of appreciation of a sermon he had heard him preach"? In 1772, a Monmouthshire squire left £20,000 to a laboring man to whom he would not speak while living. A Mr. Furstone left £7,000 to the first man bearing his surname, who should produce and marry a female Furstone. This was one way for a lone man to provide himself with heirs; but we prefer the practice of honest George Watts, of Stoke-Bishop, who, having no kinsman or kinswoman to whom he could

bequeath sundry cottages of which he had, by industry and self-denial, made himself proprietor, left each of his humble tenants the cottage in which he lived.



"BEO, SIR."



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—“CLARA STEPPED FORWARD. THE LANTERN FLASHED UPON HER. ONE WHITE ARM WAS UPRaised, MOTIONING THEM BACK.”

The Power of Beauty.

AMONG the passengers of the ship *Tempest*, homeward bound from the East Indies to New York, was Mr. Winton, who had amassed quite a fortune among the islands, and was now on his way back to the home of his childhood, with his daughter Clara, who had come out to him a year before.

“You were in such a hurry, my dear child,” said Mr. Winton, one morning, as they stood side by side, looking out seaward. “Otherwise, I should have waited several months, until the *Essex* was ready to sail, as I have heard bad reports about *this* vessel. Old sailors say she is an unlucky craft.”

“All superstition, papa. See how finely she sails!”

Clara was a beautiful girl. Her form was endowed with that degree of fullness, and that graceful curving of the hollow back, which the old Greek artists always gave to the statues of their goddesses.

Her eyes were brown, and, in repose would have been termed dreamy. When she conversed, however, they became luminous with that scintillant sort of light, partly mischievous, partly tender, which all men like.

While always preserving an easy self-possession, never permitting herself to get excited, when she talked, her feelings were rather indicated by the tones of her voice than by her manner. At

one moment, that voice would come low and sweet, like the chirping of a bird; then you would hear it leaping forth like a rippling rill; then swelling to full, womanly tones, like an organ. The beautiful bosom ever moved with the voice—it could be seen to rise and fall, like a white-winged bird upon the sea. As to her hair, it was a strange mingling of black and gold; of raven hue in the shadow, and full of sunshine when it caught the light.

Of course, Clara knew she was beautiful and lovely.

Again and again had she observed the influence she exerted upon the other sex—an influence which, without exaggerating, it may be said, sometimes *actually terrified her!*

She had seen anger, jealousy, malice and other bad passions all meet, as it were, before her presence. Her lithe form—supple, rounded, elastic—seemed to throw out upon the air a magnetism as strange as it was sweet.

Still conversing on the deck, Clara suddenly felt her parent's arm, upon which she was now leaning, tremble beneath her bosom. She looked up, to see her father very pale.

To her anxious inquiries, he replied:

"Pshaw! it is a weak old man's notion, perhaps; but, do you know, ever since I came aboard, it has seemed to me that those wild fellows forward have known what is in my chest, that it contains a million of dollars—all my hard-earned wealth? Likes wolves, I have seen them lick their chops, while their eyes gleamed upon me with wistful eagerness, as if they would readily have the old man's blood for his money!"

"Papa," said Clara, smiling and patting his arm, "you must not give way to such feelings; you are a little nervous."

"I believe I am—yes, I believe you are right, my child; but just glance forward, and see what an ugly-looking set they are."

Clara did so, and shuddered.

Although there were some honest-looking faces, many were as fierce as those of wild animals. The Malay, the Spaniard, the Mulatto and the Kanaka were there.

The young girl endeavored to turn the conversation, chatting upon a variety of subjects, which soon engrossed her father's attention.

"What a good, kind papa," she finally said, "for buying me that beautiful masquerade dress!"

The dress alluded to was a gown of the richest crimson silk, with a sort of velvet tunic attached, ornamented with gold and silver.

There was also a hat—a round, velvet hat, set with pearls, with a silver star clasp; above this, a beautiful white and crimson feather, curving gracefully half way round the hat.

The garb had been made for an Indian princess, who had, however, sold it to Mr. Winton for a large sum.

When Clara appeared before her father in this garb, he had been dazzled, almost astounded, by its singular fitness. The young girl shone upon him like some being of another world, so graceful, so beautiful did she appear.

The rich complexion, the brown eyes all aglow, the superb figure, the half-coquetish, half-queenly manner, were ravishing—irresistible!

"Ah! my child," Mr. Winton now said, "you would captivate a savage in that dress!"

She laughed merrily.

Hours passed; darkness was on the sea. The passengers were all fast asleep.

Suddenly Clara was waked by a terrible noise.

She heard a wild scream, then a splash, as of a body being thrown overboard!

A moment—all was still.

Then came footsteps, softly entering the cabin.

She heard low voices, followed by a dull sound, and several groans.

"Father, father!" she cried, in a loud whisper, applying her mouth to the door which separated her room from her parent's.

There was a crash at the outside door of Mr. Winton's room.

Then the one leading into Clara's apartment was burst open. Mr. Winton, pale and trembling, entered.

"Hist, child! They are after my money! They would take the ship! They have murdered the mate, who sleeps in the next room. I heard the axe as it decended!"

Clara's lips were compressed. Her face was pale, but her eyes flashed resolution, even while she trembled in every limb.

Crash at the door again!

"You have no arms, papa?"

"None. What good would they do me against so many? I looked through a grating in my door, and saw the cabin full of wild men."

At that moment, the banging of many doors was heard, followed by the cracking of fire-arms, and shouts and screams.

Mr. Winton looked through the grating in Clara's door. All the passengers, after a brief resistance, had been captured. There were but four men, besides the spectator.

The women were screaming—begging their captors to spare the lives of brothers and husbands!

"Dead fish tell no tales!" answered a great coarse fellow. "We'll see about it."

Crash! a third time at Mr. Winton's door, which, being of stout oak, and locked and bolted, had thus far resisted all efforts to open it. It must, however, soon give way.

Clara's movements now surprised Mr. Winton. Alas! was the poor girl gone mad from terror?

There she stood, rapidly, and with admirable self-possession, attiring herself in the garb of the Indian princess!

Soon dressed, she stood before her father, her great brown eyes, almost supernaturally dark, seeming to shed forth a beautiful, yet unearthly, magnetism. Never had the matchless form appeared to better advantage—never had the long shining hair caught more beautiful tints, as the lithe form swayed, almost imperceptibly with every heave of the magnificent bosom.

A halo seemed to surround this angelic girl. All down her shoulders fell her rippling tresses, half hiding some of the ornaments of her tunic, which flashed like stars through a golden mist.

Conscious of her beauty, her cheek glowed brighter every moment—a look of sweet triumph was on lip and brow.

"Papa," she murmured—"oh, papa! now you must help me! I will keep the rough fellows away from you; I will save you, and I will save the ship! You must creep forward when the door is burst open, get on deck and bring some of the crew to our assistance. I know they cannot all have risen in mutiny—oh, no!"

"Yes, all, my child! I counted the full crew, thirty men, among the mutineers. Some of them, however, looked as if they had been frightened into joining."

At that moment, the door gave way, with a crash. In rushed blood-stained men with axes and crowbars!

Clara stepped forward. The lanterns flashed upon her glittering charms. There she stood, as if encircled by an aureole of glory, her wonderful form drawn up to its full queenly height; her eyes—scintillating, gleaming, softening—shedding their magnetic beauty full upon the rough band, while one white arm was upraised, motioning them back.

The splendor of her costume, the sudden sight

of so beautiful an apparition, above all, the wonderful woman-power of her eyes, made the men draw back, dazzled, conscience-stricken, astonished, as if they had caught a sudden glimpse of heaven itself!

Black brows, and sullen, scarred faces, showed rough admiration—an admiration that held all dumb and motionless!

And still, as she stood before them, the sweet electricity of her marvellous beauty made her, to the vision of these rough, ignorant men, seem to float like a creature of air; the white arm seemed illuminated with rosy light; the taper fingers to quiver so rapidly that they were nearly invisible!

Then came the voice:

"Men! I see among you those unused to crime! Men! remember you have all had mothers! Oh! men, think of them!—think of them!"

The voice—partly like the sweet echo of an organ, partly like silver tinklings of a harp—went to the hearts of all the listeners.

There was a deafening cheer; then there was a brisk combat. Many of the men who had been half frightened—persuaded into joining the ring-leaders against their own wishes—now seemed to gather sudden courage, and throwing themselves upon the others—those who had already stained their hands with crime on this night—they disarmed them, and made them prisoners.

Subsequently the murderers—they who, as was now proved, had killed the captain and his mates—were tried, and hung.

Clara is married, and resides in this city. She is still as magnificent a woman as ever—fully as much so as when, by her wonderful beauty, she saved ship and passengers, on that fearful night at sea!

Hermengarde's First Camp-Meeting.

FARMER GUILDFORD's sleek roan horse had been stabled. The queer, one-seated, open wagon run into its shed. The various packages of all shapes and sorts, brought from the neighboring town, been carefully conveyed to the kitchen-door by the chore-boy, and duly received with sundry original remarks by the tall, angular, autocratic sovereign who reigned triumphantly there. And lastly came the farmer himself, his jovial red face beaming with placid content, as he removed the rather oppressive beaver, the Sunday hat, and wiped his forehead with the great yellow silk handkerchief which kept holiday company with the beaver and the broadcloth suit.

Mrs. Guildford opened the sitting-room-door, and beamed upon him with the approving smile that applauded his faithful fulfillment of numberless errands.

She was as thin and slight as the farmer was rotund and solid, and had a look in her sharp blackeyes of one who gave herself no rest, but was continually at work, either with her own hands, or in directing and spying after others.

"Well, father, you're back at last. I couldn't think what had got you. Come right in here, and rest a bit before supper. Jerushy says you've got all the things, and didn't forget the batten'. I'm real pleased at that, for I've jest been sure all day that you'd never think a word about it, and I been inviting Miss Jones and her company over to help us."

"Well, to tell the truth, I came pretty nigh it," laughed the farmer, settling himself down into the high-backed yellow rocking-chair, and moving gently to and fro. "If Miss What's-her-name—you know who I mean, Squire Morton's niece—hadn't a come in and asked for cotton batten', you'd had to gone without your quilting, or sent

Jerry over again. That put it into my head, and then I couldn't tell how much you wanted, but I told Wiley to put in enough sure."

"I'll warrant he took advantage of that," snapped Mrs. Guildford. "Not but cotton batten' is always useful. That comforter on Jerushy's bed is getting thin. How did you sell the fruit?"

"First-rate. They were glad enough to take it right off my hands at the first store I offered it. Where's Meeny?"

"She's around somewhere. Well, what's the news? Did you call at Solomon's?"

"Oh, yes; and your cousin Jane was there from Hartford. What do you think, she wants us to send Meeny a-visiting her. She says we keep the girl too close here. That it's a shame she shouldn't see more of the world."

The farmer paused as he said this, and looked a little timidly over into his wife's darkened face.

"I don't want her to see the world!" cried out Mrs. Guildford, sharply. "I mean to keep her from it if I can. I wish Jane Weatherbee would mind her own concerns!"

The farmer cast down his eyes, and fidgeted a little with his feet and hands, and then fell to rocking violently.

"But I say, mother, we have been rather close with her. Only think, she's never even been to Providence, nor anywhere further'n the meeting-house. Young folks must be young, you know—and this is a lonesome farm off the highway, and so many miles from the village even, and no young folks either—and—Meeny's all we've got."

"Yes, and she's all we'll have to keep!" cried out the other, sharply. "I should think, Joe Guildford, you'd had enough of that. You let George go away to college, and what came of it? What was the old place to him after that, or the old folks either?"

And she flung her black silk apron over her face, and under its protection dashed off a fiery tear that clung to her eyelash.

"Mother, mother, you don't mean that," returned the farmer, huskily. "George loved us always, and didn't he spend his last failing strength in getting home to us with Meeny?"

"Yes, getting home to die. He, our only child, that should have been the prop and stay of our old age. If it hadn't been for the college, and the wandering off into foreign lands, and all that, he might have been a happy, healthy farmer, here. Don't talk to me. Meeny shall stay at home and never catch the fever that will make her find us and our old house poor and homely. She's all I have, and I'll hold on to her."

And with this emphatic declaration, Mrs. Guildford stared valiantly before her, as if defying the collected wisdom of the cosmopolitan world.

Farmer Guildford scratched his head, and looked the puzzled uncertainty he felt.

"I don't know, mother—I don't know. I want to do what's right by Meeny, let it cost what it may. When I heard Jane running on about our forgetting our duty to Meeny, I couldn't help feeling that she had the right of it, and that it was selfish and cruel in us to keep our little girl so close. Now you talk the other side, I see there's some truth in that too. Maybe I'm over-ready to see it because Meeny's the apple of my eye; and the day she leaves the old place will be a sorry one for her old grandfather!"

"She ain't going to leave it. I won't have her leave it," vociferated his wife. "You had your say with George, as was right, I suppose. But Meeny's a girl, and it's my place to see to her. And I say she is going to be innocent, and happy, and healthy, and live here on the farm with us."

"But, mother, it's agin natur if she doesn't find somebody she'll like well enough to—"

"Let them come and live here too," interrupted

she, nodding her head vigorously. "I'm willing, when the time comes—a good likely farmer it must be, though. But there's time enough for that; she is only a child."

"Then you must write to Jane, or send word. I do believe she got a promise out of me that Meeny should come and go with them to New York and Boston with the party."

"New York and Boston!" shrieked Mrs. Guildford. "Meeny go there without me? I'd as soon think of turning a little lamb out into a drove of wolves. Joe Guildford, I did think you had more sense than to let Jane Weatherbee make such a fool of you. Yes, I'll write, and give her a piece of my mind. Meeny go with her to New York and Boston! I see myself allowing that."

"Why, grandma, what is the matter? You are so excited, and—"

"Furious—eh?" answered Mrs. Guildford, promptly, turning with a fond and doting smile toward the slender, girlish figure which advanced to her side. "You needn't mind, though. It's nothing that you have done, Meeny. You've been out in the pasture—haven't you? I wonder I didn't hear you come in."

"And I found such splendid clumps of gentian, the beautiful fringed gentian, grandpa! Only look."

And the girl went up to the farmer, and half-leaning against his shoulder, held up her generous bunch of bonny blue flowers for his admiration.

"Beautiful! Yes, indeed!" he answered, enthusiastically; but his eye went away from the flowers to the fair, innocent face before him, and smiled over.

It was plain, indeed, that this fair young creature was truly the apple of his eye, the idol of his heart.

"And now we'll go out to supper. I told Jerusha to make that custard for you, Meeny—you didn't eat half a dinner. Put away your posies, dear, and come out. Grandpa is hungry, I guess."

Meeny went up to the gaudy china vase upon the mantel, but shook her head as she glanced from it to the flowers. She went to the closet, found a large wine-glass, brought it out, and carefully arranging the flowers in it, set it upon the homely centre-table.

"Why didn't you take the china vase, Meeny?" asked her grandmother, curiously.

"Oh, I don't like it much! It is too—gay, I guess. I don't just know what is the matter. I wish I might go with grandpa some time, and choose a new pair."

Grandpa gave his wife a significant glance, to which she replied with a defiant grimace. Then they all went out to the supper-table, where the hired help already waited. Farmer Guildford kept up the old time customs, and though a well-to-do, thriving man, lived in the old style, just as his father had done.

Meeny, with her graceful ways, her flower-like face and spiritual eyes, looked like a garden-treasure transplanted into a field of thistles, as she sat there in the homely circle.

"By-the-way, mother, there's another thing I forgot to tell you!" exclaimed the master, suddenly, laying down his knife and fork, and turning rather ruefully to his wife. "I met Deacon Talbot to-day, and he wants me to go with them and take half the tent he's engaged at the camp-meeting. The minister is going, too, and most all our church folks. I had an idea we might be lonesome about that time, and rather encouraged the deacon to think we'd go."

"So we will," answered his wife, promptly. "A camp-meeting is right and proper. A sober, godly gathering. We will go, and we'll take Meeny with us."

The farmer's face brightened.

"It isn't over in the grove across the river. There's none there now. It is to the camp-ground at the Vineyard," he explained.

"Well, it's all the same, I suppose; a camp-meeting is a camp-meeting," she returned, composedly.

"It is rather more of a journey; but then that will make it the pleasanter. Meeny will enjoy going in the boat, and they say it's a pretty nice place."

"I'm not afraid of a camp-meeting," reiterated Mrs. Guildford, in her most positive voice. "Shall you like it, Meeny?"

"I think so—if there is a sail in a boat," answered she, eagerly, with the dreamy, far-off look in her eyes that neither grandparent could interpret rightly.

And presently Meeny rose, and tying on her straw hat, went out again into the fields, for Mrs. Guildford was too indulgent to think of putting upon the delicate girl any of those household tasks which occupied so much of her own and the tall Jerusha's time.

The girl spent half her hours out in the open air, communing almost morbidly with all the myriad beauties Nature spread before her, scarcely understanding why she found so much rest and happiness there, nor why so many things at the farmhouse jarred and annoyed the sensitive, refined temperament inherited from a gifted, poetic mother.

"I shall have a glimpse of the ocean!" she murmured. "What would grandma say if she knew how I dream and sigh for its far-off mysteries? How some magnetic chord seems to vibrate within my heart in answer to an unknown touch away there—beyond?"

* * * * *

"Worthy cousin mine, what a *blat* look you wear. I can never endure to see such an expression on that really fine-looking face. Tell us what is the trouble with a young fellow like you—rich, handsome, not untalented, and certainly most flatteringly courted by all the shrewd mammas, and half the fair maidens of the town? What more would you have, Phil Collingwood?"

The speaker, a bright-faced, fashionably-dressed lady crossed the handsome apartment lightly, and came over to the window, where the gentleman was lounging in a velveted easy-chair, drumming listlessly, if not discontentedly, upon the plate-glass of the window.

The latter turned around, and responded faintly to her amused smile.

"Faith, Florence, I believe I am growing *blat*, shameful confession though it be. Do you know everything wearies me in this gay life, which you call society? I am actually sighing for a new, fresh sensation. I wish I had never wandered over an inch of the Old World, that I might arouse myself again with the healthy earnestness of its delights."

"Poor fellow! satiated with the sweets of prosperity. What a sad case!" returned his cousin, merrily. "Then, I am afraid you will not be agreeable to a proposal I came to offer. You will not wish to go with us to Saratoga?"

He held up both hands in horror.

"Don't mention it. I was considering, a little while ago, where I could hide myself for the Summer, to escape—tell it not in the ears of the belles!—to escape fashionable society!"

"Come with me. It is the very thing!" exclaimed a gentleman who had followed behind the lady.

"Now, John, you shall not coax him away from our party!" cried out the lady, reproachfully.

"I can tell you there will be a dozen fair damsels your enemies for life, if you carry off Phil."

"I'm not going to coax. I shall just state the case fairly, and let him choose. Have you been to the Vineyard Camp-ground, Phil?"

"Never. Do you mean me to turn Methodist, Jack?"

"If you please, and they can convert you, hardened sinner that you are. But, seriously, it will give you just what you need—an entirely new experience. It is a peep into fairy-land, besides. Come, join the quartette that has taken a cottage on the circle!"

"With all my heart!" was the ready response.

"And so Saratoga must lose you," complained Florence. "I wouldn't be in Jack's place when the ladies hear of it."

"Don't tell them, prithe, quoth Jack, shrugging his shoulders. "There'll be enough without them down at the Vineyard. We wouldn't have them change their plans for the world."

The boat was well crowded, as is always the case when the camp-meeting days approach. But our two gentlemen quietly found seats upon the deck, and disposed of their baggage in the cool, calm fashion of old travelers, while yet Farmer Guildford and his rural friends were bustling about, unable to find any responsible person to direct their movements, or standing, helplessly, clinging to their carpet-bags and bundles, looking very awkward and uncomfortable.

Perhaps it was pardonable that a little smile of amusement passed along the faces of the passengers when the group came stumbling up the stairs, and, still in a united body, pushed forward upon the deck.

The deacon talked with a nasal twang, and in none too subdued a voice; while Farmer Guildford responded in his full hearty tones, and their respective wives chattered forth the satisfaction or alarms of inexperienced journeyers.

A slender, graceful figure in brown serge and straw hat, closely shrouded by a blue veil, kept in their company; but even the strangers on the deck promptly recognized its unlikeness to them.

She slipped away shortly, found an empty stool near the railing, and sat down there, turning her face to the water, so that none of the passengers could read its expression, when she cautiously lowered the veil, and bared her hot cheek to the fresh breeze.

At first she was very careful to keep the veil fluttering between her and the eyes of the crowd; but presently, absorbed in the kindling admiration the lovely views awoke, she forgot that she was not alone, and sat there, with flushing cheeks and shining eyes and gently parted lips, drinking it all in with the keen delight of an appreciating gazer.

"The figure, the attitude is the very embodiment of grace," whispered Phil Collingwood to his friend. "I am longing to see if the face completes the picture."

But it was a long time before he had an opportunity.

"What concentration of thought it must be that holds her in such statue-like rigidity," thought he. And was more curious than ever.

It was Mrs. Guildford's spare, homely figure and thin, sharp voice that broke the spell.

"Meeny! Meeny!" she called. "Come here and get some lunch!"

Then the graceful head was turned, and the fair, dreamy, *spirituelle* countenance was revealed, as she shook her head, smiling faintly, and then turned back again, and was lost once more in her trance of delight.

Phil Collingwood gave a little start.

"The very face of the picture!" murmured he.

"How very strange!"

But worthy Mrs. Guildford was not satisfied

with Meeny's abstinence. Having by this time recovered, in a measure, from the strangeness of her new position, she began to resume her accustomed authority of manner.

Gathering her hands full of cake, she darted across the deck, and pressed it upon Meeny, reiterating:

"But I want you to eat something. You must eat something, Meeny, child, or I shall send you right home again. This is make of my best rule. Now do eat it, to please your old grandmarm."

The words were spoken in an unpleasantly loud voice, and the girl perceived the score of curious eyes watching them.

To escape further importunity, she took a piece of cake, said something in a low voice, and turned round again to the water.

"She belongs to them, certainly," muttered Phil, in a tone of keen disappointment. "It must be the mere accident of tint and shape that gives that spiritual, refined expression to her countenance. No character to correspond with its touching suggestions could grow up alongside that sharp-visaged, vulgar-talking old woman."

And with a smothered sigh, he turned aside, and did not look that way again.

At the Vineyard landing, he came upon the group again. The elderly portion of the party were pushing their way through the waiting crowd, and gazing about them in wondering curiosity; but the girl colored deeply with pain and annoyance, as she saw the long line of gaping gazers through which the luckless passengers were forced to pass. He could not fail to perceive how her hand shook as she drew down her veil, nor how she shrank within the shadow of the portly farmer's, while hurrying on with fleet, shy steps.

"She cannot be coarse or rude," he declared to himself, again.

But his companion drew away his thoughts. Linking his arm in Phil's, he hurried him on, saying, gayly:

"This assaunting line of staring eyes is one of the peculiar features of the place. It is an odious, disagreeable custom, but everybody falls into it. You yourself will come down to-morrow, I dare say, to see who has come in that day's boat. Well, this is the Vineyard Camp-ground. What do you think of it?"

Phil looked around rather ruefully, and perceived little beyond the wharf, and a line of rude booths, and on the rising ground a young but thrifty grove of oak trees.

His friend laughed more gayly still, and half unconsciously quickened his steps, and drew him on along the high bluffs that faced the water, and then abruptly took a turn to the right, seeming to have scarcely more than a bird's track for a guide, and plunged directly into the grove, which was cleared of all underbrush, and of a sudden seemed to have been touched by a magician's wand.

For a while he rubbed his eyes in amazement. Phil Collingwood found himself in the midst of a village of tiny habitations, each one as gay and dainty as if fashioned for the "wee folks" themselves, and all overarched by the forest shade.

"Upon my word," exclaimed he, "did you have Aladdin's lamp to rub? Are we among the fairies, or has some little girl's doll-village been endowed with life?"

That indeed is the stranger's invariable impression. The tiny, fantastic cottages, with their utter freedom from the conventional architecture of the outside world are so graceful, so cunning, so thoroughly charming, with their varied colorings, their fanciful ornaments, and are cut open so much in the fashion of a wee maiden's baby-house, exposing all that goes on within so unsuspectingly and generously, that even the occupants

seem to look and appear unlike ordinary mortals. And the first impression deepens into conviction that one has accidentally fallen upon some new enchanted land, where only bright and beautiful garishings may come, and whose people, like the butterfly and flower, smile and rejoice and are glad, but never know want or trouble or canker-ing care.

Threading his way in and out among the trees by some magic clue through the labyrinth which Phil could not discover, Jack led him on, and still the fairy-houses continued to nestle cozily in the shade, and everywhere there was the low hum of gentle voices, and the glad smiles of the happy inhabitants.

"So these wonderful people have their shrines also," he said, pointing to a lonely mound over-run with blossoming vines, over which hung pendant baskets heaped with flowers, and then glancing to the next tiny plot, where branching coral and rosy-lipped shells upheld a Triton waiting patiently to shower himself with falling water: "Flora and Neptune. I take it Mars is never allowed to ring his brazen call. Well, such heathen are charming, I must confess it."

"Nay, the heathen are converted here. Look yonder, and see the great tabernacle inclosure. Confess, Phil, that you have found something new and fresh even in New England!"

"I will confess anything you please. I shall be surprised at nothing now. Let Hebe bring me a cup of nectar, and I shall take it as a matter of course."

"I trust you will find something more substantial, if our caterer has performed his duties in his accustomed savory fashion. That is one of the town-tents yonder. I see you are wondering about it."

No, it was not the tent that drew Phil's attention. It was the group entering it. There were his steamboat companions again. The men looked pleased, the women were staring around in undisguised amazement; but it was again the young girl's face that riveted Phil's attention. It was quite another face now—more girlish, less saint-like, and yet very charming to look upon still. The eyes shone brightly, a soft rose pink glowed on the clear cheeks, the lips were parted with a childlike gladness of delighted wonder. She had evidently forgotten her shyness, because she was carried away entirely from herself.

"It is enchanted land indeed for her," thought Phil, and smiled.

Nor was he sorry that the pretty cottage which was to be their week's abiding-place was within view of the tent, for all the latter's grim severe simplicity of weather-browned canvas was rather a blot upon the scene.

When evening came the elfish enchantment of the place received its climax. The endless number of colored lanterns hanging among the trees; the open archways, brightly illuminated, revealing each artistic picture of garlanded room and cheery groups; the sweet chorus of happy voices, or the melodious swell of distant music; above all, the wide-spread, interlacing, leafy roof that covered all, and shielded from the night-dews and wind, but did not bar away the stars. It was an experience that, for the first night at least, must be even for the most stolid and unimaginative a wonderfully unreal and marvelous one.

"The meetings open to-night," said Jack; "to know just what the camp-meeting is, you must be present at that."

He linked his friend's arm in his, and led him on.

Phil glanced at the tent. But it was dark and silent. Then, as they approached nearer, the loud vociferous cries from the tabernacle drew his attention, and as he followed his companion into it, he was astonished to find the wide area filled

with listeners—of all sorts, to be sure—enthusiastic, careless and openly regardless, but numbering beyond hundreds.

Tall lampposts, set at close distances throughout the inclosure, gave bright illumination to the whole place.

It had all, still, an unreal, elfish aspect, and he could not help feeling that, at any moment he might wake up, and smile over a remarkably coherent dream. He had listened to many similar exhortations in the Old England and the New, therefore the wildly passionate appeals of the speaker did not stir his pulses from their ordinary calm, although they helped to make up the whole strange unreal impression of having fallen into a new world.

As he took his seat upon a bench somewhat near the outer circle, his eyes swept carefully over those faces which came within his vision, and without being quite aware of it, he gave a little sigh of disappointment. He did not find the one he sought.

Presently, however, the thin, nasal voice of a new speaker, beginning an abrupt exhortation, revealed to him the locality of the party.

The deacon's address drew forth loud cries of approbation, and when he vociferated "Amen!" from all sides had died away, one of the thrilling Methodist hymns was started, and while the sweet strains filled the tabernacle, and went stealing forth in waves of harmony upon the night, the young gentleman rose, and walked further down the central aisle, until he found a seat that commanded the particular bench he sought.

Still, like an exotic flower, strangely set amidst common weeds, bloomed out that singularly sensitive and *spirituelle* face. It was pale now, and the wide, dilated eyes shone feverishly, while they fastened themselves with absorbed intentness upon the speaker's face.

Phil saw her start and shiver, as from a chilling thrill, when two or three wild voices interpolated between the sentences of the address, "We are all sinners!" "The Lord help us!" "Oh! Jehovah, save us from the pit!"

"She is too sensitive to be trusted in such a place," thought he, indignantly. "If those are her grandparents, why don't they see it?"

But the farmer and his wife were themselves too closely absorbed in the proceedings to perceive her agitation. The one was evidently enjoying what he considered a wonderful display of literary excellence, and the other looked scared and bewildered.

But Phil Collingwood scarcely took his eyes from her face. It was an inexpressible relief to him that she suddenly started up, whispered a low excuse of some sort, and glided out.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he made his own retreat, and followed behind her.

She walked slowly, with hands clasped tightly together, and as she passed under the illuminating lights, he saw that the large eyes were lifted upward, forgetful of the fairy pictures below, and were swimming with tears, as they sought the silent stars.

She went to the tent, but it was silent and dark, and after standing a moment irresolutely, she glided away, and went down the pathway, leading out of the grove upon the bluffs, which faced the water.

"Too innocent to fear or dream of any harm," thought Phil, and in the most chivalrous and respectful spirit, he set himself to the guardianship, and followed behind her, at a distance, not to alarm or annoy.

The moon had not yet risen, and only a few stray couples lingered there, the tender brightness of their own joy making for them, perhaps, all the light needed.

Meeny seemed to have forgotten her shyness. She went down the bathing-house steps, and found a deserted spot, close to the water's edge, and sitting down there, folded her hands across her lap, and drew a long breath of relief.

Her unsuspected guardian leaned against the building, and, keeping in its shade, waited patiently an hour—yes, two hours. Was it possible? He drew out his watch to see the time by the flickering gleam of a match, and remembered the account his friend had given of the strict rules prevailing and rigidly enforced during the week of meeting. Upon which he went forward, and spoke as soon as he reached her side, so as to avoid startling her.

"The rules require people to be inside the grounds and the lights out in half an hour longer. I saw you leave the meeting when I did. I presume you came down to let the sea and the stars tell of another Lord than the one they pictured so terrible and vindictive; but you should return now."

The voice was so calm and courteous, the manner so quiet and matter-of-fact, that Meeny saw nothing strange in this address of a stranger.

She rose to her feet promptly.

"Thank you. I will go back at once. I forgot where I was, in listening to the water, which I do not often hear."

He bowed, quietly retreated a few steps behind her, and did not approach any nearer, until he perceived that she had become bewildered as she reached the outer circle of cottages, and could not find the right way to her own tent. Then he went forward again.

"I am a stranger myself, but I think I can help you. Your tent is in sight of our cottage, and I think we take the right hand to find it."

"Thank you," she faltered; "it was very wrong of me to go out alone, I am afraid my grandparents will be alarmed. But I could not stay any longer in the meeting, and it seemed as if only the waves could calm me."

"You are like me. You believe the All Father is in the still, small voice; you can come nearer so, than in the whirlwind or the thunder," he ventured, as he kept his place beside her, and led on.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "you have said it exactly as I have been thinking. Their words excited, frightened me, but did not steal into my heart and win it, as the silent tale of Nature does. And it is through Nature, God speaks also, is it not?"

Phil Collingwood did not smile lightly in answer to this child-like appeal. The gay people of the fashionable world from which he had fled would have marveled at the solemn, reverential look in his eyes, and at the low, respectful bow with which he responded to this simple country maiden.

Further conversation was prevented by the appearance of a hurrying, agitated group, and the next instant Mrs. Guildford had seized upon the girl.

"Oh, Meeny, you darling child! you frightened me out of my wits. Where have you been? Come back to the tent. It is time to blow out the lamps, and shut up the place."

"I went down to the water, grandma. My head ached, and I was frightened and confused in the tent," she faltered.

The deacon's wife gave a dry, significant cough, and glanced meaningfully at the manly figure in the background, upon which he came forward.

"The young lady missed the path, and as I was coming this way to our cottage, I showed her the right track. I wish you a very good-evening!"

"A nice sort of man, I should think," said Mrs. Guildford, complacently; "and very civil-spoken."

"Humph!" echoed the deaconess.

Meeny said not a word.

Early the next morning Jack opened his sleepy eyes, and found his room-mate vanished. Hearing his pleasant tones in conversation outside, however, he himself proceeded to make his toilet, and then advanced to the windowed door, and set it open. He was a little surprised to find the object of his fastidious friend's attention no other than the florid-faced, vulgar-looking farmer of the adjoining tent. They seemed to be very good friends already, and shook hands as they separated. Jack was inclined to jest with him; but Phil quietly put aside his railery with—

"I like the man, after all. There is more sterling good sense about him than his appearance gives credit for. And he shows a singularly tender heart. A woman could not have said more loving things than he, in speaking of his little girl. You must talk with him by-and-bye."

In the forenoon of the same day Jack came back to the cottage, where Phil was lounging with one eye on his book, and the other doing full duty in watching the tent.

"Gird on your armor, Phil!" cried he, with mook alarm; "the Philistines are upon us! The boat has brought down a whole bary of belles. Saratoga has no attractions now. Kate and May Rogers, and Belle Seymour, and even Miss Armistage, are all here, and devotedly in love with—the Vineyard Camp-ground!"

"How absurd you can be, Jack!" was all that Phil returned, but he bit his lip in annoyance, and a few moments after, he slipped the book into his pocket, and stole away down to the beach, and hunted up as retired a nook as possible.

Did he wisely surmise that some one else would come down, and be enticed thither by the deep shade of the rock, and the safe distance from the bathing-ground?

At all events, he rose with a ready smile, and respectful bow, the moment she appeared.

"Don't let me drive you from this shaded spot. So you have come down again for the waves to talk to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Meeny, a little timidly, and looking back where the farmer was picking up stones, and skipping them along the water.

The latter came forward as soon as he saw Phil.

"So we are likely to run across one another pretty often. This is my little girl, you know."

To which rather dubious introduction Phil responded by another bow.

"Miss Guildford is as fond of the ocean as I am, I perceive."

"Miss!" laughed the farmer, in great glee. "Well, now, Meeny, I never heard you called that way before, and I reckon you're thinking grandmarm must be around. Call her Meeny, sir; we're better used to that name. If I didn't feel sure of your being a gentleman, I wouldn't have you call her at all, you know."

Phil took off his hat, and secretly called it the finest compliment he had ever received.

"It is a pet name, I suppose," he said, with a smile at the old man's amusement, "for I don't remember to have heard it."

"My name is Hermengarde," said Meeny, simply, "and grandma didn't like the foreign sound, and so found something more natural."

"Hermengarde," repeated Phil, in a tone of keen interest; "why, that is the name of my picture, which is also your very image. I thought of it the moment I saw you on the boat. A picture I brought all the way from Dresden."

Meeny's deep eyes lit up, and she turned to him eagerly, as she said, with a thrill of pride in her voice:

"My mother died in Dresden, and it was my birthplace. Oh, have you been there? Tell me about it, please."

The farmer fidgeted a moment, and then said, hastily:

"I see your grandmother and Miss White coming. Meeny, I'll go and walk with them down the other side."

Phil had been fumbling in his pockets. A moment after, he brought forth a small velvet case, and opening it, showed her a small oval of ivory, with a lovely girlish face painted upon it—lovely and girlish, but with a spiritual expression befitting a Madonna.

"There," said he, softly; "I found the picture in a year-old artist's studio, and fell in love with it. He told me that it was not a fancy piece, but a veritable portrait; that the lady's name was Hermengarde, and that she was too angelic to live, and faded and died years ago. It is your mother's portrait. I have no question about it. You have a right to claim it, and, dear as it has become to me, I relinquish it cheerfully."

She had seized upon it, and was holding it close, though the warm falling tears blinded her sight.

Phil turned away a little, and left her alone a few moments with the sacred emotion. Her low, quivering voice called him back shortly.

"Oh, sir, how kind it is in you! How can I ever thank you enough! My own mother! my dear mother! And so beautiful! Was ever any one before so lovely?"

Phil thought the sweet young face, quivering with its tender emotion, and upturned to his, was lovelier still; but he kept his thoughts to himself, and answered, simply:

"I think it very beautiful; and the illumination is of the soul, and not of feature only."

"Oh, how I miss her! how I yearn for her! No one knows how I sigh for her sympathy!" murmured the girl. "She would call me Hermengarde. Sometimes I loathe Meeny, and think if only some one would call me Hermengarde I should be happy. But grandma doesn't like it.

She won't let me talk of Dresden, or of the ocean either, if she can help it. But I think of it—ah, I am always thinking of it. And it seems cruel that I was there, and came hither, and can remember nothing about it. You will tell me about it, will you not?"

"Sit down, Hermengarde, and ask me what you will," said Phil, in a low, but earnest voice.

A glow broke over her handsome face, lighting the deep eyes, tinting with lovelier rose the delicate cheek.

"Ah," she cried, "can I believe it? You have been the first—you called me—Hermengarde!"

"How could I help it?" returned Phil Collingwood. "You are the breathing image of the Hermengarde I have admired and cherished so long. How can I call you anything else?"

She drew a long, long sigh, blending, he could see, both grief and happiness; but mostly happiness, for the smile remained.

"And now you will tell me all you know about the beautiful city of my birth," she said, with a trusting, innocent confidence that was very charming to him.

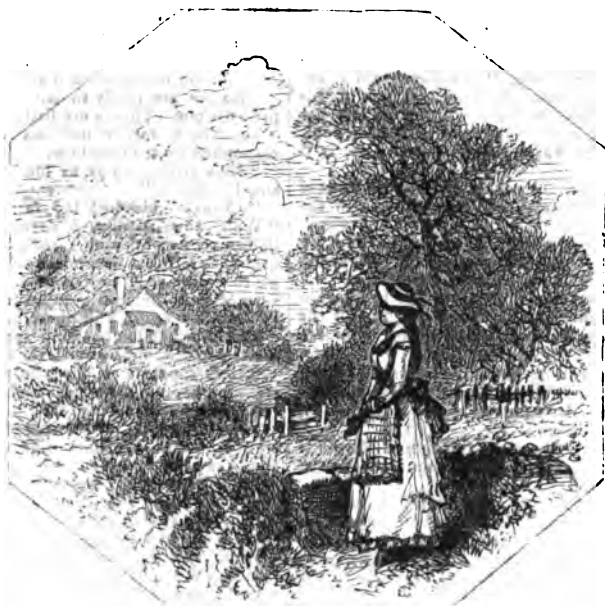
And they sat and talked there of all these lovely scenes, while the precious experiences, the very flower of his traveler's joy, was gathered and laid before her; and both started, as if a pistol had broken sharply upon the low mingled murmur of wave and talk, when the farmer's voice was heard beside them.

"Meeny, the folks have gone around to the pier. They're going out in a sail-boat, and wish you to come right on, if you want to go."

She rose slowly, passing her hands across her eyes, as if to clear them, and answered:

"I don't think I can go now, grandpa. I am so full of other thoughts. Oh, grandpa! help me thank this kind gentleman! He has given me my mother's picture."

"Sho, now, you don't say! Well, this has happened queer," was the farmer's comment,



HERMENGARDE'S FIRST CAMP-MEETING.—"THE GIRL SPENT HALF HER HOURS IN THE OPEN AIR, COMMUNING ALMOST MORBIDLY WITH ALL THE MYRIAD BEAUTIES NATURE SPREAD BEFORE HER."



A PICTURE WITHOUT WORDS.

when he heard all. And as he looked down at the picture, his own eyes grew dim. "Show it to your grandma, Meeny," said he, huskily, "and it will do her good. She won't blame poor George any more. Well, I'll go back and tell them you had rather stay here. You'll look after her, sir. You're a gentleman as I can trust."

"Please heaven, I mean to be!" answered elegant Phil Collingwood, doffing his hat to the rude farmer with a deference few received from him.

And the boat went skimming away, and still the pair sat there, and talked quietly but earnestly. Phil remembered it afterward, how there was not an idle, or bantering, or even jesting word spoken.

He learned, without her giving more than hints, the whole story of her quiet, innocent, but unsatisfied life. He learned more of the beautiful inner life of that unsullied spirit, that gentle heart, than years of acquaintance in ordinary fashion could have shown him.

When, however, his fashionable friends, newly arrayed in their elegant costumes, came flitting near, having hunted him up, he rose, and quietly offered her his arm.

"I think I had better take you to the tent, or these people may annoy you," he said.

At the door of her own tent, he gave her his book.

"I think you will like it, for it is German," said he; "and it will beguile the time till your friends arrive. I shall never forget this talk of ours."

"And I shall always remember your goodness, and—that you called me Hermengarde," returned she.

But at nightfall he saw her again, looking disturbed and anxious, and peering forth from the tent wistfully.

He went forward promptly.

"Oh, sir, they have not returned! He said they should be back in time for the afternoon meeting. I am afraid something has happened."

"I will go and see; but I cannot think there is any need of your alarm."

Sorry enough refutation of his words met him at the wharf. The deacon, pale, nervous, and dripping from head to foot, was half leading, half carrying his helpless wife along the walk.

Phil stopped them promptly.

"Oh, such a terrible thing has happened! The squall struck us suddenly, and the boat capsized. Poor Miss Guildford will never get over it, I'm afraid, and he—the good, kind, happy man—oh, sir, he is gone! They can't even find the body. And he knew it, too. We all heard him cry out, 'Meeny! oh, tell the gentleman to take care of her!' and then he went down."

"Where is his wife?" asked Phil, sorrowfully.

"She would not come. She is down on the wharf waiting—for news of the body! It will be her death!" wailed the frightened woman.

Phil walked down, and found her standing there rigid and pale, but tearless, with the wet garments clinging to her, and dripping still, and she like a statue of ice.

"You must come back to the tent," said he, with that quiet air of authority so resistless in such cases; "your granddaughter is waiting for you, and does not dream of this terrible thing that has happened."

"Who are you?" she asked, vacantly.

"I am the gentleman he was talking with before he went out in the boat. The one to whom he left—Hermengarde."

"Yes, ah, yes," she murmured, drearily. "I hear it still—it was such an awful tone! 'Meeny! Meeny! Oh, tell the gentleman to take care of her!' He thought I was going, too. Why didn't I? How could they have the heart to save me? Oh, father! father! I can't go back to the farm without you!"

The tears rushed into Phil's eyes. He had thought this woman too vulgar to deserve a single kind word. He bent over her, now, tenderly.

"Come to your grandchild, and let her comfort you."

She yielded, passively, and walked like one in a dream. The first sign of tears came when Meeny, who had learned the sorrowful tidings from the deacon, rushed forward and threw herself into her arms, wailing:

"Oh, grandmother! grandmother! is he gone—our kind, kind friend, our only protector?"

Shivering then as with an ague, the poor, bereaved wife fell down upon her knees, almost shrieking:

"Yes, he is gone! he is gone! and I shall follow him! Oh, child! child! what a faithless parent I have been! Who will care for you? I thought to hold you fast, to save you to myself. See how I am punished! Now you will be left alone!"

"Not alone," said Phil Collingwood, suddenly. "She is my Hermengarde. I have loved her, and her only, for two years. She is the realization of the ideal I scarcely dared hope to find."

She looked up at him bewilderedly.

"Yes, oh, yes! you are the gentleman he wanted should take care of her. Be kind to her.

But I can't live without him! no, I can't live without him!"

It seemed, indeed, that she could not. Only an opiate gave her relief from that tearless agony of grief; and when they carried her back to the old farm, the scope of her married woe and woe, she only wailed the more bitterly, "Oh, father! father!" and fell back in a swoon.

She never recovered from the shock, but faded away, growing weaker, and taking less and less notice of everything that transpired around her. Thus the sharpness of the blow was broken, in a measure, for the orphan child left behind her.

Phil Collingwood kept close watch and guard over the latter.

Much bewildered wonderment his proceedings gave to the fashionable world. No one could explain the meaning of this new caprice of the refined, fastidious Phil Collingwood—least of all, the fair, disappointed belles, who speedily turned their scornful faces from the Vineyard, and hurried on to their beloved Saratoga.

"A mere country farm girl," reiterated they, in angry amaze. "It can't be possible he means to marry her! There is some secret we have not heard!"

"Yes," answered Jack, nodding his head wisely, "there is certainly a secret. And this much I do know, he had her portrait two years ago in Dresden, and was soft and nonsensical even then. I am afraid you are mistaken that—he really means to marry her."

Which assertion was verified in due season. The public print gave to his old associates the direful confirmation.

Mr. Philip Collingwood and Miss Hermengarde Guildford were married, and started immediately upon a two-years' tour in the Old World, quite one-half of which was given to Dresden and its charming surroundings.

"But it will never compare with the fairy-scene we shall both remember to our dying day," Phil would say, archly, when his lovely young wife stood in ecstatic admiration, with clasped hands and shining eyes, enjoying some lovely view outspread before them. "I shall never cease to bless the happy accident that carried me to my first camp-meeting, nor forget the novel charm that makes it so unique and peculiar."

Ned Grosvenor's Courtship.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER," pondered the Widow Ware, "what can make Mr. Earle so melancholy? It's beyond me!" and the old lady heaved a deep sigh.

So had she sighed many times before, when turning over in her mind the various eccentricities of her lodger. What could make him so sad?

Of his wealth and position, there could be no doubt. The class of visitors, always on business, that frequented the old gentleman's rooms—large, commodious rooms, which Mr. Earle himself had furnished—were not such as run after poor men. He was rich, then, and popular. What more could he require to be happy?

"True," muttered the widow to herself, "he's not *overly* mused."

At the very moment when the old lady—so certain that her lodger was blest of heaven!—sat pondering on his many "privileges," as she phrased it, one of the many callers upon old Mr. Earle was with him.

"No news?" demanded that grave gentleman, looking up, as a person entered, whose appearance was that of a man such as discerning persons might choose to consult in confidential matters; "no news, Baldwin?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the new-comer, with a quickly-checked sigh.

"It's of no use, my friend; I am utterly discouraged," moaned Mr. Earle, rising and beginning to pace the apartment in an agitated manner. "I shall never hear of my daughter again."

"Listen to me, sir!" exclaimed Baldwin. "Miss Lois cannot be lost for ever. We must find her, sooner or later."

"Unless she is dead," almost sobbed the wretched father.

"If she were dead, we must have learned when, where, how. Remember, it has only been six months in all since she vanished from Chicago; only six months since, with the hope of finding her in this modern Babylon, we have come to New York. Keep up, sir, keep up!" added he, entreatingly.

Perhaps a skillful physician, with his hand on poor Mr. Earle's pulse, might have wondered, just then, how long it would be possible, in accordance with the rules of physical science, for soul and body to continue to strive on one against the other.

"Don't think it, sir—don't think for a moment that the Lord would will it that all your wealth should go to that good-for-nothing rascal, your—your brother."

A bitter smile passed over Mr. Earle's face at the unqualified and energetic expression made use of by his old and long-tried friend. And, yet, how well he knew it to be deserved!

The mother of Horace Earle had married twice. To Horace, her eldest, her well-beloved and upright son—to him who had made her last days so peaceful and bright that many sorrows grew almost dim in her remembrance because of those latter days—she had left the wealth which a second widowhood had made hers.

Her last marriage, of which Louis Tresham, her younger son, had been the fruit, had been wretchedly unhappy, Maurice Tresham being openly and constantly unfaithful to his wife.

Louis was like his father, *bad*, and knowing him to be so, *utterly and irredeemably bad*, the mother had willed that a stated sum should be paid to him year by year, in quarterly installments, by Horace, his half-brother, and that the wealth left to her eldest son should never become the possession of the youngest, *except in case of the death of the former without heirs*.

"He would never do anything but harm with money," Mrs. Tresham had said: "and the more money he had, the more harm he would be able to do."

At the time of Mrs. Tresham's death, Horace had lost his wife, Alice; but, dying, she had left him an infant daughter, afterward christened Lois, and this child the father idolized.

Lois had grown to the age of fifteen, with rare loveliness of face and form, and every evidence of unusual intelligence.

She had, late one afternoon, been missed from her father's house in Chicago, and during the six months which had followed, Mr. Earle had failed in every effort to trace his lost daughter.

Six months seemed as six years to Mr. Earle, despite the unrummuring and patient efforts which the unhappy father made to bear up against the heavy affliction visited upon him.

Two years passed by—slowly, indeed, to the seeking and waiting!—two years spent in every effort that wealth could effect or hope suggest, after that conversation with which my story opens, and at their close, the father of Lois Earle, with his friend Jonas Baldwin, had once more returned to New York, after visiting every large city in the Union without success.

No new clue presented itself.

There were times when the saying which alludes

to the exceptional difficulties in the way of finding a needle "in a bundle of hay" would present itself with a certain degree of unwelcome force to the mind of Earle's friend.

But he was a "never-say-die" sort of man, and neither by word or look suffered Mr. Earle to perceive his inward discouragement.

He still continued stanch and faithful to the task of seeking "pretty Miss Lois," and the duty, almost as arduous, of cheering his friend.

CHAPTER IX.

It was about five in the afternoon, when a couple of men, one of whom appeared to be forty and the other about thirty-five years of age, emerged together from the Irving House, and turned into Broadway.

"It's an infernally ugly business," muttered the younger of the two, a handsome man, with a strikingly bad expression; "but I've begun it, and I'll go through with it."

"*Mon cher*," replied his companion, "Anatole Duplan would not feel himself to respect you in a manner so high *est* he did not feel *convaince* that you will go through with it."

"My word's good for something yet," growled the first speaker, "though I *have* known you so long."

"You flatter me, my excellent Louis," replied the foreigner, stroking his slim, ink-black mustache, which overhung his evil mouth like a limp leech, "you are *disposé* to flatter me."

"The deuce I am!" replied the "excellent Louis"; "can't you hold your tongue while we're out in this crowd?"

"I would suggest to my amiable friend," replied the Frenchman, "that it is he who begun our conversation of the present."

The amiable friend vouchsafed no reply, and the pair walked on, taking a direction that led them to Sixteenth Street.

Arrived there, they slackened their pace, and looked about them.

It was Winter, and cold. Perhaps that is why both arranged the mufflers which enveloped their throats, and drew their hats lower over their brows, thus giving an appearance to their "outward man" highly suggestive of the mysterious villain of the sensational drama, and contradictory likewise to that air of high fashion which their attire, always excepting the mufflers, was evidently intended to impart.

Almost at the same moment when the worthy couple turned into Sixteenth Street, a young girl emerged from a fashionable boarding-house, appearing not from the front door of the establishment, but from the exit leading out from the basement.

No eye that knew true beauty could have failed to linger on the face of this girl.

She appeared to be about seventeen. A deep sadness shaded her brow, and the pale, sweet lips were nervously compressed.

A thick knot of golden-brown hair lay in her neck, for it had almost broken loose from the confinement of a miserable piece of comb, powerless to control its heavy masses. Large hazel eyes, full of a yearning look of pain, gazed out upon that world which, to judge from their language, had been to her but sad.

The young girl's form was frail, and her hands and feet of a shape so delicate that they puzzled the observer by the strange contrast their refined dimensions afforded to the miserable poverty of her attire—a wretched faded gown of brown alpaca, never intended, it was evident, for the figure it disguised, rather than displayed.

The girl held in her slight hands a pitoher.

As she emerged from the basement-door, a shrill

voice—that of the cook of the fashionable boarding-house—exclaimed:

"You, Mary Jane, hurry yerself, now, mind yer! Them folks is a-waitin' for their teas an' their coffees. It's 'most seven; an', mind yer, git good milk; d'ye hear?"

Mary Jane, probably used to the delivery of orders equally trite and musical, merely replied, in a sweet, timid voice: "I will return directly," and walked on.

As she passed into the street, she met the two men, the Frenchman and his companion.

Had she ever seen them before? If so, it must have been when they were differently attired, for there was no recognition on her part.

It is true that she but glanced up to avoid running against the pair, and then lowering her eyes, passed on.

A hot flush had passed over the face of him whom the foreigner had called his "excellent girl." But he, too, passed hurriedly by the girl.

When she had reached a grocer's store in the neighborhood, the girl entered it, and reappeared presently with the milk, in quest of which she had been sent into the street.

She again passed the Frenchman and his companion, who had followed closely behind her, and were now turning the corner. Then she re-entered the fashionable boarding-house.

"It's an infernally ugly business," again muttered the Frenchman's friend.

"But your word, you say, is worth a something yet," replied the foreigner.

The only answer was a fierce look from his companion, of which Anatole thought it wise to look perfectly unconscious, and to thrust into his by no means lovely mouth the top of an ivory cane, representing a horse's head, which he carried in his left hand, the right being affectionately laid within the arm of him whom he called Louis.

The pair sauntered on. The dark, desperate look still dwelt upon the face of Louis.

At last they entered a bar-room. From thence they proceeded, with the addition of "brandies for two," toward a noted gambling-house, which—Louis ejaculating that it was "cursedly cold in the street"—they entered.

CHAPTER III.

If my reader inhabits a "fashionable boarding-house," he or she will not be surprised to learn that the servants in such establishments are often shamefully ill-cared for, as to the accommodations during the time allotted to sleep. The rents are so enormously high, that the landladies turn every inch of room to account to place lodgers, and the domestics must, in consequence, fare as best they can.

And that "best" is very bad. The majority of these houses being old—once magnificent—residences, rats, vermin, drafts and damp are the almost invariable rule therein—features sadly at variance with the rich furniture of the parlors, and the apartments of the boarders.

It was in such a sleeping-room—a branching-out from the laundry, and probably originally intended as a closet or store-room—that we now find the girl whom we have seen, pitcher in hand, a few hours before in the street.

What is she doing—sleeping or crying?

Crying. Well, that is a way women have. The fact that a woman is crying does not always argue that she has anything particular to cry about. In this case, however, *it did*.

It was between one and two o'clock when a slight noise aroused the attention of her whom we have heard called by the euphonious name of Mary Jane.

She was apparently used to hearing such a noise at that hour, for, after sitting up a moment, she murmured, "There will be another paper in the morning," and again attempted to sleep.

Dawn was but faintly breaking when Mary Jane's hand withdrew from the window—sill a slip of paper which must have been passed, and not without risk of discovery, through the crevice of the shutters.

This paper the young girl read. On it was inscribed:

"Your present conduct is satisfactory, and while it continues, you are safe. But remember, one word will imperil *his* life. Upon your silence depends his existence."

Hot tears trickled down the pale, lovely face, and the young girl, with a heavy sigh, thrusts the slip of paper into her bosom.

"Watched for ever, and for ever threatened," murmured she.

Then, dejectedly, though patiently, she began moving about the kitchen, working as it would seem that she could not always have been used to work. She looked more like a young lady masquerading in kitchen-girl's attire than like a servant.

It was about seven when Bridget, the irrepressible and vociferous Hibernian cook, exclaimed, in her usual dulcet accents:

"Mr. Grosvenor's ringin' like mad, you Mary Jane!"

Had Bridget been less dim-sighted than she had become through much absorption of the "crater"—a weakness in which that engaging female indulged with great frequency, owing to the alarming fact, as stated by herself, that she was "all day a-swallowin' thim hot cinders"—she might have observed that Mary Jane blushed as she left the kitchen.

Mounting the stairs, the young girl knocked timidly at the door of the front room in the second story. It was opened.

"What did you wish, sir?" asked Mary Jane, addressing a young man who stood before the fireplace blowing at an accumulation of paper, wood and cold coal, which operation, resulting merely in the sending upward of sundry sparks over his handsome and well-chosen attire, did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction.

As Mary Jane spoke, the young gentleman turned. A charmingly handsome, bright and open countenance became visible in the gray of the morning, as he replied:

"I thought I could save you the trouble, Mary—I won't say *Jane*; but you see I don't understand the *modus operandi*, and I'm obliged to hurry, for father has left me an awful amount of business on hand by going off to Europe. And you see, Mary, work I must, as sure as my name is Ned Grosvenor, or else the money won't be forthcoming with which I am to support you, when we get married."

"Oh! Mr. Grosvenor—Edwin—dear Mr. Grosvenor, please, *please* don't!" replied Mary—suppose we, like Edwin Grosvenor drop the *Jane*. "You must not talk so, indeed you must not! I'm only a poor girl, and I can never marry you. I must *stay* a poor girl. *It's fate, sir*; it's my destiny; it must be so; *it has to be so*, indeed—indeed!" Here Mary wrung her hands.

"My dear Mary," replied Edwin Grosvenor, "I wish you to approach me and examine my by no means ugly phiz. Do you, calmly and dispassionately speaking, see anything in this noble and intellectual countenance that denotes the presence of a fool? If not, may I ask why you, Mary, persist, in spite of many and most irrefragable proofs to the contrary, in asserting that you are 'only a poor girl'? Mary, *why* will you not confide in

me?" Here the speaker became oracular and solemn. "I know not why, Mary, but if you are not a lady, born and bred—a *lady*, I repeat, *born and bred*—then there are no ladies, say I, and what is more, you are the very most beautiful girl I ever saw. There, now!"

The ingenuous face of Edwin Grosvenor grew flushed and earnest with enthusiasm, while "Mary Jane" endeavored to hide her own blushes, by bending over the unusually troublesome fire.

"Yes, Mary," resumed her suitor, "what I say is so. You don't choose to tell me the truth about yourself. Oh! that's it, don't protest to me now"—here the speaker flourished a boot-jack which he had taken up, and with which he was engaged in emphasizing his sentences by pointing it first at Mary and then into the realms of space—"but that does not change my feeling toward you, Mary, nor my determination, which for the last year has grown stronger and stronger, to make you my wife."

"Just think, Edwin, how angry your father would be at your marrying a servant-girl!"

"Don't 'servant-girl' me, Mary, now don't! Do you think I did not see you reading my *Corinna*, *ou l'Italie*? Do you think I did not hear you playing that *nocturne* of Chopin's that Summer afternoon, when the she-dragon that keeps this boarding-house and all the lodgers were gone out to the Park, and the servants to see the procession? Do you think I don't know that you wrote everything in this prayer-book?" Here Edwin drew forth from a bureau-drawer a prayer-book, with various selections from Myra's "Saint Paul" written upon the fly-leaves. "No, Mary, you have your own reasons for keeping up this mystery. Do it, do it, if you think it is a kind thing on your part toward the man who loves you. Keep it up—keep it up!" A pause. "Do you know what I think, Mary?"

No answer.

"I think you must have had a *friend* of a step-mother, and that you ran off from her."

"Oh, no, Edwin!" exclaimed Mary, quite off her guard. "Mother died when I was a baby, and father—"

Here she *remembered*, and stopped abruptly.

Edwin, baffled by her silence, stared eagerly at her.

At this moment a bell rang, that of the front door, and before Edwin could stop the way, Mary had vanished.

Young Grosvenor looked after her with an expression of deep vexation.

"Looks like a cameo, 'pon my soul! most classic profile I ever saw, and such a complexion! Then that hair—those eyes! and she doing servant's work! There's some mystery about it, and if I don't find it out and *marry her*—here he clinched his fist with a look of iron determination—"then—*then I'll know it, that's all!*"

Having, as had been his daily habit for the last year, relieved his mind by the muttered expression of his innate resolve, the rich merchant's son finished his toilet by bestowing a last "brush" upon his already shining locks, and descended to the breakfast-table of Mrs. Smith's superfine establishment.

When, having finished his meal, he sallied forth, and passed the basement-windows on his way "down-town," the tearful eyes of Mary saw him pass, and became more tearful still.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT one week after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter, at the hour of eleven at night, a faint ring was heard at the door of Mrs. Smith's boarding-house.

The door being opened by the waiter, an in-

dividual entered whom the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing as the "excellent Louis."

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" demanded he.

The waiter replied, "I think so, sir," and ushered the inquirer into the parlor.

A few moments after, a woman entered the room.

I wonder whether any of her boarders ever had the curiosity, when engaging rooms, to inquire into the antecedents of "Mrs. Smith"?

She was short, with an air that must have been at one period of her life audaciously meretricious. She had now subsided into the conventional semi-shabby, semi-dressy, boardinghouse-keeper look, and advanced to receive her visitor with that smirk which is intended to cause persons in search of lodgings to engage accommodations at as high a price as such amiability will lead them to do.

But meeting the gaze of Louis, and the stern, sarcastic look in his large eyes, the smirk vanished, and Mrs. Smith looked uneasily about her.

Then, walking toward the front parlor, she carefully lowered the gas, and beckoned her visitor toward a lounge in the back parlor. Both apartments were empty, save of herself and the "excellent Louis."

"Happy to see you, Mr. Buckley"—she laid a peculiar emphasis on the name, which she knew to be an assumed one. "It is late for a call."

"How's the girl now?" abruptly demanded, in a sharp voice, he whom she thus addressed.

"Well enough," replied Mrs. Smith, sullenly.

"Mind you don't overwork her," said her visitor. "I do not want her to die."

"What would you care?" replied the woman.

"It would be all the better, and really it will come to that. A lady can't stand work, you know." Here she sneered.

The face of "Mr. Buckley" darkened.

"Here is your money," replied he, drawing forth some banknotes—probably the remains of his winnings at "faro" a few nights before—"and oblige me by keeping your opinions to yourself, and by holding Mary Jane as much out of sight as possible."

"I cannot keep her out of the street without exciting remark."

"That is all very well for the time being. I cannot at present do with her any differently. I have but little money just now. She *must* work. If danger should present itself of her being seen in the street by *that person*, who may visit this city—nay, *has* done so for aught I know—in search of her, lock her up. That will be the only way."

"That is *sequestration*, sir," replied the woman, with a cunning leer, "and I shall not do that for what you are giving me now. *There are ways* of hiding a person that are not so *risky*, but I could not do it in a house full of lodgers. You will have to think about this."

"I shall see! I shall see!" replied Mr. Buckley, rising. "In the meantime there is no danger. As far as I can find out, *that person* is in Europe. Remember, keep your own counsel. Good-evening; there's some one waiting for me."

And as Louis departed, Mrs. Smith looked after him.

"Gone to join his precious French friend," muttered she; "birds of a feather always did and always will flock together. Well, I'll wait till the money's all his. *That person*, as he calls his brother or his half-brother, Horace Earle, can't live for ever, the niece is in my hands, and when all's well, Mr. Louis Tresham, you'll have to open your purse-strings, or my name is not Sarah—"

Here she was about to add a name that was certainly not *Smith*, but ended her sentence by muttering:

"Who knows but what he may think that I shall keep his secrets best as *his wife*?"

With this, "Mrs. Smith" retired to her apartment.

CHAPTER V.

THE excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole Duplau had certainly laid a very "neat" plot between them for the hiding-away of Mr. Earle's fair daughter Lois, as the intelligent reader had no doubt already guessed "Mary Jane" to be.

But it has ever been the weakness of men possessing the peculiar order of talent belonging to these worthies, to have more than one game afoot at one and the same time, or, as Anatole Duplau would have phrased it, "*de courir plus d'un lièvre à la fois*."

Mary Jane having become, as we have seen, completely the slave of the threats of the wretches who had abducted her from her father's house, might have remained for years in this position. But having chosen for my story *fads*, at one time well-known and much talked of in this community, I have determined to change nothing in their true order. Let this plead my excuse for somewhat suddenly requesting the reader to follow me to—where in the world now?—to the Tombs!

Yes—the excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole have "run around," and are now harbored, much against their "own sweet wills," in that anything but lovely abode!

It had happened "thusly," as Artemus Ward says:

Edwin Grosvenor, seeing the fair Mary so dejected, and yet convinced of her love for him, suddenly hit upon the expedient of employing a detective to watch every movement of his *tanom-rata*, and the "excellent Louis," having resolved to threaten Mary thenceforth *viva voce*, instead of doing so by letter—he having imagined that his niece had taken to going into the street more often than was necessary, while she, in point of fact, was constantly running out to avoid the pressing attentions of Edwin Grosvenor—the officer employed overheard Louis Tresham threatening his victim, and, following him when going into an oyster-saloon with Anatole Duplau, managed—the officer was disguised—to overhear their conversation. This revealed the fact that Tresham had maintained his hold over Mary—or, rather, Lois—by attributing a crime to her father which he declared that he would reveal to the world if Lois made any attempt to escape, or to tell who she was.

I have said that the Frenchman and his friend were guilty of the weakness of having too many strings to their bow. Yes—not content with the plot they were so cruelly carrying out, they committed a forgery. The following conversation, at the Tombs, will tell how they came there.

"Clear case, sir," says the criminal lawyer seated with Tresham in his cell—the legal adviser is a regular Templeton Jitt—"everything against you, sir—abduction, and now, to cap the climax, *this forged note*. Bad case—bad!"

"I thought it was the business of a criminal lawyer to clear criminals," remarks Louis.

"But your confederate, this Duplau, who gags girls and lifts them into carriages," sneered the lawyer, "who drew out the money, and attempted to make off with it, probably intending to leave you in the lurch"—here Louis ground his teeth—"muddled the whole thing so when under examination, that it amounts to confession of the entire bearings of both affairs."

Whence we learn, my reader, that both the friendship and the cunning of the amiable Anatole failed the "excellent Louis" at the very time when he had most need of them.

"That is my story!" exclaims Lois, ending the piteous recital, and remaining in the position she

has maintained throughout, namely—don't be shocked!—standing with Edwin Grosvenor's arm around her waist; "and it has been months now since my wicked uncle and the Frenchman were put in prison. I receive no more threatening notes, the landlady has told me to go, and, as I no longer fear that my dear father will be imprisoned if I reveal the truth, I have told it all to-day, dear Edwin, to you. Will you take me back to Chicago to my dear papa?"

"Not till we are married, Lois—by-the-by, that's much prettier than "Mary Jane," ain't it, now?—and married we will be, day after to-morrow," replies Edwin, tossing his smoking-cap—the wretch actually smokes!—into the air.

Two days after, the prettiest bride that ever graced Grace Church was married within its walls, and with a string of groomsmen and bridesmaids whom the "romance of the whole thing," they declared, had enlisted in favor of the groom, for Lois, though the rich Mr. Earle's certain heiress, and a very great belle—for so young a girl—while in Chicago, had not an acquaintance in New York.

All had gone merrily at the wedding, and the happy pair had reached their hotel, when the proprietor suddenly walked up to them, and brought them face to face with a pale, distinguished-looking old man, whom Lois flew at with a loud cry of joy, and clasped about the neck.

"Father! father!" exclaimed she, in accents that would have "brought down the house," if heard on the stage of any metropolitan theatre;

"I thought I never should see you again—never!" "Another month of suspense would have killed me, child," sobbed the old man; "and, indeed, had I not asked at the door of Grace Church the name of the couple who had just been married, I should never have known where my child had gone."

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Edwin Grosvenor; "we were both going home to papa—that is to you—as you see, for the trunks are all marked for Chicago. See that, sir!" added he, pushing open the door of the beautiful apartments in the M—H—engaged that morning, and to be kept till the next day; "facts speak for themselves."

"Forgotten me, Miss Lois?" said a pleasant voice just then, as Jonas Baldwin came in sight—he was never far behind Mr. Earle—and walked up to the bride.

"No, indeed, Jonas," replied Lois. "I am sure that you have done everything to find me. Think of that wretch accusing papa of crime!"

"Keep your counsel, Mrs. Grosvenor—beg your pardon for saying Miss Lois just now—let him"—pointing to Mr. Earle—"think *he* found you; it will be better that he should, after all this sorrow. Crime, indeed! Earle never harmed a fly!"

"Then it was really you that found us?" whispered Lois. "I am sure of it, and I ought to have known papa was always good."

"I saw the announcement of the intended wedding in the *H—J—*, and put it away in my pocket. Then I walked him over to Grace Church, without telling him anything, 'fraid of the shock, you know, and then I just suggested to him, you know, to ask the names of the married pair. And here we all are," added Baldwin, rubbing his hands; "and long may it be before we part again, Mrs. Grosvenor."

"I don't see, for my part," replied Edwin Grosvenor, coming up at this moment with Mr. Earle's hand on his arm, "why we *ever* should part again."

Mr. Earle looked happy.

Mr. Grosvenor, the elder, when he returned from Paris, saw the thing in the same light, and

tells the romance of his son's courtship and his daughter-in-law's abduction with peculiar gusto.

The amiable Anatole got off with a season of imprisonment; but the excellent Louis, seeing that he had done all the harm he cared to undertake, swallowed some laudanum, and, in consequence, departed from that transitory life which his "fate," so he said, "had not permitted him either to appreciate or embellish."

The Chinese and Japanese.

MR. JAMES BROOKS, of the New York *Express*, in a letter from China, says the Chinese impress the traveler deeply by their great imitative powers, powers of endurance, and wonderful industry. No people work harder, not even the universal Yankee nation. Their love of money is beyond what any other people seem to have. Very few nations could stand in competition with them if they had American education and American bravery.

As mechanics, they are capable of anything. Then they can live very economically—on vegetables altogether—and their clothes cost little or nothing. Nevertheless, England, Germany and America largely find them in their clothes, for the spinning-jenny does not eat at all, or need clothes, and the Chinaman must have something of both. Luxury seems to be forbidden in China. Even the rich do not indulge in it, and it is hard to tell, by any outward signs, the rich from the poor man, either in his exterior or in his dwelling.

But the Japanese are by far the most interesting people. They have not the solidity or stability of the Chinese, but they learn faster and more cheerfully than the Chinese, of all that is new, and of all the progress the outside world is making. Both their agriculture and manufactures seem to me quite superior to the Chinese. China is not near as well cultivated as I expected to see it; while in Japan, in most parts, agriculture is carried to a very high degree of perfection. There must be more people to the square mile in Japan than in China, and must supply more food for the population. The population of China must be overestimated by 100,000,000. There cannot be 400,000,000 of people there, and I doubt if there are 800,000,000. Peking has no two millions of people in it, as some say—nay, not one million—while Canton must be much the more populous place. But in most parts of China the struggle for life, or to live, seems greater than in Japan.

The Todas of the Blue Mountains— Their Appearance and Habits.

AN English officer stationed in the Neilgherry, or Blue Mountains of India, communicates to a regent of the Smithsonian Institute some curious facts in relation to the race named above. Among those almost inaccessible hills that skirt southern Hindoostan there dwells the Todas—a Tamil word for herdsman—a race once numerous, but now consisting of less than six hundred souls. They are the relic of some ancient nation long since stranded in India—perhaps descendants of the Scythians who invaded the East centuries ago, compelled for preservation to resort to the fastnesses of the mountains—whose appearance, language and customs separate them from Hindoos and Mohammedans, lords of their soil, receiving from the English Government an annual tribute, unconnected with other hill tribes, dwelling in peculiar habitations, speaking a mixed language, their traditions faith, their religion unique, their occupation wholly pastoral, inaccessible to all Christian Missions, averse to war, and understanding and accepting the fact of constant de-

crease of population, they present a problem to ethnologists which is difficult to solve.

In appearance the Todas is the very opposite to the Hindoo. He is tall, athletic, of a light-bronze complexion, with large, dark eyes, and features of Roman cast. The hair, whether of men or women, is never cut. Clothing of both sexes is the same, consisting of a single cotton robe. Their demeanor is in striking contrast to other natives of India—devoid of cringing, rarely timid, and to Europeans almost always confident and self-possessed. The race is brave, but unwarlike; the best guides after game, but the worst protectors in danger. Like the North American Indian, the Todas is capable of bearing great fatigue, of long abstinence from food, and of tracking wild animals with unerring instinct.

Their women are large and coarse, with no pretension to good looks. In a climate usually humid, with no artificial covering upon their heads, their hair attains a degree of luxuriance most extraordinary. They have few children. Their race is steadily decreasing.

Their villages—*munds*—consist of a few scattered huts of an oval shape, situated in some secluded spot in the woods or fastnesses of the mountains. As their whole employment consists in caring for their herds of buffalo, it is around these *munds* that their pastures and pens, their dairies and cheese-vats, assortments of stock and selections of breed, rearing of calves and fattening heaves for slaughter, are to be found. The buffalo is the sole possession of the Todas. He cultivates no land, engages in no merchandise, cares for no commerce. His subsistence is from the milk and meat of the buffalo alone. In the care of them he spends his simple life, migrating from one pasture to another as necessity requires, shunning all approach to the abode of other men, and asserting among the hills his exclusive right to the soil.

The religion of the Todas is imperfectly understood. German missionaries have learned their language, and established schools in their villages. Twenty years of labor among them, however, have neither made them converts to Christianity, nor gained a thorough insight into the reasons of their obduracy. They appear to be simple idolaters. A rude temple, dedicated to some unknown god, libations of milk poured out at festivals, the sacrifice of bullocks on feast-days, the worship of the sun at his rising, and the slaughter of cows at every funeral, that they may go with the dead and give him milk in heaven, is the sum of all that has been gathered of their notions of another life. They have many more festivities at funerals than at their weddings. Upon decease, the body of the departed is burned, and the ashes collected and preserved. This is the "green funeral." When the sun returns to the same place in his annual course, the "dry funeral" is observed. It is at this time they show their wealth; cattle are slaughtered, dances are performed, dresses with ornaments put on, silver and gold ornaments hung around their tents, and dancing and music, laughter and tears, pervade the assembly. Gathered around the coffin that holds the ashes of the departed, they ask:

"Are you happy? Are your buffaloes well? Why did you leave us? What can we do for you?"

And then selecting the choicest of the herd, and consecrating it to the use of the dead, they separate.

At their great annual religious festival, strange rites take place in connection with the slaughter of buffaloes for sacrifice. A herd is driven into an inclosed space, and at a given signal, the animals having been infuriated with shouts and blows, two young men each throw themselves

upon a buffalo, and seizing the cartilage of his nose with one hand, with the other shower upon him heavy blows with a club. This continues till the animal becomes exhausted, and it is then let go. The whole herd having undergone the process, the young men taking turns at the exercise, a dance and feast winds up the proceedings. During this festival it often happens that the man is overpowered by the buffalo, and receives severe injuries; but it is a point of honor among them not to render any assistance.

Unlike other natives of India, the Todas have no pagodas, and rarely if ever pray or perform penances. Each *mund* sets apart two men, one called "Palarel," and the other "Palikarpal," who discharge the religious duties of the place. The former lives alone, and is regarded as holy.

He is a medicine-man and priest, and his office is permanent. The latter, strangely enough, is both dairymen and priest, having charge of all the milking and cheese-making. He, too, is regarded as holy, though he neither lives alone, nor holds his office in perpetuity.

Perhaps the worst trait in the character of this singular people is the destruction of most of their female children, and the barbarous manner in which it is effected. It would seem to be in some way a religious custom, from which they are too superstitious to tear themselves. They are aware that year by year their numbers are reduced; that births are constantly decreasing in ratio to deaths; communities are greatly disproportionate; and that from this cause mainly they are doomed as a race shortly to extinction.



THE TODAS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.



TOO LATE.—“WE CHANCED TO BE ON THE PONT ST. LOUIS, WHEN THE CROWD GATHERED AROUND. THE DIP OF OARS, THE CRY OF THE BOATMEN, APPRISED US THAT SOME POOR SUICIDE HAD JUST BEEN PLUCKED FROM THE RIVER’S COLD EMBRACE.”

Too Late!

I was a happy fellow that crisp December morning, when I paid my bill at the Royal George, and had myself and my luggage trundled down to the pier where the Rhone steamer lay puffing and snorting, and letting all the world know by various noisy devices that she was just about to get up steam for Boulogne.

Very small, very dirty, very inconvenient and ill-scented was this same Rhone steamer; but wonderfully polite were the officials, from the captain down to the *petit garçon* in white apron who held the basin for the seasick *Anglais*.

Very seasick, too, was the Englishman—pale, jaundiced, leathery-complexioned, dressed in the regulation, ill-fitting costume, which he thinks it a point of honor to wear abroad, clinging to the little red-covered Murray, and groaning between-whiles dismally. Seasick, too, was Madame l’Anglais, her ruddy face gone white and cadaverous. So, too, the tall, awkward demoiselle, her daughter, and the stiff little prig, her son—a most miserable party!

Would you know how the cream feels, when shaken in the churn? Step on board the Rhone, or any of her sisters, and bide for fair France.

As for me, I kept on my legs and on deck. It

was all that saved me. When at last the boat thumped against the pier at Boulogne, and we were given over to the crowd of female harpies who burst our baggage, and plundered our purses, and stunned us with their horrible *patois*, I was the only soul on board who had strength enough left to make the slightest resistance. By dint of holding on to my trunks by main force, I got them at last taken to the railway-station. Here I encountered the official whose duty it was, as I inferred from certain characters on his cap, to check my luggage and provide me with tickets for Paris.

To him, therefore, I addressed myself.

"I want to go to Paris!"

Monsieur smiled, and touched his cap politely, but stood still.

"Paris! Paris!" I ejaculated, in some trepidation, as a long train of cars just then seemed to start.

"Oui, monsieur!" placidly.

"Curse the French language! I want to go to Paris—Paris!" I insisted, pointing frantically to my luggage, and then to the train.

Monsieur seemed to comprehend. He seized my trunks, rushed with them to the train, and thrust them into one of the compartments.

"*Prenez vos places!*" shouted the guard, and the bell rang.

I started stupidly.

"*Sacre nom de Dieu!*" hissed the blue-coated guard, and seized me by the shoulder.

"Pardon, monsieur! Monsieur goes not to Calais; monsieur is en route for Paris."

These were the words—so I learned afterward. At the moment, I knew of nothing but a mellow, flute-like sound close at my ear, and the lightest, faintest touch on my arm.

I turned and looked. A girl in the simplest, neatest, most charming costume, fresh and dainty and pleasant-colored, with a face like a morning-glory, so fair and pure; tender grey eyes, soft, dark-brown hair, waving lightly.

The conductor, a short, like fellow, dark, close-shaved, and handsome in a brigandish fashion, looked at the girl, and scowled.

"You should have examined the labels on monsieur's luggage," she said, with a certain resolution in her air.

He released me from his grasp, muttering:

"These accursed Englishmen!"

My trunks were snatched out of the car, and slammed upon the floor. The door was banged to, the engine shrieked once more, the train whizzed off, and I drew a long breath of thankfulness that I was not going to Calais instead of where I wanted to.

I poured out my thanks earnestly. A new blessing! She could speak English, this girl—broken English, indeed, but that made it only the more charming. She was going to Paris, too, and she had a clumsy travelling-basket, heavy enough for a man to carry, as I found, presently, on taking it, which very common courtesy amazed her.

"Monsieur was too good. Indeed, she could not trouble monsieur!"

But I insisted; and presently—further preliminary trials being over—I found myself in the railway-carriage at her side.

It was a pleasant neighborhood. She might have grown up in a New England village, hid away from all the disfigurements of the world, so fresh, so flower-like she was. And yet she had a certain *aplomb*, a courage, an innocent confidence, that our rustic maidens lack.

If she had been a dainty aristocrat, I should have ridden with her all the way to Paris, and she would not have opened her lips. But no conventions chain the *bourgeois*. And so, before the

journey had ended, she told me all her history, as prettily and confidently as if she had been certain I was the most honest fellow in the world.

Her name, Delphine; her father, a vine-grower. I wish I could repeat the charming *mélange* of broken English and pantomime by which she expressed to me the picturesque beauty of her peasant home. The quaint stone cottage, embroidered all over the rough walls with the lovely Provencal roses, the bit of a flower-garden, the village street, gay with gossip and merry-making, the village dance, the good-looking young peasants in their holiday clothes, the hilarity of market-day and festival—all were real and vivid to my mind's eye.

Her brother was conscripted, her mother died—here, a tear or two—and the stepmother was harsh and penurious. So Delphine was sent to the Pension, and taught by the nuns. Here they found out that she had a voice, and, by-and-bye, the good *bourgeois* consented to send her up to Paris to be taught. A pupil now at the Conservatoire, the ideal of song grew more and more adorable. Toward it she labored with a zeal that knew no limits. And her success?

I asked her to sing, and she gave me the very air I had heard at Her Majesty's Theatre a week before, in a voice of silver, singing as naturally as the bird sings, ceasing with a smile and a blush when we rattled into a station, and the idlers, catching a fragment of the limpid melody, crowded around the carriage to hear.

So began my acquaintance with Delphine. It was through her recommendation that I got my rooms in the Latin Quarter—that magnificent suit of apartments with gilded candelabras and canopied bedstead and brocade curtains for which I paid the amazing sum of ninety francs per month.

I used to sit in the crisp, cold mornings, and watch her in her aunt's parlor on the opposite side of the narrow street. Indeed, I had my pretty round writing-table moved close to the window, on purpose that I might overlook her.

Sometimes she was embroidering, sometimes making a cap for the old lady, her aunt, a wizened gentlewoman in black silk, with a double row of short grey curls on each side her face, who took me for a backwoodsman—knowing I was an American—and addressed her conversation to me accordingly; sometimes reading, often copying music. At ten o'clock precisely she went to the Conservatoire, and staid till four. If I caught a smile, an arch glance, a bow from her, coming or going, I thought myself a happy fellow.

A busy life—an innocent, a worthy life; her ambition, to sing well enough to earn her daily bread, and lay up a modest competence for old age.

"And love—had love no place, no part in her plan of life?" I asked her the question one day.

"I do not know what you mean, monsieur," she replied, with a faint, beautiful blush.

"All women should marry some day, Delphine. They are happier so."

"Not all, monsieur! There is always the Church. One can always find shelter there. I think, sometimes, that when I am old I should like to be as one of the Sisters at the Pension. They were so pure and so pious. It is a beautiful life, monsieur!"

I looked up at her as she stood there in her white, pure beauty, feeling as one might who found a daisy swirling in the mud of the city streets, and yet, by some miracle, its unsoiled whiteness preserved. A dweller in this vast, beautiful, wicked Paris, yet knowing no more of its sin and shame than one of the sculptured saints that stand in the niches along the wall of the Madeleine.

"Beautiful Delphine, will it always be so?" I questioned.

I was not in love with this girl. I hardly knew why. She was lovely enough to tempt an ascetic, sweet enough to win any man to happy dreams. I liked to sit near her, to see her beautiful eyes dilate and glow, to hear her recount her triumphs at the Conservatoire, to tell her what of tragedy or romance I picked up in my daily walk through the hospitals; but I never longed to gather the flower for my own private garden—to wear the jewel in my own bosom.

I think it was because there was about her a certain coldness, a glittering frost of reserve that kept down sentiment. Would this dissolve at the breath of love? I did not know. I was not the man to try the experiment.

Our acquaintance was a year old when Duke Beaumont found me out. Did I mention that I was in Paris for the purpose of medical study?

It was at the Sorbonne that I met Duke. When the wigged and spectacled professor gathered up his papers and shuffled off into the ante-room, Dick walked around the benches, and held out his hand.

"How are you, old fellow?" And I shook hands with him, and was unfeignedly glad to see him, and pretended that I didn't want to cry like a schoolboy, as I did.

For Duke Beaumont represented the old happy times that I never could think of otherwise than tenderly, the college days when we were classmates, and studied and went on larks together—only the study was mine, and the larks Duke's—and the dear home over the water, and a thousand other precious things.

As for Duke himself, I know not otherwise to describe him than as one of those men who would be angels if they were not—devils!

At eighteen he had all the virtues of the mature *roué*; he spent money like water—he had plenty to spend; he made us all feel that it was almost a privilege to be suspended, he bore himself so like a conqueror; and to this day I have a confused impression that it was the faculty who were disgraced, and not Duke.

But with all his sins—and they were legion—he had a certain tenderness of heart, that made every man of us his loving ally. He went down into deep water, when poor Ned Gardner was almost drowned, at the risk of his own life. It was he who got up the fund for the janitor's wife when her husband died, and presented it to her with as much delicacy as if she had been a duchess; and when the epidemic broke out in the dormitories, Duke forsook his debaucheries, and nursed the boys with a care like a woman's, and went down to death's door in consequence.

And this was why we all loved Duke Beaumont, why, when I saw him there in the dingy hall of the Sorbonne, my heart leaped up with delight.

Duke went home with me. He was drifting about Paris, he said—no particular engagements anywhere, and he had plenty of time for me. And so, while my neat *garçon*, Josef, ran hither and thither, and brought in a tempting soup, such as only a French *cuvier* could produce, a delicious *bistrot aux pommes*, a bottle of Macon wine and a dainty Saroy cheese for dessert, Duke and I had our chat over old times and old friends.

"You are not in the least changed, Duke," I remarked.

Nor was he. The same pale, handsome *blond* face he had at twenty—the same dreamy blue eyes—tender, voluptuous, cynical mouth. A figure at once supple and strong, carelessly graceful, and easy, old-hand manners. This was Duke Beaumont.

"Nor have you changed, Teddy. You have the same innocent, boyish face you wore when I

begged you off from the flogging Uncle Ralph meant to give you for ornamenting his front door with his own portrait.

"By owning that you did it yourself!" I said, laughing.

"Well, what would you!" said Duke, nonchalantly. "*Il faut s'amuser*. Do you have such jolly times now, Teddy?"

I glanced around my pretty, lonesome room, and remembered how rarely it witnessed any hilarity.

"Hardly!" I answered.

"Ah, those pleasures are played out! Life is a stupendous bore, Teddy."

"Not at all, Duke. It is you who are not in earnest." And thereupon I preached him a little sermon.

Duke listened, and smiled.

"You'd have made a capital minister, Teddy. You're just the fellow to reform sinners like me."

"Prove it by reforming. Duke, you should marry!"

Duke made a grimace.

"Don't, Teddy. My lady-mother said that, and I ran away from her over here, to escape. Don't you take up the refrain."

"But, Duke," I persisted, "why not? You might—" his face softened and glowed as I spoke—"make a good husband, if you would. Oh, Duke, why shouldn't you?"

"As though any pure, good woman would have me!" he said, his face flushing luridly. "As though—" with suppressed passion—"I would insult any one by asking her."

A moment the color flickered back and forth in his cheeks, and then the old pallor returned—the old cynical, Mephistopheles-look came back.

"Let us talk of something else, Teddy. Consider that subject buried."

I had no right, so I thought, not to respect his wishes in the matter, and I never alluded to it again.

It was early in the Winter when Duke first came to me, and very soon the *habitué* of the place knew him as well as they knew me—liked him far better. He had only to let his best side shine out to make any one like him.

It was in Duke's absences that I used to make my calls upon Delphine. I did not know whether she had seen him—she never mentioned him to me.

One evening—it was early in March—Duke and I were sitting on the balcony, Duke smoking, and I running over *La Petit Courrier*, when suddenly a door opened close by, and I saw Duke lean forward with a curious, watchful air.

"What is it, Duke?"

He did not answer, and I, too, tilted my chair forward.

It was Delphine, just on her way to the Conservatoire. Her muslin dress, her hat with its blue ribbons, her pretty shawl, were all as dainty and fresh as possible. Somehow, you thought of violets, of a country sunrise, of the bright Spring afternoon, of all things fresh and pure and sweet and utterly charming.

I sent down a smiling good-morning to her, and as she looked up to reply, I saw the quick wave of color run over her exquisite face.

"You should not look at her so, Duke!" I said, reproachfully.

Duke laughed.

"Why not? She's marvelously pretty! Where did you find her? To think, Teddy, of your keeping her cooped up so. But I found you out some time ago—ah, my virtuous Teddy!"

I felt the blood rush up to my face.

"Duke Beaumont, you were never more mistaken in your life. Delphine is as innocent as an angel."

"Ah!"

The tone was exasperating.

"Duke, I'll tell you all I know about her, and you can believe it or not, as you choose."

And I told him Delphine's pure history, with such pathos as I might.

As I finished, Duke laid down his cigarette, and got up.

"I beg your pardon, Teddy—I really and truly beg your pardon," he said, in a grave tone. "But I sincerely thought I had detected you in a peccadillo. Teddy, take care of yourself. You're too good to live long." And so Duke went away.

It was perhaps a month after, that, as we were sitting over a game of chess, we were disturbed by a quick rap at the door. I opened it hastily.

It was Delphine herself, white and trembling. She implored my help. The old aunt had fallen down in a fit. She was, perhaps, dying.

I ran out instantly, and Duke followed. The old lady was indeed dying. Before midnight it was all over.

Poor Delphine was thoroughly broken down. It was so terribly sudden.

"And only yesterday we were talking of going to the country," sobbed the poor girl. "She wanted to see the vineyards once more, and smell the grape-blossoms, and hear the nightingale sing. And now she never can—never!"

Poor soul! gone away with half life's dearest, sweetest hopes unfulfilled. But waits there not for us, on that other shore, the things we have longed for, whether they be bird-songs, or sweet fragrances, or love and tenderness and joyful peace?

The old aunt was buried. She had a little property—enough to save her from the *foes commune*, and give her a grave at Montmartre. When Duke and I went, the next Saints' day, to carry a few flowers, somebody had been beforehand with us.

A bunch of fresh violets lay on the grave, and a wreath of immortelles hung upon the wooden cross at its head. Standing there, with the sweet sunlight alighting across it, this seemed a peaceful end to an innocent life. As we turned away, I saw the gleams of tears in Duke's eyes, and we walked city-ward in silence, until I spoke.

"I wonder what Delphine will do now!"

"That young Rhinelander, who lives on the floor above her, would like to decide that question," said Duke.

Another time the hard, dry tone would have seemed curious, but now the news most struck me. Had Delphine a lover!

"Why, Duke, how did you know it?"

"Simply, my innocent Teddy, by keeping my eyes open," returned Duke, in his kindly, semi-satirical way. "When a young Herr Ludwig sings sentimental ballads under a window, watches for a certain somebody's coming, indulges in a new coat, and wears violets at his button-hole, I infer that he has a motive, and presently I discover that motive to be your pretty maiden of the Conservatoire."

This troubled me. Mine? If she was, I would at least keep her from harm, if any menaced her. One may dream, may not one? My dream was very tempting, very pure, very sweet. But the next time I met Delphine and looked in her frank, kind, sisterly eyes, it vanished. Beautiful she was, but not for me; a dear treasure for the safe, sweet corner by the household fire, but it was not my fireside that she would bless; and so I sighed, smiled and put away the fancy for ever.

Delphine stayed on in the old room. She had a little money left, and her course at the Conservatoire was not quite completed.

Weeks slipped by. One night, as I came home and approached the door of my room, a loud, angry talking within startled me. Opening the door, I stood amazed.

Duke was there, back to the mantel. A Turkish dagger, a curiosity picked up in a bazaar at Constantinople, gleamed in his hand. He was very pale, but his eyes were flame.

Over against him was the young German, Herr Ludwig, clenching the large, knotted stick the students carry, and menacing Duke with frightful threats.

"You are just in time," said Duke, with a shadowy smile. "Call Josef, and give this *gaillard* into the hands of the police."

The Teuton swore and foamed. He called Duke traitor, wolf, serpent; but the policeman came, and himself and his formidable stick were marched off.

"What does it all mean, Duke?"

Duke laid down the glittering poignard and drew a long breath.

"It seems the little girl over there has the bad taste not to admire our young friend, and he has taken it into his head to be jealous of me."

"Of you! How absurd!"

"Very absurd!"

Duke sat down in the easy-chair by the window, and was silent. I ordered a bottle of wine. Presently he brightened up. Some friends dropped in, and Duke gave a travesty of the affair, which made inextinguishable laughter.

But the end was not yet. A week afterward we came home late at night, from the *Varitès*. Just as we turned the corner, a sharp hiss screamed in our ears, and Duke stopped instantly.

"For God's sake, what is it? Are you shot?"

He put up his hand to his face, which was perfectly white in the moonlight, except for a straight, vivid crimson line across one cheek.

"Blood! Duke, Duke, what an escape!"

I was terror-stricken. Here was my friend almost murdered at my side. I would not let him go out that night. I was furious against the mad fellow whose lager-muddled brain had conceived such an insane fancy. I talked of the police. But Duke would not hear of it, insisted on my keeping quiet, and to my surprise did not care to discuss the matter much.

I spent the next morning at Clamart, and came home to dinner sick of my work, and glad enough to find Duke there.

Josef had just sent on the soup, and given the glasses that preliminary dust with the napkin which the Parisian waiter considers indispensable, when a *flacc* whirled into the courtyard, the bell rang loudly and the *concierge* hurried to the door.

Duke rose and went to the window.

"By all that is wonderful! My lady-mother, and Blanche Severn!"

In a minute the ladies were shown in. I knew Mrs. Beaumont—an attractive, selfish, worldly woman. But she had been fond of me in those old days, and I welcomed her warmly now. Miss Severn was tall and queenly. She was presented at court afterward, and made a sensation. She must have been handsome, with her superb figure, her fine coloring, her brilliant eyes and smile. But I disliked her on the instant.

"Heaven help Duke if he marries you," I said, mentally.

And Duke? He was *nonchalant*, courteous as usual, and paid Miss Severn compliments, to which she responded in a hard metallic voice that struck me as singularly disagreeable.

"They told us at the banker's that you spent most of your time here," said Mrs. Beaumont, "and so we ordered a carriage at once. Teddy, what has he been doing?"

"I am not sure I can tell that, Mrs. Beaumont. But no harm, I hope."

Mrs. Beaumont looked as though there was at least a negative comfort in that. We talked then of home, of travel, of Paris, and at the end of half an hour they took Duke away with them. He

ran back, after putting them into the carriage, and seizing my hand passionately, said good-bye.

As I turned to go in, after seeing them off, I caught a glimpse of a fair head, a delicate face, and a pair of patient dark eyes over opposite. Those same eyes had watched my visitors away, from behind the curtain.

Delphine! I was glad to be reminded of her, and that night I was so lonely that I determined to go over and see her. Just as I was going, Josef came in with a note.

I opened it. Duke's hand, but unsteady and irregular.

"I have succumbed to my fate. Leave Paris to-night—consummate my martyrdom in a month. What a pearl among husbands I shall be! Teddy, think as kindly of me as you can, and if the worst comes to the worst, don't think that I escaped unhurt. Yours, miserably,
"DUKE."

I read this enigmatical paper over two or three times, but could not make it out. With it in my pocket I went over to Delphine.

She was embroidering busily—exquisite, dainty work that brought her in a few francs. She needed them all, I fancied.

How lonely she was! A little shadow perhaps on her beauty now, but it was all the more winsome.

By-and-bye I spoke of Duke. Steadily the needle went out and in, the rose on her cheek burned steadfastly—a half-tormented, vague fear in my mind died. I breathed more freely—told her of Duke's departure, my own loneliness; that he was not coming back any more; finally, that he was gone away to be married to that brilliant woman she had seen in the morning.

Great God! What a cry! I sprang forward, shaking from head to foot, and lifted her up. She lay in my arms insensible.

"Oh, Duke, Duke!"

With her white face under my eyes, I think I cursed him in my heart.

I called the wife of the *concierge*. She came.

"Poor thing!" looking at her significantly. "Monsieur sees how it is! Has the *gaillard* deserted her? At least, monsieur can see that he makes provision for her."

Ah, what an hour it was! Imagine my anguish as I listened to her low, pitiful moans—her wandering, heart-broken words.

I went home at last, leaving the old woman with her. To sleep was impossible, and I wasted the hours of the night in writing Duke a letter. As if I could set what he had done in a darker light than his own heart and conscience!

The next morning I went over to Delphine. The sight of her wan face was almost too much for me.

"My poor child! my little lamb!" I whispered, touching her silken-bright hair.

She caught my hand, kissed it passionately, and before I could prevent it, dropped on her knees at my feet.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she sobbed.

"Forgive you!" I muttered an imprecation upon Duke.

"Don't!" she cried, sharply. "I love him! oh, I love him!"

Such bitter, remorseful tears! Such hopeless, unavailing agony!

I, who had thought her cold, saw now how she could love. God help her!

A week afterward, going over to her rooms, I found them empty.

"Mademoiselle had gone—in the night," said the *concierge*. "She paid her rent the day before—I noticed she had a few francs left. Perhaps monsieur's friend—"

I turned away, heart-sick. Thenceforward all

over Paris I sought for Delphine. Letters to Duke brought no answer; but I was sure she was not with him. On the asphalt, where the gas glared and the crowd was gayest, among the painted beauties of Mabilles and the Casino, in the haunts of the grisettes, I sought for her. First where work was to be had. She would earn her bread honestly as long as she could—that I knew—but for thousands of women in Paris it is only a question of a longer or shorter way to the pit. Health broken, work failing, starvation imminent, temptation on every hand in its most refined, alluring forms, nothing but God's pity can keep them above the level of the streets. And are not the sweet heavens deaf to a thousand cries?

Not in the revelries of Mabilles could I find the sweet, pure face of my trampled flower. Whither had she gone? Drawn in in one moment by this great, rushing, seething, human whirlpool—was she lost beyond redemption?

The chambers were let to other lodgers, a gaudily dressed lorette fluttered her ribbons at Delphine's window, bacchanalian songs sounded at midnight where Delphine had practised solemn Masses.

The Summer vanished, and came the cool, crisp winds of Autumn, the falling leaves, the killing frosts.

One bleak November day I went home, thoroughly beaten and out of spirits. Somebody who was cowering over the grate rose and faced me.

"Duke Beaumont! Is it you?"

He stretched out his hand with a faint shadow of the old smile.

I did not stir.

"Oh! I forgot. You will not shake hands with me. Well, you are right! and yet I thought that perhaps, Teddy, you could find it in your heart to pity me!"

His eyes shone with wistful doubt.

I steeled my heart against him.

"Duke, how can I, when I think of what went on over there—how you abused my confidence, how you beset her, an innocent, ignorant girl, with your matchless fascinations—knowing what you did! I wonder how you dare show your face to me!" I said, bitterly.

"I came back to get news of her," he said.

The look, the manner, were most humble.

"As if it mattered to you! Where should she go but down the same path they all go?"

He started up, with hands outstretched.

"You don't mean that, Teddy! For heavens sake, don't say you mean that!"

The look of distress and horror was so genuine—so passionate and sincere the tears that rained from his eyes, that I forgave him on the instant—it had been hard not to do so before—and comforted him as I could.

"Where have you left your wife?" I asked, presently.

"My wife! I have no wife. I am come back to marry Delphine."

"What! Did not Miss Severn—?"

Duke shook his head.

"I couldn't bring myself to that, Teddy—sinner though I am. Before heaven," he said, impetuously, "I believe my relations with my poor darling were heavenly pure compared to such a marriage as that!"

How changed he was! How his beauty was dimmed—his old lightness and hilarity gone.

In the untiring search that followed I should never have recognised my old, *insouciant*, careless friend.

That search! It was one long hope tortured and deferred. Duke grew haggard, but never relaxed.

At last—it was one windy, March morning—we

chanced to be on the Pont St. Louis, when the crowd gathered around the dip of oars. The cry of the boatman apprised us that some poor suicide had just been plucked from the river's cold embrace.

Duke clutched my arm, and we went down, following the Htter to the Morgue.

He saw her—it—before I did, and knew her first. With the cold March wind cutting her delicate limbs, with the jeers of the crowd in her unheeding ears, with the silent sympathy of a pitying heart or two, perhaps, she lay there, limp and dripping, but past all suffering and sorrow for evermore.

There is a daisied grave at Montmartre, which the cruellest Winter day never finds without its asseway of fresh flowers.

And out and in among the shiny ways of vice, to help and to save, goes, day and night, year by year, a sorrowful, gentle man, who thus patiently strives to atone for unholly work; and for this it is not—it is never too late!

Types of Peruvian Indian Women.

Our illustration, from a recent photograph at Lima, gives an idea of the ordinary Indian women of Peru, who constitute the laboring class in a land where there is no more labor than necessary.

As elsewhere, the Indian woman is the slave of her husband—doing nearly all the work not only of the household, but to keep the household going. The Indian husband, like some of more civilised races, will get drunk on his wife's money and beat her; but she submits, and seems to like it. A good thrashing with a stick or a knotted cord, administered from time to time by him whom she styles her *patomachay*, or "dear pigeon," proves to her satisfaction better than oath or protestation, that this man has chosen her as his helpmate, and continues to love her above all other women.

On the whole, they are, however, superior in industry and intelligence to the generality of the tribes in our Northern America.

Gervayse Rockwell.

It has been said that "it is darkest just before morning," and that when affairs are at their worst, they are the nearest to a revolution. In many cases this has been true. It must have also been remarked that the fair fabric of our hopes and plans is sometimes like the evanescent soap-bubble—the most brilliant and gorgeous just before total annihilation. I present to you my hero just at this moment of his life.

Gervayse Rockwell was thinking over his prospects, as he strode to and fro in the cheerful sitting-room. As he paced back and forth, he caught glimpses of himself in the pier-glass, and he was soothed with that consciousness of good looks which a man may have, and yet not be a coxcomb. The servant interrupted him in his meditations, by bringing the morning paper in. He was just about to settle himself to its perusal, when a noise on the sidewalk attracted him to the window. At the gate stood his younger brother Bob, his snow-shovel at his feet, and, with his cap in his hand, he was executing some defiant gestures to a man who had stopped his loaded coal-wagon in front of the house.

"I'll pay you for this!" cried the man, wiping the snow from his face and neck.

"I don't want any pay," cried Bob. "Considering it is you, I will do it again for nothing."

"You will—will you?" preparing to jump from his wagon.

At this juncture, Gervayse threw up his window.

"Bob!" he cried, "aren't you old enough to behave like a gentleman?"

"He'll never be that," said the man, with an oath, gathering up his reins.

Bob, without replying, seized his shovel, and fell to work clearing a path.

"Who is that man?" said Gervayse, when the wrete driver had gone. "What did you do to provoke him?"

"The men down in Black's coal-yard call him 'Touchy Tom'; that's all I know about him. I just threw a soft snowball at him in fun."

"I don't see any fun in getting in a row," remarked Gervayse, loftily, and therewith closed the window. He read his paper, and then returned to his reverie. In two days his college vacation would be over, and he would be once more among his competitors, striving for those collegiate honors upon which his ambitious eyes had so long been fixed. There had been a word or two whispered about at the close of the term, and it had reached Gervayse, and as he heard it, he had assured himself that the highest honor would be his at the next Commencement Day, and saw himself standing as valedictorian before an admiring crowd.

There was a legacy—a little fortune—which would come into his possession soon after his graduating—as soon as he should be twenty-one. Then, in the profession which he had chosen—the law—his father stood ready to take him by the hand, and place him upon a sure footing. His arms were thrown over his head, and his feet were on the bright fender. As his eyes rested on his slippers, he smiled a curious little smile. Miss Vauban was the handsomest young lady in town, and those slippers were her Christmas present. Even at that moment, he was only waiting for the sleigh to be driven round before he should take Miss Vauban for a ride. In his desk he had a little packet of her letters, and if all went well with him for a year—

"Oh, pshaw!" he said, springing to his feet, and blushing at his own thoughts. He sauntered to the window, to see if the sleigh was waiting; as he reached it, he heard a cry. It was Bob's voice. "Touchy Tom" was on the sidewalk. He had imprisoned Bob's head under his arm, and was hitting him hard, heavy blows. At this sight, Gervayse's blood ran hot and fast. In dressing-gown and slippers as he was, he tore out of the house, and had bestowed one hearty, scientific blow upon Bob's antagonist before that individual fairly realised his presence. He did not loose his prisoner. It appeared as if he really intended to kill the boy before he turned his attention elsewhere. Gervayse's blow did not divert him from Bob, and the young man seized the only weapon he could see—the snow-shovel—and struck him again. He hit him on the side of his head this time, and the great burly fellow fell like a stone upon the walk.

"Are you hurt, Bob?" said Gervayse, quite breathless, and white with rage.

"No—not much," said Bob, manfully. "You gave it to him good."

"Who began it this time?"

"He said something saucy to me when he came driving back. I threw another snowball, and hit him. He got down to lick me. I guess he would, too, if it hadn't been for you. Hadn't you better help him up?"

There was a red stain beginning to spread itself rapidly over the snow, about the man's head.

"I'm afraid I've hurt him pretty bad," said Gervayse, who always grew sick at sight of blood.

Between them they lifted him, and got him into the kitchen. Bob, finding the man neither moved

not spoke, turned, and ran with deer-like speed for a doctor. Gervayse, getting some brandy, met his mother in the hall.

"Mother, see here."

His agitated voice, his white face, and his bloody clothes, inspired her with a dreadful fear. As her eyes fell on the hurt man, lying full length on the floor, she threw up her hands.

"My son, my son, what have you done?"

From that moment till his death Gervayse seemed always to hear those words, and see that look of mortal anguish.

"Sure, and it's kill he is intirely!" cried Bridget, who had been sponging the man's head and face.

They did all they could to revive the man. Mrs. Rockwell worked with a wild energy, trying remedy after remedy, and never pausing to consider whether or no he was beyond resuscitation. He *must* revive.

Very soon Bob returned with the doctor.

"Is he dead?" said Gervayse, as the doctor let fall the heavy hand of the man, and stood looking at the wound in the head.

"No. He is not dead. He is only stunned. Now, how did it happen?"

Then Gervayse told his story, while the doctor eyed him gravely, and when it was done, was silent.

"I think this poor fellow had better go to the hospital," he said, in rejection of Mrs. Rockwell's offers. "I will have them send for him."

After that, he went away, and in the afternoon the man was carried to the hospital.

That night it was long before Gervayse could sleep. He lay awake, watching a star that he could see through a tiny parting in the curtains. He was thinking how grave the doctor had been while examining the wound of "Touchy Tom," and how strangely he had turned and regarded him—Gervayse. He had heard of persons who had been made insane by injuries in the head. "What if that man whom he had struck should never again come to his true mind? Of course, then, it would be his duty always to take care of him, and provide for him. But, oh, how dreadful to have deprived even the meanest fellow-creature of his reason! One might almost as well be dead as insane."

After all, he was only worrying himself to no good. The doctor had not said that the man's mind was threatened. In truth, he had simply directed how he should be treated; he had not expressed any opinion as to the man's future. Now, of course, if the thing was serious, the doctor would have said so.

Then the young man remembered, years ago, when he was quite a little boy at school, how one of the boys had been pushed down by one of his playmates, and his head hurt. He never came to school again, and the next week the little fellow was taken with brain-fever, and died. It was darkly rumored among his former schoolfellows, that the physician had said that his disease was induced by the blow he had received. Gervayse had wondered how the boy felt who had given him the push. Amid such disturbed musings, he fell asleep at last, and dreamed "Touchy Tom" had a new head, and came to Gervayse to ask what should be done with the old one.

The next morning he woke with a sense of wretchedness he could not at first analyze. The next moment the whole scene of yesterday came rushing through his mind. He sighed heavily as he began his toilet. It was a dark, chilly morning. A keen wind went walling and shrieking about the corners of the house, and the blinds rattled as if a whole host of invisible spirits were impatient for entrance.

When he entered the breakfast-room, a sense of constraint fell upon the family. No one spoke of

the accident of the previous day. More than all, Gervayse had dreaded to meet his father—Judge Rockwell. When his father saw him enter, he made him, "Good-morning," in a quick, affectedly careless way, and hastily caught up his morning paper. Even Bob, who was generally uncomfortably vivacious, was eating in gloomy silence. With a pale face, and a heavy heart, Gervayse took his place at the table.

At last the silence was broken by a peal at the door-bell. Judge Rockwell started in spite of himself, but he did not take his eyes from the paper. His wife, however, gave a quick, anxious look toward Gervayse. They heard a man's voice in the hall, inquiring for Judge Rockwell. The servant was a new one, and she showed the man immediately into the breakfast-room.

"The doctor sent me to say that the man who got hurt here yesterday, died half an hour ago."

"There is no message in return," said the Judge, in the same tone in which he sentenced prisoners. Then the stranger cast a sidelong, inquisitive look at Gervayse, and went quickly out.

"Oh, what have I done!" said Gervayse. "I never meant to kill him!"

"We know that, my son," said his mother, putting her arms about him.

"Never mind, Gervayse. It was my fault. It was I threw the snow first. I got you into the fight."

Judge Rockwell had walked to the window. He alone realized the full measure of this calamity. Gervayse was overwhelmed at the thought of being a murderer—of having taken a fellow-creature's life. His mother and brother pitied him in his remorse, and shared by sympathy his agony. The father alone thought of what the world would say; he alone thought of the trial, the possible conviction, the shameful death; or, possibly, an acquittal which would send this young man back to his family with blighted prospects. He groaned aloud. His wife heard him, and hastened to his side.

"Dear husband," she whispered, "you know he did it while protecting his brother."

"Let us hope that the jury may find it so," said the Judge, under his breath. Then he turned to his eldest son.

"Come, Gervayse," he said, solemnly; "it is best that you should come with me, and surrender yourself at once."

Until this moment, Gervayse had not thought of arrest, trial, and sentence. He had been overwhelmed by thoughts of his guilt alone—the sin itself. He shuddered, and staggered as he walked; but still he silently followed his father, accepted his hat from him, and left the house.

"Who shall I ask to go bail for me?" said Gervayse, breaking the painful silence that lay between them.

"Persons who are accused of—who are arrested on such a charge as yours, are not allowed bail," answered the Judge.

He was not a harsh parent, he was not an unfeeling man; but in his profession it had been necessary for him to practice perfect command of his features, and he had learned the art well. He loved his children with a strong, self-sacrificing, imperishable affection; but some inexplicable shyness caused him to hide all manifestation of it. Neither of his sons could ever recall his having given them a spontaneous caress. Yet he felt, as he sat there by Gervayse's side, as they drove toward the jail, that if he could have taken the sin and its consequences from his son, and put them upon himself, he would have done it without scruple.

Nothing more was said until they reached the sheriff's office. That officer was sitting at his

desk, writing. He looked up, and nodded as the Judge entered, followed by his son. It was a few moments before he finished his writing, and handed the paper to a subordinate.

"Now, Judge, what can I do for you? Anybody dared to rob *you*?"

The Judge grew white, found himself unable to speak, and turned to his son. Gervayse knew the sheriff, and came forward.

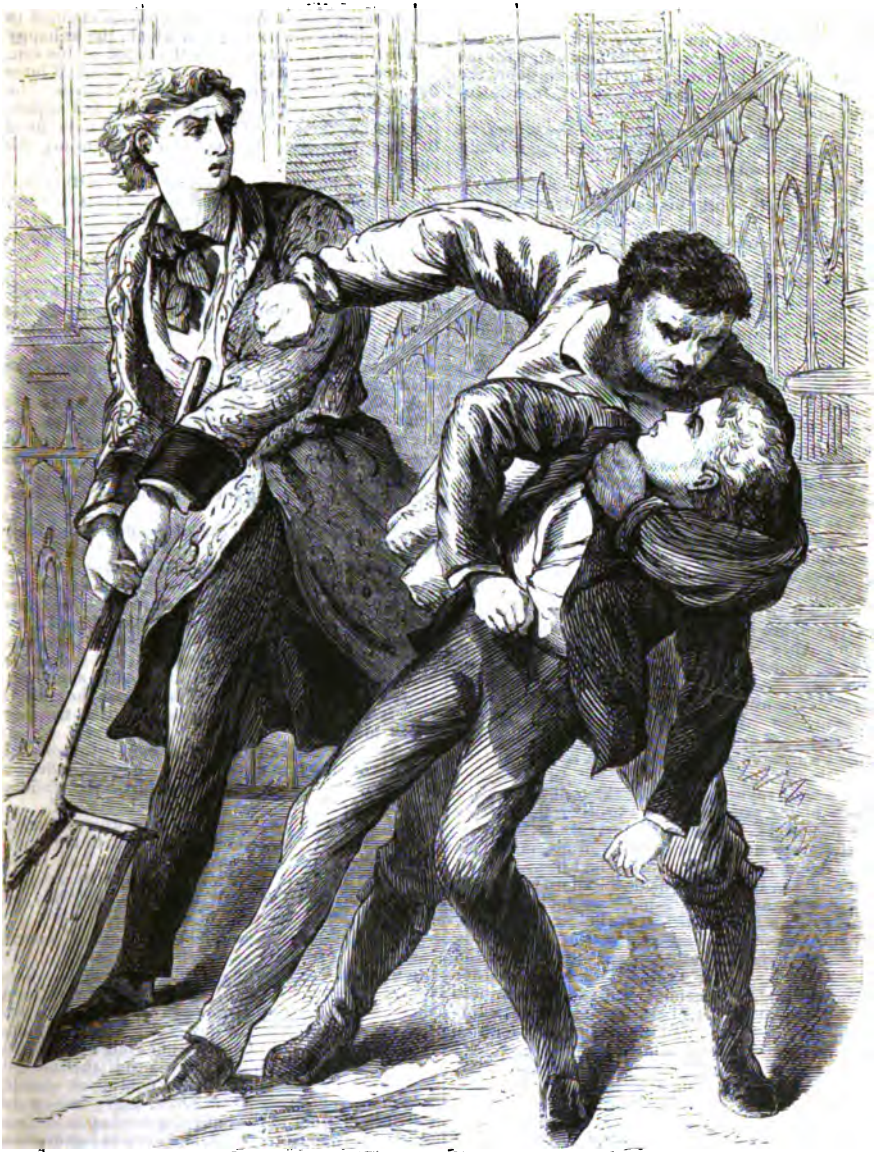
"Mr. Bailey," he said, in a firm voice, but with evident effort, "I have come to deliver myself to you as a prisoner. Yesterday afternoon, in en-

deavoring to defend my brother, I struck his opponent—a man named Thomas Conover. The man died this morning."

For a moment the sheriff stood silent. He comprehended the whole situation at a glance. He turned almost instantly from the boy to his father. He well knew what a proud, sensitive man was the Judge, and conjectured what a blow this would be to him. It was a little curious, as showing the direction of the officer's sympathies, that he proffered his sympathetic reply, not to the boy who had spoken to him, but to his father.



PERUVIAN INDIAN WOMEN.—SEE PAGE 30.



GERVAYSE ROCKWELL.—“‘TOUCHY TOM’ WAS STANDING ON THE SIDEWALK. HE HAD IMPRISONED DOB’S HEAD UNDER HIS ARM, AND WAS HITTING HIM HARD, HEAVY BLOWS.”

“It is very unfortunate, and will, of course, be very unpleasant for you. But, I have no doubt in the end everybody will understand how it happened—that you were defending your brother.”

Gervayse made no reply. The Judge bowed.

“If you like, I will accompany you to the cell. I wish, with all my heart, it were possible to take bail for your son.”

“I know the law, and I have told him,” replied the Judge.

The sheriff led the way to the little narrow cell, lighted by its one grated window. Not till he saw

the dirty straw upon the floor, the iron bedstead, the cracked water-pitcher, and the general air of prison-life, did Gervayse realise what his life and surroundings were to be for the next few weeks—those few weeks which would be perhaps his last. But even in that awful moment he thought first of his father.

“I have no doubt Mr. Bailey will allow me pen, ink, paper, and books. Innocent men have been in worse prisons than this. I, you know, am unintentionally guilty. Surely this, so far, is but slight punishment.”

“I will make it as easy as I can for you, my

poor fellow," said the sheriff, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Then he walked into the corridor, leaving the two alone. Presently the Judge came out, with his handkerchief to his face. Locking the door, the sheriff saw the son had thrown himself, face downward, upon the mean little bed.

"Do not take it so to heart," said the officer, as he walked by the Judge's side through the echoing hall. "It will a' come right."

The afflicted father silently preased Mr. Bailey's hand, and, getting into his carriage, drove rapidly away.

Before the noon came, the news was in every man's mouth. All acquaintances of the Rockwell family sympathised with them. There was, however, another class of people, who had been friends of the murdered man, and who swore vengeance against the son of the rich, proud gentleman who had caused his death.

"Shure and they think a poor man is no more count than a dog or sheep. Tom Conover was murdered, and the old man's son will just swing for it. There ain't two laws in this country—one for the rich and another for the poor."

But to friends and foes the stricken family were alike deaf. They shrunk from all contact with the outside world.

The days wore wearily away. The family had always been united and affectionate, and yet not prone to displays of sympathy and love. Now, in this great sorrow, each one sought a hiding-place and crept away from the rest. The Judge shut himself up in his library. There were few who had the courage to seek the proud man in his humiliation. There were still fewer whom he ordered to be admitted. Mrs. Rockwell went about her household tasks, mournful but silent, and thinking always of either her last or her coming interview with her imprisoned son. As for the heretofore sprightly Bob, he shut himself up in his own room, and aged by years in that solitary self-communing.

To do Gervayse justice, he thought more constantly of his parents and his brother than of his own prospects. There was scarcely an hour in which he was not picturing them in his mind. As he ate the food which his mother had brought him, he thought of her setting aside his share with tears in her eyes, while the other two looked on in silence. There was a western window in his cell, and while he watched the sun setting, he used to imagine the family at tea, and then he could almost hear his father's voice while he prayed for his oldest child. Sometimes, while the unfortunate boy lay awake in the night, he used to look forward into the years, and think how it would be when he should be only a memory.

How they would gather round the fire at Winter, and listen to Bob's account of his college exploits. They might chat, and laugh, and be merry—and they would never think of him. Then, in the long Summer twilights, they would congregate upon the piazza or on the lawn, and idly enjoy the sunset, and the grey shadowy coming of the night, the starlight, the silver moonlight—yet they would not miss him. Still, when he thus thought of himself as missing from the household, it was not as if he were dead, but rather as if he had taken himself and his disgrace into voluntary exile, and his relatives had been content that he should so do.

There was very little said to him about his trial—nothing at all in regard to the possibility of conviction. This was his father's desire. Therefore it had never struck Gervayse but that a jury would take the same view of the case that the sheriff had—that he believed everybody had taken who had heard the facts.

Shut up alone in his study, Judge Rockwell read the daily papers which canvassed the sensa-

tion. He even found strength to peruse the scurrilous paper called *The Laborer*, which claimed to be the voice of the people, and which, the unhappy father thought, clamored for the blood of his son.

The day of the trial came. A raw, bleak Winter day. The sky was grey, and presaged snow. The cold wind was not sharp and bracing, but numbing and depressing. The Judge would have liked to have prevented his wife from attending the court.

"It is of no use to reason or argue with me," she replied. "He is in trouble, and I, his mother, will be with him. No one shall prevent me."

"There will be so many things said which it will be hard for you to hear."

"But they are not true."

"Nevertheless, many there will believe them." After a pause he added: "I do really believe your presence will rather unnerve Gervayse than strengthen him."

"If he tells me so, then I will stay away," she answered, and her husband could say no more.

As she sat in the carriage, on their way to the court-room, she tried to prepare herself by imagining what would be said by the prosecution. But she was perfectly ignorant in such matters, and her trials were far greater than she anticipated.

"They are thirsting for his blood," she moaned to her husband.

"No. It is thus hard for all prisoners and their friends. I never realised it before."

"Was it possible," he thought to himself, "that in most of the trials there, whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty, there were such anxious hearts beating for him?" He remembered how callous he had sat through the official hours, uninterested and unsympathising, until it became his solemn duty to pronounce the death sentence. He looked at the presiding Judge, and thought it was well he did not comprehend the tragedy about him.

"As for me," thought the unhappy father, "I can never sit again upon the bench and conduct a murder trial. This agony would be too vividly reproduced."

Yet, although he knew his wife was enduring like anguish to his, he could not speak to her upon the subject. Nature and experience had made him so reticent, that he was like one in a nightmare. He was agonised to cry aloud, but he could not break the spell of silence.

Never before had any trial excited more general interest. The best citizens were there, out of interest and sympathy for the Rockwells. The lower class were there, because the murdered man had been one of them, and they hoped to see his death avenged. They made loud threats against the son of the rich old Judge, who had carried his head so high, and swore if the law did not sentence the murderer to death, he should perish nevertheless. Their fierce, angry faces were horribly distinct to the suffering mother as she sat in the crowded court-room, and even in her dreams they seemed to glare at her. For seven days she endured this long agony. Dressed in black, her face drawn in hard lines, and white as in death, she sat in her seat in the court, blind to all but her boy, deaf to all that did not relate to him. She was pointed out, stared at, and even once she was hissed as she stepped into her carriage. All that was nothing to her. In those hours of suffering she lost all sense of individuality—she was simply a mother.

After the first argument for the defence, some silly female friend of the Rockwells sent the eloquent speaker a bouquet. It was then that the suffering family felt their real isolation. "Was it possible," they thought, "that any one could look upon the awful tragedy as some theatrical representation, and offer floral honors to the man who

was defending Gervayse from the gallows?" Even the lawyer who received the flowers was confused, and felt his gift an outrage upon the time and place. At last came the summing up. Ah! those instructions to the jury—how dreadful they seemed to the prisoner's relatives! How heavily the instructions for the prosecution leaned toward the guilt of the poor boy in the dock. The mother, as she heard them, wrung her hands under the folds of her shawl, and her lips moved in silent prayer.

The jury filed out to consider their verdict, Gervayse listened to their retreating footsteps. It seemed to him that their echoes would ring in his ears till the footsteps themselves came again, freighted with life or death to him. He tried to follow them in imagination to their privacy, and hear them decide his fate in advance. One moment he wished them to return quickly; the next, he remembered that if they condemned him, the moments before the sentence were precious, and all too few. The short Winter afternoon began to draw to a close, and the early twilight to darken the gloomy court-room. The idlers began to think of their homes and their suppers. Slowly the crowd began to thin. Those that remained consulted in awe-struck whispers as to the delay of the jury. If there were a difference, where was the majority—for conviction or acquittal? If he was convicted, would he be executed? Most of the loaters thought not.

"These big-bugs, you see, always get a pardon. Mitigating circumstances, extreme youth, great provocation. Oh, you'll see, he'll never swing."

Over in one corner of the gallery, Gervayse could discern a motionless, black figure. That was his mother. Though he could not see her face because of the gloom, he felt that her eyes were fixed upon him, and her heart was crying out to God. He thought over all his life. There was not a childish peccadillo, not a boyish prank, not a careless, thoughtless word, that did not recur to him, and, by its pardon, attest the tireless love and devotion of that faithful mother's heart. And what had been his return for all this? He had bowed her to the earth with sorrow, and covered her with shame and disgrace.

Whatever his fate might be, he had clouded his mother's life even more than he had darkened his own. Even if he were acquitted, it would be necessary for him to put miles, perhaps an ocean, between him and that fond heart. The tender love, which could hardly bear to lose him from its presence for a short school-term, must bear the separation for years.

Yet, through all his meditations, he kept wondering at himself, because that his feelings all seemed blunted. He knew that he was not realising his awful situation. Wretched as he was, he yet felt there was a deeper wretchedness which belonged to one in his position. He seemed mentally numb. He remembered a former school-mate of his who, being run over by the cars, felt little or no pain for the first hour after the accident—his injuries being so great as to stun his sensibilities—but he died in agony.

"I am yet under the pressure of the wheels," thought Gervayse; "but I shall feel in the end."

Even while this thought was in his mind, the janitor began to light the gas, the crowd to drift back, the Judge straightened himself in his chair, the lawyers resumed their stations, and soon Gervayse heard the tramp of the jury as they filed into the hushed room. He scanned each face, as if his doom were written there. The fatal slip of paper fluttered in the hand of the foreman. The prisoner fixed his glittering eyes upon it, as if he would read by clairvoyance.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury—do you find the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?"

It seemed to Gervayse that the tramp of doom could not be so loud, so reverberating, so awful, as those words. He seemed to stand in some vast dome, where all was darkness, and space, and cold—where there were only the Judge, the jury, himself, and, afar off, his mother; and when those dreadful words went echoing far and near, above, below, all at once there was a silence more dreadful than the echoes. He was standing facing the twelve jurymen. Then came one word:

"GUILTY!"

The dome crashed with a noise like the wreck of worlds. The darkness grew heavy, the earth surged under him, his blood hardened in his veins, and he felt himself falling down, down, down.

* * * * *

"There is not the slightest doubt that he is dead," said the doctor, taking his hand from the prisoner's heart, and looking at the boyish face. "The intense emotion caused his heart to stop beating, the blood regurgitated, and he died instantly. You may give his body to his friends without scruple. He can never be revived. I wish he could."

"It is better this way," said the jailor. "If one has been found guilty of murder, it is good to die between the verdict and the sentence. It liked to have killed his mother. If he'd lived to be executed, she would have died then, sure."

St. Casteen's Daughter.

On the evening of the 15th of May, 1704, and while a stormy sunset flushed with ominous crimson the mighty billows that broke in thunder upon the New England coast, a solitary figure, attired in the costume of the French gentleman of the period, might have been observed standing upon the summit of a cliff that rose on the shore of one of the Green Islands, and looking earnestly seaward with a troubled expression of countenance. To an eye less practiced, there was but little to attract attention in the direction in which he gazed; but, to his lynx-like vision, the angry distance was filled with danger to him and his friends; for there a small English fleet, scarcely perceptible in the fading light, was beating up against the wind, as if barely seeking to hold its own until able to approach the land with safety.

At this epoch of American history, the English colonists along the Atlantic seaboard were terribly harassed by the French and Indians, who, both by sea and otherwise, were constantly making combined attacks upon them—subjecting them to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, or carrying them captive into Canada, there to be sold as slaves to the highest bidder.

To counteract the devastating influences of so terrible an enemy, a merely defensive warfare was found to be wholly inefficient. Consequently, aggressive operations were decided upon, and hence the appearance of the strangers in the offing, that were neither more nor less than the long-anticipated expedition, under Major Church, which, consisting of fourteen transports, thirty-six whale-boats, and five hundred and fifty men, was now on its way along the coast of Maine to Nova Scotia and L'Acadia, to retaliate on the French and their Indian allies, not only in these territories, but among the various islands, and other places where they had taken up their abode on the main-land.

A rumor of this expedition had reached the Green Island just alluded to some weeks previous to the appearance of the vessels now in view, and thus it was that the French inhabitants were constantly on the *qui vive* in relation to it.

Among them all, however, there was none more keenly alive to the threatened invasion than Mon-

sieur Lefabure, a very wealthy old gentleman, who had long been a widower, and who was now wrapped up in his gold and an only son in the early flush of manhood—one of the handsomest, bravest, and most generous fellows on the island, and one who deeply deplored the sad want of chivalry that characterised the war that was carried on between his countrymen and their ancient enemy.

It was this young gentleman whom we just recognised on the beetling cliff, looking out upon the distant foe, and who, now that he had become satisfied of their movements and intentions, hastened from his dizzy lookout point to warn his father and those within his reach of the impending danger.

Henri Lefabure was born and educated in France, where, while yet a child, he and his mother were left by his father, who had been appointed to a lucrative Government post in L'Acadia, one of the French possessions in America. Here he had remained for some years before he was joined by his wife and the hope of his house. Subsequently he removed to Penobscot, where he became acquainted with Monsieur St. Casteen and his beautiful daughter Rosa, then in her nineteenth year, and just three years the junior of Henri.

Before leaving L'Acadia, however, Monsieur Lefabure had lost his affectionate and lovely wife. This blow, while it fell heavily upon him, tended to centre his whole existence more deeply in his son, who also mourned with unfeigned sincerity the beloved and faithful guardian of his tender years, and who returned, with all the warmth of a generous heart, the love now bestowed upon him.

During their residence at Penobscot, Monsieur St. Casteen became acquainted with an English gentleman named Hilton, who, although suspected by some as a secret and deadly enemy of the French, was a person of such agreeable and insinuating manners, as to find his way into the best society.

Although often warned of the presumed character of this late arrival, Monsieur St. Casteen scouted the idea of his being other than a man of honor, and received him at his table with the utmost cordiality.

Miss St. Casteen, however, who was a young lady of keen penetration and knowledge beyond her years, could never be brought to look with any degree of favor upon the intimacy that had sprung up between her father and the "wily stranger," as she termed him.

This was, of course, noticed by Hilton, who felt her repugnance to him with augmented force, from the fact that he had set his eyes upon her, and hoped to be able to obtain her hand in marriage, and the large fortune that was to accompany it. How far Monsieur St. Casteen might have acceded to any proposition bearing upon the subject, it was impossible to say, as none was ever made; for the young Englishman, although in an indirect manner, was given to understand by Miss Casteen that her heart was no longer in her own keeping, and that, besides, none save a Frenchman should ever lead her to the altar.

This, once made manifest, stirred all the bad blood in his veins, and prompted him to ascertain, if possible, the name of his rival, so that he might in some way revenge his discomfiture not only upon him personally, but upon the young creature whose affections had been bestowed upon him.

From the first moment that Rosa St. Casteen and Henri Lefabure met, they became enamored of each other. Such chivalry and manly beauty on the one part, and such extreme loveliness and purity of sentiment on the other, were possessed of magnetic forces too powerful to be resisted.

The personal charms of Rosa, who, like Henri, was an only child, and born in France also, had

passed into a proverb, and become the theme of many an ardent stanza, while her patriotism was notable for the prominence of its uncompromising character. She adored France, and could never be brought to look with any degree of favor upon even the most apathetic of its enemies; and thus it was that her suspicions and dislike of Hilton became firmly grounded, once a rumor of his supposed perfidious nature had reached her ears, although gradually a conviction of his hypocrisy and unreliability had been stealing upon her through the keen channels of her own observation.

Hilton professed to be a tourist only, although he was, in reality, a trusty agent, who, some months prior to the expedition of Major Church, had been dispatched by that gentleman along the coast, to note the strength and position of the French and Indian enemy, and obtain such information in this respect as should aid him in his operations, and in his capture of prisoners of wealth or political consequence. His mission had been a perfect success so far, for already he had obtained a formidable list of names, to which he now added those of the St. Casteens and the Lefabures.

Strange as it may appear, although he had become aware of the wealth of the latter, and of their intention to remove to the island where we first encountered Henri, he had never met the young Frenchman, or suspected his passion for Rosa, so thoroughly had both kept their secret from the world. In addition—and what further embarrassed his research in this relation during the short stay he made at Penobscot—his rival was away among the Green Islands, where his father had determined to spend the remainder of his days in the society of some old friends who had settled there.

It was during the Summer previous to the opening of our story that Hilton had visited Penobscot; and as he had to return to Boston at a given period, and before the Fall, he had disappeared from this recent scene of action ere the young Frenchman had again an opportunity of pressing his betrothed to his heart.

Shortly after this, the Lefabures removed to their new home on the coast, to which the St. Casteens were to follow them at no distant day; as between both the old gentlemen a friendship the most cordial had sprung up, which became now the more absorbing, as Henri, before parting with Rosa, made her father aware of the state of his feelings, and met with all the encouragement he could possibly desire.

When Hilton reached Boston, so important was the information he gave Major Church, and so adroitly did he perform his mission, that that officer asked him to join the expedition, promising him some share in any booty he might be clearly instrumental in securing, and an interest in any prisoner he might take with his own hand that should be held for ransom instead of exchange. This latter was, of course, a private matter between the commander and his subordinate; as, lax as the principles of war were at that period, the system of exchange of prisoners was recognised only. However, the compact was made, and Hilton began to see the prospect of avenging himself on Rosa St. Casteen, and clutching no inconsiderable portion of her father's wealth at one and the same moment.

That the Lefabures had taken up their abode in the Green Islands known to the reader, he had not the slightest idea; so that, on the evening when we first discovered the English fleet beating to windward, he had no idea, as he swept the shore with his glass from the deck of one of the vessels, that the human figure he saw moving on the top of the beetling cliff was not only one of his intended victims, but Henri Lefabure, his unsuspected rival.

When the sentinel had quitted the rock, and apprised his friends of the presence of an enemy on the coast, the whole island was soon in commotion. Couriers were dispatched in different directions, informing the Indians and French residents of the fact. It gradually became evident, however, that resistance to such a force as could obviously be brought to bear against them would be madness; and it was, therefore, considered advisable to offer no opposition whatever to the landing of the expedition, should it bear down upon the island when the wind had moderated. In the interim, those who were possessed of wealth, in gold or otherwise, took the precaution of secreting it where best they could; while the more timid betook themselves to hiding-places among the caves and rocks, to await the issue of the anticipated event.

From all the indications of the weather, it was, nevertheless, quite apparent that the fleet would not attempt to approach the coast for many hours to come; for, should the gale suddenly abate even, the breakers would continue to thunder in upon the shore until midnight, at least.

The cliff upon which Henri Lefebure had been standing rose sheer from the deep to a great height, while the water at its base was capable of floating a vessel of the largest size. It was, in fact, the bold termination of a ledge of rock which ran out from the strand a short distance into the sea, and was connected with the island by a narrow, dizzy pathway, difficult to traverse in stormy weather, and almost impassable except in daylight. Some rude steps had been hewn in that portion of it which slanted toward the land, and on its summit was a low stone hut of great strength, indicating that it had been used in former days for purposes of observation—possibly by some of the freebooters which were said to have infested the coast.

No more secure retreat or prison was to be met with in any direction; for a single man, well armed, could hold the pass against any number, through the loopholes in the hut, which commanded the narrow approach to it, and which, at the same time, looked out afar upon the sea.

Hilton, previous to his visit to Penobscot, had touched at this island, and become acquainted with the existence of this cliff and pathway; but there was one thing which had escaped his notice, and that was the spacious cavern that yawned at its base, into which the waters flowed for some distance, and which was concealed from the casual observer by the huge masses of wild vines and plants that fell over its gloomy mouth.

On the very day after his arrival on the island, Henri, by mere accident, became aware of the existence of this retreat; and now that the enemy, as he felt assured, meditated a descent upon the inhabitants, he and his faithful servant Pierre, after night had set in, secretly removed all the wealth and valuables possessed by his father to it.

This was a matter of great danger and difficulty; but, as the wind had abated toward midnight, and the opening of the cavern could be approached under the lee of some rocks that broke the fury of the billows, it was accomplished without any accident, by means of a sturdy boat well able to stand the wear and tear of such a coast.

A more singular natural excavation could scarcely be imagined than that which the interior of this cave presented. Although the water sheer down from its base was of enormous depth, no sooner had you crossed the entrance than you found yourself in a broad, shallow pool, at the further end of which the rock shelved up above high-water until it terminated in a spacious platform, not only perfectly dry, but supplied with plenty of air and a few dim rays of light that struggled through various crevices that communicated with the outer world.

From all that Henri could ascertain on his first visit to this spot, it was, apparently, unknown to any of the Indians or whites then inhabiting the island; for it was devoid of any trace of human hand or foot; so that he felt perfectly secure in entrusting to it all the valuables that it now contained; while he determined, until the return of peace, to remove to it, secretly, such articles as should make it not only habitable but comfortable in any great emergency. This latter he was unable, however, to accomplish until a later period. On securing, then, all that was of the deepest importance to himself and his father, he turned toward his dwelling, to await with anxious pulses the dawn of the day that was now fast approaching.

With morning came the joyful intelligence that the fleet was no longer in view; but again the keen eye of young Lefebure, from the cliff, detected it standing along the coast in a northerly direction; and his heart began to throb wildly as he thought of his betrothed, and the possible evil that might befall her in case the enemy should make a descent upon Penobscot.

The idea shook him to his very centre; and he now cursed his folly and precipitancy in leaving his former residence without having first become united to his betrothed, and induced her father to accompany them to their new home. Oh, for the speed of the tempest, or the wing of the eagle, now! Were he possessed of either, how soon should he outstrip those snow-white specks on the distant horizon, and bear his true-love beyond their reach for ever!

As he gazed, his heart failed him for a moment, and he writhed prostrate in very agony on the naked cliff. Recovering himself, however, with an effort the most herculean, he stood erect once more, and descended the lofty eminence, to wait, in terrible and devouring suspense, the return of the fleet which he had been previously assured should visit the island, and which he felt had been but simply carried past it for the present by dangerous and contrary winds.

Although the condition of Henri was far from enviable, it would have been seriously aggravated had he known that one of the vessels which he had just detected in the distance was commanded by Hilton, and that the whole fleet, having been constrained to give the Green Islands a wide berth for the present, was now bearing down direct for Penobscot, and that the heart of the commander of the ship in question throbbed with a sort of fiendish delight at the prospect of being able to seize upon the person of Rosa St. Casteen, and carry her away a helpless captive, over which he had been promised almost sole control.

Had Henri been aware of this, his case would have been heartrending indeed, as he was utterly powerless to either apprise his beloved of the danger that threatened her, or to render her even the slightest assistance in her dire necessity.

There was no speedy mode of intercommunication between the two points, and for any vessel to attempt a voyage along the coast, with a hostile fleet in its course, would be downright insanity. Therefore, it was well that the brave young fellow was unable, for the time being, to realise the whole amount of the evil which overshadowed him, and that, although terribly torn with doubts and fears, he was saved the deadly pang which could not fail to complete his misery, had he known that she whom he prized above his own life was to be the object of a special attack on the part of one of the enemy.

It is not a little singular that, like Henri Lefebure, Rosa St. Casteen was the first to notice the English fleet as it approached the settlement. Unlike the stormy weather a short time previously off the Green Islands, however, it was now wafted

by gentle gales into the beautiful bay, where it came to anchor.

Just as the last feeble gleam of day died in the darkening west, Rosa and her maid, Celeste, had been wandering upon the sunset-shore until the shades of evening had begun to gather about them, when, casting one look seaward before returning home, she beheld, to her utter consternation and alarm, a number of vessels, which she knew were not belonging to the French, taking up their positions about a mile from the main-land.

Satisfied that there was death and danger in the circumstance, she immediately retraced her steps to her dwelling, which stood in some ornamental grounds a short distance from the beach, where she quickly apprised her father and the inmates of what she had just witnessed. As among the Green Islanders, the news flew like wildfire; but what was to be done?

Notwithstanding that there were many French and Indians in the place, they could not muster a force sufficient to withstand the attack of an armament of such apparent power as that now at their very doors. They, therefore, when Rosa counselled resistance to the last, found it would not only be impolitic, but suicidal to take her advice; for, should the invaders meet with the slightest ineffectual opposition, it would be a plea for the indulgence of every description of atrocity known to the annals of the most savage warfare. Consequently they resolved, seeing that they were powerless, to permit the English to land, without placing any obstruction in their way that might tend to the result just glanced at.

It was the general supposition that none of the expedition would attempt to land during the night, for fear of treachery or ambush, and the people along-shore had, therefore, some little time at their command to secrete their valuables and send some of the weaker sex into the interior.

The Indians, of course, were on the alert, and ready to pick off any stragglers that came in their way privately; but anything like an open attack upon the invaders was ruled completely out of the question.

Rosa was among the first of the few brave women who refused to desert their friends and kindred for a place of safety in this the hour of their trial. Like her father, who held an honorable position under the Government, she declined to leave her post, and busied herself with her maid in securing the money, papers and plate belonging to her family, among the rocks, quite convenient to her residence, in a secret grotto which was a favorite retreat of hers during the sultry Summer noons. So accustomed were her feet to the winding path, that, were it as dark as Erebus, she could trace it to its cool termination. Owing to this familiarity with the way, she soon had removed out of the reach of immediate danger all that was necessary to her future independence, and had almost reached the inner gate which led to the flowery *parterre* before her cottage-porch, when she and her maid were suddenly pounced upon, and, before she could utter a single cry, hurried off in the direction of the shore by half a dozen sturdy fellows, led by a person whose voice she regarded as somewhat familiar to her.

In the terrible panic of the moment she became paralysed, as it were; but recovering herself speedily, she essayed to alarm the neighborhood, when a hand was instantly placed upon her mouth and that of her companion, while, with greater speed than ever, they were borne away into the darkness. Soon, however, they found themselves in a boat, which was quickly shoved out upon the waters, and then the whispering stroke of muffled oars told that they had already quitted the land.

At this juncture, the state of poor Rosa's feeling- can be better imagined than described; for,

although brave beyond her years and sex, her soul almost died within her when she thought of Henri Lefebvre, and the condition her fond parent should be within a single half hour.

As for Celeste, she was dumb, now. Her dismay was so overpowering, as to render her not only helpless, but speechless.

Not that Rosa uttered a syllable since she left the shore; but, then, her presence of mind had returned, and the pride and courage flashing back to her hear, once more, she determined, whatever should betide, to prove herself worthy her name and the love of the man to whom she was betrothed.

As may, of course, be readily divined, Rosa and her maid had fallen into the hands of Hilton. That officer being acquainted with the bay, and fearful that, in the intended attack of the morrow, Rosa might escape him, or perhaps fall a victim to the tomahawks of some of the Indians that accompanied the fleet, determined to secure her person with some degree of privacy and certainty. So, after the night had fallen, he secretly left his ship with a few chosen men of his crew, and landing at a point close to the residence of his intended victim, he was about to make a descent upon it, and tear her from the arms of her natural protector, if necessary, when chance, as we have seen, threw both herself and her maid in his way.

The Puritan element was strong aboard Hilton's vessel; and although it could hang a Quaker, burn a beautiful woman on the charge of witchcraft, or send a bullet whizzing through the brain of an enemy, it could not countenance anything like licentiousness on the part of friend or foe. Hilton knew this well; and as the two prisoners were now led aboard, he felt that they were more secure from outrage than they should be were they left on shore, where scenes of blood and utter desolation might be enacted within the next twenty-four hours. Consequently, when Rosa and Celeste were shown into the small, neat cabin which he had had prepared for the reception of the former, with his accustomed perfidiousness he informed her, while revealing himself to her, that she was his prisoner, and might not have been so, were he not desirous of saving her from a worse fate which might befall her were she found in her habitation on the morrow. On perceiving who it was that addressed her, and whose clutch was now upon her, she paled with terror; but recovering herself, and hearing some psalm-singing a short distance from where she stood, she informed her captor that she perfectly comprehended the goodness and care which tore her from her home at midnight, and hurried her away to a strange ship, without informing her father or friends of her place of confinement.

"But," she continued, as her beautiful dark eyes flashed with fire, and the color mounted to her lovely brow, "you have counted without your host. I know your motive for kidnapping me thus; but you shall fail. I am a French woman, and value my life only for the sake of my father and one other being on earth, who, were he here to-night, would strike you dead at my feet, though aboard your own ship. Take care! I speak your language fluently, as you perceive; and if I am not delivered, without insult or injury, to the authorities under which you act, to be dealt with by them as they may deem fit, rely upon it, you shall pay the penalty to the uttermost, although I may find it necessary to sacrifice my own life in the premises."

There was no mistaking it! Hilton had reckoned without his host; for he perceived, from the tone and manner of his captive, that she was likely to work him some mischief among the fanatics that composed his crew; but having taken the first step in his cherished project, he determined to

triumph at whatever risk, notwithstanding he was perfectly aware that he was all but powerless for the present. Enraged and disappointed, however, with this the opening scene of the drama, he could not contain the wrath that consumed him; but, permitting it to burst its bonds, hissed from between his clenched teeth, as he turned on his heel to leave the apartment:

"I shall tame you! Neither heaven nor hell shall tear you from me until I bring you to your knees!"

Morning came, the expedition landed, and blood and rapine ruled the hour. In this, hideous though it was, there was nothing more than simple retaliation, as the French and their savage allies were as guilty of as gross atrocities whenever and wherever they fell upon the English colonists. There were many prisoners taken, and amongst them St. Casteen, who had already given up his daughter for lost. Before evening the expedition sailed for Nova Scotia and L'Acadia, where it was victorious also, and where the enemy was made to suffer severely. In due course, and after the performance of its mission, it again turned its bows toward Boston, determined to overhaul on its way the Green Islands, and other places it was constrained to pass by on its outer voyage.

As may be supposed, both Monsieur St. Casteen and the two captives aboard Hilton's vessel were all this time in a state of the most frightful suspense. In vain Hilton attempted, upon several occasions, to conciliate his prisoner; so, finding, at last, that he must first reach Boston, or some other port, before he could with security attempt to exercise any undue influence over her, he left her completely to herself, and addressed himself to his duties, and to forming new conspiracies regarding the future.

In the excitement of his descent upon the Casteens, he had lost all sight of the wealthy Lefabures; but now, while nearing the Green Islands, he was glad to learn that they had become residents of the very one he was fast approaching, and which lay but a few miles distant.

Again young Lefabure, with beating heart, discovered from his lofty lookout point, where he was to be found constantly day and night for weeks, the sails of the returning vessels. This time, however, the weather was delightful, and although it was, as on the former occasion, verging toward night, there was yet sufficient time for the foremost ship, which was some miles in advance of the rest, to come to anchor off the shore before darkness had set in completely, while the others could bear down with safety upon the land when the moon, which was at its full, rose. Although he had not heard a sentence of the operations of the expedition, he was quite alive to the fact that his worst fears regarding his beloved might have been realised, and that now she was perhaps a prisoner aboard one of the distant sail, or, more fatal still, a mangled corpse beneath the merciless tomahawk of the Indian.

Now, however, came the time for action; and, as it was evidently the intention of the fleet to visit the island, he set about preparing himself for an ordeal which he felt should try him to the very marrow.

The leading vessel was bearing down upon the shore with a fine breeze, and he was about to descend from the cliff to set some project on foot with a view to ascertain, if possible, what prisoners were on board, when he perceived that the greatest commotion had suddenly taken place on the deck. The ship had struck a sunken reef! Her mainmast had gone by the board, and she was literally torn open from stem to stern, and was fast settling down. In a few moments all hands were alive, and the boats lowered. One by one,

the captives and crew entered them, and just as they had got clear of the wreck, the fine vessel that but half an hour previously was ploughing the main in a manner the most majestic, keeled over, and was lost to view for ever. There was now nothing for it but to pull for the shore, as the other vessels were already quite blurred in the distance, while the island lay within a gunshot of the scene of the disaster.

Now, indeed, the pulses of Henri bounded as if they would beat his life out, while he dashed across the narrow pathway between him and the land, and signalled Pierre, who was ever on the *qui vive* when his young master was on the cliff. In a moment the presence of the fleet and the circumstance of the shipwreck were explained, and some instructions given, which appeared to be obeyed instantly, as, with the speed of thought, Pierre divested himself of his shoes, hat, and coat, and tearing his vest almost into ribbons, seized a long crooked stick, and set off, at a trot, sinning and shouting, down to the point of the shore that the boats were now approaching, and which was scarce a hundred yards from the base of the cliff.

In the meantime, the rumor of the loss of the ship, and the returning fleet, was spread in every direction; but the people, adhering to their original project of not offering any opposition to the landing of the enemy, were determined to let things take their course. Henri, however, induced his father to accompany him to the cave, and take refuge there for the present, with an elderly housemaid, who had been long in the family, while he himself secreted his boat between two projecting rocks, and crept cautiously through the gloom to a point where he was to meet Pierre, after the shipwrecked mariners and prisoners had landed.

When the first of the four boats that had put off from the sinking ship touched the shore, its crew, by the light of their ship's lanterns, perceived Pierre skipping along the beach, and taking him for what he certainly looked like, a poor, silly creature, they gathered about him, and demanded of him the way to the nearest habitation.

Pierre, who spoke English sufficiently well to be understood, made them some answer in keeping with the character he had assumed, but intelligible enough to meet their purpose. Soon this boat was followed by the others; and now, to his utter alarm and surprise, the pretended fool distinctly saw Hilton lift Miss St. Casteen and her maid out of one of them, and in company with two of his men, hurry them off in the direction of the narrow pathway leading to the cliff, just as the moon, which now began to peep above the verge of the horizon, had gilded the summit of the lofty eminence. With the caution and stealthiness of a cat, Pierre crept after the party, until he saw them cross the narrow pass and ascend the rock, where the prisoners and two of their guards remained, while Hilton retraced his steps, and descended once more to the beach.

As previously observed, Hilton, while on a former visit to the island, became aware of the existence of this cliff and the stone hut on its summit; and now that he had been overtaken by a sudden disaster, which was calculated to expose his prisoner to the recognition or sympathy of some enemy, he at once determined to confine her in the isolated hut on the impregnable rock, as he presumed it to be, until the landing of the fleet in the morning, when he should transfer her and her companion to one of the vessels.

That he had effected the first portion of his design in this relation, we have already seen; and now we find him once more among his crew, who numbered nearly thirty men, all armed to the teeth, making arrangements for their comfort during the night. So anxious was he, however, regarding the safety of his captives, that he de-

cided to take their joint guardianship himself until daylight.

Disguised as Pierre was, the moment Rosa stepped from the boat she recognised him; and her heart grew strong within her, as she knew from his manner that some project was on foot.

When, therefore, she reached the summit of the cliff, she was all alive to what was transpiring about her, and distinctly heard the voices of the men to the left on the beach below, and could even follow the thread of their conversation.

Hilton had promised to send her some food, and covering to shelter her from the night air; but she was neither cold nor hungry, but anxious only for her fate. Several times she crawled to the edge of the precipice, and looked down upon the placid waters that murmured far below; but the height was appalling, and she turned away too well assured of the security of her prison.

Still she had hope; and now that the sailors had left the shore, and all was deserted in that direction, she ventured to stand erect, and inspect the rock on all sides. Her two guards, she perceived, were seated on one of the lower steps of the cliff, leading to the narrow ledge she had already crossed, where they were ordered to remain until the return of their superior; and no other evidences of life were about her. Returning to her former position, however, she was startled by a slight noise on the side of the rock that was in shade, and, looking toward it, she perceived a man's hand, with a folded piece of paper, projecting above its verge. With the speed of thought, she snatched the missive, and, perusing it in the brilliant light of the moon, she sank, almost fainting, on the spot where she stood. Recovering herself rapidly, nevertheless, she thrust the paper into her bosom, and once more approached the edge of the precipice next the sea. This time she peered long and earnestly into the depths below, and perceived a boat moving out from the base of the rock. She dropped her handkerchief down the steep, and hastened to address a few hurried words to her maid, after which she turned yet once more to the brink of the precipice.

When Pierre recognised Miss St. Casteen and her maid, and found that they had been spirited off to the stone hut on the cliff, he immediately hastened to Henri with the astounding intelligence; but when he added that it was Hilton held Rosa in captivity, the young Frenchman leaped from the earth as if he had been stung by an adder, and resolved to sell his life, or rescue her.

Pierre, however, with a cooler head, projected a plan for her delivery, which, if attended with great danger, was at least feasible, and likely to succeed. To apprise her of it, and how she was to act in the premises, it was necessary for him to scale the rock on its shady side near the pass—a feat which he had accomplished on a previous occasion by way of satisfying his spirit of adventure, and which he was now ready to attempt again, for the purpose of putting her in possession of the slip of paper that she received.

The feat was daring and difficult, but, having succeeded, he soon descended to Henri again, whom he found in a state of the most deplorable anxiety. No sooner had he informed him of the success of his hazardous undertaking, than he became himself once more, and, hastening to his boat, he entered it speedily, and stole out into the moonlight, that now fell on the lonely shore and the placid waters at the foot of the beetling rock. Here he stood, gazing upward, with every nerve and muscle set, as if anxiously awaiting some signal from above.

When Hilton had disposed of his crew for the night, he turned his steps toward the cliff, where he encountered the two guards at the point already mentioned. These he now relieved, direct-

ing them to proceed to a certain place, where they should find some necessities required by the prisoners, with which they were to return with speed.

The vessels of the fleet, he perceived, had come to anchor a long way off the shore; and from the fact of their not having sent any of their boats to the island, he was under the impression that not one of them had witnessed his disaster. However, he consoled himself with the idea that the loss of his ship would reach them soon enough; and, now that he was alone, he turned toward the steps in the cliff, and began to ascend them slowly.

On dropping her handkerchief, and addressing the few hurried words to Celeste, Rosa, as already observed, gained the verge of the cliff next the sea yet once more, and stood upon its brink. Here she paused for a moment in an agony of doubt and dread, when a voice from the shining depths below reached her, crying, "Leap! beloved, leap!"

The next instant, and just as Hilton entered upon the platform, with a prayer upon her lips, she sprang out into the air, and, disappearing down the shuddering steep, was lost in the startled waters at its base. Foiled and horrified, her captor rushed to the spot where she had but so lately stood, and, peering over its verge, saw nothing, in his confusion, but the wide circles that marked the place where she sank from view.

Was there a shadow of hope still? With the speed of the wind he rushed past Celeste, who now stood unheeded close by, and had just gained the last step in the slope of the rock, on his way to the beach, when his foot slipped, and, with a smothered cry, he missed his balance, and was hurled a shapeless mass into the chasm beneath!

Pierre witnessed his destruction, and, knowing that the coast was now clear, he was soon leading Celeste down to the shore, where Henri had just seized a portion of the dress of his beloved, as, struggling, though insensible, she arose to the surface of the waves. Speedily all three were within the cave, when restoratives were applied to Rosa, who soon showed symptoms of returning consciousness, and who, from having, according to the directions conveyed to her, kept her form erect in the air, suffered but little bodily injury, as her feet struck the water first, and as her dress tended to buoy her up in her descent.

The rest of our story is easily told. The body of Hilton was found next morning, and borne to the fleet, which, owing to the loss of his ship, and the pilot's ignorance of that part of the coast, decided not to approach the island nearer, or permit the boats to do so, as they could not be covered by the fire from the ships. Consequently, before evening, to the great joy of the inhabitants, the whole expedition was hull down on the horizon, and the inmates of the cave emerged in safety into daylight once more. Through the influence of Lefabure and others, the authorities at Boston released Monsieur St. Casteen, who subsequently recovered all his hidden wealth, and speedily took up his abode among the Green Islands, where Rosa soon became the wife of her faithful lover, and the idol of old Monsieur Lefabure and a large circle of friends.

On the tomb of a bishop, at Rheims, is inscribed the following beautiful epitaph: "He transferred his riches to heaven, and has gone thither to enjoy them."

The working force of truth lies in the wisdom and will of true men; of men who are true, not to a prejudice or an opinion, or a method, or a party, but to a principle which shall overcome their prejudices, correct their opinions, rectify their methods, and release them from merely party ties.



MAY'S REVENGE—"BERNARD LOOKED LIKE A MAN WHO DESPAIRED. 'GERTRUDE! ATTEMPTING TO TOUCH HER HAND. SHE DREW IT AWAY, TURNED TO HIM THE FACE OF AN ACCUSING ANGEL, AND POINTED TO THE PORTRAIT.'

May's Revenge.

"You doubt me, Gertrude. You have no faith in me. Your eyes, your voice, your quick-coming blushes, your hand trembling in mine, all tell me that you love me. But something holds you back from me—some strange, nervous fancy of your own, vague but potent, indescribable but real."

She listened. Was it his voice, mellow, captivating, wooing her strangely in its tenderness, or just her own consciousness speaking out?

For she did love him, ah, how well! and was it likely that she could so control tell-tale eyes and blushes and voice, and nerves, so that he could not guess her sweet secret? And the barrier, too, keeping her back from the loving arms that seemed her natural protectors! What was it? why was it? whence came it? From her own superfluous distrust, her too great timidity and doubt?

"Put it away, Gertrude darling! Come to me!"

He opened his arms, his face glowed, his very soul seemed to beckon her from those soft, tender eyes.

Just a breadth nearer she moved, and then, as if a cold wind had swept over her, she shrank back.

"I cannot, ah, I cannot!" she shuddered. "Bernard, you must let me go! We are not meant for each other. An invisible but awful fate stands between us."

With a step he reached her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Thus I trample on it! thus I conquer it! My darling, nothing shall separate us!"

His kisses were on her lips, his voice charming her. The great tidal-wave of love seemed ready to sweep her away into compliance, confession, promise. But—and how strange it was to her, who can tell?—the same cold hand held her back, the same pitiless, inexorable voice said.

"He is not for you. Turn your back upon the heaven of this love! Go out once more into the rough ways of the world. Not for you sweetness rest, peace, and the incomparable happiness of sympathy. Go your lonely way. It is so appointed!"

The conflict whitened her cheeks, carried a great, deathly sickness to her heart, and presently

the tender, yielding, lovely form in his arms grew rigid, and all its sweet, warm life seemed to flee away.

"Great heaven! have I killed her?" he said, pale as death.

At first he would not call any one, for at that instant he believed it was only a swoon; but the unyielding pallor frightened him soon, and he rang the bell loudly.

Mrs. Clive came running in.

"Good gracious! Bernard, I told you not to agitate her. She's been as nervous as could be for a month. And now she'll be ill, I dare say—and everything packed up for Willoughby House! There, Gertrude, my dear, aren't you better now? Do go away, Bernard."

But Bernard did not go.

Little Mrs. Clive, who ordered everybody about in the most good-natured but absolute manner, found her brother beyond her management.

Bernard stayed, and brought wine and strong waters, and insisted on leaving Miss Stanley to lie down, and would take Mrs. Clive away with him, in spite of her resistance.

"I tell you it's only the heat, Louise, and those great boys of yours. The poor girl is overworked, and no wonder."

Mrs. Clive, opening her blue eyes in remonstrance and her lips to reply, found herself put down unceremoniously, and set to packing china.

"I declare," she said, recovering her senses, "I never had so much trouble with Clive in all my life. I wish Gertrude joy of him, and I hope she may be able to manage him. Overworked in my house, indeed!"

Careless of the little tempest in his sister's mind—he would only have laughed at it good-naturedly, if he had known of it—Bernard Clive was walking up and down the verandah, meditating on his—defeat shall we call it? Not so. Bernard gave it no such name.

An impulsive, brilliant, strong-willed man of talent, he was accustomed to succeed. His personal magnetism was something wonderful. Allied to his rare abilities, it might have won him almost any position. But social success was all he aspired to—his highest ambition, to win without toil any woman who pleased his versatile fancy.

He was, it must be confessed, a little sated with triumph now. Just home from a prolonged residence in Europe, the pretty butterflies of Mrs. Clive's set had fluttered around him in vain.

But Gertrude Stanley came, and Bernard loved her as he never had, never should love again—so he told her, and so he really thought. What remained, then, but to win and wear?

"A mere nothing," thought Bernard, as he softly puffed a blue cloud of smoke into the air; "a subtle, intangible thing, as evanescent and bodiless as this coil of vapor, a creature of weak nerves, a phantasm of the imagination—is this thing to come between her and me! By all the gods, no! She loves me! She did not deny it—her eyes confessed it," his dark cheek flushed at the thought, "and soon her sweet lips shall confess it, too. Willoughby House will be good for her. She was pale this morning, the darling! At Willoughby she shall get back her roses."

In a week Mrs. Clive and the family were settled at Willoughby House.

It was a gloomy stone pile set in a vast lawn, remote and unattractive enough to the gay travelers on the public road. But when the carriage stopped at the entrance, and Bernard received them with affectionate smiles, and Mrs. Clive saw the complete renovation he had effected within, she was more than glad she had come to Willoughby.

The elegant, carved ceilings had been painted

in fresh Pompeian colors. Sombre drapery and antique furniture had been banished to lumber-rooms, and unique, lovely buhl-tables and bamboo-chairs and lace-curtains had taken their place.

It was as gay, as fresh, as Summery and home-like as could be imagined.

"Upon my word, Bernard!" said Mrs. Clive, catching her breath, "I shouldn't wonder if Cousin Robert got up out of his grave to rebuke your vandalism and extravagance! I don't see how you ever dared do it."

"I'm not afraid of anybody who comes back from the land of shades," laughed Bernard; and then he forgot what he had said in looking at Gertrude.

There are times when the battle of life seems too hard for us. We cannot always row against the stream, and now and again one lays down the oars, and drifts happily with the current.

Such was the present moment to Gertrude Stanley. She had been so beset, so sorely tried, and now she had fallen upon a pleasant rest.

With this beautiful nature all about her, with this delightful home atmosphere, and the tenderness of a strong love, what could she do but be happy? Her soft eyes shone, crimson roses lived in her cheeks, and involuntarily a blithe melody overran her lips.

"You like it, Gertrude?" he said, wistfully.

"Yes, I like it."

She could hardly trust herself to say more; and Bernard, being a man of exquisite tact, was silent. Pretty soon he said:

"Let me show you your own rooms."

A suite of apartments in the wing that overlooked the garden had been metamorphosed at his command into a bower almost too lovely for a mortal maiden to dwell in.

Mrs. Clive chattered fast in her delight.

"He means you to live sumptuously. He will make you think you are a princess!" she cried. "And yet, *mon Dieu!*" returning to the French phrases picked up in her school-days, "to think that a little gilding, and a few mirrors, and a trifle of pink silk and muslin, could do it! Ah, Gertrude, but there was something else to the fore."

While the happy sense of his goodness filled her soul, there was yet an undercurrent of pain.

"Does he mean to buy me with his magnificence?" said her thought.

And he, reading it so easily with the keen eyes of love, said, earnestly:

"I know, my darling, you would love me just as well if I were a beggar."

"Indeed I would!" she whispered.

He went away, and left her standing there with this thought in her heart—a subtle stroke of policy, if he had considered it; but it was only his fine tact.

Gertrude sank down into the luxurious arm-chair. It was just a type of the delicious repose that might fill her whole life, if she only would.

And why not? She had endured the hardness in her youth. It is no unheroic thing for a delicate, finely-cultured girl to take up the *role* of governess; and the children, even of the best families, are not young angels, generally. But Mrs. Clive had been so kind to her, and let her see society when she would. She might have had her Adonis, but until Bernard Clive came, with his manifold fascinations, all men had been as shadows. To him she had half-surrendered, a shy, reluctant captive.

But last night Mrs. Clive had kissed her, and called her sister.

"You ought to be happy. Nobody could be more in love than he is, and Bernard is a good fellow. He has had his little peccadilloes, *mais*—they all have. But he is as good as the rest."

What could Gertrude's pure heart know of the sins of the great world? Kittv Clive, with her four years in Paris, was a thousandfold wiser. If she had any misgivings, she hushed them in her heart.

"Gertrude will be the making of him; and, in spite of that unfortunate affair, Bernard is not a bad fellow."

In his own room Bernard was very much at ease as to his hopes. He was sure of her for a whole month, and he had taken care to invite only ladies or ineligible men to help them pass the Summer.

And now, with all the signs of affluence about him, Bernard was thinking.

"I am a lucky fellow," ran the soliloquy. "If Cousin Robert had lived a day longer, the entire property would have gone to the Morton Willoughbys. If I had gone to Egypt instead of coming home last Fall, I might never have seen Gertrude. It really seems as if all had been providentially arranged. Pshaw!"

He interrupted himself, and knocked the ashes from his pipe with vehemence.

"As if Providence would do anything for me—as if it had forgotten that old grudge against me. Curse it! I wish I could forget it myself."

He wheeled around in his chair, and brought himself face to face with a portrait which hung upon the wall.

It was a lovely picture—a fair, girlish face, untouched as yet by sorrow, but with a mournful, foreshadowing fate in the dark, beautiful, tender eyes.

"I wonder now," mused Bernard, "by what perversity of self-tormenting I keep that picture before my eyes. I have said to myself a hundred times that I would destroy it. Poor little May! You keep remorse alive, do you know, and you safe in heaven these ten years. Heaven! If there was one, May, do you think it would not overtake me with wrath? You said—I remember—that one day the punishment would come. It tarries long, poor little pious May! The grass is green on your grave, and I—I am in love again."

He looked steadfastly at the portrait as he spoke, and it seemed to him that the face dilated, stood out from the canvas, and almost would speak. Gradually, too, a new consciousness grew upon him. All the color drifted out of his face.

"Good heavens!" rousing himself, with a sound like a groan. "Fool that I didn't know it before! My God, what a complication!"

He dropped his white face on his arms, and the table and chair shook.

A whole long hour passed before he lifted his head. When he did, his countenance was pale and set. He rose.

"You shall not be avenged—at least, not in that way," with a defiant glance at the portrait.

He made as if to go out, but, led irresistibly, turned around, and went close to the picture.

"Strange I did not see it before—strange I did not guess what it was that was so sweetly familiar in her face—why her smile was like an old melody half-forgotten. May! May!"—looking into the lovely, pathetic eyes—"I will be good to her—I will be true. Oh, will not that atone?"

It was dark when he at last passed out of the room, and into Gertrude's presence. Mrs. Clive, sitting in an adjoining room, heard their low voices, and guessed that Bernard was prospering with his love-making.

Late in the evening Gertrude stood there close by him, the white moonlight falling around her, and making her loveliness supreme. Half-wild with the impatience of love, yet Bernard controlled himself. Slowly but steadily she was drifting toward him. Patience, and she was won! Her hand lingered in his when he said good-night, her eyes had a soft light, whose meaning he knew

well. Yet he restrained himself. He told her he was going away to-morrow, to be gone all day, and saw the gentle regret cloud her bright face; but he did not take her in his arms, and bled her a passionate good-bye.

"She will come to me of herself presently—she will come!" he said.

The next day was somewhat heavy on the ladies' hands. Gertrude, in particular, was afflicted by a strange disquietude, and could not rest. She missed Bernard; he was fast becoming the one thing necessary to her.

Late in the afternoon a dun-blue smoke filled all the valley visible from Willoughby House. The servants said the woods were on fire.

Here was excitement, diversion.

"We will go up to Bernard's room," said Mrs. Clive. "It looks that way, and is the highest in the house."

But when they had climbed the stairs, the doors were locked.

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Clive, and sent for all the keys in the house, trying them one after another with fateful pertinacity.

At last one fitted, and they entered the room. A flash of maiden timidity, a sweet, doubtful curiosity startled Gertrude at the first instant. Then she looked up, saw the portrait, and instantly forgot everything else.

"Who is this?" going up to it.

"You can see the fire from this window," said Mrs. Clive. "Good heavens, I didn't think Bernard was mad enough to keep that picture in sight," she added, *sotto voce*.

"Whose portrait is this, Mrs. Clive?"

The tone struck the gay little woman as something awful. She came nearer, and looked at Gertrude.

"Mercy, Gertrude, I didn't think you'd be so jealous. It's only—only—"

"Tell me the whole truth, Mrs. Clive."

Kitty was running over the matter in her mind. "What a goose I was to bring her in here! But, then, who'd have thought she was so jealous? If I don't tell her, she'll think it worse than it is. I'd better tell her the whole story, as softly as I can. She loves Bernard, and she won't cast him off for a woman who has been dead ten years."

Mrs. Clive's morality was not of the superfine sort. It was, indeed, quite indulgent and accommodating.

"It really is nothing—nothing that you should be disturbed about. You didn't think, Gertrude, that you were Bernard's first love—you are too sensible—he is thirty-five years old, my dear. And for my part, I always told Clive, 'I don't care who was your first love, if I'm only the last.' But this girl—Gertrude, you look so white and awful you quite frighten me—I tell you she's dead—been dead ten years at least. Bernard wasn't much more than a boy when he met her abroad. Her parents were professional people—actors, in fact, and I don't suppose Bernard ever thought of marrying her; but—of course it was wrong, but all young men do these things—he took her to Italy, as his wife. I'm afraid the poor girl really thought she was his wife, and they lived there a year or two."

"Do you mean to say?" asked Gertrude, in a hard, cold voice, "that he went through a false ceremony intending to deceive her?"

"I—I'm afraid there was something of the sort; but then, of course, she might have known. As if Bernard Willoughby could marry a ballet-dancer!"

"Go on. How did it end?"

"Why," said Mrs. Clive, warming to her subject, "the girl's father found her out, and tried to make Bernard marry her. He was very insolent, and of course Bernard wouldn't be driven, and

then, I dare say, he had gotten over his infatuation—and so they parted. She went back to her father, and died soon afterward. It was a great pity"—seeing a rain of tears falling from Gertrude's eyes—"a great pity, and Bernard is so sorry, I know. He has been very unhappy about it. But such things can't be undone. One can only be sorry. The past can't be helped."

"No, it can't be helped!" said Gertrude.

She was trembling from head to foot.

A light footfall startled them.

"Would to God it could!"

They turned, and faced Bernard. His swarthy face was pale, his black eyes had a smouldering fire in them. He looked like a man who despaired, but would fight till the death.

"Gertrude!" attempting to touch her hand.

She drew it away, and turned to him the face of an accusing angel, and pointed to the portrait.

"She was—" the word choked her.

"Your sister! I know it. I know, too, that you are hardening your heart against me. You are saying, 'This man lured my sister to shame, and for her sake I will hate him.' But you shall not do it, Gertrude. Not for all the angels in heaven—not for all the demons below, shall you cast me off!"

He flung his arm around her. She sprang away from him with such a look of horror, that he absolutely recoiled, trembling, before it.

"Gertrude, pity me!" he pleaded. "I love you! Forgive me—come to me!"

He put out his hands.

"Come to you! Not for all the world will I ever touch your hand, ever see your face again!"

The words broke from her in a passionate cry, and when it was ended, she fled sobbing to her chamber.

All that night he lay awake, marshalling arguments, thinking how he would entreat her, how set his offence in its least bad light. He had no idea of giving her up. But he knew he should have a hard fight for it. He knew, too, that he had fallen in the eyes of the woman he loved, and that was a poignant pain.

Next morning he went downstairs, heavy-eyed and miserable. On entering the breakfast-room an ominous fear smote him.

Kitty was alone. She looked up, and said:

"Gertrude is gone. She went away at daylight, leaving only a note for me. She will never forgive you, Bernard!"

He turned his back upon her, climbing slowly and painfully to his own room. There the pictured face on the wall looked down at him with tender compassion in its eyes, as, perhaps, the immortal spirit looked down from the heavenly courts.

"Oh, May! May! at last you are avenged! It lingered late, but it did not fail. God help me!"

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, knowing too surely that the last sweet hope of his heart was dead for ever, and that nothing waited but bitter loneliness and vain remorse.

From her grass-grown grave in Florence, May reached out her dead hand to take her late revenge.

Life at Bellagio, on Lake Como.

To run town of Como itself, with its dark, narrow, untidy streets, its old yet unattractive churches, most travellers or residents abroad prefer the charming town of Bellagio, where palaces of nobles have become the most charming of hotels for those whose purses enable them to pay for the luxurious enjoyment afforded. Villas like the Villa Carlotta and Villa Melzi, rich in sculpture

and painting, adorn its banks, the society is cultivated and refined, and everything combines to make it one of the most enchanting spots on earth. The lake itself affords endless combinations of beauty, justifying the poet Rogers' description:

"So I sit still,

And let the boatman shift his little sail,
His sail so forked and so swallow-like,
Well pleased with all that comes. The morning air
Plays on my cheek how gently, flagging round
A silvery gleam. And now the purple mist
Rise like a curtain; now the sun looks out,
Filling, overflowing with his glorious light
This noble amphitheatre of hills;
And now appears as on a phosphorous sea
Numberless barks, from Milan, from Favia,
Some sailing up, some down, and some at rest,
Lading, unlading at that small town
Under the promontory—its tall tower
And long flat roofs, just such as Gaspar drew,
Caught by a sunbeam slanting through a cloud;
A quay-like scene, glittering and full of life,
And doubled by reflection."

Paul Anthony's Mistake.

"ONLY an unsophisticated little country-girl!" said the gentleman.

Ruth heard it and blushed, and as she walked on, tears of vexation came into her eyes.

It was quite true, and that was the sting of it. She was as much out of place among these travelled, society people, as the buttercups which glorified the meadows about the old farmhouse where she was born would have been if transplanted to a conservatory.

Yet I would not by any means have you think that my little Ruth was an uncultured girl. She could not chatter French like Miss Van Deusen; but she knew the grammar of the language perfectly, and she had its classics by heart. She had read all the good books in the village library, and was no mean critic of their worth. She could sing, too, in a sweet, fresh voice, and accompany herself with taste upon the old-fashioned piano.

But, bless me! what are all these accomplishments compared with those of the young ladies who have been abroad and studied philosophy in Germany, and music in Italy, and the art of flirting everywhere!

Nobody could have found any fault with Ruth's manners—they were perfectly lady-like and natural. But the habit of society does give one an air, an *aplomb*, a nameless ease, that is as wonderful as it is charming to those innocent souls who have it not.

And then Ruth's toilets—I'm ashamed to own how simple they were; how destitute of ruffles, and frills, and fringes; that there was no festooning about her skirts, and not an atom of a hump upon her back; that the heels of her boots were not an inch and a half high, and consequently she absolutely *could* not acquire that crippled gait which is at once so fascinating and indescribable.

All this was as much, nay, more, the fault of Miss Crowninshield, as of Ruth; for Ruth, though she had a sensible little head, had also a girl's horror of oddity, and I dare say she would have made herself look as much like a guy—I mean a fashionable lady—as any of them, if she could have had her way. But her aunt, being an old maid, was full of notions, and she had nipped Ruth's fashionable fancies in the bud.

"You're going as God made you, and as a modest girl should, or you don't go with me," said that lady.

And so Ruth went as God made her, with the addition of a few white muslin frocks, cut high in the neck, and some simple ribbon sashes to match. And the people did not laugh at her to

her face, because she was Miss Crowninshield's niece, and Miss C. was the owner of half a million. But they let her severely alone, and Ruth walked, and sat, and read by herself, while the other girls had cavaliers. And Ruth drove with her aunt in the mornings, and though Miss Crowninshield was a great talker, was not highly entertained. It's such a wide slip from twenty to sixty, you know.

You might fancy that Miss Crowninshield's half a million would have made a difference with Ruth's status. And so it might, only Miss C.'s views were perfectly well understood.

"No!" she said, when somebody hinted that Ruth was her heiress. "I'm not going to make my relations glad when I die. Let the young folks begin low down, as their fathers and mothers did."



LIFE AT BELLAGIO, ON LAKE COMO.

When I'm done with it, my property goes in a lump where it will do some good."

And so people sighed, and looked at Ruth, and said, "Poor thing!" and let her alone. And Paul Anthony, passing her on the wide beach, lifted his hat, smiled, and added:

"Very pretty, but only an unsophisticated little country girl."

And Ruth cried, as I have said, because it was true, and oh, more than all, because he said it. For Paul had been kind to her, two or three times. Once, when Miss Van Deusen snubbed him, he came and sat beside Ruth a whole evening, and Ruth talked so charmingly that Paul forgot his ill-temper, and vowed to himself that he would talk to the poor little thing some other time if he didn't forget it. And so he did when other pastime was wanting, and I think he found it amusing. I know Ruth did, and Miss Crowninshield, with her keen eyes seeing everything, felt bound to utter a note of warning.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Ruth. You're not a beauty, and young men like Paul Anthony don't marry passably pretty girls with no fortune."

"As if," said Ruth, her sapphire eyes kindling, "beauty was the only thing that counted! As if intelligence, and goodness, and all the rest, went for nothing!"

"Oh!" breathed out Miss Crowninshield, in mock meekness. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, my dear. I'm only an old woman, and of course you know the world better than I do, and I'm altogether wrong."

Then Ruth, who was a tender-hearted little body, cried so sincerely, that Miss Crowninshield was touched, and a real reconciliation was effected.

"She might have fancied a better man," muttered the old lady; "but if the fellow has sense enough to like her, I'll—"

The rest remained unuttered, for Miss Crowninshield was a singularly cautious old lady; but she kept those keen eyes of hers wide open. And what did she see?

That Paul Anthony really did show some interest in Ruth. That when there was nothing lively going on, he would sit by her for hours, and generously suffer her to amuse him.

"For his own pastime!" said Miss Crowninshield, grimly.

But Ruth's eyes would shine, and the red would flicker in and out of her white cheek, and the sweet smile come and go.

"Little goose!" growled the old lady.

I dare not swear that Paul Anthony was insensible to Ruth's charms of mind and person. I should like to believe that there was really some genuine feeling at the bottom, particularly after what happened about this time—an affair in which Ruth behaved like a heroine, and became for the time quite a lion.

Ruth always walked early; and one day when the hotel people were hardly astir, she went out as usual for her "constitutional."

The sea was of that palest azure which one sees in perfection only in the early morning. Afar off—for it was the New Hampshire coast—one saw the Isle of Shoals lying on the bosom of the waves; by-and-bye, when the sun went higher, to fade out of sight as by some enchantment. A few sails were flitting across the horizon, and presently, as Ruth looked, she saw one grow nearer and nearer, and presently she recognised the man at the tiller.

It was Paul Anthony, who prided himself upon his seamanship, and really, for a curled darling, could manage a boat extremely well. But his skill was perhaps at fault this morning, for, as the little vessel gracefully floated before Ruth's eyes, with that fascinating grace which is indeed

the very poetry of motion, an awful change marred the picture. A flaw of wind caught the sail, and before Ruth's white lips could emit a cry, the boat was upset, and its freight struggling in the water.

With the swiftness of the wind Ruth turned, and ran toward the hotel, which was at least a mile away. Before she had gone many rods she met two lads, and breathlessly told her errand, and bade them fly for help. Then, quite weak and trembling, she ran back to the beach, and there, to her infinite delight, she saw the men swimming strongly toward the shore.

Paul Anthony was only a little behind the sailor, and both were making a manful fight for their lives?

Would they win? At first Ruth believed there was no doubt of that. But, oh! how slowly the distance lessened! And—or in her terror she fancied it—they were growing weaker, swimming more feebly. She wished now she had run for help herself. Would no one ever come?

She heard the sailor shout encouragingly to his companion. She, too, cried aloud; with sobs and tears she ran up and down the shore in a transport of distress.

Not so much as a rowboat was anywhere in sight! If one had been at hand, quite unskilled as she was, she would have taken it, and tried to reach them.

It was not because it was Paul Anthony. Something higher and wider than individual sympathy moved her. Ah, sweet heaven! would these men die before her eyes? Then, as she almost despaired, hope revived again.

How the next five minutes passed, Ruth never knew. But she knew that the sailor struggled through the surf, that she waded out among the surf-wet rocks, and caught his hand, that he tottered forward, and, just above the water's edge, dropped helpless at her feet.

And Paul!

Dimly, one may suppose, he saw his companion safe. With a great effort, he cried out something in congratulation, toiled on a few paces further, found footing once on the sand, then slipped, and fell under the shallow water.

They say one reasons quickly in dire extremity. No help was near. Before any could come, Ruth knew it would be too late. There was just one chance whereby Paul Anthony's life might be saved. Ruth resolved to accept that chance.

She slipped off her light, strong woollen shawl. With her steady fingers she tore it into three long strips, which she tied strongly together. Then, with one end looped around a jutting rock, and the other fastened round her waist, she was ready for her work—for her risk.

Was there risk? She said to herself that there was none, that the water was not above her head, that she could draw herself back by the shawl when she desired. But, ah! it was fearful, that first plunge in the beating waves—that blind groping after the helpless form that lay prone on the bottom. And when she had reached it, she cried aloud in her passionate distress—distress, never despair. For shall not weak muscles obey the strong heart, the mighty will? It was a clear triumph of mind over matter.

When she had drawn him partly upon the rocks, and kept there, having cheated the sea of its prey, Ruth knew, in spite of her swimming senses, that it was only the occasion that had lifted her to its level.

"Great God! how did you do it?"

She looked up, and the dripping sailor stood over her, white and amazed. And then Ruth fainted.

This story made a sensation, you may be sure. Ruth was the target for all eyes. A few admired, many wondered at her, and a few more seemed

to think it almost unwomanly to have saved a life.

But what did Paul Anthony think? He had ample time for reflection during his convalescence. And later, also, when abroad again, he sat by Ruth's side, and watched her slight hands employed about some dainty work, and remembered what noble service they had done. And Ruth's innocent heart was full of that exquisite happiness that comes but once.

A week or two drifted by. They were sitting on the verandah one afternoon. Ruth's heart was trembling. Surely no man had a right to bend so near her, with such a face, unless he were a lover.

Miss Van Deusen put aside the muslin curtain behind which she had been watching the tableau, and looked out.

"Paul, I want you!"

He rose, colored as he met her eyes, and went to her.

"Paul!"

"Don't be cross, Carrie. One must be amused, and it's a very nice little girl."

"Very nice; but only there's something I think she ought to know."

And without another word, she rose and swept past him in her voluminous draperies, out upon the verandah, and up to the seat Paul had just left.

"I have been wanting so much to tell you, my dear Miss Ruth," she said, in a low, caressing tone, "how grateful I am to you for what you did for Paul. You were a little heroine."

Ruth's cheeks kindled, and then went quite white.

"If it hadn't been for you," said Miss Van Deusen, in a whisper, "I should have lost my lover. Nobody knows but ourselves—and now you—that Paul and I are engaged."

Ruth looked up very calmly, but I am not sure that she saw anything.

"One doesn't like to be labelled 'taken' at a watering-place," laughed the lady.

And Ruth laughed a little, too, and there was a little more talk, and then Miss Van Deusen went back to her lover. Ruth sat still, and sorted bright woods, and made a pretty picture in the afternoon sunlight. And Paul watched her, and thought:

"She doesn't care much, after all."

Ruth went to tea that night, and, though she did not eat much, that was only the fault of the late dinner.

"I shall be glad to get back to our simple country ways again."

Miss Crowninshield smiled with a scornful look.

"Ruth, don't you go to telling lies."

"Lies! What are you looking at, aunt?"

The old lady took down her glass.

"It is Jack Bedford. What is he here for?"

"Who is Jack Bedford, and why shouldn't he come here?"

"He is nobody whom you'll care for," said Miss Crowninshield, quite unaware of the sore heart beside her. "Jack is my lawyer's clerk. He will be taken into the firm some day, but at present he works like a slave, and just supports himself. Ah, he sees me!"

The old lady nodded and smiled brightly, and when, as they went back to the drawing-room, Mr. Bedford joined them, it was easy to see that he was a prime favorite.

"What brought you to this Vanity Fair? I thought you were more sensible. Came to see the world? So did Ruth. This is my niece, Mr. Bedford. She came to see the world, also. She will tell you how she likes it."

Looking at Ruth, then, for the first time, something in her eyes touched her aunt. Her voice

softened, and presently she sent her away to her room.

Late that night, as Ruth was lying wide awake, and God knew how wretched, Miss Crowninshield came in.

"Is this true, my dear, that I hear downstairs about Paul Anthony's engagement?"

"Quite true, aunt. Miss Van Deusen told me about it herself."

Miss Crowninshield sat down on the foot of the bed.

"That young man has made the greatest mistake of his life," she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no, aunt! Miss Van Deusen is——"

And here the voice faltered, the strong heart gave way, and Ruth sobbed out her sorrow in her aunt's arms.

Miss Crowninshield was wonderfully kind and considerate. She never even told the girl that one day she would be cured of this sorrow that seemed now unendurable. Where would have been the use? But she planned walks, and drives, and sails, and Jack Bedford was always of the party. This was, of course, pure benevolence on Miss Crowninshield's part. People began to say that the old lady was tempted to do a little match-making, and that it was a shame to inveigle a poor lawyer, like Jack Bedford, into a marriage with a penniless girl.

Fortunately, the parties criticised were not aware of the criticism. Ruth was trying with all her might to keep up. Her woman's pride was fighting a mighty battle with her woman's love.

She was not quite a wall-flower now. It was found that she could say piquant things. By-and-bye, they were sometimes a little bitter. Poor girl! she was drifting along very much in the dark, very much at the mercy of her own unduly sensitive temperament. Perhaps, in these troubled days, she was over-kind to Jack Bedford—love was so far from her heart—and Jack's genuine manliness was such a foil to the rapidity about her.

He found her one day on the rocks, where she had been surrounded by a little court of admirers. One by one they had dropped off.

"I have been watching till audience should be possible," he said, playfully.

"*La Reine est morte, vive la Reine!*"

Her voice had a sharp inflection, and she pointed to Miss Van Deusen, around whom the idlers were gathering.

Jack looked at her curiously, and she colored under his eyes.

"What is it, Mr. Bedford?"

"I was wondering whether this vein of—bitterness—shall I call it?—I beg your pardon—was merely a fashion of speech, or the outcome of a sad experience."

She changed countenance so instantly, so painfully, that he went to her side at once.

"Forgive me! I would not hurt you for the world. What have I done?"

She was struggling for composure, and rose, eager to leave him.

"Pray—pray don't go yet. Have I offended you? Pity me, Ruth, if I have—because I love you!"

"Love me!"

Never, I fancy, was love's plea so strangely received. She looked at him, cold and incredulous.

Is there anything strange in that—anything strange that in these three weeks I have found out that you are the woman in the world whom I can love?"

A shade of scorn crossed her face.

"There must be some mistake. I am a poor girl, Mr. Bedford, quite dependent upon my aunt's charity. And I have no expectations."

"Do you know that you insult my honor? You

accuse me of being a fortune-hunter," he said, in a low, excited tone.

In his wounded feelings, in his anger and aggrieved pride, she began to understand him—to guess that here indeed she had lost all that her soul most eagerly coveted.

"I love you, Ruth!" he repeated. "Can't you say anything kind to me?"

"It is too late—too late!" she whispered. "I have nothing to give you."

"What!" he said, shocked and bewildered, seeing her sobbing and trembling. "I did not know—I had no right to speak. Do you mean—"

He stopped short, realising what he had lost.

"Oh, Ruth! I could hate the fortunate man who has won you!"

"Nobody has cared to win me!" she cried, with

a sudden impulse, a great tide of shame crimsoning her face. "I have been duped, deceived, and so I cannot return an honest man's love."

She broke from him at these words, and hurried away.

That night, Jack Bedford held a long conference with Miss Crowninshield, and was enlightened about many things.

"It is all Paul Anthony," said that lady. "Ruth is an unsophisticated little country girl, and took for sober earnest what was only pastime to him. I did not know it had gone so far; but after the engagement, I saw notes of his, that no honorable man should write unless his intentions were serious. But what is a broken heart at twenty? Ruth will come out of this, and if you love her still—"



PAUL ANTHONY'S MISTAKE.—"WHEN SHE HAD DRAWN HIM PARTLY UPON THE ROCKS, HAVING CREATED THE SEA OF ITS PREY, RUTH KNEW, IN SPITE OF HER SWIMMING SENSES, THAT IT WAS ONLY THE OCCASION THAT HAD LIFTED HER TO ITS LEVEL."



THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.—SEE PAGE 50.

"Love her still! Poor, innocent dove!

"I am sure you may hope to succeed, and I'm free to say, Jack Bedford, I hope you will. Ruth has qualities which would make her an invaluable wife for a clever, ambitious young man, and though she isn't my heiress—"

"Miss Crowninshield, I—"

"Hear me out, young man! Though I intend to leave my money to an institution, still I would undertake the *trousseau*, and perhaps make her a little present on her wedding-day, that should go toward the tent. There, there! Don't protest. I know you, Jack Bedford."

Knowing Jack Bedford, Miss Crowninshield

was not at all surprised when, nearly a year afterward, when Winter had come and gone, and the sweet season of love had come round again, he came to her and asked whether, in her opinion, he might go to Ruth now.

"I should think so," said the old lady, promptly. "She ought to have found out his worthlessness, and your merit, by this time. If she hasn't, tell her not to call me aunt any more."

So Jack went down to the pretty country town where Ruth lived, and stood under the drooping red roses over her door, and looked into her sweet face, and thought how she was all a part of the perfect June picture, and caught the happy surprise in her eyes.

"Say you are glad to see me!" he exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Ruth, say that you wanted me as much as I have wanted you!"

Ruth did not say all this, but she breathed out, "Oh, Jack!" and he was satisfied.

The wooing sped—I shall not linger to describe it—and the wedding-day came and went. And then the question of the trip was undecided.

"I wish we could take a run over to England," said Jack. "The Continental tour is, of course, an impossibility, but we might see Chatsworth, and Blenheim, and Kenilworth. I wonder if we could afford it?"

"I wish we could!" said Ruth, looking at him with tender admiration, and thinking how bravely he had earned the vacation he courted. "There is Aunt Crowninshield's wedding-present."

Jack laughed. Had not the grim old lady all along given them to understand that, besides Ruth's pretty wardrobe, and the generous store of *lingerie*, her gift would be only a trifle?

"Get it, dear, and let us see how far it will help us-out."

Ruth went to her desk, and brought out the envelope, unopened till now. Jack broke the seal. A slip of paper fell out. They picked it up, looked at it, and then at each other.

"It was a check for one hundred thousand dollars!"

"I made a confounded mistake," said Paul Anthony, meeting them in Paris next year.

And everybody said the same, for Miss Van Deusen's property turned out to have been vastly exaggerated, and everybody knew her temper was not the sweetest in the world.

sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and my informant, though he had shot none, had snared plenty.

The Beautiful Model.

"Don't let her run away with you now, Ray," said Tom Orton, mounting his sister upon his favorite horse. "If you give her her head a bit she bounds like a roe, and I'm afraid you can't keep your seat."

"Oh, I'll be careful, Tom! You are sure she's kind?"

"Kind as a kitten. Only don't try to ride her fast."

Zuleika stepped away down the avenue, resenting the curb-bit with every step. Her young master, who rode like a trooper, held her only with a snaffle. But Ray petted and caressed her, and pricking up her fine, pointed ears to listen, the beautiful, blooded filly grew soothed, and began practicing her usual graces.

Tom watched them out of sight.

"If anything happened to Ray, father'd never forgive me."

He stood knocking up the pebbles of the drive with the heel of his boot for a moment, then started for the stables.

"Lead out Timon, and saddle him, Cato; I'm going after my sister."

Before the horse was saddled, Tom was in a fever of impatience. A little reflection told him that he had done a most imprudent thing in mounting Ray, an unpracticed and timid rider, upon so young and spirited a horse, and that if it came to his father's knowledge he would be severely censured, even though the only daughter returned in safety. Tom was but seventeen, and there came over him the memory of a severe caning which he had received but two years before for losing his father's favorite pointer. To be sure, he was too old to be cased now, but any one who has heard Squire Orton's denunciation of a person, will understand that it is something to be dreaded.

Tom dashed down the avenue on Timon. The road wound white through the trees, but Ray was not in sight. He put spurs to the gaunt hunter, and flew on her track.

She had gone over the hill. Surmounting that, he drew rein at two cross-roads, uncertain which one to follow.

Just then he heard a man's voice.

"Hillo!"

"Hillo!" responded Tom, uncertain where the shout came from, yet impressed with the belief that he was the person called.

"Hillo! hillo! Down here!"

Down in the dell where the mulberries grew! Fallen horse, rider, and a strange man, heaped upon the ground. Tom gave a groan. In a moment he had flung himself off Timon upon the spot.

"I didn't dare try to raise her alone for fear she'd fall back on the lady," said the stranger, who was on one knee, holding down Zuleika's head. "Can you get the young lady's foot out? If so, you can lift her up."

Ray was quite senseless. Her face, with its closed eyes, looked like a lily among the grass. Tom groaned with remorse as he looked at her. With her little velvet cap bound by its broad black ribbons firmly under her chin, one of her small, gauntleted hands still holding her riding-whip, the wild roses showering their petals upon her as she lay with her delicate foot bound under the trembling horse—Tom was haunted by the sight for years.

"Is she dead? The saddle has to come off!"

The Argus Pheasant of Sumatra and Borneo.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb Argus, Fire-backed, and Ocellated pheasants of those islands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid Lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Northern India.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great Argus pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for me, he told me that although he had been for twenty years shooting birds in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and had never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest parts of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens

Is the girth-buckle under? My God! see the blood!" muttered Tom, swarming over the group.

Fortunately the stranger was more composed.

"No; here's the buckle. Gently! the horse is getting impatient. Don't graze her, drawing out the girths, or she'll spring. And she'll get up awkwardly—careful!"

Thus warned, Tom, trembling with excitement, worked cautiously. But when the saddle was off, Ray's foot was far under the body of the horse.

"Come here," cried Tom, "and take my sister in your arms. I'll get the horse up."

"Don't let her fall back!" cried the stranger, apprehensively.

"She *shan't* fall back!" exclaimed Tom.

He snatched his strong whalebone-whip from the grass. He clutched at the bridle, and lashed his favorite ruthlessly. There was a struggle, Zuleika was on her feet, and the stranger was carrying Ray up the bank to the spring.

Tom ran after him. As they tore off her hat to bathe her temple in the sparkling water, the loose gold waves of her soft hair fell in profusion about her childishly fair face.

"Ray! Ray!" cried the anxious boy. "She can't be dead, sir!" he added.

"No—oh, no! She is coming to."

Ray opened her eyes.

"Tom, where's mother?" she said.

Tom flung himself upon the grass, and cried.

The stranger more rationally continued his efforts in her behalf. Overcome by a feeling of giddy faintness, she lay in his arms, while he continued to bathe her temples from the trickling rill. The fair little face was so sweet! The arrowy sunbeams were playing on the pale gold hair, while the pallid brow was in deep shadow.

Ray was conscious only of suffering, and of gradual relief. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Averick Brunell's great beard and deep eyes, and her bewilderment and pain made her querulous.

"Oh! where is my mother?"

Tom rushed, and tumbled on his knees beside her.

"I'll take you right home, Puss! See here!—you know your old Tom, don't you? I'll get killed, I expect, for letting you ride Zuleika!"

She put her arms about his neck, and rested her pale face upon his shoulder. He kissed her cheek.

"Don't go and faint again, Ray; there's a dear," said Tom, uneasily.

She sat up, wearily.

"How are we going to get home, Tom?"

"I'll lend Zuleika."

"Take my carriage," said Averick Brunell.

He went away, and brought up the little pony-chaise.

"Take the young lady home in this, and send it to me to-morrow, to the Traveller's Rest."

"You're very, very kind!" cried Tom, gratefully.

As soon as Ray was moved, she fainted again, for her foot was much injured.

The result of this combination of unhappy circumstances was that Squire Orton was much exercised by the apparition, down the avenue, of a pony-chaise, led by a stranger, and bearing Tom and Ray, the latter very pale, and resting upon her brother's shoulder, evidently in a state of severe suffering.

"Here, Jack! Dick! Hal!" he shouted.

It was his custom, at any unusual occurrence, to summon all his sons.

Averick Brunell found his services no longer required. Four young men swarmed about the sole daughter of the house, and she was borne away. He was getting quietly off, when poor, pale Tom came up to him.

"I'm a thousand times obliged, sir. May I know your name? We are Ortons, of The Thistles."

"My name is Brunell. I am staying at the village tavern. I believe I have a letter of introduction to your father; but now is not the time to present it. I will call to-morrow."

Then Tom, like the manly young fellow that he was, went and confessed, and got scolded in thunderous tones; and slipped out to the stable, to cry on Zuleika's shoulder.

"If you'd killed Ray, I'd have shot you," he said, inconsequently, looking into his favorite's soft eyes; and then, when the dumb, loving creature rubbed her small head against his sleeve, he kissed the star on her forehead, and begged her pardon.

How the accident had happened, Ray could not tell. She had pulled too sharply upon the curb-bit, or a rabbit in the path had made the horse leap upon her haunches. She had fallen back upon her rider, and Ray had narrowly escaped death.

Averick Brunell called the next day, and dined at The Thistles.

He was of the Brunells of Philadelphia, socially in advance of the Ortons. He was hardly their style of man, either, being more accustomed to women's society; not especially fond of horses, dogs and hunting; and in being an artist, he was altogether out of their line.

But he had done them service, and so they fraternised without much hesitation, showing an interest in his plans, and guiding him to picturesque spots, in out-of-the-way localities.

He was awaiting the arrival of his friend Guy Colford, also an artist, and then the two were to take up quarters, with Brunell's valet, in a cottage down the Narrows, a sequestered part of the river's bank.

Colford was on his way from Italy.

It was three weeks before Ray could be brought down to the sitting-room lodge. Her foot had been badly crushed. Then the family gathered about her couch, delighted with the novelty of her presence.

"Puss, you're a regular heroine of romance, you know," said Tom. "Here's Mr. Brunell hunting mother at all hours of the day and night to know how you are."

"I was very cross to him," said Ray, penitently. "I must see him, and beg his pardon."

When Brunell came, she appeared a mere delicate child beside him. He pulled his beautiful beard, as he stood looking down at her; and when he seated himself to her entertainment, looked as if he might intend to tell her fairy tales. But she gave him her small hand, and the two talked gravely. He told her of his late sketching excursions—told her of Colford, and of the cottage at the Narrows.

"When I get well, Mr. Brunell, mamma and I will come and see you."

"You can't do it!" said Tom. "There's no carriage-road down there, and the paths are full of snakes!"

"If Miss Orton will promise to come, the snakes shall be exterminated," said Brunell.

The next morning Colford arrived. That evening his friend brought him to The Thistles.

He was younger than Brunell, and very handsome. His eyes were dark, his hair amber and curling, his physique delicate and graceful. His conversation was very brilliant also. He fascinated the Ortons, men and women.

"He is very charming," pronounced Mrs. Orton. "I am very glad to have Ray have the society of gentlemen who are different from her brothers," for she somewhat regretted her sons' propensities.

The two artists went home by starlight.
 "How long have you known these people, Averick?" asked Colford.

"A few weeks."

"What a gem of a girl that is!"

"Yes," drily.

"I'll paint her as Una, if they'll let me!"

Brunell made no answer. His face had grown clouded.

Ray was soon able to be driven about. She rapidly gained strength, and added to her native beauty. As she sat among the purple cushions of the clarence, her soft, fair loveliness made her a delight to artistic eyes.

Colford and Brunell saw her sometimes, as she went over the hills. Sometimes she would meet them in the road, and bidding the driver stop, would stay to examine their sketches, and chat, or take them home to lunch. Her extreme youth and sweet dignity made her manner as well as her appearance a charming study.

Colford showed, openly, his ardent admiration. Brunell displayed only a gentle friendliness.

The latter had never known such a woman as Ray Orton. His mother and sisters were large, matronly and self-reliant. They had none of Ray's fragility and simplicity, none of her wild-rose beauty and sprightliness. She was a delightful revelation to him.

Colford was a Bohemian, and had known too few pure women. Ray's guileless eyes had for him a fascination. In a little while it was generally recognised that he loved her—if selfishly, more purely than he had ever loved before. And the attraction seemed mutual.

The Ortons had rather it had been Brunell who had won their darling's favor. The latter had won steadily on their regard, and they had come to know something of the other's faults. But when Squire Orton discovered that Colford was of good family, it was decided that Ray should not be gainsayed.

But as yet Colford had not asked for Ray's hand.

At first there had been weeks of glad devotion to her every wish. They had sang together; she had learned to sketch of him, and he painted her as Una. It was charming to see them together—they seemed so beautifully fitted to each other—both young, handsome and refined.

At first Brunell had been their companion, joining in the songs, scanning Ray's drawings, watching the progress of his friend's picture of her; but a change seemed to come over him. He offered no more suggestions concerning their pursuits—withdraw from them.

"That is as it should be," the Ortons thought. "He recognises Colford's claim."

And Ray's mother, who in spite of her liking for Colford had regarded him somewhat uneasily of late, concluded that all was right. The young artist was in earnest, and all was as it should be for her daughter's happiness.

But after a while Colford's behavior began to excite attention. He would absent himself for more than a week at a time; he looked pale, indifferent, abstracted, and Ray's face showed traces of tears. Squire Orton began to frown disapproval; Ray's brothers looked threatening. But it was a delicate matter to meddle with.

Mrs. Orton and Ray were driving one day in the clarence. The woody road was very quiet. Suddenly there rolled by them a little basket-phaeton, driven by a lady. Ray grasped her mother's arm.

"Mamma, did you see her face?"

"Yes, dear; she was very beautiful! Cato," to the driver, "do you know who that lady was?"

The man looked embarrassed, and finally said he did not.

"Have you ever seen her before?" asked his mistress.

Cato said that he had.

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Day say she lives down to de Narrows—that she's de painter-gemmen's model," confessed Cato.

Mrs. Orton and Ray stared blankly at each other.

"Mamma, how beautiful she was!" faltered Ray.

"She looked like a foreigner. I don't think she is a lady," said Mrs. Orton, with dilating nostrils.

That day Mrs. Orton made further investigations. At night she sent for Brunell.

She took him into the drawing-room, and locked the door. He was pale, grave; yet trembled some. He knew why he had been sent for.

"Mrs. Orton," he said, "your blame will fall on me. Let me tell you how it has been. When Colford came from Italy, he brought this beautiful woman with him. Norna, he called her. He said that he had brought her to her friends in New York—that she had promised to let him paint her. She could not speak a word of English. I do not speak Italian—I could not tell what they talked of; but I soon saw that Norna, wherever her abode, came too much to the Narrows. Yet I was utterly astonished when, on returning from a three-days' trip down the river, I found that she had taken up her abode at the cottage. I expostulated with Colford. He said that I had best keep quiet—that she had been seen there—that I was as deep in the mud as he was in the mire; and when I refused to be frightened into a false position, he confessed that she was his wife."

Brunell paused. There was a muffled fall in the next room. Mrs. Orton ran, and opened the music-room door. Ray lay in a dead faint upon the carpet.

"Darling!" cried Brunell, snatching her up. Then, as he laid her tenderly upon a lounge, he groaned: "Oh, Mrs. Orton, I loved her, too!"

Even in her excitement, she looked at the noble fellow with a glance of sympathy.

"Get me some water, Averick," she said, calling him for the first time by his Christian name; "and don't let the servants in. They all know, I suspect. My poor little one!"

Ray came to life, and, with a glance around, buried her face in her hands. Mrs. Orton mentioned Brunell to leave them.

"You can tell your friend that he is in danger," she said, significantly, as he went out, referring to Ray's brothers.

It was October, and Mrs. Orton went South with her daughter. But not before Colford, learning his position, had fled from the Narrows, taking the beautiful Italian with him. He was a wretched man, for he had sincerely loved Ray Orton, and his marriage, the result of a wild enthusiasm for this woman's beauty, was most passionately regretted. He left behind him many beautiful portraits and sketches of her.

A year from the next Winter, Brunell met Ray Orton in New York. He said to her mother:

"I love her; I have always loved her! Tell me—have I any hope?"

She shook her head.

"Very little, I fear."

But he could not give up life, and very slowly he won his way. Ray was not in the least the old Ray; but to-day, as Brunell's wife, she is a happy woman.

A Horse is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.

Waiting.

With heavenly light her dark eyes shone,
And downward, with her feeble hand,
She drew my face close to her own.
"If ever from that other land,"
She whispered, "angel-spirits stray
Back to the earth, by night or day—
If God permits such things to be,
Then, darling, I will come to thee.

"In the deep midnight, when the world
Is wrapped in silence, dark and still;
Or when, with crimson flag unfurled,
The day drops o'er the western hill;
In the grey shadows of the morn,
Or just before the day is born;
In the white pallor of the moon,
Or in the glaring light of noon—

"If such things are, or are to be,
And disembodied spirits stray
Out of the vast Eternity,
Back to the earth, by night or day,
Then I will come—will touch thy hand,
And speak—if spirits from that land
Do haply speak—On shore or sea,
Where'er thou art, I'll come to thee!"

Ten times the daisies o'er her head
Have bloomed and withered, lived and died;
Ten times above her lowly bed
The Winter winds have wailed and sighed;
Ten years! and yet no visitor
From heavenly lands: no word from her.
Ten years! and yet no sound or sign
To ease this waiting heart of mine.

In the deep midnight I have lain
And waited for a spirit-hand
To touch my brow; but all in vain,
She comes not from that mystic land.
The day drops downward through the West.
But she wakes never from her rest.
And yet, she said, "On shore or sea,
Where'er thou art, I'll come to thee."

Men tell me spirits of the dead
Come back to dwell once here below.
Has she forgotten what she said?
She never could forget me so.
And yet, if spirits do appear
To any mortals waiting here—
If God permits such things to be,
Why comes she never unto me?

The Wonderful Teacher.

We always think of spiders with webs; but all spiders do not make webs. There are the trap-door spiders, for instance, which are found in the south of Europe, and in the West Indies. "What do they do?" The female digs a hole in the earth, about six inches deep and one inch across, and lines it with silk of her own weaving. At the hole's mouth she makes a round door, fastened at the rim of the hole by a silk hinge. The spider opens the door, but the door shuts itself. This trap-door is full of very small holes, which, nevertheless, give light and air to the spider's home, going abroad only to hunt, and bringing back the prey to dine on at its leisure or convenience.

There is another little spider, sometimes found in our ponds and rivers, which makes quite another sort of home. It lives in a little diving-bell, under the water, which it builds very curiously. "How?" Why, it comes to the top of the water, gets a bubble of air, and carries it down to the stock of a plant below; having safely secured it, it mounts up for another, and another, and another, until there are air-bubbles enough to live in. Over this it weaves a covering in the form of a diving-bell—tight at the top, and open below; and here the little water-spider sits and dives at the water-mites which swim around its cabin-door. "And God taught these spiders," said Jane. "Oh, mother, what a wonderful teacher God is, and how continually do His works praise Him!"

God's creation is a wonderful study, from which we may glean worlds of wisdom; from the smallest insect or creeping thing, we may learn His handiwork.

The S. P. C. S.

It was recreation hour at Madame Snappem's fashionable boarding-school for young ladies.

Recreation hour, and, huddled together in one end of the long schoolroom, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Schoolgirls was holding a secret session.

Sounds of revelry grew louder and louder as the meeting progressed, and president, officers, and members all joined together in one grand schoolgirl's carouse.

A perfectly unheard of piece of mischief had just been perpetrated, and the successful perpetrator was receiving well-earned homage from her fellow-laborers.

"Three cheers for Florrie!" was the cry, and they were given amid wild applause.

"Three hisses for madame!" and the applause grew louder, when Florrie herself sprang on a table, and commanded silence.

"Speech! speech!" they cried, and Florrie, with grandiloquent gestures, commenced:

"Friends, lovers, and countrymen! Whoever attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot! This is the grandest moment of my existence; but, alas! alas! the moment has arrived for me to quit the public arena, and subside into private life. This exploit of mine, which Fortune has crowned with success, must be my last; for, girls—I must force myself to tell the mournful truth—I've reformed!"

Amid a shriek of incredulous laughter, she sprang down and leaned dejectedly against a rickety desk.

"Yes, girls," said she, with a sorrowful resolution, "I don't mean to have any more fun while I stay in school. You know I graduate next term, so now I'm going to keep every one of the rules, and be the model girl of the establishment!"

So saying, she turned away with a graceful pirouette, and danced out of the room, for much she feared if she lingered she would be one more illustration of "she who hesitates is lost."

The girls in dismay clustered together, talking of the astounding "new departure" of Florrie, the pet and pride of the S. P. C. S.'s.

"Nonsense!" said Lillie, the president. "It's a very fine resolution, but she can't keep it."

"Yes, she will," said Nettie, mournfully; "and there's no one else can plan our fun for us half as well."

"Or carry it out," chimed in Lou. "I wouldn't dare, nor you either."

"What can have changed her so?" cried they all, in despair.

"Girls," said Lillie, thoughtfully, "it's all very well for Florrie to vow she won't have any more fun, as long as there's none to be had; but if there were something real nice going on, do you think she could resist the temptation to join us? I don't. Now I've thought of something," she continued, reflectively. "It's almost too bad—but the end sanctifies the means, you know, and I'm sure it will bring her back to us."

"Yes, indeed," said Jule; "and besides, girls, she needs a lesson, don't she, for putting on airs, and wanting to reform!" and the S. P. C. S. clustered eagerly around Lillie, and plotted and planned in mysterious whispers to reclaim poor Florrie from the paths of virtue upon which she had just entered.

Florrie, meanwhile, was congratulating herself

on her reformation, and for half an hour walked to and fro, drawing pleasing pictures of her future onward and upward career in the school, all centering in the glories of graduation-day. In fancy she already saw herself standing upon the stage, attired in a robe of spotless white (with a long train), giving the valedictory address, before a large and admiring audience.

She roused herself from the absorbing idea of how she would look making her grand final bow, with bouquets falling in showers around her, and returned with a sigh to real life.

Snatching up her "Mental Philosophy," she applied herself with infinite zeal to the hard dry five pages of Original Suggestion that constituted to-morrow's lesson.

Madame Snappem opened the school-room-door and looked in. Florrie was seated at the west-window, bending eagerly over her book, improving the last minute of daylight.

"Miss Florence," said madame, with lofty severity, "you will, if you please, remember the twenty-five cent fine for reading novels!" and sailed off with her accustomed dignity.

"Did you ever?" cried Florrie, in astonishment and disgust. "Well, I won't spoil my eyes any longer studying that old nonsense, if that's all I get for it!" And walking to the window, she leaned against the casement, gazing sentimentally into the twilight, after the manner of all school-girls.

Suddenly her attention was arrested by a movement in the shrubbery below. A wall separated the schoolyard from the public gardens beyond, and over this wall Florrie saw a gloved hand appear. The next instant a dainty little white note fluttered in at the window, and lay at her feet.

Now I despair of informing the denizens of the outside world the unspeakable importance, the intensity of interest such an event possesses to a girl who, brimming over with life and fun, has been imprisoned for six months or so in a rigorously strict boarding-school—a boarding-school, too, where looking at a gentleman is considered to be a sin, speaking to one, a crime, and receiving a letter from one, an offense whose enormity is unsurpassed.

With a beating heart Florrie snatched it from the floor, and slipped it down the neck of her dress, just as the door flew open, and a whole bevy of the S. P. S. C. rushed in.

Florrie tried to escape them, thinking there were times when one would like to be alone; but the girls clung round her with unquenchable ardor, calling her numberless pet names, and wondering what it was made her look so strange and excited.

Florrie's heart gave a guilty throb at this; but she concealed her emotions, for it would not do to trust even her best friend with the momentous secret.

"Excited!" she cried, with a nervous little laugh. "I've learned half a page of Original Suggestion, and that's enough to excite anybody, or I don't know what they're made of." And desperately breaking away from them, she ran up to her room, and locked herself in.

She perched herself on the bed, and thought, with an exalted sense of superiority, how awfully the other girls would envy her, if they knew. She made a careful survey of the whole room, including a hasty examination of the closet, and then, drawing forth her precious little letter, tenderly tore it open.

"Miss Florrie," it commenced, "I can never forget that bewitching smile you gave me the other day. But how cruelly you frowned at me afterward, when you heard me informing my friend that you were a little darning. Won't you forgive me? Please, do! Write me just a little,

little note, to tell me so, and throw it over the garden-wall to-night, at the ten-o'clock bell.

"Yours, devotedly.

EUGENE."

"Oh, was not that the very prince of love-letters!" thought Florrie, giving it an enthusiastic kiss, and beginning right away to think what she should say in her reply.

But all at once the harrowing remembrance of her reformation flashed across her mind.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, pettishly, "I'll let it go! What do I care for all the vows and resolutions in the world?"

Her cheeks burned with vexation, and she couldn't help wishing that she had not reformed quite so soon, or, at least, that she had told any one of it. But she remembered what a nice, kind letter her papa had written her that last time, when she came so near being expelled; and remembered how fervently and solemnly she had promised him that it should be the last, the very last thing of the kind she would ever do. She heaved a long sigh from the bottom of her heart, and even shed one or two bright little tears, as she put the letter away, mournfully resolving not to answer it.

The bell rung for tea, and she walked into the dining-hall with such an air of martyrdom and heroic endurance that all the girls were alarmed, and Madame Snappem even went so far as to offer her a cup of tea.

After the meal was over, study-hours commenced immediately, and Florrie's unremitting application to Original Suggestion excited madame's astonishment to a high degree. She walked past her desk several times, gazing suspiciously down upon the "Mental Philosophy," to assure herself that it was not a novel in disguise, and that no love-letter or stray slip of printed matter lurked concealed in its pages.

But all to no purpose; the book over which Florrie was bending so earnestly, evidently was a copy of "Upham's Mental Philosophy," and madame, utterly without faith in schoolgirls, could not possibly divine what dark purpose was being carried out by that appearance of industry.

It was hard work for Florrie—the troublesome, twisted sentences would not stay in her mind, no matter how often she studied them over; but she persevered with a will, and by the time study-hours were over, three long, dull pages were enscathed in her brain past all possibility of dislodgment; at least, she fondly hoped so.

But the instant she was free, her thoughts flew back to her letter, her wonderful letter, which had never been really forgotten once in all the evening. Even when she was studying with all her might and main, some obscurely involved sentence on the way in which original ideas are introduced to the mind, there would be an unceasing little undercurrent of thought, the burden of which was *letter*, from beginning to end.

All was still in the halls at last, and the lights were extinguished as the ten-o'clock bell rang.

"Well," she thought, resignedly, "it was all over now. Eugene would be angry, because she had not answered his note, and would never write again—perhaps he would go and flirt with Lillie, who admired him so much."

That possibility was too harrowing to contemplate, and Florrie resolved to say over all her Mental Philosophy lesson, and go to sleep. But even before she had come to an end of the first page of Original Suggestion, the letter and Eugene's future faithlessness were alike forgotten, and she slept the sleep of the just.

The next day Madame Snappem marshaled the girls together as usual for their daily walk—that daily walk which was the only means of communication with the outer world that the girls possessed, and was prized accordingly.

With Florrie and Lillie at the head, they marched two by two through the crowded street, attracting attention on all sides. Florrie walked on, gravely and silently, completely puzzling her dearest friend Lillie, who could not understand her in the present mood.

"Why, Florrie, what *has* come over you? you don't act like the same girl," she cried. "Every time any one tries to flirt with you, you give them such a reproachful glance and look as if you never meant to smile again. There! see that splendid gentleman smiling to you. Florrie, are you crazy? Well, if you won't flirt with him, I will."

And giving her head an airy little toss, she smiled coquettishly at the languid "swell," who was enlivening his walk by the mild excitement of "flirting."

That little episode over, Lillie turned again to Florrie, in genuine wonder, asking what *was* the matter.

"Lillie, I shall never flirt again," said Florrie, solemnly.

"Oh! Florrie, dear, I can't bear to hear you talk so!" cried Lillie, in alarm. "I know you are going to be sick, or something."

But at that instant, Madame Snappem, who had suspected from the furtive glances which the afore-mentioned swell cast behind him, that "those head girls" had in some way attracted his attention, walked up to the front, and marched grimly along beside them.

Of course, all conversation was at an end, and Florrie and Lillie walked on like two statues. But on a corner-crossing, just where the crowd was thickest, and where the rush and bustle made the girls fall out of line, Florrie felt a little note slipped into her hand.

Eugene! was her first triumphant thought, as she hastily concealed it in her sleeve, and walked on wondering if she could possibly keep from answering it.

Still, she walked dutifully along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but seeing, with a sort of second-sight, every one of Lillie's sly little flirtations, carried on so adroitly that not even Madame Snappem herself could detect anything amiss.

The walk was soon over, and then Florrie's drooping spirits revived like a flash, as she read Eugene's note—for it was from Eugene—in the seclusion of her own room.

It was an eloquent appeal to her to come to the schoolroom-window, and speak to him over the garden-wall, that night, when the ten-o'clock bell rang.

The very idea of it almost took away her breath. It would be such a splendid adventure, she thought, and she certainly wouldn't stay but one single minute. It would be so easy to do, too, for every soul in the house would be in bed, and every light out; and even if she were discovered, there were ten thousand reasons she might give for being down in the schoolroom.

So Florrie debated and hesitated, until at last, weary of the conflict, she gave it up, thinking she could not be good any longer—anyway, she did not mean to try. Was it any terrible sin just to put her head out of a window, and say one or two words to him?

And thus the long evening study-hours were away, while, with her head resting on her hands, she bent over her book, never turning a leaf, nor reading a word, of that wearisome, everlasting *Original Suggestion*.

At last, the signal for dismissal was given.

"I wish Miss Florence to remain a moment," said madame, in her usual voice of stern displeasure.

"Oh, I do hope she won't keep me till after the

ten-o'clock bell," thought Florrie, apprehensively. As she approached the desk, madame handed her a note.

"I believe that is in your handwriting," said she, stiffly. "You will explain its meaning to me immediately."

It was Lillie's hand-writing, not hers, as Florrie saw at a glance; but, "Poor old Lil, I'll take the demerits this time," she thought, benevolently. So she opened the fateful note, and read it through, fairly turning cold all over, as its full meaning flashed upon her. This was what it said:

"MY DEAREST: Are you sure that last note was written in the most impassioned and lover-like style possible? Fancy her carrying on a flirtation in her most killing style with—me. I shall die laughing at the thought of it. How I long for the ten o'clock bell! Farewell, dearest! Thine till death!"

"Madame Snappem!" cried Florrie, in a voice almost choked with wrath, and still more with devout thanksgiving that she had read the note, "that is *not* my writing. I never saw the note before."

"Very well, Miss Florence," said madame, "You girls have been very fond of writing these notes, and putting them in my way, to puzzle me. But I was positive that this came into my hands accidentally, and thought there might be something in it. You can go," she added, tearing the note in pieces.

Florrie could have kissed that note, in her fervent thankfulness at having seen it; but she wisely concealed her emotions, and walked upstairs, thinking as she went that she was the most fortunate girl in the world.

What *should* she have done, if she had risked detection and expulsion, and gone to the schoolroom-window to meet Lil!

She peeped in at the door of that young damsel's apartment, as she went by, and, as she expected, found it empty.

The next morning, when Lillie came down to the breakfast-table with red nose and eyes, and a violent cold in her head, she received Florrie's warm sympathy in gloomy silence, and altogether refused to be petted by her.

She knew not then, nor ever after, the part Florrie had in the mishaps that had befallen her the previous night. She did not know how Florrie had slipped into madame's room, all night-dress and disheveled hair, declaring she was frightened to death—she knew there was somebody at the schoolroom-window right below hers.

But she did know how Madame Snappem, accompanied by old Jake, the porter, had crept stealthily round the corner of the building, and pounced upon her as if she had been a midnight marauder or an assassin.

Poor Lillie! Madame, in majestic scorn, had borne her to her own immaculate chamber, and kept her there all night. She was a light sleeper, and every time she woke, she would rouse up Lil, and heap fresh wrath and scorn upon her, always refusing to hear a word but that she had stolen forth in the moonlight to meet some man.

Lillie's heart sank low when madame appointed her extra lessons in every one of her studies for two weeks; but when madame announced that for the rest of the term she should not be allowed to walk on Broadway with the school, she felt crushed entirely, and life held no charms for her.

But she kept all these trials and tribulations a most profound secret, and hated the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Schoolgirls for ever after as the cause of all her misfortunes.

The intimacy between herself and Florrie became more violent than ever; and, influenced by Flor, she left all the "ways that were dark, and the

tricks that were vain," stopped flirting altogether, and in a remarkably short space of time she and Florrie became the model girls of the establishment. Madame Snappem pointed them out to visitors with tears of pride and joy in her eyes;

and, during all their onward and upward career, they lived lives that deserve to have a memoir written about them, and that should be as a beacon-light to the schoolgirls of all succeeding generations.



THE S. P. C. S.—“THREE CHEERS FOR FLORRIE!” WAS THE CRY, AND THEY WERE GIVEN AMID WILD APPLAUSE.”



A MOROCCO CAVALIER. FROM A DESIGN BY COUVERCHEL.

A Morocco Cavalier.

THE northern coast of Africa should have played a greater part in human history than it has done. Egypt was, indeed, the cradle of arts; but in historic times its degeneracy makes us almost doubt its monuments. Carthage for a time was the great commercial centre of the world, and her vessels brought to her lap the wealth of all nations.

Under the Moslem rule, however, all is inert, lifeless, retrograde. Yet, there is fine material in

the enduring, lithe, manly forms and gallant hearts of the people.

If modern civilisation could reach these hearts, her voice would lead them into a way of progress that would give them a noble future.

Our sketch, from a design by Couverchel, an artist who spent a long time in Morocco, shows the standard-bearer, with loose *kais*, dashing down the hillside, and calling on the *goum*, or tribe, to follow him. The enemy are evidently in

sight, as the single outpost has his musket ready for instant use.

The word Morocco comes from the Arabic word *Maghreb*, West—it being the western limit of Mahometan conquest. The land has been ruled by Roman, Vandal, Greek and Arab. The present dynasty, that of the Sheriffs, came in 1518, and has, consequently, maintained its rule for three centuries and a half. The sovereign of Morocco is styled Sultan, or Emperor.

Smoke.

I LOVED Lizzie, and Lizzie loved me. At least, she said so, and looked so, and did so. Therefore, though Lizzie is a woman, and the name of that enchanting and unintelligible article is said to be "frailty," I think I may be justified in asserting that Lizzie loved me.

Love is an agreeable thing *per se*, and vastly more agreeable when taken *per she*—provided the she is like Lizzie. For a prettier thing could not be found in the entire "garden of girls."

A perfection of plumpness, a charm of coloring, a delight of *beauté de diable* was she.

Such hair! such teeth! such arms! such ankles! And as nothing could be sweeter than Lizzie's lips, except Lizzie's kisses, so nothing could be prettier than Lizzie's wrists, except Lizzie's ways.

When I declare that the latter were of that peculiar species known as the "takes-a-fellow-clear-out-of-his-boots" kind, every gentleman who has been in a position similar to mine will at once understand and appreciate.

I had full monopoly of the looks and the ways, for I was booked as the husband-to-be of Miss Reynolds, otherwise my Lizzie, and I was already engaged on the mental solution of an all-absorbing problem—whether Lizzie and I were not justified in obtaining bliss—i. e., each other—upon my salary, which had just been increased, and stood me, in round figures, one hundred dollars per calendar month.

I decided that we could. I arranged myself in my best, and proceeded to take the formal step. Fortunately, I found her alone, in a sort of reverie, a book lying on her lap. She was evidently thinking of me. Her greeting put me at my ease. I launched into the matter at once, and painted, in such eloquence as really surprised myself, the charms that Love and Lizzie would extract from this seemingly insignificant sum.

She heard me till rhetoric and reason had both failed me; and then, making a comb of her faint white fingers, she passed the same through my beard—of which I am justly proud—and looking at me with the gaze of a superior spirit, said:

"Twelve hundred a year! Why, you dear, silly boy, that wouldn't pay my milliner! No, George, darling, there is no hope for it—we must wait."

So I waited; and the time went on, making no change except to make me more devoted to Lizzie, who grew prettier and prettier.

Prettier, certainly, but scarcely so sweet. There was a something about her inexplicable, yet annoying, that made her seem different, while still the same. If I mentioned this something, it vanished, and left Lizzie twice as lovely as before. So loving! I shall never forget one soft Summer evening when I, released unexpectedly from clerical duties, left the store, and walked rapidly to the pretentious mansion of the Reynolds.

People, without due regard for the feelings of others, were accustomed to assert that if the pame of that individual were Reynard, it would be in admirable accordance with his nature.

To me he was Lizzie's father, and that was sufficient to invest him with the order of excellence.

On this especial evening the gentleman in question was descending the steps of his residence, and I thought—but it was only fancy—that his manner was not quite as effusive as of old.

Little heed did I give him, but passed on to the parlor, and opening its almost closed door, entered.

Simultaneously Lizzie sprang from the sofa, among whose cushions she was nestled, and ran across the room to meet me.

"Oh! George!" she breathed, rather than spoke, "I'm so glad you've come! I'm bored almost to death!"

Well she might be, poor thing!

On the sofa, and among the cushions which he shared with Lizzie's lap-dog, was a fellow who I knew would have bored me, not almost, but altogether, to death.

Not ill-looking—in fact, some of the girls used to rave over his eyes and hair, which they declared possessed all the tropic beauty of his native South—irreproachable in elegance of manner, yet utterly abominable to me from that same manner. So grandly simple, so full of unexpressed pride and unobtrusive arrogance! An air that so superbly said, "Not my accessories, but myself," that it was an aggravation of unrecieved injuries and a vexation of spirit to me, George Granger.

If Mr. Peyton Du Prés was the heir of a cotton, rice, sugar, and all other sorts of a plantation, which, even deprived of its wool and ivory, furnished a large supply of their equivalent—gold—what right, natural or divine, entitled him to parade his proud humility to people with twelve hundred dollar salaries?

He did not parade it long on that afternoon, but almost as soon as I entered he rose and took his gracefully careless elegance and himself elsewhere.

We did not request him to remain, and pushing aside "Pey"—for so Lizzie's dog was named, which she said had been given her a short time since by a dear old friend—I proceeded to make the best of the situation.

The best was decidedly good!—even though the something was more perceptible in Lizzie's manner than I had ever before seen it.

I was about to do what I had never done—question her about it. So I thought it would be well to fortify her and myself.

This was effected by extending my right arm, encircling the exquisite waist so near me, drawing it and its owner still nearer, and then placing my moustache upon the rose-red lips that were all the prettier for the pout which protruded them.

"Good heavens! What an unutterable horror of amazement and unbelief, confidence and conviction, swept over the moustache and me! For upon those double-distilled essences of attar-of-roses and concentrated carnations, Lizzie's lips, was an odor unspeakable, abominable, overpowering, unmistakable—an odor of smoke!—of tobacco-smoke!—of the smoke of Havana cigars!—Havana cigars of the best brand!"

I ought to know the article, for I am a commissioner therein.

And dearly do I appreciate it in its proper place, which I take to be between my lips and the stem of a pipe, or end of a cigar.

But on a woman's lips—and that woman my Lizzie!

For an instant I turned as sick as I did just after my first introduction to the obnoxious article; then, out of my great suffering was borne a greater one.

The secret was solved!

The something was spotted!

My Lizzie smoked!

I had heard, as one hears things in a dream, that it is one of the customs of the Celestial Sororia to

cause silver salvers full of cigarettes to be passed round with the *caf   noir*, with which its attendant divinities "compose" themselves after the fatigues of a feast, and before those of a flirtation.

But what had my Lizzie in common with the tricks and manners of the Sorosis? Nothing, I devoutly trusted.

Whether she had or not, I knew not. One thing I did know.

In some manner, and by some means unknown to me, smoke had been conveyed to the mouth which I considered my exclusive property.

Perhaps I was wrong. I expatiated on the phenomenon, and inquired its origin.

And Lizzie, looking almost too pretty, bit the same lips till they glowed again, and then, showing her little white teeth in an irresistibly child-like smile, said so sweetly:

"Yes, George, darling, it is smoke. Pa always saves me his cigar-ashes. They are the best sort of dentifrice."

I had often done the same for a cousin of mine, who said the same thing, so I was satisfied.

Notwithstanding, the Summer passed away without bringing me any nearer that magic Ring, which I held to be superior even to the Ring of New York.

Somehow, I can't tell how, a sort of intimacy had grown up between Du Pr  s and myself, and I found him so far superior to my fancy sketch of him, that the intimacy was fast ripening into a friendship. One evening I met him by appointment at his luxurious quarters at the Lennox House, and proceeded to spend it in the manner most consonant with our inclinations.

This was, to select the most comfortable seats, elevate our boots considerably above their normal position with regard to our heads, light our cigars, and give ourselves up to general enjoyment and individual retrospection.

Du Pr  s was preoccupied, and, in truth, so was I.

My Lizzie was perfect; still I could scarcely associate perfection with the unlimited use of cigar-ashes.

Again and again had I taken observations on Lizzie's lips, and almost each time with the same results.

Three times—for I had taken to making regular entries of the phenomenon—in two weeks had I visited Du Pr  s, and on each occasion afterward had I been stupefied with smoke.

It was strange, and strangely true! So much so, that now, as I lay puffing volumes from my cigar, the subject suggested itself, and my thoughts shaped themselves thus:

"Can a woman smoke?"

As the sentence formed itself in my mind, Du Pr  s looked up out of the light cloud around him, and said, as if to himself:

"Can a woman smoke?"

It was startling, so I started.

And as I could think of nothing more original, by way of reply than the monosyllable "Why?" I said that, and that only.

"Why?" retorted Du Pr  s: "why is the very reason I don't want to tell! Yet I will, too; only remember, old fellow, it is between us."

"Of course," I replied, solemnly. Then Du Pr  s continued:

"Well, I know a fellow who's engaged to the prettiest girl in New York. She's more than perfect. She's no end of bricks, and a regular trump; but she has a way with the weed that's a regular stunner. She says it's the cigar-ashes she uses for her teeth; but why don't they keep to her teeth, and let her lips alone? And why is the odor never noticeable except when a fellow surprises another fellow paying her a visit? What it is I—I mean the fellow—don't know;

but he rather thinks she smokes, or is intimate with a party that does!"

What an awful reproduction of my experience with my Lizzie!

My fears made me desperate, and I determined to push the matter to a conclusion, then and there.

"Du Pr  s," I said, "your words describe my condition, and convince me that we are partners in a pretty fix, and it is our duty to help each other out. I know a fellow in precisely the predicament of yours, and I propose that you and I, on the part of these fellows, shall stand back to back, wheel round, and as we do so, pronounce the name of the girl who smokes."

"Agreed!" said Du Pr  s.

Silence for a moment, then two clear, ringing voices called out simultaneously:

"LIZZIE REYNOLDS!"

For an instant we glanced at each other like a couple of Royal Bengals; then burst into a laugh as hearty as it was mirthful.

"You!" exclaimed Du Pr  s, "why, she told me you overpower her with *bouquet de boutique*!"

"She begged me to come and save her from being bored to death by you!" I retorted.

"Declared she had not the least idea of marrying you!"

"That she would as soon love that beastly dog her old friend gave her as love you!"

"Old friend! I gave her the dog, which cost me a hundred dollars and a bitten finger; and she called him 'Pey,' after me, and said that, next to the giver, she loved him better than anything on earth!"

Pey—pay, indeed! Miss Lizzie had played for a big prize, and she deserved not only to lose it, but to be paid off in her own coin.

Peyton Du Pr  s and I were a unit in this opinion—especially after we had exhausted ourselves in the investigation of the secret of smoke.

The data we brought to bear upon the capacity of that article for being conveyed from one substance to another, might be valuable to some scientific society.

From that evening of explanations our attentions to Miss Lizzie suddenly ceased, and the mansion of Reynolds *per se* knew us no more.

Whether or not Miss Lizzie was paid off, we knew not, but we rather thought she was not—not, at least, as we desired. For, being stopped in one of our occasional rambles by the crowd which thronged the passage by a fashionable church, we employed ourselves in asking the reason of such an assembly.

The reply, given by a little newsboy, was more expressive than elegant, and was to the effect that the "bulliest kind of a gal was gone to get herself spliced to a regular ornery cuss."

In a few moments the individuals thus designated appeared, arm in arm—she all white silk, orange-blossoms (emblems of girlish purity), and illusion (emblem of herself); he all affection, assumption, and every one of fifty years.

He handed her into a superb carriage that stood by, followed her, and took his seat by her with an air which said: "She is the prettiest thing on earth, and I own her!"

Just as the vehicle drove off, the bride lifted her downcast eyes, and let them rove over her billowy shoulders and exquisite arms, freely displayed to all who might choose to look, and then wander over the crowd.

As she did so, their sparkling glances fell upon Du Pr  s and myself; and as by one impulse we removed our beavers and bowed as low as was compatible with avoidance of the pavement, she blushed redder than red, and for an instant seemed confused—only an instant. Pursuing up her beautiful lips, she made them into the most tempting

of rosebuds, and with a sidelong glance at her owner, smiled a smile in which sauciness, shyness, defeat and triumph culminated.

A moment more, and she was gone.

"As rapidly," said Du Prés, "as her husband's chances for happiness will go!"

"Yes," I replied, "his happiness, like ours, old fellow, will soon end in smoke!"

This was last Winter, and last Easter week recalled it all. For Du Prés and myself were recipients of cards for the first German after Lent—and said cards informed us that, "Mrs. Jonas Wiggins would be at home Tuesday evening, eight o'clock."

Mrs. Jonas Wiggins is our Lizzie!

Six at Once.

POMERONVILLE, where stands my ancestral home, is a quiet little village some two hours from the city. The house has descended to me from my grandfather; it is large, commodious, and old-fashioned. Built of stone, the interior corresponds with the exterior in being comfortably furnished, with but little attempt at either luxury or style. The library, the principal room on the ground-floor, in addition to the usual assortment of books, contains several curiosities. Prominent among these are a collection of shells, and a Feejee war-club, ornamented with a jagged row of shark's teeth, and trimmed with feathers. A melancholy interest hovered around this weapon, owing to the tradition that by it was slain a nephew of my grandmother, who had subsequently been stuffed with cloves, roasted, and served up piping hot at a grand "long-pig" barbecue.

Here I passed an uneventful existence until the time drew near for my twenty-fifth birthday—the day on which, by the terms of my father's will, I was to obtain full possession of my property. I was wondering how I should properly celebrate the occasion, when I received the following letter from my guardian great-uncle:

"MR DEAR BOY—I have often reproached myself with the thought that perhaps I had not done my whole duty in exercising so little control over your actions, but my conscience assures me that I have acted wisely. When very young, you evinced so correct a judgment that I deemed you capable of caring for yourself. Events have justified my opinion. It is but right, however, that on your birthday—now so near at hand—we should have a final settlement, at which I can formally relinquish my trust. For that purpose, I take the liberty of inviting myself to pass a week with you, when you come of legal age. You may expect me on Monday morning, the 21st of October. You affectionate uncle,

"JOSIAH SNAFFLES.

"MR. AUGUSTUS INLIVENA.

"P. S.—I suppose it will make no difference if I bring the girls; they will be delighted to see you."

Here was a celebration with a vengeance. I was aware in a vague manner that "the girls" amounted to at least six in number; but whether short or long, fat or thin, fair or dark, ugly or pretty, having never seen them, I knew no more than the man in the moon. My uncle himself was a man who had managed to make a decent living by trading in tallow.

"By Jove!" I thought, "what must it be to buy false hair for six girls!"

The day arrived. As the hour drew near, my courage failed, and catching up my gun, I fled to the woods; but as the meeting could not be avoided, I soon returned to the house. On the

way I revolved many half-formed speeches; but vainly did I endeavor to think of a flattering one sufficiently comprehensive to embrace the six. They were double the number of the Graces, and only two-thirds of the Muses: it was impossible.

As I reached the dwelling, there was my uncle with his fluttering brood grouped around him. He returned my salutation warmly, and presented me to his daughters *seriatim*—Alice, Grace, Mary, Louisa, Francine, and Lissy. The names came in such a torrent that they fell unheeded on my benumbed ear. It was only later, by sad experience, that I learned to know them individually.

Luncheon passed off pleasantly. In order not to cause any heart-burnings or jealousies, I had resolved to begin with the oldest, and be impartially attentive to each one in succession. So, in the afternoon, I took Alice out in my dog-cart, unreluctantly dispensing with the groom.

She was about twenty-eight. Black hair, very black eyes, dark complexion, massive chin and mouth, with a suspicion of down on the upper lip, combined to give her quite an expression of determination.

"Now," she said, after a time, "I am going to call you Augustus, and you must call me Alice. It is too absurd for cousins to style each other Mr. and Miss."

I feebly stammered some acknowledgment of what I supposed should be considered a great compliment.

"You must be very lonely here?" she went on.

"Not in the least," was my unchivalrous response.

She smiled with an air of conscious superiority.

"But you are deprived of that great refiner—woman's society."

"I don't miss it."

"You will be obliged to marry some day, and how can you select a suitable partner (hideous word!) living so exclusively?"

It was of no avail, the spell was upon me. Uselessly did I struggle against the malignant influence. I am not a susceptible man, I think I am not a timid man; but, somehow, before we had gone two miles I was engaged to marry this gorgon in petticoats. After all, what can a fellow do when a woman makes up her mind to marry him?

She was not content until I had ratified the engagement by brushing the down on her upper lip—now a most undeniable moustache. After she had thus, as it were, picked my pocket of a wedding-ring, she suffered me to return. I begged for mercy, or, in other words, for the concealment of our betrothal. She consented that it should remain unannounced until my birthday.

When I descended to dinner, my serene brow gave no sign of the anguish it covered. I bore my lot bravely, and derived some small pleasure in resolutely disregarding all the grimaces which the fair Alice meant for smiles and coy glances.

That evening we had music, of course. My poor piano underwent dreadful tortures, shrieking in the treble, howling in the bass, in all possible tones of misery. Catching a moment when the watchful eye of Alice was not upon me, I slipped from the house just as Grace was singing a pyrotechnic love ditty.

Circling round the grounds, dodging every stream of light lest I should be perceived and pounced upon, I saw the gleam of a dress between the trees. A few minutes' observation showed that it was Grace, and so I ventured to join her.

She was a blonde, younger than her sister by about two years—the average difference in the ages of the sextette—pale and washy-looking, with blue eyes, blue lips, and yellow hair.

We sat down on a bench, she requesting me not to throw away my cigar.

"That is quite a pretty song you were singing." I said, in sheer desperation at not finding any other topic of conversation.

"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, in the mildly surprised manner which is such a favorite with all blondes.

"Yea, 'I love but thee—'"

Luckless fellow that I was! No sooner had I pronounced these accursed words than she flung her arms around my neck, whispering, hoarsely: "And I thee. Oh, Augustus! Augustus!"

I am convinced to this moment that it was only my presence of mind in holding the cigar firmly between my teeth that saved me from being violently kissed. As it was, she embraced me closely at imminent risk of burning, making in her throat strange gurgling noises, to represent her state of ecstatic happiness.

"But," I began, "you do not comprehend—"

"I know what you would say," she interrupted with great volubility. "You would say that we have not yet known each other long enough, that we have not yet enjoyed enough mutual society to allow a full growth of the tender passion; but, oh, Augustus, what love is there so pure, so holy, as that which springs from the first meeting of two young, ardent souls?"

She went on with much more in the same strain. At last an opportune sneeze both out of her flow of words and offered me the chance of urging her to go into the house. She proposed that our engagement should be kept secret until my birthday. Needless to say, I joyfully consented.

I had no heart for further gaiety (?) that night, and at once retiring to my room, gave myself up to melancholy. In view of the complexities of my position, of the two betrothals into which I had been dragged by main force, I am not ashamed to confess that I sought oblivion in brandy-and-water.

At breakfast, Tuesday morning, I had to avoid the grins and suppressed winks of two faces. Immediately on its conclusion, before the birds of prey could seize me, I asked Mary, the third sister, to take a walk. She eagerly assented, while the elders glowered at me, the one ferociously, the other venomously.

We set out in the direction of the mountains, and for a short time the distressing visages of iron-mouthed Alice and skim-milk Grace faded from me.

On our return, Mary stepped upon a round stone, and instantly sank to the ground with a shrill scream.

"I've sprained my ankle!" she moaned.

Speechless with dismay, I stood looking at her; but my gaze softened her no more than it would a wall of stone. She insisted that I should carry her home, and I was perforce compelled to take her in my arms, and stagger on the best I could.

Tolling over the rough road, I could not help noticing that her mouth was beautifully formed, and that the pouting lips were very ripe and tempting; so—so—some fiend entered into me, and I kissed her.

"Ah!" she murmured in my ear, tickling me furiously, "without your encouragement, how could I ever have dared to reveal my love for you? Oh, Augustus, you will always love me as now, will you not?"

The perspiration broke out on my forehead. Dumb with horror, I let her drop; but she lit on her feet in a manner that showed the sprain to be more fictitious than serious.

She grasped my arm, assuring me in a way meant to be encouraging that she knew I had loved her from the first, that her passion for me had been instantaneous, and that we should make the happiest couple in the world when once married.

Married!

Groaning internally, I reached home as soon as possible, and fled wildly to my room, locking the door behind me. I was becoming desperate under the accumulated evils, and looked forward to the morrow with shuddering fear, for the announcement of my engagement with Mary had also been deferred.

During the afternoon, I stole out cautiously. I had ordered that carriages should be ready, and hoped that all the family had disappeared.

Coming from the stables, buried in meditation, I ran plump upon number four—Louisa. She was short, fat, and blowy, with a greasy smile, and tow head. Had I seen her in time, I would have fled, but it was now too late.

"Yea, Augustus, darling," she cried, clutching my hand, as I shivered with affright, for I knew by woful experience what was coming—"yes, Augustus, darling, I observed your looks at me this morning, I comprehended from your speaking eyes all that you wished me to know, and for that reason I remained here, leaving the others to go driving. I knew that you would come to tell me your love; and have no fear, Augustus—it is fully reciprocated."

Madness took possession of me. Good heavens! I could go nowhere without some demon springing from the ground to claim me as her own. I pleaded for a postponement, of course, and obtained it with some difficulty.

At dinner I had to encounter the sidelong glances of *four*; and as, so soon as the meal was over, they made a simultaneous rush at me, I was enabled to slip to one side, and flee. The girls searched for me through the grounds, while I crept into the library, and barricaded the door. When my eyes rested upon the Feejee war-club, I entertained the design of braining myself, as an awful warning to my *fiancées* (ha! ha!); but my attention was attracted by the sound of breathing in a corner.

I looked, and there, sure enough, was a dress.

"They come upon me from every side, like the frogs of Egypt," I bitterly thought.

This one was number five—Francine; a pretty, modest, quiet little woman, with shy hazel eyes, whose demeanor and looks had much pleased me.

Since she had perceived me, I could not run away, but was obliged to sit down and converse, and greatly to my surprise, she did not immediately bombard me with an offer of marriage. After talking for nearly two hours, the favorable impression she had produced upon me was so much increased, that I offered for her acceptance my heart and my hand. It was wrong, but by this time I had become so accustomed to being engaged, that it came to me as naturally as eating. Much to my astonishment, she did not accept me unconditionally. This was absolutely bewildering—a woman who did not jump at me like a trout at a fly. Discouragement but increased my ardor; before we separated she had promised to be mine.

The next day at eleven, I was to meet my uncle in the library. As criminals, with the calmness born of despair, have been known to suggest alterations in the scaffold, I dreamily wondered whether I should yet have time to become engaged to the only one left—Lizzy, number six. My wandering doubts were soon resolved.

Going to the library, she met and stopped me. She was a pert, forward, scraggy girl of about seventeen, who thought herself of much consequence, and was consumed by an eager desire to attract attention in all possible ways.

"Augustus!" she commenced.

"Come," I said; "I'm in a hurry; let's be quick. Don't you want to marry me, too?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" she cried, making a rush toward me; but I happily evaded her, and reached the room in time to lock her out.

My uncle was ready and waiting. The usual formalities were soon gone through with, and I heard—not without a sinking of the heart—the sound of gathering footsteps in the hall.

As Mr. Snaffles said, "Now, my boy, you are completely released from all control," the door was burst open with a crash, and a pack of girls hurled themselves headlong into the apartment, while there arose upon the air confused cries of, "Oh, my beloved!" "Oh, my betrothed!" "Oh, dearest!" "Oh, darling!" "Oh, Augustus!" There was no sixth voice, for Francine was not amongst them.

I seized the Feejee war-club.

"Keep back!" I yelled, goaded to phrensy at the aggravated complications of my situation, as I saw that they were all determined not to release me—"keep back!" and I brandished the weapon fiercely.

The five girls stood in a row, their right arms outstretched and fore-fingers pointing like the denunciatory chorus in the *finale* of an opera.

"What does this mean?" asked my uncle, in amazement.

"He promised to marry me!" came forth as from a single speaker.

"I didn't!" I shouted. "It's an infamous fraud, a swindle."

"Oh, you wretch!"

"Oh, you bad man!"

"Oh, you deceiver!"

"Oh, you betrayer of innocence!"

"Oh, you—*bastard*!" this from Lizzy.

"What is the explanation of this, sir?" said my uncle, sternly, turning to me.

A happy idea occurred to me.

"Wait a moment."

I ran out, and immediately returned with Francine.

"This is the girl I wish to marry," said I, and kissed her right before them all.

Alice made as if she would attack me; Grace howled; Mary rolled her eyes furiously; Louise went into hysterics, whence she soon emerged, as no one noticed her, while Lizzy began the execution of a maniacal dance.

A few words, and I did not stop to choose them, informed my uncle of the martyrdom I had suffered. He at once dismissed the five yelling sisters, and as their acrimonious revilings died away, I breathed again.

Before night the house was cleared. I took the first train for New York, and did not venture to return until I was well assured that no disappointed spinsters lingered around my grounds.

Francine and I have now been married for more than a year; the recollection of the horrors of those days has nearly passed from my mind. I learned from her in explanation, that her father had laughingly told his daughters I was rich, and would be a good catch.

Poor man! I shudder at the thought of his sufferings when he reached home.

Walking-Sticks.

At the present and for some time past, pimento sticks have been in great demand, both for walking and for umbrella-sticks. For the former purpose they are manufactured into almost every variety of fanciful patterns, by staining, carving, and other processes, and the wood being very strong and close-grained, admits of its general adaptation to almost any purpose. For umbrellas, pimento sticks are very useful, for their rigid nature prevents their breaking or becoming

crooked. As imported in their rough state, they are about two or three inches in diameter, and from three to four feet long; they are the produce of a tree known to botanists as *Pimento vulgaris*, which yields the allspice, or pimento of commerce. It is a native of the West Indies, where it is also extensively cultivated for the sake of the well-known berries which are imported in such large quantities to this country.

Lately there has arisen a great fancy among stick connoisseurs for myrtle sticks. These are principally used for umbrellas, and may be known by their rustic and knotty appearance. Some specimens which we have seen had a singularly fantastic look, and would, we should think, be well suited for umbrellas intended for lending, as the owner could not fail to recognise his property. Myrtle sticks are imported from Algeria, from whence also are imported various other kinds, some of which cannot fail, by reason of their names, if not by their appearance, to command some amount of interest. Such, for instance, would be the pomegranate and the olive, the names of which seem to take us back to the East in the times of old, and bring up many associations connected therewith.

Perhaps the most prized of all sticks are those of the orange and lemon. These are imported chiefly from the West Indies, and although they can be procured without difficulty in almost any retail shop in London, yet really perfect specimens are scarce, and fetch enormous prices. An orange stick is easily known by its beautiful green bark, with fine white longitudinal markings, and the lemon can be detected by the symmetry of its proportions, and the regularity and prominence of its knots. These sticks are considered in the trade as taking pre-eminently the first place among walking-sticks.

A very favorite stick, both for the sake of its appearance and its great rigidity, is the rajah cane, and it is largely used for walking-sticks, umbrella-sticks, and handles for parasols. Very little is known of its botanical origin, except that it is the stem of a palm, and in all probability a species of *Calamus*. It is grown in Borneo, and is said to derive its name of *rajah* in consequence of the duties paid for its export to the Rajah of Borneo.

The celebrated Whangce canes of China, known and admired for the regularity of their joints, which are points from whence the leaves are given off, are the stems of a species of *Phyllostachys*, a gigantic grass closely allied to the bamboo.

Not long since a new kind of stick appeared in our shop-windows, which was sold under the name of palm-cane. These, instead of being round, are angular and more or less flat. They are of a brownish color, spotted, and quite straight, without either knob or curled handle. They are the petioles or leaf-stalks of the date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*.)

Another new kind of stick lately introduced from Algeria, and known in the trade as *Eucalyptus*, is, in reality, the produce of a tree known to botanists by the same name of *Eucalyptus*. The true home of these trees is Australia, where numerous species exist, forming large forest trees, some growing to between four and five hundred feet high. Several species have been introduced into the south of Europe, and found to thrive.

These are but a few examples of the foreign trade in this branch of manufacture. Large quantities of various kinds of sticks are received from the East and West Indies, China, Java, Singapore, etc. The well-known Malacca canes, the stems of *Calamus Scipionum*, a slender, climbing palm, are not found about Malacca, as the name would seem to imply, but are imported from Siat, on the opposite coast of Sumatra.

Do as near Right as You Can.

THE world stretches widely before you,
 A field for your muscle and brain;
 And though clouds may often float o'er you,
 And often come tempests and rain,
 Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
 Push forward through all like a man—
 Good fortune will never forsake you
 If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the will to do rightly,
 If used, will the evil confound;
 Live daily by conscience, that nightly
 Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
 In contests of right never waver—
 Let honesty shape every plan,
 And life will of Paradise savor,
 If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandal may utter,
 And strive with their falsest of tact
 To injure your fame, never murther,
 But justly and honestly act;
 And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
 To save your fair name as a man,
 And all that you ask will be given,
 If you do as near right as you can.

A Vain Repetition.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"Oh, if I were only as little altered as the place, then I might dream the dream again; but now it would be idler folly than any I have been guilty of yet, surely!"

This half-exclamation, half-soliloquy, was uttered by a very pretty woman, as she stood opposite to her toilet-glass, dressing herself for an eight o'clock dinner. The window of her dressing-room commanded a fine view of wood, and field, and vale, and water, and glen. A long flat lawn stretched itself like a colossal piece of green velvet immediately in front of her outlook. A typical English lawn, well kept, well studded with a few fine old forest trees, and a good many rare young forest shrubs. A lawn on which it seemed to be quite in the order of things that peacocks should strut, and greyhounds gambol, and fair women and fine men disport themselves according to their several inclinations.

And all these living figures did go to the making up of the pleasant picture on which pretty Mrs. Nesbit gazed. Pretty Mrs. Nesbit, who had, an hour or two ago, returned, a widow, to one of the haunts that had held very tender interests for her when she was a girl.

Back some six years ago, this place, The Larches, had been the favorite rendezvous of a group of young people, who were all the companions and intimate friends of its brilliant mistress, Mrs. Anstruther, or Flo, as she was commonly called among them. According to the views of most of them, in those days The Larches held within its boundaries all that was needful for man (and woman, too) here below. Refined society, an admirable *cuisine*, a genial, clever host, and the frankest, fairest, most fascinating woman for a hostess that the imagination of the most imaginative could conceive; and last, but not least, in its roll of merits, the "right people" always there to meet one another.

That the set should have a very special charm for one another was not a surprising thing, since many of its members had a great charm for a large portion of the world. It could boast of some of the most brilliant rising names in the world of literature and art. Savans, *genre* painters, novelists, the "young lions" of one of the loudest roaring daily papers, reviewers, an actor who lived *en grand seigneur*, and an actress who was counted as much as any duchess by the fashion-

able world; these, and many more, made The Larches a name and a fame in the district, and kept one another continually on the *qui vive*, in a way that one is never sufficiently grateful for at the time, but that is apt to be lamented with a keenness of appreciation when it ranks among the dead flowers of the past.

In this house and this society, as the pet friend of the hostess, Mrs. Nesbit, as Adelaide Bourn, had had the goblet of pleasure pressed to her lips freely. A well-born, well-bred girl, she had turned the commonplace education she had received to account, in what some of her own people thought a very daring way. With but slight knowledge of the world, and an even slighter knowledge of the human heart, she essayed publicly to depict the latter in fiction. And, somehow or other, the descriptions that were not based upon knowledge, but intuition, took with that capricious critic, the Public. And Addy Bourn, in the first flush of her womanhood, found herself with a reputation as a rising novelist, and a standpoint of her own.

The Larches was quite near enough to town—only half an hour by train—for men to come down to dinner after the publication of the literary papers on Friday, and the day Addy got her grand review, she got another triumph—she received an offer of marriage from a man she loved.

This part of my story must be passed over as quickly as possible. The man, Mr. Forest, was clever with the cleverness of the schools. He had been Head Greekian of his school, and First Class of his year, and he had not been contented with this meed of success, as too many men are. He had gone out into the world, and made his name ring as one of the most polished, brilliant, and scholarly writers of the day. And now he had laid his laurels down at the feet of the pretty, pleasure-loving girl, whose claims as a *littérateur* he would have laughed at very much indeed if he had not known her.

The betrothal of Walter Forest and Addy Bourn was a very open and undisguised thing. They were very much in love, they were very proud of one another, and the world justified this by being very proud of them. When I say "the world," of course I must be understood to mean their world, which wasn't such a very narrow one, after all. The early days of their engagement was a poem—a sparkling, brilliant piece of rhythm—a dream; and they enjoyed it to the full, and gathered the roses with both hands.

The bride-elect was a bewitching girl, beautiful in many men's eyes, and a very bright thing in the eyes of all. Her coils of golden chestnut hair, her wood-violet eyes, the wonderful, ever-changing charm of her little mobile face, the lissom grace of her glorious, young, healthy frame, held a spell far more potent to the many than her cleverness and facility of composition. But the combination of these bodily and mental qualities made her irresistible. Dull men loved her for her wit, and clever men loved her for her beauty. So that, altogether, Addy Bourn had her full share of the great glorifier of existence.

Perhaps her head was wanted a little? perhaps he was too exacting? perhaps her heart changed? perhaps—but I might go on conjecturing for a year, and never hit the truth, which no one ever heard from either his lips or hers. All that was definitely known was, that the engagement was at an end; and, after a time, Addy disappeared from that society, and married Mr. Nesbit.

Heaven only knows what she married him for. It was not for a home—her brains would always win her that. It was not for love—the power of loving seemed dead within her; and even if it had not been, he was too old to inspire the passion in such a hot young heart as Addy's. It was not

for ambition—there was no rise in the social scale for the successful young authoress in marrying a mere country gentleman. Perhaps it was out of that great yearning after change which was one of the curses of her nature? At any rate, she married him, and went away into a secluded part of the country, and her former friends knew her no more.

For six years she led a colorless, monotonous existence. She was happy to a certain extent, for the old man she had married was liberal and good to her, generous and considerate as far as his limited comprehension of her permitted him to be. But it was a flat, pale happiness at the best. It was excellent pap, but not very sustaining to one who had banqueted on stronger meats and wines than obtained in this Arcadia.

She was a childless woman. Had any little lips called her mother, the poverty would have passed out of her life, and she would have been as joyous and contented as any of God's creatures. But this best gift was denied her. So for six years she drifted on lethargically, interchanging visits with dull women who took a wild interest in all

that concerned their set, and in nothing beyond it.

These years were passed now, and once more she was at The Larches as Mrs. Anstruther's guest. The kind old man to whom she had been a dutiful wife was dead now, and she was a free woman. Free to dream the old dream again, and realise it if she could.

Bright Mrs. Anstruther was so little altered that, for one brief moment, on greeting her, Addy felt that the six years must be a delusion, and that she was Addy Bourn engaged to Walter Forest still. But a look in the glass recalled her senses, and a boy who had been a baby when she was there last, convinced her that the flight of time was real, still further, by galloping by on a pony.

"Time has played havoc with the old set, Addy," Flo Anstruther said, coming into her guest's room, just as that guest was putting the finishing touch to her dinner costume. "Some are married, some are dead, some have failed, and fallen to a lower level, some have soared into heights where I don't care to follow them. You must come away from your desert, dear, and help



EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.



A GRIOT OF THE KING OF BINE, ON THE SENEGAL.—SEE PAGE 68.

me to establish a new coterie that shall have about it some of the best elements of the old one."

"Is the old one broken up for ever?" Addy said, as she walked downstairs. "I thought I recognised a familiar face or two as I stood at my window just now. Was I mistaken?"

"Let me see? No. I suppose you did know some of them. Leslie is here to-day, and the Vincents; he sings and she paints as wonderfully as ever, and they are making their fortunes fast. And Dalmaine is here. Tenniel will have to look to his laurels, I think, for Dalmaine's sketches are full of a sort of ferocious genius that will hit the British public very hard. And Mr. Forest is here," Flo added, after a moment's pause, taking care while she spoke to avert her eyes from her friend's face.

"Is he?" Addy spoke in a tone that was the very embodiment of composure. "You needn't turn your head away, Flo; of course we all re-

member that I was very mad about him once. It seems funny to me now. My heart has beat with such extreme regularity for so many years, that I can hardly believe it ever gave an extra throb on any man's account."

"Let me look at you," Mrs. Anstruther said, bending forward. "Ah! it has fainted, not died, I see."

"What has fainted?"

"Your power of loving. Here are our friends. George!" (to her husband), "take Mrs. Nesbit. Mr. Forest, you must give me your arm, if you please; all the rest of you please yourselves, and let us get in to dinner, for indeed I'm painfully hungry."

Just for a moment the old lovers were close to one another. "How do you do?" they said, as they passed through the hall, and Addy wondered, languidly, "if he was married," and he congratulated himself on not having married a woman

who could display such heartless insouciance "after all that had been" between them.

They were opposite to one another at the round table, and from time to time they each took notes of the other's appearance. Time had been very gracious to her. Some of her old bright, glancing vivacity was gone; but the composure which had succeeded it was graceful and intelligent. She was as pretty, or prettier than ever. Her figure had lost none of its fair proportions, but had gained in dignity. Her husband had been dead now for six months, and she had left off her widow's cap and dull bombazine. She was mourning him in rich, lustrous silk.

"Heavens! how I loved her at one time. It would have sent me into a lunatic asylum then to think that she had gained this new grace of calm through her experience as another man's wife. What has her life been, I wonder? I must have a talk with her, and find out, by-and-by."

"You are looking at Addy?" Mrs. Anstruther said, abruptly, just as his thoughts reached this point. "She's worth looking at, isn't she? I can't tell you, Mr. Forest, how delighted I am to get her back with me."

"She comes back with the added charm of experience," he said, with a little laugh.

He was not exactly a handsome man, but he was a man who held a rare charm for women in his voice and eyes. Even now, as he spoke, a sentiment of pity for Addy filled Mrs. Anstruther's breast. It seemed to her a sad thing that Addy should have missed finding her fate with this man.

"Poor Addy," she said, compassionately; and then she felt that she must add something in explanation; "her life in the country has been a dull one."

"She hasn't written anything lately, has she? I suppose her time was all taken up with knitting duffel petticoats for old women, and other Lady Bountiful occupations?" he said.

Mrs. Anstruther shook her head.

"I don't know. Addy isn't a woman to make an exhaustive analysis of her own heart and life for the benefit of her best friends."

"I should think that after such a prolonged sojourn in Arcadia she's forgotten the way to do it," he said, looking fixedly at Addy as he spoke.

Something in his glance made her look up, and then the color came up in a crimson wave over her cheeks and brow in a way that proved that the "prolonged sojourn in Arcadia" had not stultified her faculty for feeling.

By-and-by, when the evening was well on, she saw him approaching, and for a moment there surged through her mind a sort of emotional regret! So much of the brightness of her life was gone, while for him it was all untarnished yet! And at one time they had planned to share all each other's cares and sorrows and successes, and now—! Now she had been a wife since they clasped each other's hands last, and she was a widow, a free woman, once more.

"It's a sight to make an old man young again to see you back at The Larches," he began, leaning against the wall by the side of her chair, and looking down with as much indifference as he could on the head that had so often in the old times been rested lovingly on his shoulder. She struggled for an instant with her sense of wrong and injustice that the indifference should be even assumed, and then, she said:

"The changes that are upon everything here—everything, at least, but Flo—she's the same dear old thing as ever—make me feel all my age, I assure you, Mr. Forest."

There was a vacant chair close by her side, and she could not help hoping that he would take it. But he was too far-sighted to do that—too tho-

rough a proficient in the art of getting himself out of a dubious or disagreeable position. While he was standing he was master of the situation. If he once sat down, he would be in a measure committed to Mrs. Nesbit and old memories for the rest of the evening.

Presently (he knew her face so well), he saw that she was striving to make up her mind to say something that should break down this barrier of reserve. He knew her face so well. How many times he had watched resolve flicker up and fade away in that mobile face as it was doing now. How pretty she was. What a graceful flattery there was in her attention. What a thrill of pleasure it gave him to arrest the soft glances that came stealing up from under the long, lowered lashes. Bahl! was he a boy to be bewitched again? Had he not lowered his flag to her before in the eyes of all men, and had he not afterward had to acknowledge also, openly, that the scheme of happiness he had made with her had been marred? Ah! but for all that, he could not help feeling very warmly toward her, when she said:

"For the sake of old times, seem a little glad to see me."

"I need not 'seem,' I am glad to see you." And then he saw her glance again at the chair, and still he resolutely refrained from taking it.

"All the faces here to-night are strange to me," she said. "And yet, I find that they are the faces of constant *habitués* of this house, and that Flo calls them 'old friends'; that fact alone would make me feel that it is long since I have been one of you; but you bring the truth home to me more clearly still."

There was just the faintest accent of reproach in her voice, just enough to weaken his resolve about the chair, and to make him sorry that the woman who was so sweet to him should have been another man's wife. He came a step nearer, and then she put out her hand an inch or two toward him, and said:

"We meet after six years' utter separation, and do not even shake hands. Is it any wonder that I feel old, and an alien?"

He stated himself now, and gave her fingers one quick, strong grasp. The touch of her hand went through him like electricity. No other woman's hand, though many had clasped his tenderly enough, had the power to thrill him that this slender, firm little one, that he had often adored passionately, possessed.

"Six years! There have been times when they have seemed sixty," he muttered; and she saw that he was quite shaken from his calm now.

Just then a young girl seated at the piano, cried out to her hostess, "Let us have a dance," and at the same moment played the first bars of the fascinating "Duchesse Waltz."

In a minute two or three couples were gyrating round the room, and the pair whose story I am telling remembered suddenly and simultaneously that it was while they were waltzing together, long years ago, that the first love-words had been spoken between them.

"Are you too tired to take a turn, Addy?" Mrs. Anstruther asked, passing them; and then, somehow or other, as if it was in the order of things, Forest and Addy stood up together.

Round and round they flew, she bearing her own weight fairly and gracefully, as she always had been wont to do; he firmly clasping her waist and hand with the firm clasp of old. Once her face touched his shoulder, and then she trembled, and as he led him to stop.

"I have danced with hundreds of women since I saw you last," he said, leading her out of the ring into the cool shade of an open conservatory; "but not one of them has ever swung round in

step with me as you do. Are you as fond of it as ever?"

"Fonder."

She could only trust herself to the utterance of that one word. Woman of the world, experienced matron as she was, her heart was beating like a young girl's, under the subtle influence of the old love, and the flower-laden air, and the passion-fraught strains. She could almost hear it throb, as he deliberately took the hand that was resting on his arm, and lifted it to his lips.

Up to this time they neither of them had called the other by name; but now his came fluttering up to her lips, and hung there.

"Walter."

It was scarcely said above her breath, but he could feel that it was spoken with much, if not all, of the old tenderness and pride.

"Addy," he whispered, "life is very sweet to-night—sweeter than I thought an hour ago it ever would be to me again;" and then he drew her toward him unresistingly, and endorsed the assurance with a kiss.

Mina is no tale of rose-leaved happiness. If it were, I should leave them here now, drop the veil over that embrace into which was concentrated much of the love and passion and disappointment, and hope-deferred and jealousy and heart-sickness of the last six years. As it is, I must be ruthless, and go on."

"Are you not going to have another turn, Mrs. Nesbit?" a young lady cried, bursting along through the plants to their great detriment. "Do, please, or Mrs. Anstruther will make us give it up."

And as she lingered for them, Addy had nothing to do but walk out into the gay throng and the gairish light of the room again, to the destruction of all romance.

She could not bear to part with him; his kiss was warm on her lips still, and she felt as if she had been snatched from the gates of heaven by the young dancing missionary who had interrupted them. Still, she would make no effort to keep him by her side. If his feelings matched hers, he would stay there willingly enough. So she slid her hand off his arm, and said:

"I ought not to keep you when there is so much disengaged young ladyhood about the room. Won't you take another partner for this waltz?"

"If you're tired, we will sit down," he said, restoring her hand to its place on his arm. "If you are not, we will take a turn."

So they took one turn, and then another, until the majority of the people in the room remembered vividly that they had been lovers once.

"I shall dream the dream again, and it will be a happier one, for it will end in reality," she said to herself in triumph that night. "After all these years—after all—after all! he loves me, and I love him!"

The next day was Sunday, a day that always appears to have an undue proportion of afternoon—a superabundance of the soporific hours that become infinitely burdensome to any one on whom is cast the onus of entertaining guests. Mrs. Anstruther had a keen appreciation of the dullness that would probably cloud over her visitors, but she had a happy aptitude for letting people do as they liked in her house—a measure which generally raises people's spirits, and invites them to try and enliven others.

"I'm going to sit close to a bed of mignonette, and read George Macdonald's new story all the afternoon," Mrs. Anstruther announced, at luncheon. "There are books for those who like them, and shady walks under the trees for those who like them. Good-bye, good people. Do as you like—I am going to."

"I wonder if I am going to do as I like," Mr. Forest said to Addy.

"Probably," she said, with a smile.

"I'll tell you what it is, then—I should like to take a stroll with you through the grounds?"

"I'll go and get my hat," she said, with the old flutter at her heart, and more than the old tenderness in her voice.

She was a woman now, and she realised intensely that love is a very real thing, and that to win it—if it may be won—is worth a slight sacrifice of fictitious dignity. So now she went with a girlish step, and a great deal of visible pleasure and agitation, to get her hat, in order to accompany him to some spot where he could tell her more plainly that he loved her, and needed her in his life. Of course, his desperate earnestness and kiss last night had been an avowal of this truth, but it must be repeated in the face of day.

What a walk that was on that sunny Summer day! Along through the rose-garden, and over the lawn, and then into a winding walk that led away through a plantation, they went side by side. For a while there was very little said, but when they got well out into the wood the constraint decreased.

"I was waiting in my dreams all the night," he said. "It almost startled me to find that I am still capable of feeling such ecstatic pleasure as I felt last night. Are you sympathetic to those sensations?"

"Yes; I think I shall bless the 'Duchesse Walts' all my life," she said, warmly, going up to heights at once.

His next remark let her down a little.

"Did you like it better than some of the old ones we used to dance to—the Mabel and the Guards, and some others whose names I forget now, but whose airs are as fresh in my memory as if I had heard them only yesterday?"

"I think the 'Duchesse' better, because I danced it with you; and for years I have looked upon it as impossible that I ever should dance with you again," she said, in a low voice.

Then he offered her his arm without saying a word, and for a while, as they sauntered on, there was silence between them again.

"Will you let me give you a copy of my new book?"

"Will you give me a copy?" she said, lifting her love-laden eyes to him. "I have ordered one already, but the given copy will be infinitely more valuable."

"Addy! have you seen my books all along—all through—"

"All along. Some day perhaps I shall show you where they are placed. I assure you it is in the most honorable position in my house."

"Some day I hope to my heart you will!" he said, with sudden fervor.

And then another of those awful pauses fell, that are so agonisingly difficult to deal with when the nerves of the heart are strung up to the highest possible tension in this way.

It came into her mind at length that she would have a long way to walk before she could regain the house; and she was a delicate woman, easily fatigued by this sort of exertion, although she could have waltzed from dewy eve to early morn. So she said, rather deprecatingly, for she fancied he would be sorry for the interruption to their dreamy ramble:

"They dine very punctually at six on Sundays. Ought we not to be getting back?"

"Yes—I mean I suppose so," he assented. Then he went on: "Has Mrs. Anstruther fully informed you as to the programme for next week? She dazzles us so with so much variety that I find myself very much at sea always, if I don't get one from her at the commencement of my visit."

"She has told me that there are some other uninteresting people coming," Addy said, unconcernedly; "some Miss Tayleura, and a stray man or two."

"Has she said anything *special* relating to any one of them?"

"Oh! dear, no!" Addy laughed, thinking he was developing a sudden jealousy about some of the unknown coming men.

And then they neither of them knew if they were glad or sorry they met Mrs. Anstruther and several of her pet dogs coming to meet them, and confidential intercourse was at an end, for that day at least.

How did it come about—the disclosure which robbed the day of all its brightness, and poor Addy's heart of all hope? The fair young widow never quite realized the preliminaries; she only knew that she was roused up from a sweet, dreamy meditation on the events of the day by the sound of her friend Florence Anstruther's voice.

"Do you know that it's getting chilly by that open window, Addy?" the lady of the house said. "Are you asleep and dreaming? If you're awake, come to the piano, and let me hear if you have any voice left or not."

"I don't think I could sing a word to-night, Flo; I'm too busy thinking."

"I hope you'll leave off thinking, and look to your vocal laurels when the Tayleura come; they're bumptious and arrogant to the last degree about their singing powers," Mrs. Anstruther said, seating herself by Addy. Then she went on rapidly: "Has Mr. Forest told you anything about them?"

"No, no—what should he tell?"

Addy asked the question nervously.

"All the world says he's engaged to the younger one," Mrs. Anstruther said, hurriedly, "I give you the report for what it is worth. Maybe I ought to have told you before, but until this afternoon I did not think it necessary. Addy, say something!"

"Why do you think it necessary now?" Addy said, hoarsely.

"Your long walk, your air of happiness when I met you, and my knowledge of your character and his. Oh! Addy, forgive me! It may not be true about Belle Tayleur after all."

"And if it is true, what matter?" Addy said, miserably. "Flo, dear, I'll go to my room now, and to-morrow this vain repetition of some of the old dreams and illusions shall be forgotten."

But memory was stronger than her resolves. When the morrow came, even after Belle Tayleur arrived, the "old dreams and illusions" harassed her still.

She could not ask him outright if there was anything more than friendship between him and the handsome, dashing Belle Tayleur, who called him "Walter," and generally appropriated him to herself. But the thought of his manner to herself that first night of her arrival at The Larches, and the recollection of that saunter through the wood, burnt into her soul, and made her throb with mortification, love and disappointment.

One morning, more because they could not endure solitude than because she sighed for society, Mr. Nesbit agreed to join a riding party that was going out in grand force from The Larches. This was after the Tayleura had been with them two or three days, and during these days Addy had marked with a pang that Walter Forest had never once singled her out or sought her in private.

"Out riding he will have the chance of speaking to me alone," she thought, "if he takes it, well; if he lets it pass, I shall go away to-morrow."

They made a very fair show, that band of well-mounted young people, as they rode through the village. The horse Mr. Forest was on was nearly

thoroughbred, full of youth and fire, a splendid timber-jumper, fast and showy. It was with something like a thrill of apprehension that Addy heard a "short-cut across the fields" proposed, for she saw that Forest's horse was hard to hold even in cold-blood; what he would be when his mettle was up, it made her shudder to think. But Belle Tayleur proposed the cross-country scheme, and he "seems her sworn vassal to obey her lightest whim," poor Addy thought, bitterly, as the pair in question pulled gradually ahead of the rest.

If Mrs. Nesbit could have heard what they were saying, those seeming lovers, she would have been happier.

"Mr. Forest," Belle began, with all her accustomed audacity, "haven't I heard of Mrs. Nesbit before?"

"I suppose you have—most people have heard of her," he answered, tersely.

"But, Walter, now do be frank," she said, coaxingly, laying her whip on his arm in a way that maddened Addy, who was behind them seeing the action, and out of earshot of the words; "do be frank; haven't I heard of her as an old love of yours?"

"Look out, we are coming to a stiff fence!"

"Now, don't be evasive—tell me! Didn't you like her very much before she married?"

"Not nearly as well as I love her now," he said, facing his fair tormentor bravely. "You have told me to be frank, and I will be, at least. I love her so well now, that I am going to ask her to be my wife before I leave the house."

"You are—you tell me that?" the girl cried, passionately. Then all in a moment so many things rushed through her mind. For months she had adopted a manner with this man that had led her friends to imagine she was on the brink of matrimony with him. He had flirted with her freely, keeping other men off—"making her make a fool of herself," she told herself furiously. She was utterly unused to control herself in any way; she was slung to madness; she was that most dangerous of all created things—a reckless woman scorned! "You tell me that!" and quick as lightning she lifted her slender whip, and brought it down sharply on the shoulder of her companion's horse. They were close to a wide ditch with a railing on one side of it, and the restive animal turned and reared to it without an instant's hesitation. Those behind saw the rider come down to his saddle well, and grasp the reins firmly as the horse seemed to flash through the air. The next moment a dull, crushing thud, and a horse's shriek resounded in their ears, and they came up to find the gallant horse and rider lying a shapeless mass in the bottom of the ditch.

The horse's back was broken, and he never moved again. But Walter Forest struggled back into life sufficiently to tell a broken-hearted woman that the repetition of the old story was only vain, because he was dying.

A Griot of the King of Sine on the Senegal.

SINE, in Senegambia, is a kingdom known but little except to the French, who have occupied the coast of that part of Africa. The king, Bokakilla, is an intelligent negro, with few insignia of power, except the "spear of the oath," which is borne before him as his royal ensign.

Among his retinue is always a Griot, a bard or minstrel such as the northern tribes of Europe maintained in early days. He sings the heroic deeds of his monarch in extemporaneous verse, accompanying his song with the music, not of harp or lute, but with that of a tam-tam, or African

trum, whose harmonious notes have suggested its sweetly sounding name. The Griot is an important personage in the state; while bawling out the praises of his prince, he often gives him, *so to speak*, important hints, and seldom fails, like the royal jesters of old, to be the real counsellor of the monarch. He is fantastically attired with a thousand queer pendants and ornaments, *gris-gris* or amulets, stained horns, leather or metal pendants, elephants' tails, birds' heads. As he must always be near the royal person, and war is habitual, he is no coward, but wields his firelock, and witnesses the battles and feats of arms which he records in verse.

Mark Duffield's Revenge.

ALL Mark Duffield's friends, who knew him well, said how unfortunate it was that he, whose chief failings were a quick temper and jealous disposition, should be engaged to that pretty, fascinating, mischievous little flirt, Kitty Kingsley; and some of them, shaking their heads, predicted that the marriage would never take place. And if Mark had known, before he met Kitty, that she was a flirt, he would, probably, for his own peace of mind, have taken measures against falling in love with her; whilst, had Kitty been aware of the failing of her lover, she might not have "carried on" as she did with Mr. Richard Newman, and that only six weeks after her engagement to Mark. As it was, when he first spoke to her about her encouragement of Newman's attentions, she laughed in his face, and said:

"Oh, dear, Mark! how can you be so jealous?"

"I am not jealous," said Mark, flushing; "at least, not now. If I were"—and he frowned somewhat ominously—"you would not find me by your side at this moment, Kitty."

"Oh!" said Kitty, tossing her head, and looking at him laughingly from the corners of her eyes, "oh, what a *grande seigneur* it is, to be sure!"

And so she turned it off for the time with one of her pretty, piquant airs, and went on trifling with handsome, vain, frivolous Dick Newman, Mark's class-mate, until Mark fancied everybody in Coverdale was laughing at him, and he grew half wild with mortification and jealousy.

So there was another interview with Kitty—rather stormy this time: and she first laughed, and then cried, and finally, half-frightened at her lover's vehemence, gave him the promise upon which he insisted, of maintaining a dignified distance toward his presumptuous rival; for, when she declared she didn't care a straw, only "it was such fun to pretend to flirt with him—he was so awfully vain," yet Mark fancied that the promise was given with a certain reluctance, and from that moment he doubted Kitty, and watched her.

Now, everybody knows that when a jealous lover sets himself to watch his lady-love, he is sure to find plenty of ground for suspicion. And, unfortunately, Miss Kingsley was not a particularly cautious or prudent young person; wherefore matters progressed speedily to the memorable crisis which was to form an era in the history of Coverdale. Poor, thoughtless Kitty! Poor, unhappy Mark!

A week after this, Mark Duffield was seated on the college-green, engaged with a book, while near him reclined a group of young men, chatting idly in the *dolce far niente* of the afternoon recess.

"What have you there, Newman?" inquired one. "You appear as deeply interested in that bit of paper as though it were a decree of life or death."

"As, perhaps, it is," said another, laughing;

"for, if I am not mistaken, it is *la belle Kitty's* handwriting."

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know! As if I had not myself been favored with a specimen, before *you* came. I would swear to the handwriting of that address—pretty and piquant and changeable, like herself, the artful little—"

A secret nudge from the elbow of his companion directed his attention to Mark, whose presence he had forgotten. Newman, whose back was toward him, had not perceived it at all. He folded the note, placed it carefully in his left vest-pocket, and, hugging his arms over it, observed, mysteriously:

"It may be that all notes are not alike. One may, as you suggest, be a messenger of despair, whilst another carries with it life and happiness."

"I'll wager what you please that yours there does not come under the latter category. Now, don't shrug your shoulders, and pretend to look mysterious. You've had your share of that little weather-vane, Miss Kitty; and we have all seen for a week past which way the wind now sets."

This taunt seemed to chafe Newman, and arouse his vanity.

"Ah, indeed!" said he, sarcastically. "And suppose that in this note she explains what your wisdom couldn't quite see through. She's afraid, poor little thing, to show any open preference, considering that she's engaged, and watched on all sides! But there may be other ways, you know."

"You lie!" exclaimed Mark Duffield, starting up and confronting the speaker with black countenance and eyes aflame. "You lie! And if you do not instantly retract what you have just now said—"

Some one pulled him back, and Newman said, doggedly:

"I will not retract the truth."

"Truth!" cried Mark, furiously. "If it be true, let me see that note."

"A lady's note is sacred."

"Coward! you cannot get off by such an evasion! I challenge you—to show me that note!"

Mark had once before challenged a fellow-student, though in not precisely the same manner as now; and Newman, who was not by any means remarkable for courage, changed countenance a little. Besides, he was now provoked to retaliate on his successful rival; so, after a moment's hesitation, he, with a malicious smile, held out the note open to his view.

"There!" he said, aloud; "it is simply, as you see, a request for me to drop in at Doctor Macom's this evening, after tea, with the understanding, of course, that I am to escort her home. She is to spend the evening with her friend, Miss Clara."

Mark glanced over the few lines. They were in Kitty's well-known and peculiar handwriting, and their import was precisely as Newman had stated, with the addition that "she would explain to him the cause of her late altered conduct, of which he complained."

Mark Duffield's eyes grew blind, and his head dizzy. He threw the note from him, and walked away, indifferent to the possible remarks of his companions—indifferent for the moment even to his rival, and feeling only as though a great weight and darkness had descended suddenly upon his soul, crushing it into a stupor of pain.

An hour after he found himself in Kitty's presence, heaping upon her a torrent of bitter and passionate reproaches.

Poor Kitty was frightened—more at his wild and excited manner than at his words. At first she tried to turn it off. It had been really Clara's proposal, that of asking Mr. Newman just to drop in for a moment after tea; and they had a part-

ticular purpose in so doing—a little plan which—
which, really, she wasn't at liberty to reveal now,
but would tell him all about in a day or two, when
—when—

"Stop! don't attempt further to deceive me
and perjure yourself!" cried Mark, passionately;
"but if you must be false to me, tell the truth
and let me know it. Oh, Kitty, Kitty! how I
have loved you!"

And Mark Duffield, who had never in his life
learned to control himself, passed from stormy
anger into abject misery, and, throwing himself
on the sofa, fairly burst into tears.

Then Kitty came gliding up to him, with her
velvety, caressing hands, her soft, purring voice,
and gentle, nestling ways—so exactly like one of
her own namesakes.

"Mark, dearest, don't be foolish! It is foolish
to be making all this fuss about nothing—or next
to nothing. I *did* write that note," said Kitty,
with an expression of innocent and artless candor;
"but it was only in fun"—(here she smiled, un-
seen by Mark)—"only in fun, I assure you! And
now you believe me, darling, don't you? And
you will love and trust me always, won't you?
You *must* love me, Mark, dearest, else I shall be
so wretched!"

Then she timidly put her arm about his neck,
and laid her soft, velvety cheek close to his, and
sighed a little tremulous, plaintive sigh. Mark
was half conquered; nevertheless, he looked up,
and spoke almost fiercely:

"Kitty! I *will* not have matters go on in this
way. If you do really love me—"

"Oh, Mark, you know I do!"

"And do you really wish me to love and trust
you, as I *once* did?"

"Oh, Mark, don't say that!"

"You must make me a solemn promise. I give
you at this moment your choice between Newman
—(he set his teeth at the name, and ground out
something that was not exactly a benediction)—
between Newman and myself. If you prefer
him—"

"Prefer him, indeed!" said Kitty, scornfully.

"You shall never see me more. Or, if you
choose me—"

"Of course I do—"

"You must agree to me never to see him, if it
can be avoided; and never, under any circum-
stance whatever, to speak to him again. Will you
do this?"

Kitty hesitated. There was something like a
shade of disappointment on her face, but after an
instant's reflection she looked up brightly, and
said:

"Yes; I declare to you, Mark, that I will avoid
him when I can, and will never, on any account,
speak to him again. The mean creature, to show
my note! I *hate* him!"

And almost with the last word there was a queer
little ghost of a smile trembling about the corners
of her mouth—a smile instantly suppressed as she
met Mark's gaze. And somehow, that smile
haunted and troubled him, despite himself. Was
she deceiving him?—making a dupe and a fool of
him? Did she mean to play him false, after all?
"If she does—," said Mark to himself; and he
set his teeth, and clenched his hands hard, as he
strode back to his cottage quarters.

For a day or two he saw but little of Kitty. We
have said that his disposition was revengeful, and
do what he could, he had not quite forgiven her
that note to Newman, or the humiliating position
in which it had placed himself in the eyes of his
fellow-students. He resented it in his heart, and
yet he still so passionately loved her!

"DUFFIELD," said Tom Linton, in a low voice, as
he passed his arm through that of his class-mate,

"come with me; I have something particular to
say to you."

The something particular proved to be simply
this: Mr. Dick Newman had written to Miss
Kingley, reproaching her for not having kept her
engagement at Doctor Macom's, and suggesting
an accidental meeting at the spring in the public
square, about twilight.

"And here is Mark's answer," said Tom, briefly,
placing a note in her hand. "I thought it no
dishonor, but rather a duty, to let you see it,
under the circumstances. You ought to *know* the
girl whom you purpose to make your wife."

This was the note, in that same well-known
handwriting of Kitty's:

"I was *really* disappointed in not being able to
see you that evening at Doctor M.'s. I *dare* not
meet you at the place you mention, it is so public;
but if you will come to the Witches' Pond this
evening, a little after sunset, I shall be sitting on
the bench under the big chestnut-tree, and we
can have an explanation. I am spending the day
with Clara, so can stroll down there unobserved."

"K."

Mark Duffield read this note three times before
he could credit it.

"It is a forgery!" he said, fiercely; "the work
of that infamous wretch, Newman—"

"I think not," said his friend, calmly. "In-
deed, I *know* it came from Miss Kingley, as I was
with Newman when Miss Clara Macom's maid de-
livered it. He showed it to me, and asked if I
thought he ought to go; as I verily believe, be-
cause he was too cowardly to go alone, even to
meet a lady. You know the place has a bad name
since the murder of the old woman who lived in
the hut by the pool; and Newman was notoriously
superstitious."

Mark said not a word in reply. His face was set
and rigid, but his eyes were all aglow with a rest-
less fire. How could he believe this of Kitty, his
betrothed wife?—the girl whom he had so de-
votedly loved, and who had so lately sworn that
she loved no one but himself, and that she *hated*
Newman, the man whom she had now appointed
to meet in that lonely and secluded place, the
Witches' Pond? Mark Duffield felt as though he
should go mad at the thought.

He would not go to her. She would deny it all,
and make a dupe and a fool of him, as she had
done before. No; he would go and see with his
own eyes whether it could be true; and, if so, he
would—yes, *he would kill Newman!* And, hardly
knowing what he did, he put a pistol in his pocket.

Twilight shadows were already gathering as
Mark Duffield entered the lonely wood that lay at
the back of Doctor Macom's orchard, just without
the town, in whose still depths lay the little pool
called the Witches' Pond. Looking down from
the slope above, he saw the water lying still and
dark, the shadows of the overhanging elms black-
ening it just where the unfortunate old woman,
called a witch, had been robbed and drowned by
some unknown ruffian; and on the bench under
the chestnut which had shaded her lonely hut, he
saw—yes, he saw the form of Kitty, his promised
wife, seated and awaiting her lover! Her back
was toward him, but he could see her perfectly,
dressed in white, with the pretty straw hat
trimmed with harebells, from beneath which fell
the clusters of her bright golden hair, rippling
softly in the breeze.

No wonder that his blood seemed for the mo-
ment on fire—no wonder that rage, and pain, and
jealousy, and revenge, made a madman of him.
Under such excitement, other men have done
what he did—committed in one instant a crime to
be avenged by a life-time of agony and remorse.

Mark Duffield, in fact, did not know what he

was about. He was simply mad; and it was in that mad impulse that he drew out his pistol, took hasty aim, and fired.

As the report rang out, he saw Kitty start, throw up one hand, reel, and fall slowly forward, prone upon the ground! And then he rushed away blindly through the wood—not impelled by fear, but in a mad impulse to get away from himself, from his own thoughts, from the horrible truth that he had murdered the one he loved above the whole world, and that her form was now lying lifeless beneath the trees in that lonely dell.

So, for two hours he wandered on, and then suddenly a desperate calmness fell upon him. He would atone, as far as in him lay, for his crime. Kitty should be avenged. He would go back, avow his deed, and deliver himself up to justice and an ignominious death. It would be a relief to die, for he could never again be happy.

Doctor Macom had a party of friends to supper that evening, and they were all very much surprised when they beheld Mark Duffield walk in, pale and haggard, and with blood on his clothes and hands, from the scratches of the thorns and briars through which he had passed.

"Why, Duffield, what on earth ails you? You look like a ghost!" said the old doctor, coming forward with proffered hand.

But Mark shrank back.

"Don't touch me!" he said hoarsely; "I—I am a murderer!"

"A murderer! What do you mean? What have you done?" cried the doctor, in surprise.

"It was I who killed her!" said Mark, mechanically. "You can take me into custody. I have no wish to escape. I shot her."

"Shot whom, in heaven's name?"

"Kitty—Kitty Kingsley! I shot her!" repeated poor Mark, wiping the thick drops from his brow, and utterly unheeding the exclamations of horror and astonishment on every side.

The doctor turned to his daughter, who stood white and trembling beside him.

"Clara, where is Kitty?"

"I—I don't know, papa. She went down into the dell through the orchard, and—"

"Yes; it was there that I killed her. You will find the body there," said Mark, calmly.

"Come with us," said the doctor, firmly grasping his arm. "Come and show us where you committed this deed, wretched young man. It may be," he added to the horror-stricken company who followed—"it may be that she is not yet dead."

"And you," whispered a gentleman to a pale and trembling servant, "run for your life, and bring a constable."

In a short time they had reached the hollow in which lay the pool. The moon was bright and clear, and shone full upon the spot beneath the chestnut, where lay the form of poor Kitty, in her white dress, prone on her face, and with her golden hair all tangled about her shoulders. The old doctor stooped, and lifted her carefully.

"Is she dead?" they all asked, eagerly.

"Not a breath of life in her body," answered Doctor Macom, as he supported the limp and lifeless form in his arms, and peered curiously into the white face.

"Shot!"

"Through the skull!" was the reply; and his features worked in nervous twitchings, as though he were striving to suppress his emotion. Then he turned to Mark Duffield.

"Why did you do this deed?"

"Because I was mad—mad with jealousy!" he answered, desperately.

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"You already repent of it? You would undo it if you could?"

"With my own life!" groaned the young man, in his misery. "But it is too late!"

"What if I tell you that it is not as bad as you suppose?—that it is not Kitty you have killed?"

Again the doctor's face worked curiously.

"Not Kitty?" gasped Mark.

"Not Kitty!" cried a dozen excited voices. "Who, then, is it?"

For answer, the doctor laid the limp form of the unfortunate victim on the bench, put back the hat and tangled curls, and turned the face upward to the moonlight. All pressed eagerly forward for a view, and at the first glance fell back with an exclamation of horror, followed by what seemed to Mark a peal of demoniac laughter. *Could they really be laughing, or was he, in fact, going mad?*

"Fortunately," said the doctor, turning to him, "you have been saved from becoming a murderer in hand, howsoever much you were so in heart. Look on your victim, and be thankful that you have not the mark of Cain upon your brow."

Mark looked. He saw a skillfully contrived figure, made up of pillows, and surmounted by a grinning skull, adorned with some cast-off shignons of Miss Kitty Kingsley and her friend, Miss Clara Macom.

"My best skull," said the doctor, regretfully, "ruined; shot right through the occiput." And again the peals of laughter resounded.

As Mark Duffield fled from the spot, he heard the eager and excited shouting of a mighty crowd, which, led on by the sheriff and two constables, came rushing toward the scene of the tragedy. He scarcely noticed it. His only thought was—"Thank God that she is not dead! Thank God that I am not a murderer!"

But next day Mr. Mark Duffield was missing from college, and the place that had there known him, knew him no more.

He wrote to Kitty, who returned his letter, with these bitter lines added:

"I *did* love you, and was true to you in every word that I spoke. I *did* hate Dick Newman for presuming to think I would agree to his proposals of secret interviews; and it was with the intention of punishing him that I wrote those two notes. Clara can tell you so. For the rest, I cannot love or marry a man who *would* have taken my life. "Kerrr."

Her mood must have changed somewhat before the letter was finally sealed, for in a "P. S." she characteristically added the following:

"I wouldn't so much have minded the skull being fractured; but it was too bad that the hat should have been ruined by the ball passing through the crown."

And this is the whole history of the Coverdale Tragedy, as it is called, and over which certain unfeeling folks of that town (including Kitty) are still wont to go into convulsions of laughter.

In case of sickness, when a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

Some people think that the heart can never be affected till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases; and they drive nails into us, by way of touching our feelings.

Many persons have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences—namely, to waste away and die.

The Mokun Rapid.

THE Mokun Rapid of the Majawah stream, in Sarawak, Borneo, is one of the most dangerous in the world to navigate. Six miles east-northeast of its commencement, the river rushes through a gorge lying between a range of low hills, and here the water has a considerable descent. Above this point it is smooth and deep, running quietly along, until it is again bordered by rocky banks, which gradually become steeper and steeper. Channels wind themselves circuitously among some very sharp rocks in the bed of the stream, and any mistake in the navigation of these places would be certain destruction.

One boat in twelve, perhaps, is about the average of those able to mount the stream at the Mokun Rapid. The remainder would probably drift away, and be compelled to stretch out ropes on the banks for "hauling up," although each boat might contain fifty to sixty men, trying to pull against the "gush" with all their strength.

Clothes-pins boiled a few moments and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more flexible and durable. Clothes-lines will last longer and keep in better order for wash-day service, if occasionally treated in the same way.



THE MOKUN RAPID, IN SARAWAK, BORNEO.



AN "UNBECOMING" REMARK.

YOUNG MISTRESS.—"As you must attend table, Bridget, at our dinner-party, I've bought you a new dress, which you must have made-up in time."

RED-HAIRED DELIA.—"O, thank you, m'am, but I couldn't think of wearing a color as would destroy my complexion, and me a blonde!"

A PLEASANT kind of husbandry—Removing a widow's weeds.

WHY ARE GOOD RESOLUTIONS LIKE FAINTING LADIES?—Because they want carrying out.

MR. JUBILEE GILMORE was "instrumental" in attracting more people to Boston than any other man.

It is only through woe we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom not from flowers, but thorns.

WE should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that stings to the fingers.

A DEFENDANT in a New York court produced a letter from a washerwoman testifying to his good character. This witty stroke of flat irony produced his release.

ANIMAL OR MINERAL?—"The brooches would have been sent, but have been unwell," was the wording of a note of apology sent to the late Dean Alfred by his jeweler.

DEAR Stalk-ing—Buying asparagus at a dollar a bundle.

A JEWISH contributor can see but little difference between an agreeable dish and a dis(h)agreeable.

A COOK's perquisites do not extend to the ownership of her master when he comes home in the wet, and is dripping.

HE who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

A MAN lately started a steam chicken manufactory with several thousand eggs. The forcing process was carried on so vigorously that a goodly collection of roasted eggs was the result.

THE foundations of many of the greatest and brightest minds that have adorned human nature—of patriots, philanthropists, improvers and benefactors of their species—has been elicited and fostered by maternal care and influence.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

I fly in the air, my colors are rare,
I beautiful look on the wing;
Though I am not a bride, yet it can't be denied
My name's oft obtained through the ring.

I adorn oft the dress of the dainty young miss,
Full of life and as fresh as the morn;
Alas! I'm like man, my life's but a span—
In an hour I of beauty am shorn.

As an emblem of trade I am often displayed,
I wield over man potent power;
I'm a bait for the eye for to tempt passers-by—
Turn away, gentle reader, they're sour.

'Tis true I'm so old, my years can't be told,
And it is not unlikely at all
That Eve handled me when she stripped from
The tree

The apple that caused her downfall.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals combined,
A battlefield will bring to mind.

While monarch, and prelate, and gentle knight,
Encountered here to prove their might,
Red man and "pale face," with hostile intent,
Met, on each other their wrath to vent.

1. A box this is—not one on the ear—
The ear in the box may make it clear.
2. Golden circle surrounding the brow
Of saintly person. D'ye know me now?
3. This Hebrew measure one and four-ninths
bushel contains,

Transpose it, and you'll get a *heep* for your
pains.

4. Ugly memento of a terrible bout,
My lifeblood fast was oozing out.
5. 'Kiah at "York" bought him a watch one
day;

He and the watch were served one way.

3.

By many I'm reckoned treasure,
To many I give tranquil pleasure,
By many I'm used as a measure,
And many play on me at leisure.

4.—DOUBLE ARITHMETIC.

Sheep, and 6; masque, and U 1; Mars, and
1,652a; reap on, and 600; guish, and 51; err, and
501; not be, and 153; bay nag, and 581; atones,
and 1,902; nest pe, and 651; sung feat, and 2;
not a sour, and 261; sockk, and 1; a toe, and 156,
a peer, and 1,060. The initials and finals, down,
name two old English novels.

5.

In America, Africa, Asia I'm seen,
Though in Europe, 'tis true, I never have been;
In woods and in forests I never am found,
In civilized cities I always abound.
In sins and iniquities my home's by right—
Though quarrels avoiding, I'm ne'er last in fight;
In the abodes of the good I never have dwelled.
In derision by all I doubly am held;
I'm ne'er seen in church, in chapel, at prayer,
And am sure to be found in riot or fair;
In oblivion and grief I am doomed to remain,
And shall ne'er be released from prison or pain;
In evil pursuits I take part most profanely,
And without me a maid is insane, very plainly.

6.—MYTHOLOGICAL REBUS.

1. A name of the goddess Luna.
2. A wicked
tyrant.
3. One who stole fire from heaven to
animate a statue.
4. A river with golden sands.

5. A queen of Lydia beloved by Hercules.
6. A
nymph of the sea.
7. The wife of Amphitryo.
8. One of the Pleiades.
9. An Egyptian goddess.
10. The god of day born in the Isle of Delos. The
initials name a princess whose hand was bestowed
on the victor in a chariot race.

7.—LOGOGRIF.

Complete, I am a precious gem,
Both glittering and white;
Cut off my head, and then I bring
A title into sight.

Curtail me, and you will perceive
I am possessed by all;
Change my first letter, it was I
That caused proud France's fall.

Cut off my tail, another grant, :
I am of sickly hue,
And when you change my head again,
A vessel meets your view.

My middle letter change, and I
Am useful, though I'm small;
Again, though I am so absurd,
I'm relished by you all.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

A volcano; to make a mistake; a denomination;
a reception, transposed; a serpent.

9.

A poet; a kind of fruit; distances; an occur-
rence; props

10.

Thoughts in sleep; a bird, transposed; an oc-
currence; a girl's name; companions.

11.—DECAPITATION.

A musical instrument ahead,
And leave another in its stead.

12.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When roads are good, and times betide,
We gayly in my whole can ride.

1. This as a firm decree will stand;
2. This mountain towers in the land;
3. This burglars sometimes wrongly do,
4. Or this might follow, it is true;
5. And this for rent will answer you.

13.

There is something which nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
It goes with us in all our life,
And plays with us in all our game.

14.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A kind of hemp.
2. A circle round the sun
or moon.
3. A bird.
4. A title.
5. A heathen
deity.
6. Cunning. The initials and finals, read
downward, will name a celebrated cardinal and
statesman born in the year 1471.

15.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

'Tis eve, the reaper leaves the corn,
To rest at home till following morn;
The table's set with cloth so white,
And first and next, though blind, give light;
The wife and spouse on final sit,
The tea is poured, and now they eat.

1. Brave Hercules killed a robber of fame,
The dread of the people; this is the thief's
name.
2. A figure in speech, also a change;
Search the dictionary, I'm in its range.

3. A pleasant perfume fills the air;
See, 'tis from that nosegay fair.
4. Fashion now is this I say;
I hope that it will soon give way
To sounder things.

16.—LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a gem; behead me, I am a nobleman; curtail me, I am part of the head; restore me and drop one letter, I am a loud sound; transpose me, I am a jump; curtail me, I am a river; restore me and curtail me, I am a fruit; curtail again, I am a vegetable; transpose, I am an animal; restore me once more, behead me and transpose, I am not fiction; drop a letter, I am a sign in music.

17.—ZOOLOGICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a domestic animal; a tall water-bird; an Alpine animal; a large sea-bird; an African and South American bird; a long-necked bird; a small insect; a consonant.

18.—CHARADE.

Mr. Brown was a bachelor, aged eighty-two,
Miss Jones was a spinster of fifty,
Both highly esteemed by their numerous friends,
As people who knew how to meet both their ends—

Industrious, sober, and thrifty.

It chanced pretty often they met out to tea,
And it gave rise to very great scandal,
That a noise like a kiss, it was stoutly averred,
As the two sat together one evening, was heard,
When a wag had extinguished the candle.

Be that as it may, we were all much surprised
To hear at the end of the Summer,
That Brown a proposal to Miss Jones had made,
Receiving a "Yes" from that lady so staid,
And had furnished a house for the corner.

But the course of affection does never run smooth,

If proverbs as proof may be reckoned;

And a talkative lady declared to a friend
That the courtship had come to a natural end,
And the two had a hot angry second;
That they called her my first, with great truth all allowed,

For she certainly never was pretty;

Her answer was more energetic than calm,
So he broke off the match when the quarrel grew warm,

And returned to his work in the city.

Three weeks and a day since his last with Miss Jones

Had passed over Mr. Brown's head,

When a letter informed him she'd opened the war,

And commenced with an action, according to law,

For the breach of the promise to wed.

A day was appointed, the trial came on,
My whole showed her very hard case;

She appealed to the jury as husbands and men,
To bring her in damages weighty, and then

To dismiss Mr. Brown in disgrace.

But vain was her eloquence—vain was her speech,

Though both were the talk of the town,

For the jurymen, after a short consultation,
Agreed, and without the least hesitation

They brought in a verdict for Brown.

19.—SQUARE WORDS.

A king; naught; god of war; girl's name

20.

Fuel; man's name; paroled; a fruit transposed.

21.

Musical instrument; an animal of Europe; a fairy; departure.

22.

A stall; a coin; a Shakespearian character; a gale.

23.—DECAPITATIONS.

Whole, I am durable; behead, I am an article of furniture; behead again, I am capable; deprived of one letter and transposed, I am a meadow.

24.

Whole, I am acute; behead, I am a musical instrument; behead and transposed, I am to strike; behead and reversed, I am a parent.

25.

When the waves are at rest on ocean's breast,
And smile 'neath the sunbeams warm,
And the rainbow gleams on the dancing crest,
That so late was toss'd in storm,

I rise from my home in the ocean caves,
And over the silver seas,
By the coral reef, where the palm-tree waves
Under the gentle breeze.

Ah! gayly I float in my tiny boat,
And glad in the stillness rare,
Broken alone by the sea-bird's note,
Circling aloft in air.

I guide my bark o'er the rippling tide,
And my snow-white sails I spread,
And swiftly over the waters glide,
The palm-trees overhead,

Till the blaze of light from the setting sun
Pours golden from the west,
And the shifting cloudlets one by one
In glorious hues are dress'd:

And the palm-trees nod to the evening breeze,
And the sea-fowl homeward flock,
And boldly I dive through Neptune's seas
To my home in the coral rock.

26.

Oh, glorious orb of day,
My first thou shalt be,
For thou art ever bright,
Shining merrily;
O'er the leafy shade
Of the forest glen,
Where my second made
Resound the works of man.

See that weakened frame,
That pale face and wan,
How they put to shame
The vain boasts of man.
Hale, hearty, and strong,
To-day life is bright;
My whole sad work has done,
Before to-morrow's sun.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Deter, mine (determine).
2. Witchcraft.
3. Skylark.
4. A door.
5. I, life, faVor, sprites, expensive, LIVINGSTONE, intoState, cerTain, alOne, iNn, E.
6. Eager, shode, gorge, edged, reeds.
7. Hide, idol, doll, Ella.
8. Glad, live, Avon, dent.
9. Coal, fire, thus—CalF, Orsini, AIR, LyRE.
10. Flame, lame, ame, me.
11. Felicity, happiness, pensiveness, wickedness, playfulness, soberness, gratefulness, pleasantness, amiableness.
12. Josephine Bonaparte, thus—JoB, OHo, SamsOn, Emma, ProP, HibernIA, IdleR, NuggeT, ElsinorE.

JOSE BILLINGS says: "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't kackie much until after toey have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwas a bragging and a cackling what they are going tew do beforehand."

THE SWINDLER'S EARLY MORNING ASPIRATION.—Let us be up and "doing."

DUM, for many years the treasurer of the Drury Lane Theatre, was never known to have seen a single new play acted; none the less, however, when he was asked as to the merits of a new piece, he invariably answered, "Wants cutting!"

"THE only way to meet affliction is to pass through it solemnly, slowly, with humsnity and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore."

An Irish gentleman hearing it said that the Chapter Coffee-room was the oldest coffee-house in London, interposed, "I beg your pardon; the Chapter Coffee-house *was* the oldest coffee-house in London, but it is not so now, for an older one has been set up."



CHAKEN AL POLICEMAN.—'Now, then, young lady, all as me to escort you!'

NOTE FOR DAWDIL.—In time the mulberry tree becomes a silk gown—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

"The Pacific mails"—Quiet husbands.

A **TRAVELER** describes the difference between society in the metropolis and that in a provincial town in the following language: "In the country, if you have a boiled leg of mutton for dinner, everybody wishes to know whether you have caper sauce with it; whereas in London you may have an elephant for lunch, and no one cares a pin about it."

To be perfectly free from the insults of fortune, we should arm ourselves with the reflection that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own—that all things from without are but borrowed—that what fortune gives us is not ours—and whatever she gives she can take away.

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman at a toll-gate in Canada. "Only shoost a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the fretful stranger. "Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the rammed gatekeeper.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The names of some of the post-towns in the United States are more striking than elegant. Here are a few:—Ti Ti, Toto, Why Not, Pipe Stem, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Shiekahiny, Snowshoes, Overalls, Lookout, Last Chance, Backbone, Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Tally Ho and Tired Creek.

An old Scotchman once took a lot of people to task for mobbing a Turk in Edinburgh. The Turk turned savagely round at last, and exclaimed, "Ghaour! ghaour! (infidel). The old Scotchman said, "Don't fash the pair body so; do as he bids ye—gie ovr, gie ovr" (give over), as he in reality thought the Turk was exclaiming.

An instance of throwing oneself about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

A county magistrate lately observed at Quarter Sessions that "the county madhouse was in a very crazy state."

CAPITAL FURNITURE.—The weather bureau.

THE following is related of an Englishman who was tempted to emigrate to Arizona in the expectation of finding innumerable precious stones. His search was a failure; but he was informed



DITTO AND OLD WOMAN.—"Now, then, aunty, go it!"

FORCE OF HABIT.—Recently two bankers met abroad. They at once began to compare notes.

A good story is told of Thomas Carlyle. It is said that a lady who lived near him kept Cochins China fowl, and the crowing was such a nuisance that the philosopher sent in to complain of it. The lady appealed to was indignant.

"Why," she said, "the fowls only crow four times a day, and how can Mr. Carlyle be seriously annoyed at that?"

"The lady forgets," was the characteristic rejoinder, "the pain I suffer in waiting for those four crows."

that in the mountain near San Bernardino, a brass mine—very rich in ore—had been discovered; so he went in search of it. Very soon, however, he left the country in disgust. Arriving at the hotel at Prescott one night, he was asked by the landlord if he would have some tea for supper.

"What's tea?" asked the Englishman.

"Why, a kind of duck," replied the landlord.

"Has it wings?" inquired the Englishman.

"Certainly," answered the landlord.

"Then," said the Englishman, "I don't want any; anything that has wings and can fly and won't fly out of this accursed country, I don't want to have anything to do with."

FEE-SIMPLE—Money given to a quack doctor.

WHEN is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt? When it is hemmed in.

In the Green Mountain State they call an elopement suicide. He sned and she sighed.

FAN him with your boot is said by those familiar with the subject to be the latest thing in slang.

A POET in Pittsburg has sent to a local paper a poem in which he alludes to the dew as the perspiration of the moon.

TRICKING tew define love is like trieling tew tell how yu kum to brake thru the ice; all yu kno about it is, yu fell in, and got ducked.

AN Illinois lady of Celtic descent lately blew down into the chimney of a kerosene lamp, and the lamp blew back again, and Bridget Monahan is no more.

AN editor sat down and wrote, "White pique costumes are now popular," and the compositor set it up, "White pine coffins are not popular," which of course they are not.

A MISANTHROPIC editor of a Western paper announces: "The clock of our court-house, emulating the example of some of our ladies, had a nice coat of paint on its face yesterday."

"IS THERE any danger of the boa-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman.

"Not the least," replied the showman; "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

LITTLE Bobbie went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen.

"An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, who had almost become discouraged over the listlessness of her class, at last felt rewarded by an interesting look from a little girl. The reward was lost when the little creature touched a bracelet on her arm, and said:

"Teacher, are them threaded on 'lastic'?"

A NEW JERSEY paper thinks the following notice of a death in the columns of a contemporary is susceptible of two meanings: "Maria B., wife of Henry B., Esq., aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

"WHAT time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober.

"Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause, you see there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

WHEN Dr. Johnson asked the Widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had an uncle banged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved it. So they made a match of it.

A WEALTHY but miserable old man dining in London one day with his son at a restaurant, whispered in his ear:

"Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, but I haven't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father," retorted the almost starving youth.

A VENERABLE PILE.—The old carpet in a bachelor's bed-room.

"It is sin to steal a pin," and a man has been arrested for that very offense. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

BLASTING POWDER is the title of a new Transatlantic journal which has sprung into existence since the opening of the Presidential contest.

CITY men of an ornithological turn have often wondered that birds are not melancholy in the morning, as their little bills are then all "over dew."

CONUNDRUM.—If a man drowned himself by jumping from the Pont Neuf at Paris, which verdict could the jury bring in? That he temporarily insane (in Seine).

A POOR young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

"I HOPE this hand is not counterfeited," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's hand.

"The best way to find it out is to ring it," was the reply.

THERE is a man out West who says he moved so many times during one year that, whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate, his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be thrown in.

A BOOKBINDER said to his wife at their wedding, "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests; "one side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

THE comfort of an editor is destroyed by a boy with a horn, and he advertises thus: "Any parties owning a first-class streak of lightning, the chain variety preferred, and wishing for a subject on which to experiment, are cordially invited to try their skill on a boy, not eleven, who haunts a stairway opposite the Review office, and exhales his feeble breath through a tin horn."

THERE is more than one way of talking on the subject of religion, and a better way, evidently, than the old lady had found whose husband lay wasting under lingering disease. The rector expressed a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future.

"I do indeed, sir. Often and often I wake him in the night and say, 'John, John, you little think of the torments as is preparing for you.'"

COCKNEY ASPIRATION.—Dean Alford tells of a Scotch lad in a military school who went up with a drawing of Venice, which he had just finished, to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two "n's" ("Ven-nice"), the master said: "Don't you know that there's only one 'en' in 'Venice'?" "Only one ben in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy, with astonishment; "I'm thinking they'll no hae mony eggs, then."

OBTAINING AN "HONEST LEVIN".—There is quite a demand for second-hand wooden Indian cigar signs among the honest old farmers in Western New York. The latter bury the timber "Loa," and after a few months in the ground resurrect them, and sell them for petrified Mohicans. One Niagara County farmer has cleared nine hundred dollars by selling these petrifications to colleges, and wants to know "what's the use in going West, when farming is so lucrative at home?"

WHEN is a sailor like a garret? When he is aloft.

THERE are many people who not only believe that this world revolves on its axis, but they believe that they are the axis.

THE measures spoken of in music refer generally to time. An exception is made in the case of hand organs, which furnish music by the barrel.

THE seal of women for good objects knows no limits. One lady at the West, to aid a feeble church, recently painted, on the inside work of the meeting-house, twenty-three days!

A LITTLE boy accosted his papa thus:

"Papa, are you growing still?"

"No, dear; what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

IMMENSE.—"Madame," inquired Leibnitz of Queen Sophia Charlotte of Prussia, "can your Majesty conceive the infinitely little?" "Of course I can," was the royal repartee; "what a question to ask the wife of Frederick the First!"

DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—A Western paper speaks of a weaver who, in praising his minister, wound up by saying:

"An' I specially like your sterlin' independence, sir. I always said of you, sir, that you neither feared God or man!"

PENALTIES OF IMITATION.—Two men were out hunting near Georgetown, Texas, the other day. One of them imitated a turkey. His companion was a good shot, and the relatives of the imitative gentleman have been promised a handsome tombstone to record his many virtues.

AN old Dutch tavern keeper, who had his third wife, thus expresses his views of matrimony:

"Vell, you see de first time I married for love—dat was goot; den I marries for beauty—dat was goot, too; about as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for money—and dis is better as both."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Peter: "Mornin', square! You be up early!"

Squire: "Good morning, Peter; I'm obliged to be up and out early to get an appetite for my breakfast. But what brings you out?"

"Well, I be trying to get a breakfast for my appetite."

NOT A GOOD MATCH.—"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece, who was portionless.

"The reason, dear," replied the young lady, "is, as you well know, that I am not a good match!"

IMAGINARY DANGER.—Down in Maine, the other day, a gallant young man drew a pretty young girl toward him and kissed her, and just at that moment a beam fell from the floor above to the spot where she was standing before. The story has spread like wildfire, and the "blooming lassie" throughout the country generally is now continually being snatched from imaginary dangers.

THE FIRST EASILY GUESSED.—A lady, of whom ill-natured things have been said, but who gives pleasant little parties, to which gentlemen are always glad to go, invited her doctor the other evening. The doctor is married, and naturally went alone.

"Why did your wife not come with you, doctor?" asked the lady.

"For two reasons, madam," replied the doctor; "the second is, she has a bad cold."

A HONEYMOON is made up of many cells—a honeymoon of one cell; a good big one, sometimes.

A GENTLEMAN who had been arguing with an ignoramus until his patience was exhausted, said he didn't wish him dead, but he would be glad to see him know more.

A GRIM, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his judgment.

RATHER an amusing instance of the prevalent tendency to advance prices comes from Sheffield, where the price of milk has been advanced to fourpence per quart, owing, as the milkmen ingeniously explain, to the new Act forbidding the adulteration of food.

CANTONIAN.—At a typographical trade gathering the following toast was given: "The printer! He beats the farmer with his 'Hoe,' the carpenter with his 'rule,' the mason in 'setting up columns'; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending 'cases,' and beats the parson in the management of—the 'devil.'"

ONE year at West Point, when the cadets were required to render a laconic excuse in writing for breach of discipline, the commanding officer received the following:

"Commander Corps: Sir—Gun fired—gal jumped, I laughed. Yours Respectfully,
"JAMES MASON."

IMITATION.—At a house next door to where the Wesleyan Conference in the city has been sitting, a parrot, located in a quiet corner near the building, shadowed over by a branch of a tree, has at times given forth, in the gravest manner possible:

"Mr. President—Mis-ter President" (with emphasis) "I rise to order."

THE SMALL BOX.—A German employed as a carrier called at a house, recently, to deliver a box. He rang the bell, and a servant-girl opened the door, when the German said:

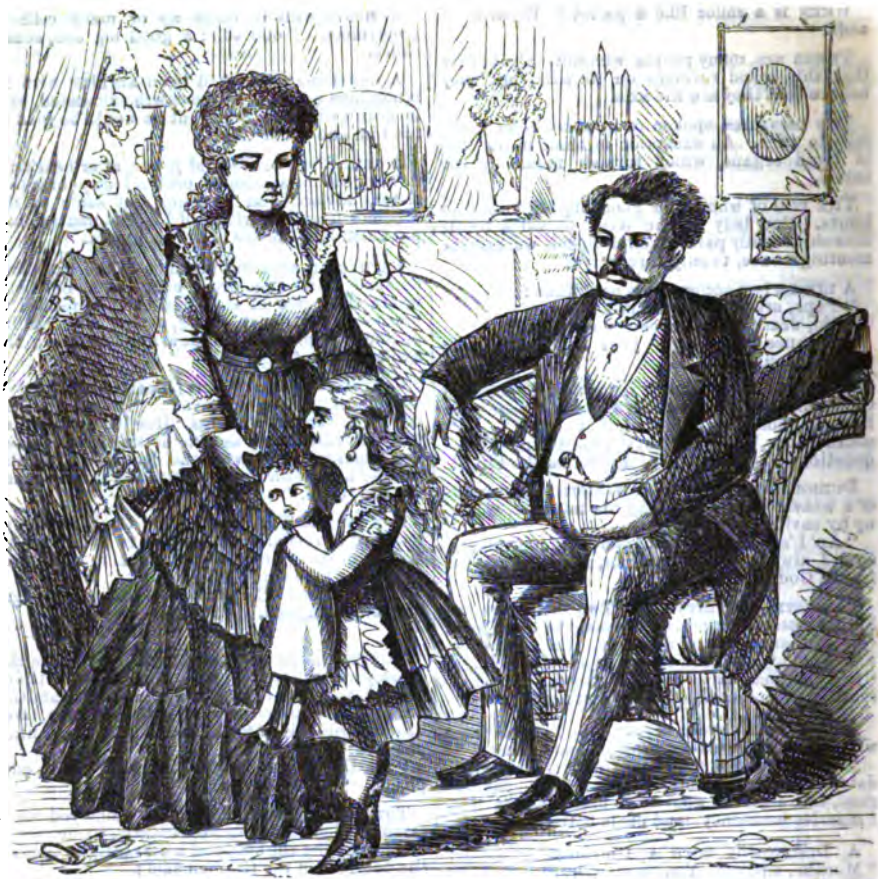
"I have got a small pox, and if you likes I will carry it up-stairs."

The girl looked horror-stricken, and slammed, bolted and barred the door in the astonished Teuton's face.

CORNERS.—"Corners" are not confined to stock brokers or grain dealers. The Zulus of South Africa have as many wives as they have means to purchase. One bold Zulu operator, with capital, once bought up all the young and desirable girls in the market of the whole region, and compelled all who wanted to buy to pay him most exorbitant prices for wives. Of course there was much distress, and this disastrous state of things attracted the attention of their government, and the recurrence of it was prevented by a law which fixes the legal price of a wife to be only ten cows.

MIXED.—What the New York Tribune reporter, who feigned insanity to get into Bloomingdale Asylum, said to one of his attendants:

"Say, Jerry," the patient interrupting with a jumble something like the following: "I have just been thinking what a fine meat pie a hippopotamus would make; monkeys are very entertaining company if—; the temperature of a pond of frozen ice culminates properly in the coefficient of expansion; it will then be the duty of the prodigues to ascend to the rostrum and having driven out over the shell road to Pontchartrain to bet on the ace when one is still out; and three cards are left; you know just as well as I do that I hate to speak cross to you—say, Jerry."



A GRUFHER.

LITTLE EMILY.—“Mamma, ~~the~~ explain Nobbs going to be my new papa?”

MAMMA.—“Yes, my dear.”

LITTLE EMILY.—“Will you get a divorce from him, same as you did from all my other papas?”

It is not round sentences, but pointed ones, that stick in the memory.

Would it be considered out of the way to call a man who pays his bills promptly an “early settler?”

THERE is one “right” on which—thank Heaven!—a woman cannot entrench—namely, the glorious boyish privilege of standing on one’s head and turning somersaults.

A LADY at a recent game of polo was informed by an erudite looker-on (in the military) that it was a sport introduced into England by Marco Polo, and received his name in consequence.

TO BE free from desire, is money; to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new, is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess, constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.

MRS. JONES found that Bridget rose later and later every morning. Upon inquiry she found that the object of it was to save coal in the kitchen-range, and at once removed all previous injunctions touching economy of fuel.

It little becomes the feeble to be unjust; justice is peculiarly the shield of the weak.

SOME men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

THE truth (says a Down-East paper) is unconsciously told in the following line from an advertisement: “Babies, after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup, will never cry any more.”

THE following composition has been turned out by an American scholar, aged nine years:—“A boy without a father is a orphan, without a mother a double orphan, but is oftenest without a grandfather or a grandmother, and then he is a orphanist.”

“See there!” exclaimed a man, who had just had a contest with a fleeing burglar, to a gaping crowd, as he pointed with some pride and a good deal of nervousness to a bullet hole through the crown of his hat. “Look at the hole, will you? You see, that if this had been a low-crowned hat I should have been killed outright.”



THE MIDNIGHT FIEND.—"I WRENCHED THE UNSEEN MONSTER FROM ITS DEADLY HOLD, AND, STAGGERING TO MY FEET, FELL DOWN AGAIN WITH A SHOCK THAT SHOOK THE HOUSE."

The Midnight Fiend.

I WAS born and reared in a region full of adventure and excitement. My paternal grandfather was one of the pioneers of Kentucky, the romantic history of which is still fresh in many memories. My father inherited from him not only a good farm in a fully settled district, but a large quantity of wild land in a region where the white man, at that period, had scarcely ever ventured save as a hunter.

The love of adventure which had induced my grandfather to become a pioneer, descended to his son; and this, together with a natural desire to improve his property, prompted my father to rent his farm in the "settlements," and remove to the wilderness very shortly after his marriage.

My mother, herself the daughter of a genuine backwoodsman, cheerfully accompanied him, and delightedly shared his hardships as well as the prosperity which gradually rewarded his toils. In the second year of their sojourn in the forest I was born, and until my eighteenth year I was never actually out of the woods.

Up to that time my education was necessarily

scanty, consisting mainly of a tolerable knowledge of the groundwork of the "three R's," "Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic," imparted to me by my parents in the intervals of their labors, and a thorough professorship in the science of woodcraft, acquired by my own exertions.

In fifteen years, however, my father had so improved his estate, and the country near us had become so much developed, that he found himself one of the most wealthy landholders in the western part of the State, and was suddenly awakened to the consideration of my future. As his only child, and the heir of his vast estate, it seemed proper to both my parents that I should be fitted for the prominent station I was one day to occupy in society, by receiving a suitable education; and within a month subsequent to my seventeenth birthday, I was on my way to Shelbyville to enter the academy at that place.

When I returned home at the age of twenty-one, my friends and neighbors could not comprehend the change in me, and I confess that the majority of them soon heartily despised me. All my old love for hunting and woodcraft was gone, and in its place they found poetry and metaphysics.

which made them consider me little better than an idiot. They could not understand how a man with thews and sinews such as mine should shrink from encountering hardship and peril—things which they had sought for, rather than avoided, from their youth—and content himself with writing verses and reading books, which, to their untutored minds, were arrant nonsense. One by one, as I declined their invitations to join them in their daring forest sports, those of my own age dropped away from me, and ere long I had acquired among them and their elders the unenviable reputation of a coward.

Alice Campbell was the daughter—the only child—of a rough backwoodsman, whose ruggedness, both of mind and manner, was alone relieved by his strong affection for her. His sole redeeming quality, aside from this affection, was indomitable courage, which he had proved in a hundred perils, and the want of which in any other man he despised beyond all failings.

Alice was, indeed, worthy of his fondness. It seemed to me one of nature's most singular freaks that she should be the child of that uncouth old hunter—as awkward and ugly as one of the bears he hunted. But the anomaly was in part explained when I came to know his history. In his youth, Ralph Campbell, though never handsome, was well-formed and manly. During the Indian troubles of 1812, he had had the good fortune to rescue a gentleman and his daughter from the savages, just as they were about to be tortured. The heroism he then displayed won the young lady's heart, and her beauty woke in his a passion that was invincible. In spite of the wealthy father's opposition they married, and she accompanied her husband to the wilderness, never seeing any of her family again until she lay on her deathbed, ten years afterward.

Her father was then summoned, became reconciled to her, and after her death took his grandchild, Alice, to his home in Virginia. The old man spared no pains or money in her education, and she resided with him until his death, which occurred in her seventeenth year. She then returned to her father, who had given up his roving life, and settled upon a farm some ten miles from my own house.

Though so long separated, the tenderest affection existed between them, and for more than a year before I met her, she had been the light of the old man's dwelling, her own loveliness and refinement being all the more striking from the strong contrast which everything surrounding her presented.

My parents had soon perceived my inclinations, and were well content to receive my darling as their daughter—for no one who knew her could help loving Alice. It only remained, therefore, to obtain her father's consent; and in the evening of the day on which she had made the sweet confession that her heart was mine, I rode over to find him, and formally ask that consent.

I found Ralph Campbell, surrounded by several of his cronies as rough as himself, in what might be called the "forum" of the village—for it was the place where everybody met to discuss the important questions of the day—the store of the principal trader. I was well-known to most of them; and, though I knew that for some time past they had not been friendly toward me—a feeling which I had set down to envy—I had no hesitation in mingling with the group, and saluting them politely. They received me very coldly, and, as soon as an opportunity offered, I requested Mr. Campbell to grant me a private interview.

Without moving from his seat, he rudely surveyed me from top to toe, and then turned most contemptuously away, as if I was not worthy of an answer. My neat and somewhat fashionable

attire certainly afforded a striking contrast to the buckskin and homespun suits of those about me, and this might naturally excite scorn in a backwoodsman, if he had been a stranger to me. But I felt at once that Ralph Campbell's contempt had another source, though I could not divine its nature.

To quarrel with him, however, was, of course, the most remote thing from my desire, and curbing my resentment as well as I could, I civilly reiterated my request.

"I've no secrets from any of my friends, young man," said he, rudely. "If you've got anything to say to me, spit it out here."

Astonished at his demeanor, so utterly unexpected, I replied, with much embarrassment, that the subject on which I wished to converse with him was not calculated for public discussion.

"I don't agree with you," said he, still more rudely, "for I know what you want of me. You've come to ask me for Alice; but let me tell you, once for all, that no one of your breed shall have Ralph's daughter while he's on top o' the earth to say nay!"

Thunderstruck at these words, at first I could do nothing but stare at him stupidly, in silence. A snickering laugh that ran round the circle restored me self-possession by rousing my anger; but there was too much at stake for me to give way to wrath yet, and, with a powerful effort to control myself, I managed to ask him plainly what his objection to me was.

The answer was much more unexpected than aught that had gone before, and a hundred times more astounding.

"You're a sneaking coward!" said he, with an expression of withering scorn; "and if that's not objection enough for any father in Old Kaintuck, I don't know what is!"

The blood rushed to my head in a torrent—my brain was in a whirl! For an instant I thought to strike the old man to my feet; but the sweet face of his daughter rose up before me, and I drew back. Again the sneering laugh ran round the circle, and afforded me another vent for my consuming rage.

Like a wounded lion watching a chacee to spring upon his assailants, I faced the ribald crew.

"Ralph Campbell," I said, slowly, "you are *her* father, and, therefore, sacred from me. But if any other man dare say such words to me—"

The words had scarcely passed my lips when a youth—a rough churl whom I had long suspected, but disdained, as a rival—stepped before the crowd, and interrupted me.

"I'm your man, Frank Atherton!" cried he, insolently. "I'm Ben Burton, of Snake Creek. Everybody knows me—and I say you're a sneaking coward!"

Instantly the fury which I had so violently suppressed flamed up, and I gathered myself together to spring upon him. But at that moment my evil fortune culminated.

In the very act of rushing at my foe, I fell prostrate at his feet—blood gushing from my mouth and nostrils, and the sneering laugh of the bystanders once more ringing in my ears as I sank into complete insensibility.

The crowd supposed—and, afterward, I could scarcely blame them, for fainting was something unknown to their rugged natures—that I had actually been frightened into a fit by the near prospect of a fight.

When I recovered my senses, they had all departed—probably deeming me unworthy even of pity—and I was alone with the trader who owned the store. The first words of his which I understood brought back the recollection of all I had

endured, and, wild with shame and wrath, I rushed from the building, mounted my horse, and rode madly away into the forest, intent only on pursuing the slanderer, and washing out the insult in his heart's blood.

If I had found Burton that night, my soul would doubtless have been stained with murder, or I should have been slain. But he was not at his home—whither I rode—or expected there for some days; and when I returned to the village, thinking to find him there, I learned that he had gone to another town some thirty miles away.

It was too late to follow him that night, and too late to return to my own home. Wearied in body, and terribly depressed in mind, I, therefore, sought the little tavern of the village; and, having seen my horse provided for, retired to the bedroom to which the landlord conducted me.

Exhausted with the torrent of emotion which for the last four hours had convulsed me, I extinguished the light, and threw myself upon the bed without undressing. To sleep, however, was impossible.

One by one the noises in the house died away as its inmates retired to rest, and, at last, all was profoundly silent; but the stiffness brought me no repose.

The time went slowly by, and had reached that hour just before the dawn which is, proverbially, the darkest, when suddenly a fearful shriek burst on my ears!

Broad awake, and sitting upright on the instant, I stared into the black darkness as if my eyeballs would start from their sockets. That horrid scream still rang in the air, dying away among discordant echoes that repeated and prolonged it as if they would carry it to heaven's very gates; and just before me—so near that I could almost touch them, and on a level with my own face—I saw four shining points that I instantly knew to be eyes, though no human eyes ever flashed so like to flame!

Again that horrid yell awoke the dismal echoes, and so terrible was the shock that it conveyed to my nerves that I bounded from the bed to the floor without knowing that I did so. Scarcely had I gained my feet when my outstretched hands encountered a smooth surface that seemed covered with hair, and the next instant I was down upon the floor, clasped in the deadly embrace of an invisible monster, whose teeth and talons pierced and tore my flesh in a dozen different places at once, with a sharp, fiery pang, as of red-hot irons!

For a few moments I was less frightened than astonished, but as I struggled with my unseen assailant, I suddenly discovered that it had two heads, and more than four limbs, with but a single body!

I did not cease to struggle, though the effort was entirely mechanical, and was not in any way the result of will.

The sharp, burning talons of the fiend continued to rend my flesh; his hot breath and venom poured upon my face, apparently searing it to the bone; but still my hands grasped his dual throat, and still my quivering muscles strove to tear him off, and cast him from me!

The effort, tremendous as it was, proved vain. And now the grey light of the dawn came stealing in at the casement, making plainly visible the white ceiling above me, and faintly revealing the furniture of the chamber.

Oh, God, most merciful! banish from my mind the memory of that moment, supreme in horror!

My hands still grasped the hairy throats, the myriad claws still rent and tore me, the four gleaming eyes still glared into mine, but, beyond those eyes, no vestige of a form was visible!

The fiend who so palpably clutched my agonised body, and who seemed intent on dragging my

soul forth, to bear it to his infernal home, was viewless, though tangible—a solid, moving, breathing form, utterly invisible, save the four blazing eyes that seemed to flame with the fires of Gehenna!

With one last effort of profound despair, I wrenched the unseen monster from its deadly hold, and, staggering to my feet, fell down again, with a shock that shook the house, once more perfectly insensible!

* * * * *

"Where am I? Was not that Ralph Campbell's voice?"

I was lying on the bed in the same chamber, my body and head swathed in voluminous bandages, and Alice herself was bathing my brow with a cooling lotion. Rough Ralph stood at her side, his rugged face beaming joyously, and his brawny hand clasping mine as if he never meant to let go of it.

"It's me, my boy, and no mistake!" cried he, exultingly; "and here's Alice, too, who may marry you to-morrow, if she likes! A man who can fight two half-starved, full-grown wildcats in the dark, without a weapon—and kill 'em, too—hasn't got much coward about him, I'm blessed if he has!"

Courteous reader, that was the simple, unvarnished truth. The landlord of the tavern had lately caught a pair of wildcats, a male and a female, and had them confined in a wooden cage, which he had placed in a loft over the room I occupied. They had broken out of their cage, and made their way into my apartment through a trap-door, having first entangled themselves in a fishing-net, which bound them together, and caused their bodies to seem like one to me—probably, also, preventing them from clawing me quite to death in our struggle.

As to their invisibility, everybody who has hunted such beasts knows that their peculiar, dusky color renders it almost impossible to distinguish them amid the trees, even in broad day. The grey light of dawn would exactly match their hue, and this, together with the dimness of my sight, from the straining it had undergone, fully explains why they were indiscernible to me.

In due time my darling Alice became my wife, and Ben Burton, of Snake Creek, was my "best man" on that interesting occasion. He and his comrades were thereafter quite satisfied that the man was no dastard who, in their expressive Western phrase, could "whip his weight in wildcats!"

The Treasurer's Wife; or, The White Powder.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant farmhouse on the rise by the edge of the timber-land, and below it, away out on the rolling prairie, waved the golden crags of Ralph Conway's wheat, nearly a section of land in one broad, beautiful field.

"A week more of this weather," said Ralph, as he stood in his doorway, "and it will be ready for harvest. The old life was a wild and a merry one, but this is better. If I can get that once to market, good-bye mortgage."

"Ralph, dear," a clear, sweet voice came ringing from within the house, "what is in this little box I have found in your trunk? It's a white powder of some kind."

"Well, Marian, that depends on how you take it. If I work up a little of it in horse-salve, or hog-cholera medicine, it's very good, and it's great for rats, and it's a pretty strong remedy for

some other things; but you needn't season any of your cooking with it."

"Why not? What is it?"

"Never you mind what it is, so you don't taste it. Put it back where you found it; it's deadly poison to human beings."

"I'll put it right into the fire."

"No, no, Marian. It won't do any hurt where it is. Please don't disturb it."

Ralph Conway boasted that he kept nothing concealed from his wife, and she would, therefore, have never dreamed of searching any paper or box of his for scents; but that queer little powder had aroused her curiosity somewhat. Now that she knew what it was, however, she really thought no more about it.

A strange fellow was Ralph Conway, and he had wonderfully winning ways of his own. A strange fellow, and the way he got on in the world of Wilbur County had made some of the older settlers open their eyes. Nobody knew where he came from, and he had certainly brought very little with him besides his handsome person, his quick wits, and his oily tongue. With this small start, however, a little more than three short years had been enough to secure him a very fair degree of success. Almost against her own will at first, he had won the heart and hand of Marian Hurd, and even her father had so far yielded his prejudices as to accord her a dowry of the land on which the ripe wheat was now nodding. That very land, to be sure, had been mortgaged for farming capital; but Ralph Conway had shown himself a shrewd and working manager, and all things had gone so well with him, that old Squire Hurd was more than a little proud of his son-in-law.

That was not all, however, for Ralph's ready and busy tongue had so won his way, that an unexpected political change had brought him into office, and he was now the Treasurer of Wilbur County. There was less to be wondered at in that, seeing it was so new a region, comparatively; but a great many shook their heads dubiously, and asked themselves "how he did it."

Ralph was summoned in to dinner before long, and when he had finished it, he once more brought up the subject of the white powder, explaining to his wife quite freely its many uses and misuses.

"I'm glad," said Marian, "that we have nobody around who might accidentally get hold of it, and hurt themselves."

"That's so," said Ralph. "Such things as that ought always to be kept under lock and key. Wife," he added, after a pause, "there are just two things that trouble me."

"What are they, Ralph?"

"The first is that mortgage. It falls due in about three weeks from now, and I shall have to sell my wheat in the stack in order to meet it. It's a thoroughly *sharp* operation, and old Gardner wouldn't give me an extra day if I failed to pay up."

"But you won't fail, Ralph. I'd speak to father about it, but I know he has paid out every dollar for land, and is in debt besides." There was only a very slight look of anxiety on Marian's face, for she could see the waving wheat through the open window, and she knew it would bring quite enough, even if sold in the stack.

"Then," said Ralph, "the wheat must go, even if we lose by it."

"I don't care for that," said Marian, "so long as we keep our good name, and pay our debts. But what else troubles you?"

A slight tremor of her husband's lip, as she uttered the words "good name," had reminded her to make this last inquiry.

"Why, Marian, I have several thousand dollars of the public funds on deposit in the safe in town,

and you know how many robberies there have been of late."

"Is it in the Treasurer's office?"

"Yes; and there's more coming in every day."

"Why don't you put it in the bank?"

"Because it would be no safer there. The bank vault is a miserable old cellar, as easy to get into as a wood-box. The old safe in the office is stronger, I believe."

"But what can you do?"

"Take it away somewhere till I have to pay it out. If I should be robbed, it would ruin me."

"It could not injure your good name, Ralph," said Marian, with a smile that told how dear it was to her; but her husband's lip trembled again, with the same strange tremor.

An hour later, Ralph Conway was on his way to the little "country town," some five miles away, not only to look after matters in the Treasurer's office, but to make arrangements for his harvesting.

The latter was not very difficult, for the "harvest force" of a region like that is generally pretty thoroughly organised, and ready for prompt action. If, however, any professional Eastern burglar had been looking over Ralph's shoulder, as he examined the doors and locks of the old safe in the Treasurer's dingy office, he would likely have shook his head as Ralph did, and wondered that men of this day should trust their valuables to such an old rattletrap.

"It would be an awful thing on me," he muttered; "but the bank's even worse, for it may break down any day, even if no one breaks into it. I must have all this in safer keeping as soon as I can."

As Ralph mounted his horse to start for home, he was hailed by a tall, gaunt, wrinkled-faced, keen-eyed old man, who exchanged with him a few general remarks about the crops, and then said:

"I don't mind takin' your crop o' wheat myself at a fair reckoning."

"I suppose not, Mr. Gardner," said Ralph, "and I suppose you'd reckon it just a little under the mortgage; but I've a notion it'll overreach that, right smart. The market's good just now."

"Oh, ye won't do it—won't ye? Well, all I've got to say is, I don't keer. Only jest you come to time, that's all."

"Don't you worry about that," said Ralph; but his face showed, as he rode away, that he was worrying about that, or something else.

Just in the edge of the village, another horseman, as different as possible from himself, rode up and joined him.

Ralph was a rather fine-looking fellow, with keen, bright hazel eyes, and curling chestnut hair, and in his dress and manner showed unmistakable signs of cultivation, while the newcomer, although the horse beneath him evidently had good blood enough, was as unmistakably a ruffian, and of no common sort at that. His bold black eyes snapped as he noticed the expression of disgust with which Ralph returned his greeting, and he said:

"I understand all that, and I've come to say I've had enough of it. Here are you, that ain't no better than I am, a-rolling in all sorts of good luck, and here am I without a place to put my head in. This yer country's getting to be an onsafe place for me, and I'm going to put out for somewhere else."

"I won't be in your way," said Ralph.

"But, you are," said the fellow, surlily, as they rode on side by side. "You know I don't mean to go till I've had a show at that bank, or the county pile, and Bill he won't move without you say so."

"He will never get it," said Ralph.

"Then, I tell you what, Ralph Conway, if you don't stand out o' my way in this matter of earn-

"I'll let all Wilbur County know that you're a state's prison bird, and an escaped convict. What'll that there wife o' yours say to that?"

Ralph's face was deadly pale, and his fingers gripped convulsively at the handle of the pistol in his bosom. Why he did not draw it he could not have explained to himself.

"Come now, none of that," growled his companion. "There's other eyes than mine onto ye. Shall I tell Bill to go ahead? Whar do ye keep the money?"

"In the bank, of course," gasped Ralph.

"Well, what shall I say?"

"Well, I don't care; go ahead," said Ralph, desperately. "Tell him to go in."

"But won't you come with us?"

"No, never!" exclaimed Ralph. "I'm going to be a free man, and a true one."

"Are ye?" sneered the other, as he turned his horse and rode away.

As Ralph Conway rode slowly on toward his home, and the sweet wife who was awaiting him, he muttered to himself:

"Free? True? Me? No. I am the slave of those old crimes—of that horrible old life. I am bound to these devils who beset me now. Bound by memories that are worse than chains. Is such a man free? Is he free when he feels within him that he is the same man that once wore prison-grey, and looked out through cross-barred windows?"

A little further he rode, and again his thoughts burst out in speech.

"True? am I any more true than free? Have I been true to her—to Marian? Have I told her what a man I am? Or did I let her tie her life to mine without one word of fair warning of what she was doing? Was that true? Yes! I loved her, and I made her love me; but was it not an awful lie to come to her and win her, as if I was a man with a pure life, and a name unstained?"

Ralph's face worked terribly, as he reproached himself in bitter, broken sentences; but it was once more calm, and clear, and loving, when he reined in his horse in front of his vine-grown door, and threw himself off the saddle to be pressed in the loving arms of the sweet wife he had made so utterly his own.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL days more went by, and then came the harvest—busy, rapid, sweeping—with its whirring, clattering reaping-machines, and their dusty, sweltering *corps* of followers and helpers. Very different from the old-time harvests are these of our Western wheat-fields; and in a wonderfully short space of time the high, well-set stacks of close-bound sheaves stood up in the bright sunshine, waiting patiently for the coming days of the threshing-machine.

"A splendid crop," said every one.

"Likely to thresh out more'n thirty bushel to the average acre. It's just wonderful what luck Ralph Conway has. He's gettin' rich fast."

This last remark came from old Squire Hard, as he gazed exultingly across his son-in-law's field on the morning after the harvest, and as he spoke, Ralph came up.

Of course there was the crop to talk about, but the old man had something else on his mind.

"Been to town this mornin', Ralph?"

"No. What's up?"

"Well, then, I've news for ye. Some fellers busted the old bank last night. Did you have anything thar?"

Ralph's face flushed and whitened, but he answered firmly:

"Not a cent. I wouldn't trust such a vault as

that, even if I felt like trusting the concern itself."

"Just your luck—or, rather, I'd say, just your judgment. I don't reckon they got much of anything, anyhow, an' it hain't done the bank-credit any good for folks to find out how mighty little they had to lose."

Ralph asked all about the particulars of the robbery, but it appeared that there was no clue whatever to the perpetrators. They had evidently been men who knew their business, and had left things all straight behind them. It was likely to be a nine days' wonder, and no more, for the plunder obtained had been so very small, that hardly any one felt a very deep interest in following the matter up.

After his father-in-law had gone, Ralph Conway mounted his horse, and rode away with feverish haste toward the town.

Before he had gone half-way, however, Ralph was hailed and halted by the same mysterious, threatening, dark-browed stranger who had crossed his path on the former occasion.

"Well," said Ralph, "I hear that you and Bill have done your job at the bank. Are you satisfied now?"

"Satisfied?" growled the stranger. "Satisfied with a few hundred of greasy currency, for a risk like that? What made you fool us about the county money? Do ye know this 'ere way o' doing business won't go down? I know whar ye keep yer funds now, and I warn ye to leave 'em thar. Bill's as mad as I am now, and we won't wait for any more words from you. Mind, now."

And with this stern warning, the stranger turned his horse, and rode away across prairie, leaving poor Ralph Conway with burning cheeks and tingling veins, every throb of his heart rebelling against the tyranny under which his old sins seemed to have placed him.

Rid of his threatening acquaintance, he struck spurs sharply into his horse's flanks, and dashed away at full speed toward the village.

The swift motion may have aided in settling his determination, for when, a couple of hours later, Ralph left the Treasurer's office—although he had not dared to confide his fears to any of his subordinates—he brought away all the money he could, carefully stowed about his person. He only left in the old safe a few packages of bills of small denominations, whose imposing size belied their real value.

"I don't mind a thousand," said he, as he rode along homeward; "but if they'll be satisfied with that, and clear out, I'll manage to weather it through some way. If it wasn't for the mortgage to pay, I'd think nothing of it. That'll be all right in a day or two now. I'm glad I've got a good bargain for my wheat."

It was a hard thing for a man to be assailed as Ralph was, and he could never have stood it so well if it had not been for the constant thought of the pure heart and loving smile of his young and trusting wife. There, too, was a source of weakness, for he thought to himself:

"She would die if she knew. I must preserve my good name, ever, for her sake. Oh, Marian, why did you marry a man like me?"

Strong as was his will, and accustomed to dissembling, his terrible position was wearing upon him, and he felt that it was a hard thing to look in Marian's eyes, and feel that he was "neither free nor true."

Still, when he reached home that day, and told Marian the story of the robbery of the bank, she fully approved of his precaution in bringing so large a share of his trust to where its presence would never be suspected, and where, at least, his own watchful eye and strong hand would be ready to defend it.

"I could fight pretty hard myself," said Marian, "if it was necessary. I should feel that I was fighting for you, and for your good name. We had better both die than lose that. How much have you brought?"

"There is over five thousand dollars here," said Ralph, bending down over the packages of bills he had laid out on the table.

"Is that all?" asked Marian.

"Nearly. I believe there is some more, in small bills. It will be safe, enough, any way, perhaps. Such fellows are not apt to strike twice so near the same place."

"Still," said his wife, "I wish you had brought it all. Where shall you put it?"

"In my trunk," said Ralph. "There's no other place where I can lock it up."

And then he told her how he had made a good bargain for his wheat, and how it was all to be paid for in plenty of time to meet the mortgage; and he tried hard, in discussing their plans for the future, to send away the nightmare thoughts and memories and fears that were driving him almost crazy.

When Ralph Conway went to bed that night, it was long before sleep came to shut out his troubles; and even then his dreams pursued him with shapes borrowed from the future as well as the past, and more than once he was startled wide awake. But for disturbing Marian, he would have gone out to spend the rest of the night in the open air.

Morning came at last, and Ralph would gladly have mounted his horse, and ridden at once to the village, but he was oppressed, so to speak, with a dread of appearing to fear. He had a horror of seeming to know anything more than others, for he felt that a certain kind of knowledge rarely falls to the portion of the innocent.

It was really wonderful with what coolness the young "County Treasurer" managed to attend to the morning duties of his farm. They were but light, now that his one large crop was safely gathered, and they were all done by breakfast-time, for, as has been said, Ralph was a worker.

Before breakfast was over, however, there was a sound of horses' feet on the dry, hard road, and then a chorus of shouts at the gate; but before Ralph and Marian could reach the door, old Squire Hurd stood on the threshold, and behind him were the excited faces of half a dozen men from the village.

"Ralph!" almost shouted the old man, "them robbers have come agin'!"

"What have they done this time?" coolly replied Ralph.

"Done! Why, they've bust the safe in your office, and carried away all the county funds."

Other voices were chiming in with a torrent of particulars, and other additional information; but Ralph managed to muster a sort of cool half-laugh, as he answered:

"Well, no, squire. I reckon it isn't quite so bad as that."

"Not so bad! What do you mean? Haven't we come right from there?"

"I don't mean they haven't spoiled that rickety old safe," said Ralph, "and they may have got some money—I can't say just how much—but Wilbur County didn't elect a fool for Treasurer. The county funds were not there!"

"Not there! You don't say so! Why, where were they?"

"In a place of safety—that's all. I haven't trusted that old safe, and I haven't liked the look of things this good while, and so I looked out in time."

"Just your good luck, I declare!" exclaimed his father-in-law; and then, he added, with something of pride as well as of very great relief, "Or rather, I ort to say, it's just your good judgment

and forethought. Thar ain't no such thing as luck."

And so the neighbors all voted, and Ralph Conway mounted his horse, and rode away to the village with them, to ascertain the precise amount of the damage.

CHAPTER III.

Of course Squire Hurd and all the rest went with him, and more than one futile attempt was made, in neighborly curiosity, to wrest from Ralph the secret where he had deposited the public funds; but, at last, Ralph replied:

"Nobody has a right to know about that but my sureties and the County Court. And so long as no bank or safe in these parts seems to be safe, I'm going to keep my own counsel. No offence; but, you see, I'm responsible for the money, and I can't afford to run any risks."

This was a statement of the case that went far toward satisfying everybody, and in a very little time they were all at the Treasurer's office. It was a dingy little affair, built of stone, with an absurd external assumption of solidity and security, but a regular humbug, in its way, for any purpose of money-keeping, though perhaps it had been good enough in the log-cabin days when it was built.

Ralph found quite a crowd gathered, but his clerks, and the "officers of the law," as the sheriff and his deputies called themselves, had taken possession and kept the office clear, awaiting his arrival. Quite a number of lengthened and serious faces waxed wider and brighter when the truth was announced, and the County Treasurer arose at once several degrees in popular esteem.

"Didn't fool Ralph Conway much!"

"He knows what he's about."

"I voted for him, and I'll do it agin, next time, sure."

"You bet I will."

The complimentary remarks flew thick and fast, but Ralph paid little attention to any of them. After a careful examination of the battered safe, whose twisted and wide-thrown doors testified in a sort of dumb and helpless way to the utter futility of the resistance they had offered, the cool and steady-voiced Treasurer requested the sheriff and a few others to stay with him for a "council of war," and all beside to leave the office.

"You see," he said, "all of you, we must make an effort to catch these fellows, and we've got to lay our plans sharp. When any gang of robbers get as bold as this, it is time something was done. We can't tell whose turn may come next. I'm only out of pocket a few hundreds, and it won't break me; but I'll spend twice as much more to find the men that did it."

A good brisk cheer greeted this public-spirited declaration, as the crowd slowly and reluctantly, but quite obediently, adjourned their session to the "stores" and other places of common resort.

Ralph's consultation with the officers of the law impressed those gentlemen with a deep sense of his acumen, and his several suggestions were unanimously adopted as "the very thing" that each one had thought of, and was about to recommend. If the general public, however, had expected to be made any wiser at the end of the "council of war," the public were disappointed; for all concerned emerged from the Treasurer's office as if with a padlock on their lips—not a word of intimation as to their plans could their most intimate friends get out of them.

Moreover, after the sheriff had transacted some special business at his own office, swearing in two or three extra "deputies," he and the several members of his posse were speedily in their

saddles, galloping off in different directions, but all to "parts unknown."

As for Ralph Conway, he could not have avoided, if he had wished, the company of his father-in-law, on his road home, and no interruption befell them by the way.

The squire was a shrewd old fellow, and he comforted Ralph with the strong expression of his doubt if this loss could be made to fall on him.

"Anyhow," he said, "it could be carried over to next year's accounts for settlement, and the profits of the office would make it up several times over. You're gettin' on splendid, Ralph," he added; "this year'll clear yer farm—won't it?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I've sold my wheat in the stack for more'n enough to lift the mortgage. I'll have money to start on for another year without going in debt."

"It's an awful waste to sell it that way, and all the cost of raisin' and harvestin' to come out of it. Reckon ye didn't realise much more'n half what ye would have done to have threshed it?"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Ralph. "I'll have enough to make me as easy as an old shoe. I don't mind this thing a bit. That is, when I get my money. Can't count on it till I've got it, you know?"

"Course not," said the squire. "When do ye git your pay?"

"Day after to-morrow," replied Ralph. "And then I'll begin to feel like a free man!"

"That's so," the squire said. "Well, I reckon I'll go home. My love to Marian."

For the short remaining distance, Ralph rode slowly and thoughtfully, muttering wearily to himself as he went:

"They ought to be satisfied, now. I've only taken care of myself, and I left for them a good enough slice, seein' it's all got to come out of my own pocket. What hungry devils they are, anyway! I only wish I dared to have them caught. I could have done it, just so easy! That wouldn't do, however. They'd be sure to come right out on me with that old affair. Unless," and Ralph's lips grew white and hard as he said it—"unless I could see that they were shot when they were taken! If they cut up much more, I can raise the county, and have that done!"

Even as he spoke, his horse had halted of his own accord in front of his master's gate, and Marian stood by it, her pure, brave face looking up lovingly to greet her husband, with a serious but still cheerful and encouraging smile.

"Ralph, my dear, don't look like that over it. It isn't so very terrible—is it?"

Ralph sprang from the saddle, and clasped her in his arms.

"No, my own darling! Oh, if I had only always had you by me!"

"I wish you had, dear. But you have got me now, haven't you?"

A strong tremor shook the frame of Ralph Conway as the thought flashed hotly through him:

"Would she ever have been mine—would she be mine now, if she *knew*?"

He felt the galling chains of his old life were on him still, and, for the first time since their marriage it exceeded even Marian's power to bring the light fully back into her husband's face that evening.

The next day was spent by Ralph mostly in the village, and he had a rasping and unpleasant talk with old man Gardner about the mortgage, for, to tell the truth, that money-lending, property-grasping personage had been rather disappointed than otherwise by the success of the wheat crop, and the sure prospect that he was to get no more than his Shylock-pond demanded.

As yet the sheriff and his aids were only able to report that they had found "signs and indica-

tions," and Ralph was more than a little relieved at discovering that these amounted to nothing at all.

CHAPTER IV.

RALPH CONWAY'S nerves were good—in fact, they were wonderfully firm—but that night he went to bed with such a load of care on heart and brain, that sleep was out of the question. He tried hard not to toss, for Marian's innocent eyes were closed in peaceful slumber; but all night long he lay painfully thinking over and over the sad and evil things that he had known in his short, eventful life.

He had been a boy once—he remembered that—and not a very bad boy either, as boys go. And then he had grown to be a man, and had launched out in life with such prospects as might well have warranted even more of comfort and happiness than, to all outward seeming, were gathering around him now. And then had come hot, feverish pulses; wild, unhallowed dreams of lawless adventures and forbidden pleasures; deeds done for their own fierce excitement, and repeated for unlawful gain; a swift and steady descent on that fascinating track whose mile-posts are crimes, and whose goal is sure destruction. And then, too, he could recall a nightmare-vision of an end that crowned it all—arrest; trial; conviction; sentence, and the dark, terrible entombment of prison-life; and then the fierce exultation of successfully planned and executed escape from durance.

There had come a good impulse then—he was sure of that: the desire to cut loose from evil associations; to begin life anew; to make himself a new name, and an honest home. He had acted on it, and he had striven hard, and for a time he had thriven well. Was it all to be destroyed now? Was the avenging Nemesis of his earlier evil to follow him, in the shapes of his old companions in guilt, to blacken and tear down the fair edifice he had been building on this distant border?

If Marian had been awake, if indeed she had known all, she might have told him, even in her shame and grief at the knowledge, that no real harm had yet come to him, or could come, so long as he clung to his determination to do right! Perhaps he had already failed, somewhat, in his very dread of what might be; but if he would only yet be firm and true to himself and her—true to God's own teaching of true manliness, all would surely go well with him.

All rested with himself, and he had her future and his own in the keeping of his own will. Were they not one?

The night had been a dark and cloudy one, and no light of moon or stars had come in through the open window to disturb the dim shadows of the room in which Ralph was lying, nor had he any idea of the hour. It had been a terribly long night, and he wished for the morning: to come. The very darkness seemed like a weight upon him.

It was really only a little after midnight, though Ralph would have thought it later, when suddenly it seemed to him that the gloom around him lifted and lessened. Objects near the window began to stand out a little, and Ralph lazily raised himself on his pillow.

"The dawn? No, it cannot be anywhere near time for sunrise yet. But what does all that light mean?"

He might well ask, for it was swiftly growing brighter, and strong, irregular gleams were darting across the outside gloom and in at the open window. In an instant more he was on his feet, and hurriedly half-dressing, for there was a ver-
sort of fear at his heart.

Marian, too, was aroused; but she stayed for nothing, and went directly to the window. She had not been wide-awake enough at first to even ask questions; but now she exclaimed:

"Ralph! Husband! What does this mean? Everything seems on fire!"

Ralph Conway was a man of wonderful nerve, for he did not even then come to the window, but belted on his pistols, caught up his rifle, and hurried downstairs without a word. Once in the open air, the whole truth burst upon him in all its fearful reality, for, as Marian had said, "everything seemed on fire!"

At least, every tall stack of the gathered wheat, some of which were at quite a distance from the house, was in a swiftly-climbing blaze, and no earthly power could avail to save them. No human being could be seen, however, even by that now glaring illumination, and Ralph's weapons might as well have been left behind.

"Ralph," said the voice of Marian, as he stood gazing at the ruin, "who can it be that hates you so?"

"The arch-fiend himself, I guess," said Ralph.

"He must be a fiend, whoever he is! I could kill such a man as that, Ralph, and would only be doing right. Oh, isn't it a pity?"

Before long the neighbors began to arrive, drawn, some of them, from miles away, by that fierce red warning on the sky, and many and earnest were the expressions of sympathy, the

proffers of aid, and even the encouragements to future vengeance.

As for Ralph, he had been at first like a man stunned, for it seemed to him as if almost every hope in life was going from him in those eddying pyramids of smoke and flame. He thought of the mortgage, and of old man Gardner, and of his hopes for next year's business; and Marian, also, thought of the same; but her husband had darker and more terrible things on his mind, in which she had no share.

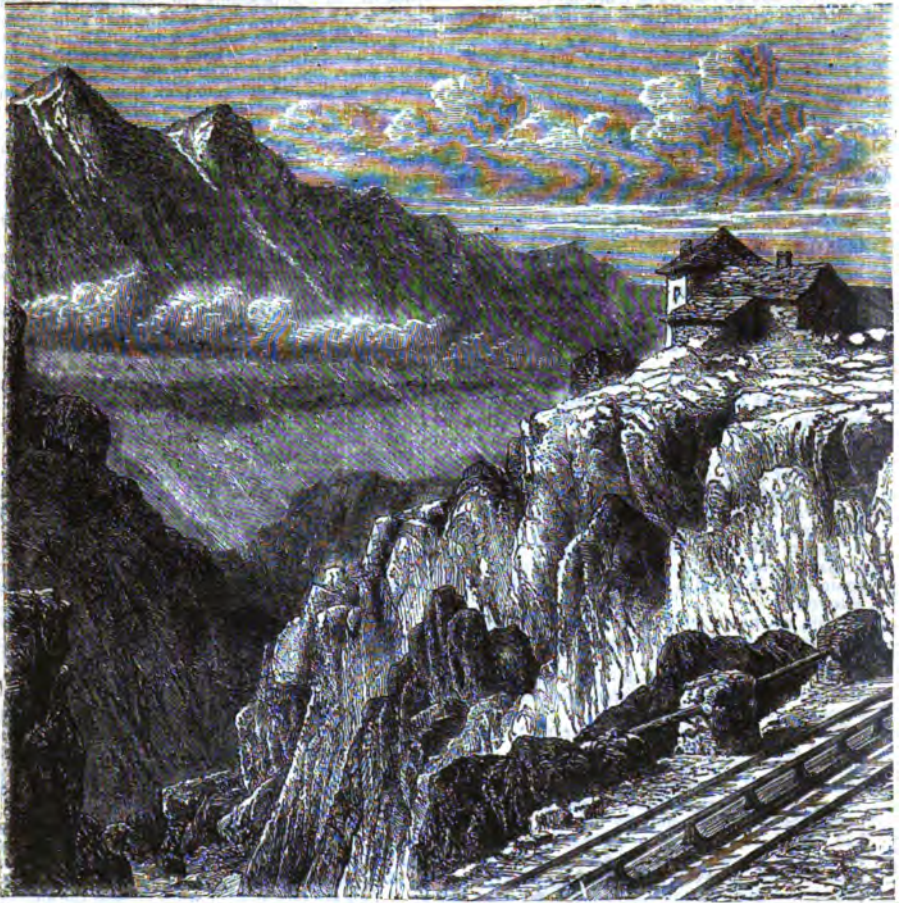
By the time the sun was up, the last stack was only a low, smoking, smouldering heap of black ashes. They had evidently all been fired very nearly at the same time. The neighboring woods and fields had been promptly and thoroughly searched by Ralph's friends, and his own voice, in counsel or direction, was soon heard ringing out as clear, as firm, as full of manly common sense as usual.

If Ralph Conway had before stood high in the estimation of the men of Wilbur County, they were ready to marvel at him on the morning of the fire, and would have voted for him for anything in their gift. As for old Squire Hurd, he was already beginning to calculate what part of his own broad possessions he should pledge for money to help Marian's husband, for his respect and admiration knew no bounds.

Before noon all was quiet, and even the idlers had disappeared toward the village, or wherever



THE TREASURER'S WIFE.—"RALPH, DEAR, WHAT IS IN THIS LITTLE BOX I HAVE FOUND IN YOUR TRUNK? IT'S A WHITE POWDER OF SOME KIND."



/ VIEW ON MONT CENIS RAILROAD—DOWN GRADE TO THE PLAIN OF ST. NICHOLAS.—SEE PAGE 91.

else their dinners awaited them. Ralph had saddled his horse, and now stood by the gateway, ready to mount.

"Ralph," said Marian, "it seems as if I never loved you so before! I never dreamed how truly brave a man could be. Don't be cast down, Ralph, dear."

"Do I look cast down?" asked he; and as her blue eyes searched his pale, stern face, they found an expression there which they had never noted before—a look they did not like to see, but that was *not* downcast.

"No, Ralph. But I know this is hard. What shall we do about the mortgage?"

"That is what I must care for. There are two things pulling at my heart. One is the necessity of getting ready for old Gardner day after tomorrow, and the other is my desire of revenge on the men who have ruined me."

"Not ruined, Ralph—I am sure of that. Our good name cannot be harmed by mere misfortune, and as long as we have that we are not ruined."

A bitter smile flashed across the face of her husband; but it passed, and then he stooped and kissed her, sprang upon his horse, and galloped away toward the village.

Marian stood and gazed after him for a moment, and then, as she turned to re-enter the house, a

sad, proud, loving smile arose in her face, for that man, whom disaster seemed powerless to shake, was her husband!

Ralph knew that every "officer of the law," and every available deputy, was that day fruitlessly spurring it over distant roads and across lonely prairies, after burglars and incendiaries, and perhaps he was, therefore, little surprised that before he got to town he was again joined by the dark, ruffianly and threatening horsemen. The young man's face grew set and white as he once more recognised his enemy.

"Are you not gone yet?"

"No, not yet," said the stranger, coldly.

"Are you not satisfied?"

"We reckon it's about time you learned that it won't do for you to trifle with Bill and me. What made you take away the county funds?"

"I left you your share," said Ralph.

"That ain't fair. You didn't work fair with us, and so we won't let ye up."

"I found that out last night."

"Reckon ye did. Are ye ready to come to terms now, or do ye want more?"

"What terms do you want?" asked Ralph.

"We don't care for so much more of the money. A little, added to these two hauls, 'll go far toward takin' both on us whar we like it better."

"Will you go then, and leave me?"

"We'll take the old oath on it, an' you know Bill and me'll keep that."

"Well, then, we're near the village now; but if I can't see you on my way back, I will before the moon rises."

The stranger wheeled his horse, and rode away as mysteriously as he had come; but Ralph's air and manner, as he rode onward into the village, seemed rapidly to undergo a change. Even in another sharp encounter with the old man Gardner—which surely awaited and came upon him—he was as frank and easy, and as sure of meeting the mortgage on the day, as if his wheat had never been burned. There were letters also awaiting him, and when he had finished them, and parried, and baffled and out-talked the scores of his almost too friendly visitors, he again mounted his horse, and rode for home.

CHAPTER V.

GREAT was Marian's delight, that day, when her husband, on his return, informed her that he thought he had made arrangements which would enable him to at least shift upon the future the burthen of the mortgage, and she was quite contented that his explanations went very little further. He would tell her all about it, he said, next day.

"Sorry for it, Marian," he added, "but I must go back to town by dark, and I may not be home again until it is quite late. You won't be afraid, will you?"

"Oh, no, not a bit," said Marian. "And you won't stay later than is necessary, I know. Will you, dear?"

The affectionate question was stopped with a kiss, and the setting sun saw Ralph Conway once more on his way to the village.

The door of the County Treasurer's office was locked against all comers that evening, but the light from within streamed through the dingy windows until long after midnight.

Meanwhile Marian Conway sat alone in her home, made doubly lonely by the thought of what had happened; and yet, as she gazed out through the open window upon the now desolate-seeming field beyond, the very sight brought to her heart proud thoughts of the brave husband who had borne that loss so well. It was drawing toward nine o'clock, and Marian was wondering if Ralph's business would detain him much later, when a strong thrill of fear suddenly shot through her frame; and as she turned her eyes back again upon the dusky room behind her, she became terribly aware of the fact that it contained other beings besides herself. Dark, shadowy, silent, the forms of three tall men had glided noiselessly into the house, and so absorbed had Marian been in her deep reverie of her husband, she had not even *felt* their presence, as now she did, until they stood in the room, and but a few paces behind her chair. She did not scream—she could not—and a deep, harsh, croaking voice bade her "keep still, and no harm should come to her."

One of the three stood close by Marian's chair, as if to ensure her quiescence, while the other two began a rapid search of the house, as if for some object of whose presence they were already sure. In a very few moments more, Ralph's trunk was dragged into the middle of the room, and its lock snapped like a toy under tools of the robbers.

Marian looked on, in an agony that grew deeper and more intense with every instant; but, although every nerve in her body writhed and quivered, she thought of her husband, and was silent—silent, but her heart seemed to gather new power from her terrible experiment; and not only did she see the rough and hairy hands grope for and lift from

the trunk the precious packages of bills whose absence on his return would be like ruin, indeed, to Ralph, but she saw that one small white box, with its cover tightly tied, had been cast out upon the floor, and had rolled to her very feet. Even then she did not stoop to pick it up, but the skirt of her dress seemed to move forward and over it of its own accord.

And now the same harsh, croaking voice that had first spoken, broke out in a rough semblance of mirth, and said, between its bursts of unseemly laughter:

"Bill, my boy, I reckon Ralph Conway'll think we mean biz this time. Haul out yer flask, will yer?"—an' if the missus'll hand us some glasses, we'll be polite, and drink her health before we break up our visit."

Loud and grating was the laughter, and rapid as lightning was Marian's motion toward the box at her feet as she was rising to obey the call. The light that came in at the window was dim, but it was sufficient, and Marian was glad there was no more.

It took but a moment to get three tumblers from the cupboard—Marian would hardly have thought she could have been so quick—and then she saw the man called Bill lift up one glass after another between him and the window, and half-fill it with the contents of a large flask which he had drawn from his pocket.

"Now, boys, ready!" croaked the voice.

"Then here's the health of Ralph Conway and his wife, and a good crop of wheat to 'em next year!"

Even in that gloom, Marian could see the glasses meet the hairy lips, all above which was hidden in the black cloth masks the men had on; but she dared to see no more, for *the box in her hand was empty*, and the horror of it seemed to give her wings as she turned and fled away into the night.

A confused sound of human voices, expressing she knew not what, followed hoarsely behind her; but Marian noted nothing more until she found herself knocking at the door of her own father's house, two miles away.

A little after midnight, the sheriff of Wilbur County, as he rode down the village street, was hailed by the voice of Ralph Conway in a hearty "Good-night."

"You are late at your work?" said the sheriff.

"Yes; but I'm for home now," said Ralph, and with that he spurred away.

At the rate he rode, it required but few minutes to bring Ralph within sight of his own homestead, and he found it strangely alight, as if there was company in every room.

"I reckoned they'd be there by this time!" he muttered, to himself, as he reined in his horse; "and there's old Squire Hurd at the door—and Marion! Well, I'm a free man now, and I'll be a true one—but it was a near thing. I was bad all over, for the time, and I deserved it as much as they did. I'd have got it, too, if I hadn't seen Marian stoop for that box. It made quick work of those fellows. Awful!"

And now he was at his home; and then, as Marian threw her arms around his neck, she sobbed:

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph!—I did it for you! It seemed so hard to have you suffer any more. I didn't mean to be wicked."

Then followed a rapid recital of the events of the evening. Squire Hurd had not ventured to come over until he had summoned armed and stalwart company from the neighborhood, and they all agreed that the wonder was that the third robber had not shared the fate of his comrades.

"Perhaps he didn't drink," said Ralph.

"I'm glad!—oh, I'm so glad!—that he didn't! It's all terrible!" sobbed Marian.

"Yes, Marian," said Ralph; "but these are doubtless the same gang that robbed the bank, and the office, and that burned the wheat. They would have ruined me if they had not been stopped. Now we shall have no more of them."

"Never mind, Marian!" here exclaimed her father; "I'll pay old Gardner's mortgage. It sha'n't be said that everything's agin ye. Only look out you don't ever take it into yer head to pisen yer husband."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Marian; and Ralph Conway's face turned deadly pale, but he caught Marian in his arms, and exclaimed:

"We won't have any more white powders, nor county money, nor any such bad work, in our house ever again!"

There was a strange and a terrible temptation; and, though there had been evil as well as good in the heart of both husband and wife, who shall judge Marian's passionate impulse, or the weakness of Ralph Conway's desperation?

Mont Cenis Railroad—Descent of St. Nicholas Plain.

THE Mont Cenis Railroad and its famous tunnel stand among the great engineering works of the Nineteenth Century, incidents in the history of the new kingdom of steam. Once applied to travel, steam has compelled revolutions in all departments. Telegraphs came—mountains are levelled, or pierced—valleys boldly crossed by almost aerial bridges.

What would the ages past have thought of an iron road over Mont Cenis, much more through it? The bleak scene shows a station far above vegetation, with nought in view but bleak rock and snow, and ice. The road is peculiar, as are the locomotives and cars. The ordinary brake would be of little avail in descending such a slope. The centre rail is part of the machinery for making the downward career moderate, as well as for aiding the engine to secure its upward course.

Mr. Fell is the engineer who triumphed over all obstacles, by establishing a satisfactory system for this road from St. Michel to Suze, as a preliminary to serve travellers until the tunnel should be completed, a work now happily accomplished.

Four Years of Independence.

HARRY WARREN at twenty-three was in my girlish eyes perfection; but in justice to myself be it known that he never mistrusted the fact until it was proper I should confess it. Just before he left for India, he took me aside into the little bay-window of the library.

"Winnie," said he (my name was Winifred Cole), "here is a ring which I wish you would wear while I am gone," and his large brown eyes looked down into mine with a strange, intense gaze which I scarcely dared interpret, but which prevented my making any reply. "Well," he continued, after a moment's tender scrutiny, which I fear I endured very awkwardly, for I was hesitating between a strong desire to run away and a still stronger one to remain, "am I to put it on?"

How he knew that I meant "Yes" is more than I can imagine, for I answered never a word; but certain it is he put the glittering *solitaire* on my willing hand, and then, drawing me close, kissed me tenderly. After that, everything was understood between us, and it was settled that in three years he was to return and claim me as his wife.

After his departure everything went on smoothly for a few months, then father was taken ill, and, after a short but very painful sickness, died,

leaving me at seventeen in the same position as have been left thousands of others—with youth, beauty, and health, but nothing more. His enormous wealth had been invested in a speculation, which he should have withdrawn it from, doubled, had he not been prostrate at the critical moment when his attention was most needed. So I, his only daughter, was left penniless.

In theory, I was independently original. I had always condemned the overstrained ideas of educated women, who starved at teaching and embroidery when they might be comfortable at bed-making, and had insisted that, were I dependent on my own resources, I should throw such *pseudo*-genteel ideas to the wind. Here was an opportunity for putting my preaching into practice, and I discovered how much easier it is for one to talk than act.

Before I could make up my mind to pursue the course I had always advocated, I tried to hunt up some compromise. Although a good musician, I knew music-teachers were a drug in the market. My voice was remarkably fine, as I knew from competent judges; but a public singer I would not be, and in no other capacity would it avail me. I was a good linguist, but had no talent for imparting knowledge, even had this field not been filled to overflowing; and so, after enumerating all my accomplishments, I found none which would actually afford me subsistence. My one talent was a domestic one. I could sweep, dust, wash dishes, and cook equal to any professional in the country. Father used to laugh over this faculty of mine, and declare it incompatible with my social position. I fairly used to envy the maids their duties. Now I had an opportunity of vitalising past principles, and resolutely putting down what I denominated "false pride," I proceeded to avail myself of it.

In the first place, I wrote Harry, telling him my present position, future prospects, and where to address his letters until future notice; then packed up my plainest, most useful articles of clothing, and started for the "Great Metropolis." My moral courage wasn't sufficient to allow me to begin my social warfare among my friends and associates.

The day after my arrival in the city, I stood before a palatial stone mansion, the mistress of which had advertised for a chambermaid and waitress. I was ascending the stoop, but remembering when half way up, retraced my steps, rang at the area-bell, and was soon seated in the dining-room, awaiting Mrs. Fanshawe's entrance. After a tedious while she came—a haughty, handsome woman, who, with a supercilious nod, began:

"You came in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes, madame," I answered, very foolishly indignant at her assumption of superiority.

Something in my tone made her look up. She had scarcely glanced at me before, and she was evidently surprised at my appearance. I was dressed plainly in a dark cloth walking-suit, and mink furs (I had disposed of my sable set), but suppose that even then I scarcely resembled the majority of servants. After a stare, which, from any one else, the lady would have deemed unbearably impertinent, she asked:

"Where did you live last?"

"In Massachusetts, madame."

"What is your name?"

"Winifred Cole."

"Have you a reference from your last place?"

"No, madame; I came away because there was no one left to serve!" and here my voice grew husky; but I cleared it instantly, and proceeded. "Here is a letter from the Reverend Mr. ——" naming a prominent Boston clergyman, an intimate friend of father's, who was just enough of a fanatic to admire my ideas on the self-supporting

subject, and who had written, at my dictation, what is vulgarly termed a "recommend."

She read it through carefully, scrutinised me again with the most unblushing effrontery, and concluded by accepting my humble services, a month, on trial. I began my new life the next morning. My position with the other girls shaped itself. I was of a different order, and they understood it. I never meddled with their affairs, was always willing to render them any assistance, and we got on far more amicably than would have been expected. Mrs. Fanshawe was a very overbearing woman, but her daughter Virginia—a young lady some year or so older than myself—was infinitely worse.

I remember, at dinner, on the first day of my menial experience, her eye caught the flash of the diamond Harry had given me. It was a superb affair, worth probably thousands of dollars, although I had never been interested in its intrinsic value, and she made several excuses to get me near, in order that she might examine it. I had put away all my other jewels, knowing full well they were not becoming my position; but that ring I would not remove, but clung to it in a kind of superstition. After that night, however, I removed it from my finger, and wore it on a ribbon out of sight.

But to return to my story. As I was leaving the dining-room for hot water, I heard her murmur some slur concerning the ring, and knew that she was my enemy. She possessed one of those petty minds which conceive it an insult that any one beneath her in the moneyed or social scale should possess anything she herself might desire.

Well, time went on in this way, and never a word did I hear from Harry. The place where I had directed him to write had not been visited by a single letter, and in desperation, I wrote him again. Months passed, but I received no answer, and finally, with a dull, dead pain at my heart I would not analyse, I decided that his aristocratic prejudices (for Harry was a born aristocrat) were more than equal to his love, and tried to drive the matter from my mind and heart. Not an easy task! for such a course was so utterly different from his straightforward way of settling things, that it puzzled me continually.

In the meantime my daily life was not of the happiest. Virginia Fanshawe was a petty tyrant; but insignificant insects are capable of occasioning one great discomfort, and on this principle she annoyed me excessively. One morning I was dusting the music-room, where little Bertha (who was very different from her mother and sister) sat practicing; a difficult trill occasioned her a deal of impatience. I saw what the difficulty was, and desirous of helping the child, who was momentarily expecting her imperious master, explained the passage, illustrating how it should be played. She was very grateful, and after that, when in any trouble of the kind, would come to me for advice. With a child's quick intuitions, she understood that it was not a matter to be bratted about, so none of her relatives knew aught of my musical knowledge. One day she came to me in great distress. Herr Carlo had given her a new piece; she had played it over and over again, but could not succeed in eliciting either melody or expression, and he was coming that morning, and wouldn't I please play it for her? Mother and Virginia were out shopping, so I need not fear intrusion. I pitied the child, and leaving the hanging-basket I had been trimming, went with her into the music-room, and ran over the most intricate parts of her new lesson.

"Now play something for me," urged the little temptress; and, nothing loth, I took up the Letter-song from "La Perichole," and sang it through. At the close, I was greeted with applause, too

boisterous, as I knew, to have emanated from Bertha's tiny hands, and turning, I confronted her dark-faced German teacher.

"Wonderful!" said he, with a face which evinced genuine appreciation. "Mees Bertha, will you introduce me to this young lady?"

Bertha laughed with a child's freedom from embarrassment.

"Oh, this is Winifred, our chambermaid!"

His astonishment found vent in a very suggestive whistle; then he said, petulantly:

"Why are you a chambermaid? With a voice like that, you can make your fortune anywhere."

Bertha was listening with all intentness, and not caring to have my remarks reported to the household, I answered in German. At this his eyes opened still wider, and he had just begun a vehement protestation, when the door opened, and in walked—Mrs. Fanshawe and daughter.

"Upon my word!" began Miss Virginia, with an expression which might have been excusable. The situation was rather astonishing. There I sat on the piano-stool, listening to Herr Carlo's excited talk, of which neither of the others could understand a word. I rose, and would have passed from the room, but he interrupted me.

"No," said he, "stay!" and then, turning to Mrs. Fanshawe, he commenced an excited onslaught in his broken English. She did not understand, that was plain, so I volunteered to interpret.

"Mrs. Fanshawe, I was singing for your daughter, when Herr Carlo entered. He has done me the honor to admire my voice, and wonders I work in the capacity of servant when I might be wealthy and honored in a public way;" and without heeding Herr Carlo's interrupting gesture, I walked from the room.

What they said after my departure, I do not know; but I was not dismissed—probably owing to Miss Virginia Fanshawe. She feared that by turning me away, they would fairly drive me into fame and fortune, and so contented herself with petty persecutions.

Thus four years passed by. I should not have remained, had it not been for a lingering hope that some day Harry would return and seek me out. He was the only one of all my friends whom I had informed as to my residence and real position. My relatives, on either my father's or mother's side, were wealthy, contracted people, who would have given me a home, but would condemn bitterly any such step as I had taken, so I mercifully kept them in ignorance, although, to do them justice, they tried perseveringly to discover my whereabouts.

One morning, Mrs. Fanshawe and daughter came to a late breakfast. They had been to a ball the night before, and were talking it over. I stood behind the elier lady's chair, as she began, languidly:

"Well, Virginia, your last conquest is decidedly a desirable one."

The young lady smiled (I may have omitted to mention that she was beautiful).

"Yes, indeed; they say he is immensely wealthy, and no one can dispute his personal attractions. I have invited him to call."

"That is right," said Mrs. Fanshawe, approvingly. "Your father knows all about him. He is worth probably two millions, and has the finest estate in Massachusetts. They call it Warrenville. He has lately enlarged it by purchasing the beautiful Cole Place, which was just adjoining, you know. General Cole died intestate."

"Yes," said Virginia, absently; "I have heard something about it."

I felt myself trembling from head to foot, and the cup of coffee which I was passing slopped over into the saucer.

"You are very careless," said the young--

lady, irritably. They did not notice my agitation, and I was thankful; but after that, my life was a continual fever.

Harry Warren came twice, but never asked for me, and my cup of bitterness was full. After his first call, I "gave warning"; but before the expiration of my month, I heard that he was coming to dine. I received accidental information of this upon the morning of the day he had arranged to come. What to do I did not know. To carry out my independent ideas in a fitting manner, I should have waited upon him as upon other guests; but this I could not do, and in despair, I turned to the good-hearted Hibernian who sometimes acted as my assistant.

"Mary," said I, "will you wait upon the table for me to night?"

"Shure," she replied, in astonishment, "and Misthress Fanshawe would be afther me with a long stick."

I coaxed and argued, told her that the lady would scarcely reprimand her before a guest, and that afterward I would explain matters satisfactorily, and finally succeeded in gaining the girl's consent.

Evening came, and with it Harry. Trembling like a culprit, I sat in the kitchen, while my ally attended my duties. I could hear the dining-room conversation between the clattering of the dishes.

"So you have bought the Cole estate?" asked Mr. Fanshawe. "It was very valuable—was it not?" (This was a genteel way of discovering how much was paid for it.)

"Yes," answered Harry, quietly. "General Cole spent the best years of his life in improving and experimenting on his home, and made it one of the most beautiful spots in the United States."

"Did he really die so poor as has been reported?" pursued his inquisitor, mercilessly.

"At the time of his death he was a poor man. He had invested his whole fortune in — stock, and being taken sick at the time a withdrawal would have been profitable, lost apparently all. After his death, the affair was put into the hands of lawyers, his only heir being a daughter" (here his voice trembled), "who had no understanding of the position. They were negligent, and allowed the thing to remain in a quiescent state until the stock has come up again, and the enormous amount he invested is more than doubled."

The merchant listened to this story attentively. "Lucky girl—his daughter! How old did you say she is?"

"Twenty-one probably now," answered Harry. "She was sixteen when I last saw her. I started from India immediately upon hearing of her father's illness; but when I reached here, he was dead and buried, and she had gone. A person answering to her description was known to have sailed on the *Cleopatra*; but, you know, the vessel was burnt at sea, and I suppose she, with the rest, went down;" and here Harry, whose voice was unusually husky, swallowed his coffee, and would have changed the conversation; but Mr. Fanshawe was one of the men who must know the whys and wherefores of everything.

"But," he persisted, "what would the girl do that for? She had relatives here. Why should she start off in that steamer?"

It was evident that Harry was getting desperate. "Because," said he, in ringing tones, "I happened to be nearer to her than any of her relatives. I think she was on her way to me."

After that, there was an embarrassed pause, and in a few moments they adjourned to the parlors. All was plain to me then. He had started from India before the arrival of my letters, and consequently, never received them. The idea of going to him in my trouble had never occurred to

me, and I wept hysterically at thought of the nobility he had ceded me which I did not possess.

Good-hearted Mary looked at me in unfeigned perplexity.

"Mary," said I at last, realising that I must see him as soon as possible, "will you take a note up to Mr. Warren for me?"

"No! no!" she answered. "Mrs. Fanshawe could be afther killing me now, as it is."

"Well, you need not fear Mrs. Fanshawe. I will promise you a place worth ten of this. You shall live with me;" and here I cried again. Mary crossed herself devoutly; she evidently believed me mad, and I continued: "You heard them talking about that rich young lady whom Mr. Warren thought was drowned?"

"Shure an' I did!"

"Well, that was me! I am Winifred Cole, you know."

"Give me the note!" said the girl, excitedly, taking in the whole thing.

Very hurriedly, I wrote:

"I am not drowned. Come downstairs, to
"WINNIE."

Mary ran upstairs like lightning, entered the parlor with a sturdy step, and advanced to Harry. I stood by the dining-room mantel, and waited events. In less than two seconds' time I heard a quick step descending the stairs, and in a very little second more I was clasped close in the darling's arms. The Fanshawe family followed upon his heels. They evidently thought the house on fire; but their fearful faces changed most forbiddingly upon perceiving the tableau which greeted their astonished gaze. However, Harry explained it all to their satisfaction, and to-day the Fanshawes are among my would-be friends. I went out to a little parsonage that evening, though, and changed my name. Harry thought I'd been independent long enough, and so did I.

Curious Facts.

TOADS are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. He asserts that he saw these two worms. A beetle of the species called *capricorn* was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Province*, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in, or received it. Misson, in his travels through Italy, mentions a cray-fish that was found alive in the midst of a mass of marble in the environs of Tivoli. M. Peyssonel, king's physician at Guadeloupe, having ordered a pit to be dug at the back of his house, was told by the workmen that live frogs were found by them in beds of petrification. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rock and petrifications, and drew out green frogs, which were alive and exactly similar to what we see every day.

The Two Angels.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TWO ANGELS, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses heaved with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way:
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy Beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatsoever He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial canopy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! if He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Murdoch's Rath.*

A FAIRY TALE.

PAT was as nice a boy as old Ireland holds; and clever at his trade he'd have been, if only he'd learned one. But he'd never had any parents to speak of, and they taught him nothing, so when he was come to years of discretion he earned his living by running errands for his neighbors. On market days he used to tramp to the town with commissions from country folk who couldn't spare time to go; and Pat could always be trusted to make the best of a bargain, and bring back all the change, for he was the soul of honesty and kindness.

It's no wonder then that he was beloved by every one, and got as much work as he could do, and if the pay had but fitted the work he'd have been comfortable too. But as it was, what he got wouldn't have kept him in shoe-leather, but for his making both ends meet by wearing his shoes in his pocket, except when he was in town, and obliged to look genteel for the credit of the place he came from.

Now Pat was as sober a boy as you'll meet with anywhere in the world, from Ballyhillin to Ken-

*Rath—a kind of moat; "a small circular meadow surrounded by a mound overgrown with furze bushes." Rathes are favorite spots with Irish fairies.

mare; but the best of us may be overtaken, and Pat bethought him afterward of a cup of tea that some one had given him, that had a taste through it that was neither sugar nor cream. This was on a market day that I am going to speak of, and when he started home in the evening, with his parcels all correct as usual, he never bethought him to take off his brogues, but tramped on as if shoe-leather were just made to be knocked to bits on the king's highway.

Well, everybody knows there are two ways home from the town; and that's not meaning the right way nor the wrong way, which my grandmother (rest her soul!) said there was to every place but one that it's not genteel to name. There could only be a wrong way *there*, she said. The two ways home from the town were the highway and the way by Murdoch's Rath.

Now Murdoch's Rath was a pleasant enough spot in the daytime, but not many persons cared to go by it when the sun was down. And in all the years Pat had been going backward or forward to the town, he had never come home except by the high road. But on this particular evening, when he came to the place where the two roads part, he got, as one may say, into a sort of confusion. And this was how it was. He knew, as well as any one, that he was a bit overtaken, and that it behoved him to take uncommon care, both of himself and what he carried; so says he to himself, "Halt!" says he (for his own uncle had been a soldier, and Pat knew the word of command). "The left turn is the right one," said he; "and what I'm meaning is, that the right turn is to the left." And he was going down the high road as straight as he could go, which was pretty steadily, considering the rules, when suddenly he bethought himself, "And what am I doing?" says he; "Mother Martin's strouge tea is to be the ruin of me, that's clear. This was my left hand going to town, and how in the name of good luck could it be my left going back, considering that I've turned round? It's well that I looked into it in time," says he. And he went off as fast down the other road as he had started down that.

Well, the road was only a lane, and a rough and narrow one, and Pat got along but badly. But he was a good-humored soul, and when he tumbled first against one hedge and then against the other, all that he said was, "There isn't far to fall." And when he caught his shoe on a stone, and fell with his face in the gripe of the ditch, he said, "I assure your honor it's my head's to blame, though it looks to be my feet," for Pat knew his own meaning at the worst of times, and had as much reason in him as any man in Ireland.

Now, as good luck would have it, there had been some rain lately, and Pat's face was in the water, and this was how he came out of it as sober as if Mother Martin's tea had never passed his lips. And after that he got on bravely, though he could not bethink himself which part of the road he was in; and all of a sudden the moon shone out as bright as day, and Pat found himself in Murdoch's Rath. But that was the smallest part of the wonder; for the Rath was full of fairies.

When Pat got in they were dancing round and round till Pat's feet tingled to look at them, for he was a good dancer himself. And as he sat down on the side of the Rath, and snapped his fingers to mark the time, the dancing stopped, and a little man in a black hat and a green coat, with white stockings, and red shoes on his feet, comes up to Pat.

"Won't your honor take a turn with us?" says he, bowing till he nearly touched the ground. And, indeed, he had not far to go, for he was barely two feet high.

"Don't say it twice, sir," says Pat. "It's myself will be proud to have a twirl wid ye;" and

before you could look round, there was Pat in the circle dancing away for the dear life.

At first his feet felt like feathers for lightness, and it seemed as if he could have gone on for ever. At last, however, he grew tired, and would have liked to stop, but the fairies would not, and so they danced on and on. Pat tried to think of something good to say, that he might free himself from the spell, but all he could think of was:

"A dozen banks of gray yarn for Mistress Murphy.

Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor.
"Half an ounce of throat-drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of black pepper for his house-keeper."

For these were what he had gone to town to fetch, and he ran over them in his mind as he came along, to be sure they were all right; and he could think of nothing else. And it seemed to Pat that the moon was on the one side of the Rath when they began to dance, and on the other when they left off; but he could not be sure after all that going round. One thing was plain enough. He had danced every bit of leather off the soles of his feet, and they were blistered so that he could hardly stand; but all the little folk did was to stand and hold their sides with laughing at him.

At last the one who had spoken to him before stepped up and said:

"Don't break your heart about it, Pat," says he; "I'll lend you my own shoes till the morning, for you seem to be a good-natured sort of a boy."

Well, Pat looked at the fairy's shoes, that were the size of a baby's, and he looked at his own feet; but not wishing to be uncivil, he says:

"It's kindly obliged that I am to you, sir," says he. "And if your honor'd be good enough to put them on for me, maybe you wouldn't spoil the shape." For he thought to himself, "Small blame to me if the little gentleman can't get them to fit."

With which he sat down on the side of the Rath, and the fairy fitted on the shoes for him. But no sooner did they touch Pat's feet, than they became altogether a convenient size, and fitted him like wax. And more than that, when he stood up, he didn't feel his blisters at all, at all.

"Bring 'em back to the Rath at sunrise, Pat, my boy," says the little man.

And as Pat was climbing over the ditch, "Look round, Pat," says he. And when Pat looked round, there were jewels and pearls lying at the roots of the furze-bushes on the ditch, as thick as peas.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye, Pat?" says the fairy man.

"Sure, I've learned manners," says Pat. "Would you have me help myself before company? I'll take what your honor pleases to give me, and be thankful."

The fairy man picked a lot of yellow furze-blossoms from the bushes, and filled Pat's pockets.

"Keep 'em for love, Pat, dear," says he.

Pat would have liked some of the jewels, but he put the blossoms by for love.

"Good-evening to your honor," says he.

"And where are you going, Pat, my boy?" says the fairy man.

"I'm going home," says Pat. And if the fairy man didn't know where that was, small blame to him.

"Just let me dust them shoes for ye, Pat," says the fairy man. And as Pat lifted up each foot he breathed on it, and dusted it with the tail of his green coat. "Home!" says he, and when he let go, Pat was at his own doorstep before he could look round, and his parcels safe and sound with him.

Next morning he was up with the ann, and car-

ried the fairy man's shoes back to the Rath. As he came up, the little man looked over the ditch.

"Good-morning to your honor," says Pat; "here's your shoes."

"You're an honest boy, Pat," says the little gentleman. "It's inconvenienced I am without them, for I have but the one pair. Have you looked at them flowers this morning, Pat, dear?" he says.

"No, I've not, sir," says Pat; "I'd be loth to deceive you. I came off as soon as I was up."

"Be sure to look when you get back, Pat," says the fairy man, "and good luck to you."

With which he disappeared, and Pat went home. He looked for the furze-blossoms, as the fairy man had told him, and had luck to him if they weren't all pure gold pieces.

Well, now Pat was so rich, he went to the shoemaker to order another pair of brogues, and being a kindly, gossiping boy, the shoemaker soon learned the whole story of the fairy man and the Rath. And this so stirred up the shoemaker's greed, that he resolved to go the very next night himself, to see if he could not dance with the fairies, and have like luck.

He found his way to the Rath all correct, and sure enough the fairies were dancing, and asked him to join. He danced the soles off his feet, as Pat had done, and the fairy man lent him his shoes, and sent him home in a twinkling. As he was going over the ditch, he looked round, and saw the roots of the furze-bushes glowing with precious stones as if they had been glow-worms.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye?" said the fairy man.

"I'll help myself," said the cobbler, for he thought—"If I can't get more than Pat brought home, my fingers are stiffer than I thought."

So he drove his hand into the bushes, and if he didn't get plenty, it wasn't for the want of grasping.

When he got up in the morning, he went straight to the jewels. But nothing was to be seen but broken bits of mud.

"I ought not to have looked till I'd been to the Rath," said he. "It's best to do all in due order."

But he had made up his mind not to return the fairy man's shoes.

"Who knows what power lies in them?" said he.

So he made a small pair of red leather shoes, as like them as could be, and he blacked the others upon his feet, so that the fairies might not know them, and at sunrise he went to the Rath.

The fairy man was looking over the ditch, as before.

"Good-morning to you," said he.

"The top of the morning to you, sir," said the cobbler; "here's your shoes." And he handed him the pair that he had made, with a face as grave as a judge.

The fairy man looked at them, but he said nothing, though he did not put them on.

"Have you looked at the things you got last night?" says he.

"I'll not deceive you, sir," says the cobbler. "I came off as soon as I was up. I've not cast an eye upon them."

"Be sure to look when you get back," says the fairy man. And just as the cobbler was getting over the ditch to go home, he says:

"If my eyes don't deceive me," says he, "there's the least taste in life of dirt on your left shoe. Let me dust it with the tail of my coat."

"That means home in a twinkling," thought the cobbler, and he held up his foot.

The fairy man dusted it, and muttered something that the cobbler did not hear. Then, "Sure," says he, "it's them dirty pastures that you've come through. But the other shoe's as bad."

So the cobbler held up his right foot, and the fairy men rubbed that with the tail of his green coat. When it was done, the cobbler's feet seemed to tingle, and then to itch, and then to smart, and then to burn. And at last he began to dance, and he danced all round the Rath (the fairy man laughing and holding his sides), and then round and round again. And he danced till he cried out with weariness, and tried to shake the shoes off. But they stuck fast, and the fairies drove him over the ditch, and through the prickly furze-bushes, and he danced away.

Where he danced to, I cannot tell. Whether he ever got rid of the fairy shoes, I do not know. The jewels never were more than bits of mud, and

they were swept out when his cabin was cleaned, which was not very soon, you may be sure.

All this is long ago; but there are those who will say that the covetous cobbler dances still, between sunset and sunrise, round Murdoch's Rath.

Home.—He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasures of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own.



THE TWO ANGELS.—BY LONGFELLOW.—SEE PAGE 94.



THE FIFTH CARBINERO; OR, MANCINI'S DANGER.—“HE SURPRISED THE SPANIARD BY A SUDDEN ONSET WITH UPLIFTED CANE, AND WITH A WELL-DIRECTED, MERCILESS BLOW, STRETCHED THE FELLOW ON THE HARD STONE PAVEMENT.”

The Fifth Carbinero; or, Mancini's Danger.

At half after eleven on a sultry September evening, more than twenty years ago, hundreds of delighted men, women and children were pouring into the street from the main entrance of a popular theatre in great London. In the vestibules and on stairways the melodies of “Il Trovatore,”

which had been rendered on that occasion with unusual effort, were rehearsed in undertone by spectacled professors and ambitious amateurs, while the talkative girls of the period murmured the praises of their favorite of the stage in extravagant little speeches, consisting mainly of such phrases as “perfectly splendid!” “really grand!” “most charming!” “so sweet!” etc., all referring to the popular tenor, Mancini, who, at about the same time, left the theatre by the stage-door.

thinking of the vexations of artist-life, rather than of its triumphs, although his fine efforts had been rewarded by round upon round of enthusiastic applause scarcely a half-hour before. He possessed, in addition to his fine voice, the outer advantages of a good figure, and a handsome head, with regular features and an abundance of dark hair. His prepossessing appearance and pleasing address obtained for him the *entrée* to very desirable circles; yet, strange to say, he shunned society, and the excellent qualities of his heart and mind were almost unknown. We may add that Mancini was still young and unmarried.

Lighting a cigar, he walked off leisurely, and at the first corner turned into a lonely back street where the long lines of silent warehouses on either side are broken by numbers of dirty alley-ways, leading to the homes of the miserable children of poverty and shame, the dens of thieves, the lurking-places of murderers. Here and there a red light in a cellar-window invited the wretched to drown sorrow with sense in villainous compounds of poison and filth. Heavy were the shadows in this narrow thoroughfare, and miasmatic vapors, distilled in the stagnant gutters, and from heaps of decomposing garbage in the street, slowly ascended toward a pure heaven, assuming spectral shapes in the uncertain flickerings from the dingy city lamps. Swarms of bold and vicious rats harvested these unwholesome sweepings, crossing and recrossing the sidewalk, entirely heedless of the presence of man, who recoiled from the slimy vermin with infinite disgust, suffering them to pass unmolested to their underground retreats. The tenor stopped a moment to hear a chorus of drunken sailors in a basement groggery, where the foolish seamen were alternately singing, fighting and swilling gin; and then he walked on more briskly, involuntarily tightening his fingers upon his heavy walking-stick, as the boisterous refrain of the vulgar "chant" rang out on the pestilential air. Soon, however, he stepped into a court to relight his cigar, and was searching in vain for a dry spot whereon to strike a match, when he was startled by a woman's sharp cry of terror, as she passed by on the street, running wildly, and immediately after the gruff tones of a man in hot pursuit. Somewhat excited, the gallant Italian crushed the cigar between his teeth, and followed the pair with tremendous and rapid strides, favored by his long, supple limbs and healthy lungs. Guided by the screams of the woman, he gained upon them every instant, in spite of innumerable stumblings over displaced bricks and projecting door-steps. As soon as he found himself in advance of the man, he turned short upon him, and gripped him by the arms, upon which the fellow swore horribly, with a strange medley of Spanish and English oaths. He was short and thickset, with sallow complexion, and snaky-black hair, which but half-concealed the heavy rings of gold worn in his ears. With a desperate wrench, he tore himself from his unexpected antagonist, and retreating a few steps, drew the Spanish bravo's usual weapon—a long, dexter stiletto.

Mancini slightly shuddered at sight of the flashing blade, but nerved with terrible indignation, he surprised the Spaniard by a sudden onset with uplifted cane, and with a well-directed, merciless blow, stretched the fellow on the hard stone pavement, then immediately threw himself upon the prostrate form, to make sure the victory; but the ruffian was already senseless, perhaps dead, so the fortunate singer secured the glittering stiletto, thankful that it had not been sheathed in his own body, and leaving its owner to the tender mercies of the creatures of the night, he turned to look for the poor woman, who had fallen, exhausted, upon the broad platform at a warehouse-door.

He soon found her, and as he lifted the fragile

form in his strong arms, with surprise he noted the delicate and interesting features of a face—beautiful even in its deathly pallor. Remembering the gay party in the green-room of the theatre, assembled there to discuss a case of wine, he hastily proceeded in that direction, while the lovely head lay on his shoulder, and the strong breeze wrapped the long, silken hair about his neck.

Arrived at the theatre, he kicked open the door, and hearing the clink of glasses at the table, he conveyed his charge to the ladies' dressing-rooms, and knocked imperatively at the first door, which was immediately opened by Madame Brouille, the *contralto*—a lovely woman from the south of France. She was dressed for the street, and had a roll of music in her hand.

"Why, signor!" she exclaimed. "What have you there?"

"A poor girl, who claims your sympathy, madame," responded Mancini; and entering the room *sans cérémonie*, he tenderly laid the inanimate form on a comfortable lounge. "Indeed, I do not know who she is," he continued, as he turned from the door. "I was fortunate enough to save her from the unwelcome attentions of the worst-looking scoundrel I have ever seen; and now she needs such services as a kind woman only can bestow."

Without further question the sensible lady dropped the music, threw aside her shawl, and, sinking upon her knees beside the helpless stranger, vigorously chafed the icy limbs, now studying the sweet face, so strikingly contrasted with the sad black dress, and then the soft, slender hand, with no rings on the tapering fingers, nor marks of industry.

When Mancini again entered, bringing a glass of wine, the girl was moaning with the pain of returning consciousness. Soon she opened her great brown eyes, and stared vacantly at the anxious face of the tenor, then slowly turned, and looked almost intelligently at Madame Brouille, whose sympathies were now fully aroused, and much expressed in the tender pressure of her gentle hands on the sufferer's pure forehead.

Suddenly the girl sat upright, placed both white arms around the good lady's neck, and in a low, musical tone, called her "mother," then sank back upon the cushions with a deep sigh of relief, and immediately fell asleep like a wearied child. Being now very much interested in Mancini's *protégée*, Madame Brouille proposed to take charge of her for the night, to which the tenor gratefully assented, so she was once more lifted in his strong arms, carefully wrapped in a thick shawl, and placed in a carriage awaiting the Brouilles at the door. Monsieur Brouille, a good-natured *buffo*, and the best of table-companions, was summoned, the matter explained to him, and then the carriage rolled away, while Mancini sauntered homeward, speculating deeply upon the strange events of the evening.

After a night of confused dreams, wherein he performed prodigies of valor in behalf of sundry ladies with oval faces, brown hair, and Venus-like forms, Mancini awoke for the twentieth time, just as the great bells of St. Paul announced nine o'clock. At ten he had breakfasted, and a few minutes later presented himself to Madame Brouille, who rose from the piano as he entered the neat little parlor, and advanced to receive him.

"I have most astonishing things to tell you," said she. "Dare not to interrupt me for full ten minutes."

"My dear madame, you shall have fifteen, if you will first inform me of the condition of my little girl."

"Your little girl, indeed!" cried the lady, with mock indignation. "Receive, Sir Knight, our

thanks for protection extended to our daughter—for you must know we have adopted her.”

“You have what?” asked Mancini, abruptly. “Pardon me, royal dame, I don’t think I understand you.”

“Then, listen to me. Two years ago an old musician called Henry Glover was one of the fine orchestras of that season at Drury Lane. He was wifeless, but had an only child—a beautiful daughter, just growing into womanhood, whom he taught to sing the melodies of the opera, accompanying her with his great double-bass. One year ago he died, and since then poor Helen has been singing on the street for subsistence, occasionally creeping into the theatre to learn a new air.”

“Ah! then she is—”

“Our Nelly,” said the lady, finishing his sentence. “And now you shall see her.”

So saying, she arose, noiselessly opened the door leading to her sitting-room, and, at the further end of the apartment, Mancini saw Helen Glover, a bright morning-wrapper in place of the soiled black dress of the previous night, the rich masses of hair tastefully arranged, and the warm color in her face added much to her attractiveness in the view of a fastidious gentleman; and then, at a word from Madame Brouille, she gracefully moved forward, and quietly expressed her gratitude, dropping her eyes, as two great tears escaped them.

Mancini exhibited the unaccountable nervousness of first love, and, instead of employing the kindly condescending speeches prepared for the occasion, he stammered a few commonplaces to the effect that he had done nothing at all worthy of notice—that it was always a pleasure to a gentleman to have the opportunity of being useful to a lady, etc., etc.; then he offered her a chair, and seated himself—with a table between them. Madame Brouille excused herself on some trifling plea, rolled her eyes expressively at Mancini, and disappeared.

When she returned, the young people were on better terms; the tenor was at the piano, and Helen was singing duets with him, her fresh, clear tones revealing much power and fair cultivation.

Swiftly flew the remaining hours of that morning, and all the mornings of a fortnight following, during which time Helen became much attached to the Brouilles, who, on their part, blessed the hour of her coming. Frequently she sang with the chorus at the theatre, and was considered a valuable addition.

* * * * *

The season was closed with a brilliant performance of “Fra Diavolo,” the cast embracing all the distinguished artists, besides a largely increased orchestra and chorus. The house was literally packed, from the seats behind the musicians to the knife-backed benches in the remotest corners of the gallery, where appreciative boys cracked peanuts and whistled their encores. Everything went smoothly, until near the close of the last act. Then the seizure of the brace of brigands, detected through their laughable mimicry of the maiden Zertina, produced a strange and startling revulsion of feeling—the comedy became tragedy. The despairing struggles of the unhappy bandits, who are compelled to betray their leader, were most effectively portrayed, and when the handsome Diavolo appeared in response to the solemn ringing of the hermitage-bell, while villagers and soldiers concealed themselves in the shrubbery, the excitement in the audience was most intense.

Never before had Mancini acted so powerfully. Inspired by the presence of Helen Glover, who was in the ranks of the chorus, and filled with a new enthusiasm for his art, he fairly outshone himself.

Like a king he advanced to the side of the remorse-stricken Giacomo, and when from the trees, the rocks, and the bushes, swarmed the carbineers, a score of glistening tubes leveled at his proud head, grandly he rose to his full impressive height, and menaced them with stern brow and flashing eyes, then, turning slowly, with a superb gesture of mingled hatred and contempt, he ascended the mountain-path.

At this point it was noticeable that instead of the usual detail of four carbineers, who in the incident of the drama follow the notorious cliffstain, five of the soldiers left the ranks, and the fifth was a stranger engaged for that evening only. However, as the slip could not interfere with the proper working of the scene, nobody recalled the fellow, and he copied the motions of those who preceded him, with a seeming desire to hide his error from the audience. Finally the last position was assumed—the richly picturesque costume of Diavolo conspicuous in contrast with the background of mountain scenery, where, far above the level of the stage, he turned to face his executioners, and the five carbineers, with upraised weapons, awaiting the command to fire.

“That’s an odd fish out there,” said Brouille, nodding toward the stranger. Helen Glover glanced at the man indicated; then, with an agonized cry of “O God, help me!” flew across the stage, and sprang upon the astonished villain, whose sallow face and round earrings she had recognized.

Immediately the whole vast house was filled with the screams of terrified women, and the yells of excited men, as the two engaged in a most awful struggle for the possession of the carbine. Twice the insatiate murderer struck the delicate face with his clinched iron hands ere Mancini could reach him. Then the fainting girl was lifted by Madame Brouille, while the uncontrollable, almost demoniac fury of the half-maddened tenor, who had seen his darling so shockingly abused, found partial vent in muscular blows upon the Spaniard’s ugly face, until the wicked features were mutilated past human recognition.

As no one rang down the curtain, the whole of this strange scene was enacted in view of the horrified audience, who refused to leave until the manager briefly explained that an attempt had been made to assassinate Mancini, and then there was talk of lynching, but common sense and good order prevailed, so they soon vacated the auditorium, and discussed the matter on the way home.

Monsieur Brouille then took the Spaniard’s carbine, and, in the presence of all on the stage, discharged it, sending a heavy ball through the thick floor. He then related the story of Helen Glover, and all understood the rascal’s motive for revenge.

Little more remains to be said. When Helen became the wife of the grateful man whose life she had saved, she entered upon a thorough course of musical study, and since that time has created quite a *furor* upon the well-known stage, so memorable as the scene of her first triumph.

Useful Domestic Article.

AN English correspondent points to the merits of the little apparatus called the Etna, to be bought at most tinmen’s, price about thirty cents. It has simply a funnel-shaped top soldered into a stand formed like two patty-pans, with the bottoms turned one against the other. The top can be filled with cold water, then into the rim of the stand a small quantity of methylated spirit be poured and lighted, and in three minutes a pint of boiling water is forthcoming. Tea, coffee, or cocoa may be made over night, and simply

warmed in the Etna; or a cup of freshly-made tea may be procured, by putting a spoonful of dry tea into a small vessel about the size of an egg, with perforated holes, made either of tin or silver-plated. This vessel, filled with the tea, should be placed in the boiling water in the Etna for one minute; the infusion should then be poured into a cup, and a cup of tea may thus be had with very little trouble.

The Inundation of the Nile.

THE wealth of Egypt depends on the periodical inundations of the Nile, and the rich deposit left by it on the naturally sterile plains. The height of the rise of water is measured by the nilometer, but it seldom equals that attained in 1886, when it reached 26 pias, 16 k., the ordinary height being 24 pias.

As this is periodical, and precautions are taken, little damage was caused by the excess, the weak points being carefully watched by orders of the viceroy. In such cases the only fear is for the dikes which retain the Nile in its bed. Still, several villages were washed away, and many fields destroyed.

When the waters reach a certain height, the viceroy goes with much state and pomp to cut the dam of the great canal which runs through Cairo and the adjoining country. The waters of the Nile rush into it at once, and from this great canal into smaller ones, and into trenches out in all directions to receive it. The water is then spread over the fields by the people, by means of baskets or shadoofs.

Our illustration gives a picturesque view of the Nile at this period.

Three Perils.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN JUNGLES.

THE dangers of the Indian jungles have often been described by abler pens than mine; but however often reiterated, I do not find that adventures of any kind ever seem commonplace, or less interesting to the general reader.

The fact is that, from the hour of the first creation, the desire of knowledge and the love of excitement have formed important constituents of the human mind, without which, man, as a race, would never have progressed.

Our first parents possessed these aspirations, in common with their latest descendants; and while we may regret that their first gratification entailed the loss of Paradise, we may surely console ourselves with the reflection that their subsequent influence has gradually produced the civilization and the enlightenment of the present age.

While the primary effect of these incentives is to impel men to seek adventure in their own persons, a secondary, and scarcely less important result is, that the majority of mankind find pleasure in hearing or reading of the adventures of others, and the perils these have encountered in the pursuit.

Such narratives, when well told, seem to have the stimulus of a potent wine, invigorating and urging to renewed effort even the unsuccessful and disappointed.

An apology for offering the narrative which follows to the consideration of my readers, will, therefore, scarcely be necessary. I presume that these readers are mentally constituted after the manner of the human race generally, and it is very rarely that I have met with a man or woman so sluggish of blood as not to be roused and stirred by the recital, however rude, of deeds of courage and resolution in danger.

The narrator of the following thrilling adventure became known to the writer at Hyderabad, during the Winter succeeding the great Sepoy rebellion, in the crushing of which he had taken an active and distinguished part.

At the first glance, this gentleman, Sir Edward Challoner, scarcely seemed capable of the extraordinary feats, both in arms and in the hunting-field, with which he was popularly and most truly accredited. Slenderly formed, and almost effeminate of face, he combined with these an ultra fastidiousness in dress, and a decided indolence of manner, that appeared emphatically to contradict the stories of superhuman endurance and protracted effort which were constantly being related of him.

But when the observer examined him closely, this involuntary doubt as to his prowess vanished altogether. His form was slight, it is true; but this was owing entirely to the smallness of his bones, and not at all to lack of muscle. Indeed, his muscular system was splendidly developed, and he was really one of the strongest men I met in India.

His health was perfect also, for, in spite of the fatigues and exposure he had undergone, his mode of life was so temperate that he had entirely escaped all those physical ills to which the Indian resident invariably succumbs, in time, if he is at all remiss in obeying Nature's salutary laws.

Challoner's eyes, however, were the best index to his character, and the surest proof that he was really the hero of the marvellous deeds attributed to him. They were black, and piercing as a falcon's, filled with a melancholy thoughtfulness in repose, and fairly flashing with the fire of an indomitable soul when he was roused to anger or emulation. Truthful eyes, too, were they, and there were few men, impure of thought or tender of conscience, who could endure his rebuking glance, however brassy they were among their fellows.

In short, Sir Edward was an English gentleman, in the best sense of that much-abused title, and in his life as well as his looks, proclaimed his birth and breeding to all men, who found in him a worthy scion of a noble race, whose annals had never been stained by cowardice or crime. Like Sidney's, his line might truly boast that "all its men were brave, and all its women virtuous." It is a pity that these justly famous families are fast becoming extinct in all parts of the world.

The whole history of my friend Challoner's life might be written with much advantage to those who should thereafter read it; but I can only spare space at present to recount briefly such facts therein as have a bearing on the particular incident subsequently to be related.

He was a younger son, and it was not until long after his majority that he became direct heir to the title, and presumptive heir to the estates of his family, by the death of his elder brother. He had previously been provided for by a commission in the Coldstream Guards, and a regular, but small allowance from his father.

On the death of his brother, he was summoned home, and his proud old father intended to establish him as his successor to the family wealth, as well as its honors. But the sudden discovery that Edward had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, poor, and beneath him in rank, and, worse than all, that he had married her secretly, in the days of his younger brotherhood, enraged the old baronet beyond reason, and, as the estates were not entailed, the father immediately made a will, cutting off his son with a shilling.

Time might have brought about a rectification of this injustice, but time was not vouchsafed to the vindictive father. Within a week after executing the will, he was dead of apoplexy, and Sir

Edward found himself with a barren title and a helpless young wife, and with nothing but his sword left to open the gates of fortune.

There was no trace of fear of the future in his nature, however, and his resolution was soon formed. He exchanged into a marching regiment, under orders for India, and with the bonus he received for his commission in the Household Brigade, he paid his debts and purchased his outfit. Ten months thereafter, he and his young wife were established in a bungalow at an up-country station, in one of the wildest districts of the Punjab, and quite content with each other, resigned themselves to a long sojourn amid the discomforts and trials of a military life in the East.

In this secluded place they remained three years, and it was during this time that the adventure which will be the principal subject of this tale occurred. But before we enter upon that, I must be pardoned for telling how I made the acquaintance of Sir Edward, and how he came to relate the adventure in question to me; a little story, I may assure my readers, nearly as interesting as the main narrative itself.

My business at Hyderabad was of a purely commercial nature, and, as its completion depended upon the convenience of certain native merchants, whose method in such transactions was, as usual, dilatory in the extreme, I had plenty of leisure on my hands, which I employed in running about the country in the vicinity of the city.

There was not much to amuse me in the way of scenery near at hand, except sand-hills and dry

watercourses, and these soon grow monotonous; but I was new to India at the time, and the ways of the natives interested me, so that I was not easily tired of observing them at work in their fields, or driving their angularly-humped bullocks about with infinitesimal loads of grain.

It was a dangerous occupation, nevertheless, to wander about as carelessly among them as I did, and my acquaintances, at least those who took sufficient interest in me to do so, often warned me not to go far unattended, and, at any rate, to go armed. The fact was, that the feeling engendered, among the ryots and their laborers, by the late rebellion, and the necessary but fearfully harsh measures the British Government had been compelled to adopt to suppress it and punish the traitors, were not at all favorable to such a pursuit as mine.

These natives took me to be an Englishman, of course, and in their eyes my proceedings, doubtless, had the appearance of espionage. It was a wonder, therefore, that I went unmolested as long as I did. Several murders had occurred in the immediate neighborhood not long before, and others were reported constantly from other districts, the victims in each case being white men, and their deaths attributed, not to personal causes, but the national madness which had led to the mutiny, and was yet lingering among the people. The mutiny may have been confined to the Sepoys themselves, but their terrible punishment had affected the minds of all classes of the natives, and these outrages were part of a desul-



INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

tory revenge, by which the fanatics—and nearly all are fanatics in that feverish land—sought to plaster their wounded national honor.

A Yankee, however, is usually accustomed to rely upon himself for protection, especially in "furrin parts," and, neglecting the advice so generously tendered me, I recklessly continued my rambles, with no other companion than my trusty revolver—to use which, though that very obvious fact never entered my head, might have been as dangerous, in regard to subsequent consequences, as if I had not resorted to it to escape death when attacked.

In other words, if I had killed a native in defending my own life, what with the cloud of false witnesses who would have sworn against me, and the strictness with which the laws relating to homicide were administered at that time, I should scarcely have escaped hanging—it being notorious that the Government had actually sacrificed two or three white men under similar circumstances, in order to propitiate its turbulent copper-colored subjects.

For some time I continued the practice with impunity, but at last I narrowly missed paying the penalty of my foolhardiness, nor was it through my own address and courage that I escaped as I did. I had gone one day to a temple, situated some four miles from the walls of the city, on the road to the mountains, and was returning along that high road just at dusk, but while there was still plenty of light to guide me on my way.

The day had been warm, and the evening air was sultry and oppressive, so that I took off my linen jacket, and slung it over my shoulders by the arms. Sauntering on at a leisurely pace, I merely noticed the various parties of native laborers, that I met returning from their work in the fields, without particularly regarding them; much less, therefore, did I perceive that five or six of the inferior servants of the temple I had been visiting had followed me all the way from that place, keeping me in sight, but not coming near enough to attract my attention.

As I learned afterward, one of the priests had sent them to follow me, and revenge a sacrilege I had unconsciously committed, in touching an image of Siva, to see what it was made of; but, at the time, I was quite ignorant of my danger, and walked on gayly, deeming myself as safe as if I was promenading Broadway—though that is not altogether safe nowadays.

At length I turned an angle of the road, and came in sight of the city, beginning to descend, at the same moment, into a hollow between two high banks. As I did so, I met an English officer on horseback, who saluted me courteously as he passed, and then disappeared behind the end of the bank.

I turned to look after him, thinking what a handsome man he was, but how effeminate and dandyish, and then, for the first time, I saw the temple-servants, recognizing them as such by their dress, as they turned the angle of the road behind me. Of course I had no suspicion that they were following me with evil intent, and, turning about again, I continued on my way rejoicing, quickly reaching the bottom of the hollow.

Here I was in a place sufficiently lonely and concealed for their deadly purpose, and, with a furious rush, but as silently as cats, they were upon me. I was taken quite by surprise, and was powerless in their hands from the beginning. The first intimation of their design that I had, was finding my linen jacket thrown over my head, and drawn tightly across my face by sinewy hands, so that I was completely blinded, and almost choked.

I should have been quite choked in another minute, for the assassins were Thugs, and had their deadly cord about my throat before I had actually realized that I was attacked.

I struggled, of course, but I could make very little noise, and my arms were seized at once, so as to render me quite helpless.

They had me down on my face in an instant, squeezing my face, with the jacket over it, into the soft sand of the road, effectually preventing me from uttering any sound whatever.

The full horror of my situation then rushed upon me, and rendered every sense acute, though it completely paralyzed my muscles.

I felt the terrible cord tighten around my throat, fairly cutting into the flesh. The blood rushed to my head in torrents, and deeming my last moment come, I breathed a despairing prayer.

There was a sound as of galloping hoofs; a concussion of the ground, as if a horseman had jumped from his steed at one bound; a confused rush, and then a series of *cracking* sounds, such as are produced when two determined prize-fighters are pounding each other's naked flesh with their ponderous fists!

Immediately I felt my assailants rolling off of me, and that I was free!

Staggering to my feet, I frantically tore the deadly cord from my throat, and the blinding jacket from my face.

Then my knees gave way beneath me, and I sat down, bodily, in the road, gasping for breath, but staring in astonishment at the extraordinary scene which was being enacted before me.

The horror and agony I had just passed through had left me quite incapable of assisting my rescuer by as much as the lifting of a finger; but he was doing his work most effectually, and evidently required no aid.

It was the English officer whom I had met the moment preceding the attack.

I had thought him effeminate and foppish *then*, but I never again insulted him by such a thought; indeed, after what I now beheld, it would have been impossible for a sane man to associate such ideas with his presence, no matter how indolent his manner was, or how fastidious his dress.

He was simply performing a feat that Tom Cribb, in his palmy days, might have envied.

Each one of my assailants outweighed him, and looked far stronger than he; but he stood in the midst of the five of them—one was lying insensible on the ground, rendered so by the first blow my champion had delivered—striking out right and left with the precision and force of a small battering-ram, and leveling the wretches, one after the other, to the earth as fast as they rushed at him!

The affair lasted but a moment, after I became conscious of it.

The assassins evidently knew the gentleman, and their first rage at his interference with their little game on me over, they undoubtedly thought discretion the better part of valor, and fled instantaneously.

The officer uttered a light-hearted laugh as he saw them running, and turning on his heel, came to my side, looking not at all blown after his late violent exercise.

He asked me if I was hurt, assisted me to my feet when I was able to stand, and then, seeing that I was still weak, kindly insisted on my mounting his horse, and returning with him to his bungalow, which was not far away.

I could not refuse without discourtesy, and I really needed rest before continuing my walk to the city.

We accordingly set off, I riding and he walking at my side; and he told me that, having met the Thugs, whom he knew, following me so close, he

had instantly suspected that they meant to attack me. He had, therefore, turned back to watch them, and fortunately for me, had arrived at the right moment.

Such was my introduction to Sir Edward Challoner, at that time colonel of his regiment, and chief magistrate of the Hyderabad district. It was a fortunate acquaintance for me in more ways than one.

Besides saving my life, as I have related, his official position enabled him to facilitate the transaction of my business, which otherwise might have detained me in Hyderabad for months.

He had only to let it be known to the merchants with whom I was dealing that I was his friend, and they became all obsequiousness.

It was really a friendship that sprang up between us, and not a mere acquaintance. Founded on my gratitude, and the liking which I was proud of having inspired in the breast of so perfect a gentleman, it has endured to this day; and in all the world I have now no more valued correspondent than Sir Edward.

This friendship, on his part, evinced itself in many ways at that time. Not content with the great service he had already done me, he finally obliged me to take up my residence at his bungalow, kindly silencing my scruples by heartily insisting that it would be a great favor to himself and his wife, for they were really suffering from a want of congenial society.

Thus flattered, I had no alternative, and in a short time found myself quite domesticated in his family—discovering in Lady Challoner as sincere a friend; and, when I came to know their history, I had found in her so many good qualities besides beauty, that I felt no surprise at hearing how he had sacrificed all his ancestral wealth in order to make her his wife.

She was, indeed, worthy of all his love and care, for in all their struggles she had proved a true helpmate to him; and now, in the days of their prosperity, she sustained his rank with a simple dignity that would have graced a royal queen.

If I have been somewhat prolix in this introducing the story of Sir Edward that I am to tell, my readers will pardon me, I hope, both because the introduction itself is not, I flatter myself, without interest, and because they could scarcely appreciate his perilous adventure without knowing something of the man himself.

Nevertheless, I will no longer delay its narration, merely adding to this preamble a brief statement of how he came to relate it to me.

It was after dinner, on a hot, sultry evening near the end of the rainy season, and we—Sir Edward, his two secretaries and myself—were sitting over our wine on the veranda looking out on the compound.

The great mat-screens were drawn down to protect us from the glare and heat, but we could see out under them sufficiently to note the brassy hue of the sky, portending one of the violent storms common in India at that season. These tempests are often attended with loss of life, and great damage to buildings and crops.

One that resulted in great disaster had happened not long before, and our conversation, influenced by the fact that another, which might have similar consequences, was approaching, naturally turned upon our own experiences in floods and gales. I had given mine, regarding a typhoon in the China Sea, and one of the secretaries his, in a sirocco on the coast of Sicily, when Sir Edward, looking up with a grave face, said:

"Fearful adventures, truly, gentlemen; but I think I can relate one in which I was the sufferer, far surpassing either in danger and the elements of horror. Your perils were from wind and water alone, terrible indeed in their fury, but simplicity

itself compared to my complication of perils. What should you say to tornado, flood, fire, wild beasts, hazards similar to those which a man would run in the midst of an earthquake, and finally, losing your way in the jungle all at the same time?"

Of course we all expressed an earnest wish to hear the particulars of an adventure which had a preface so startling; and when our glasses had been replenished, and ourselves disposed at ease upon the cool bamboo-settees, Sir Edward thus began:

"When I arrived in India, now some fifteen years ago, a poor captain in a marching regiment, with nothing but my pay to depend upon; and in consequence of the indiscretion, as my *quasi* friends were pleased to call it, of my marriage for love—no influence worth speaking of—I had as poor a prospect before me as could well be imagined.

"But those were stirring times, and any man of resolution who did his duty could hardly fail in such a country as India. I did my duty, I was possessed of the requisite determination, and I had another incentive to exertion much more powerful than any consideration of mere personal success.

"You all know what my wife is now, gentlemen; and, though I say it myself, she is worthy to be the consort of a king! but you never can realize what she was to me in the dark night of my fortunes, when even to struggle seemed a hopeless task.

"She linked her fate with mine, when I was only a younger son; she never repined when, after a brief glimpse of coming wealth, I lost my inheritance by my folly in disclosing my marriage to my father before he had seen and loved her, as he would have been sure to do; and she cheerfully encountered all the hardships of an early life here, rather than be separated from me to remain in comfort in England.

"In every danger she was my guardian angel, whether at my side or absent; in every tribulation she was my comforter; in every doubtful path, my counselor and guide.

"It is no wonder to me, therefore, that I have succeeded; and my best reward for all the perils and toils I have gone through is that she shares my honors and my prosperity, for I feel that to her I owe them all.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for this rather personal eulogy of Lady Challoner. I feel that, in order to understand the motives of my conduct during the events I am about to relate, you should know something of what she was to me in adversity, as you already know what she is in our halcyon days.

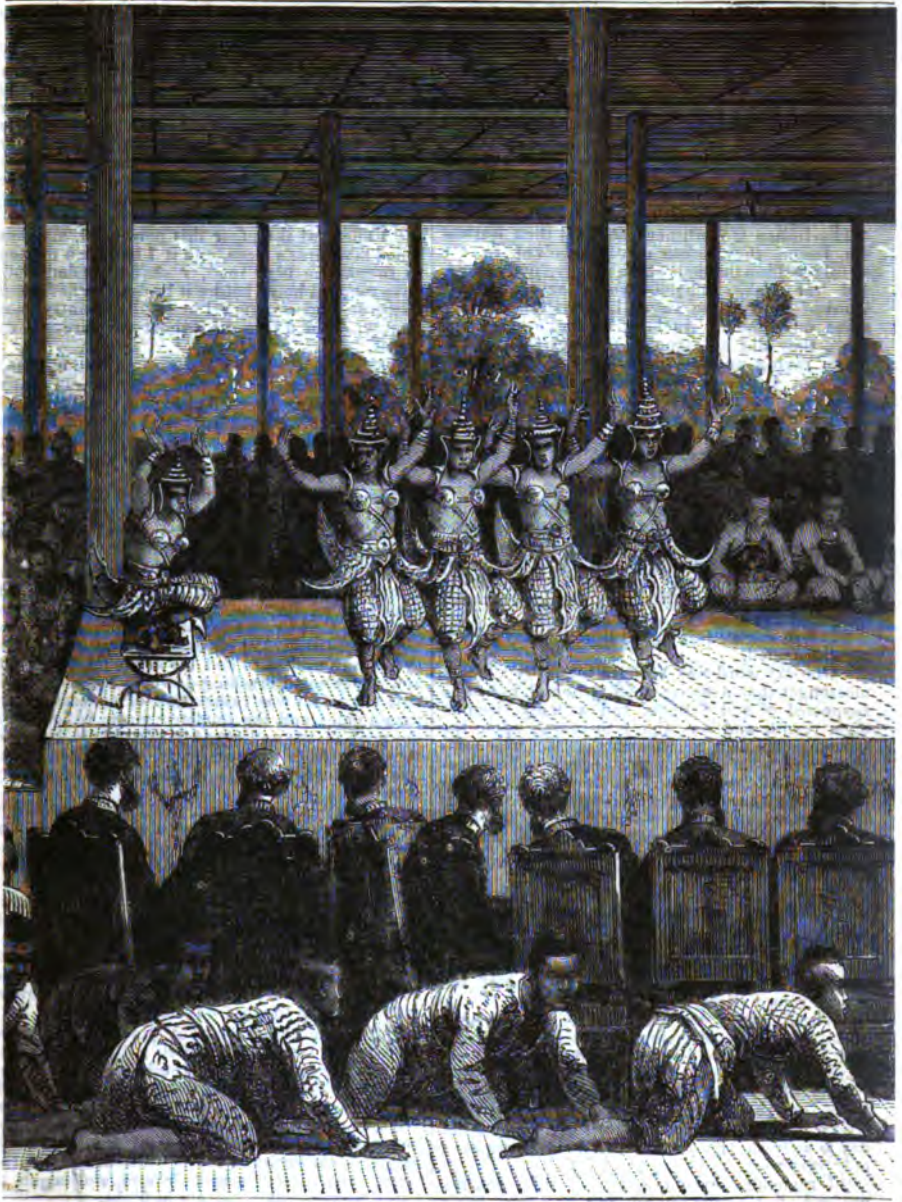
"My story can now proceed without interruption, and confine itself to the bare facts of the case.

"Soon after my arrival in India, our regiment was divided into detachments, each of which was sent to relieve similar parties of another regiment, which had served its time, and was under orders for home. Under this arrangement, I was dispatched, in command of my company, to a station in the Punjab, far away from civilized life, and in the centre of one of the wildest districts, the inhabitants of which were always turbulent and discontented.

"My wife accompanied me, though I had wished her to stay at Agra, where the depot of the regiment was established, dreading that her health would suffer in the noxious climate where I was going. She insisted, however, and I did not make much opposition, as I was only too glad to have her with me. I wonder to this day if my consent was not inspired by Providence, for I



THE THREE PERILS.—“IN AN INSTANT MY BACK WAS AGAINST THE GREAT TREE, AND MY GOOD RIFLE AT MY SHOULDER.”



BALLET-GIRLS OF THE KING OF CAMBODIA.—SEE PAGE 111.

think it is certain that if she had not gone with me, I should never have returned.

"I have spoken of the unhealthiness of the climate, but I do not mean to refer to the Punjab generally. As a whole, the Punjab is one of the most healthy provinces of India; but there are certain districts therein which are very unwholesome, and to one of these it was our fate to be banished.

"When quite settled in our new quarters, however, we found ourselves very comfortable in every other respect. Our bungalow was new and

well-furnished, the former commandant having been a wealthy man, who had spared no expense in fitting up his quarters, and he turned all these fine things over to me at a ridiculously low price, not wishing to be at the trouble of moving them.

"The residence was near a large village, where my men were quartered, and whence we could always obtain supplies for the table in profusion. Thus neither myself nor my wife were disposed to complain of our lot; and, indeed, if everything else in our surroundings had been equally favor-

"~~But~~ we should have been quite content in our banishment.

"But this was by no means the case. The natives in my district were, as I have said, discontented and troublesome, and it was not long before I became convinced of a fact of which my predecessor had not dreamed—which was that the whole province was ripe for insurrection. We were, in short, living on the thin crust of a hidden volcano which might burst into activity at any moment; but, strange to say, I could do nothing at that time to avert the catastrophe.

The Indian Government had not then learned the lesson they subsequently received in the awful rebellion through which we have just passed, and our higher officials would scarcely have thanked me for the vague information I could alone offer them. As long as the surface was calm, they did not trouble themselves with the storm raging underneath, and which they could not see. Unless I had had positive proof of actual outbreaks to advance, I should only have incurred censure as a croaker, by telling what I did know.

"My only resource, therefore, was to redouble my vigilance, and stand in readiness, with the small force at my disposal, to crush the first symptom of revolt that I should observe. It was a trying hour, but I persevered in my duty, and I have no doubt that I then warded off the threatened danger, though in doing so I gained a name for severity and harshness that I did not naturally deserve, but which placed my life in continual danger at the hands of secret assassins.

"It was during this trying time that my adventure happened.

"One day word was brought to me by a trusty messenger that a native chief, whom I had long suspected of evil designs, had actually risen in open revolt, and was about to march upon the headquarters of a neighboring district, the commander of which I knew was unprepared and unconscious of the danger. It thus became absolutely necessary to warn my brother officer; but I was at a loss for a messenger whom he would believe, and that he should be convinced was essential. There was no time to spare, and I finally decided to go myself.

"I was certain that the insurgent chief would not attack my quarters, for he knew I was prepared, and my brief absence from my post would not be known to him until after I had returned. Besides, I could trust my subalterns, who had imbibed my own vigilance and distrust of the treacherous natives.

"The exigency was too great to allow of hesitation on account of mere personal inconvenience, and, to be brief, within half an hour after I received the intelligence, I was in the saddle.

"My wife herself assisted me in my preparations, and bade me God-speed as I departed. Every little trivial circumstance of that eventful day is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened only yesterday.

"I remember even the dress I wore, not my uniform, but a sort of hunting costume—loose knee-breeches, ornamented with large bell-buttons on the side seams, leather spatterdashies extending from the knee to the foot, an open jacket, and a skull-cap, with a cape hanging down over my shoulders—a dress which made me resemble an Algerian corsair as much as anything, but very comfortable, nevertheless.

"Armed with my trusty fighting sword and an excellent rifle, and followed by two of my troopers, I started at about ten o'clock, and by dint of hard riding, reached my destination an hour after noon. My friend, thank heaven, gave heed to my warning, and his threatened danger was averted by the prompt preparations to receive the foe;

but my own perils were only just commencing, as I had reason before night to know.

"Resisting all his persuasions to remain till next morning, I left my two troopers with him as a reinforcement of his scanty garrison, and set off on my return at about three o'clock in the afternoon. For some time I met with no difficulties, and had every prospect of reaching my own quarters by supper-time. But it was in the middle of the rainy season, and ere long the sky grew overcast, with plain indications of an approaching storm.

"I knew what danger this portended, and hastened my horse's pace, and if I had been content to follow the high road, I should undoubtedly have reached home before it broke. I was foolish, however, and thinking I knew the country thoroughly, decided to make a short cut through the forest.

"Everybody who knows what an Indian jungle is, will perceive the folly of which I was guilty. Within an hour after I had turned from the high road, the clouds had gathered so that I could scarcely see ten steps before me, and soon I was forced to accept the terrible truth that I had lost my way!

"To admit that you are lost in the jungle is almost the same as saying abandon every hope; and to add to the horror of my situation, the tempest now burst upon me in all its fury.

"I shall not soon forget that fearful hour. The rain poured down in actual floods, the vivid lightning blinded me at every flash, and so frightened my horse that I was obliged to dismount and lead him, after bandaging his eyes with my sash. The great trees rocked to and fro in the mighty wind, and many came crashing down in awful ruin, so that the effect was rather that of an earthquake than a gale; and the immense vines, which form the mass of the undergrowth in a tropical forest, were torn from their supports, and lashed about like giant whip-thongs in the hands of mighty demons.

"It was not long before I was forced to abandon all efforts to proceed, as my limbs were in constant danger, to say nothing of my life, from the falling branches and lashing creepers. I was fortunate, at this moment, in finding a small open space on the edge of a usually stagnant pool of water, fast becoming a raging torrent, beneath the flooding rain. Here I took my station, on the leeward side of the bole of an immense tree, which partially sheltered me from the driving blast, and having tied my horse close at hand, took counsel with myself as to what was best to be done.

"Clearly nothing *could* be done till the storm abated, and I contented myself with observing its fearful effects, as the lightning quivered, the thunder rolled and the furious wind swept howling through the tossing vines and swaying trees. Soon, however, I had even more terrible matter to attract my attention, and fill my mind with greater apprehension. The wild beasts of the jungle were forced from their lairs, and began to hurry by me, seeking safety in flight.

"Up to that time, I had had no conception of the numbers of the savage brutes near whose hidden dens I passed every day. Every tropical animal I had ever seen or read of, seemed to pass in terrible review before me that awful day.

"Adam was not an ordinary man, doubtless, but if he had been, he must have felt very much as I did then, when the beasts of the earth were brought before him to be named. I knew, as he did, that they would not offer to hurt me while the storm was raging at its height, but when it began to subside, I had every reason to believe that some of the hungriest might try to make a meal of me—an apprehension which, added to my other

dangers, was by no means a pleasant prospect, as you will believe.

"It was very nearly realized when the tempest did subside. The wind gradually died away, and I was just about to untie my horse, and try to proceed, when a vivid flash of lightning caused him to rear and prance in such a way that I could not unloose him, and by the light of the same flash I beheld a sight which made me desist from that effort, and stand on my defense.

"Emerging from a pile of broken underbrush, on the edge of the pool of which I have spoken, I saw an immense tiger, who, with glaring eyes and open jaws, was creeping toward me, with the evident intention of making a spring. In an instant, my back was against the great tree, and my good rifle at my shoulder. As well as I could, for the gloom, I aimed for one of his shining eyes, aware that my only chance was to kill him outright; but just as I was about to pull the trigger, I saw another danger, which made me pause in awful fear.

"My sudden movement had caused that tiger to halt, and bending my head down to get a better view of him, I caught sight of another similar beast, crouching on a limb above my head, and just ready to spring down upon me. What inspired me to fire at this one, instead of the other, I don't know; but it was the means of saving my life, I have no doubt. Altering my aim with the quickness of thought, I pulled the trigger, and down came the monster, tumbling from the tree as if wounded to the death. Whether he was or not, is of no consequence; but, what *was* essential to my safety, his body struck the ground in front of me, just as the other tiger made his spring, and intercepted it!

"In an instant, the furious brutes were clinched in deadly combat, and I left them there to fight the battle out. It took me but a moment to mount my steed, and the noble animal, left to his own instinct, for I could not guide him, brought me safely home, two hours after sunset. The consequences of my agitation and exposure were a brain fever and a critical convalescence, through which my devoted wife's untiring care brought me safe to health again.

"I think you will admit, gentlemen, that three such perils—the jungle, the tempest and the tigers—are not often encountered simultaneously, and the adventurer survive to tell the tale."

Le Maudit.

A TALE FROM THE ANNALS OF THE GENDARMERIE.

In considering the evidences of history, both national and individual, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that certain men, as well as certain nations, have been destined to misfortune from their very birth. We do not dispute the truth of the axiom that the evils which afflict mankind generally are the offspring of sin, or that the misfortunes of individuals are usually brought upon them by their own personal wickedness or improvidence. But the fact remains—and is supported by constantly recurring proof—that many among the good, the wise, and the industrious are the continual victims of an ill-luck for which there appears to be no adequate reason.

Struggle as they may, they are always beaten down and trodden under foot in the great battle of life. Poverty never relaxes its iron grip upon them, though they toil early and late, and eat the bread of carefulness all their days. And though they be so virtuous as not even to know that there are "cakes and ale" in the world, they shall not escape scandal; nay, it is even the lot of those of

whom we speak that they "suffer persecution for righteousness' sake," and are constantly enduring the imputation, or the actual accusation, of crimes they are as incapable of committing as the child unborn.

In short, there seems to be a natural law regulating misfortune as well as all the other haps of life, nor will this mysterious Moloch be satisfied with one less than the predestined number of its victims. Thus it follows that many who deserve no such fate may be said to be accursed from the moment of their entrance into life, and no efforts of their own ever suffice to avert any one of the series of misfortunes which constitute their earthly career. They are doomed to suffer, and they suffer accordingly; and history, as we have said, is continually adding new cases to the countless proofs which have gone before, of this singular predetermination.

It is of the life of such an unfortunate that we are now about to present the brief record to the sympathizing reader. Drawn from the annals of the French police, it is, in all essentials, a true tale, though we have, for proper reasons, deemed it necessary to change names and localities. It only remains to add to these prefatory remarks, the statement of the fact that the history we are writing offers the strongest proof of the general fallacy of pure circumstantial evidence, *per se*, that we have ever seen advanced.

Some forty years ago there lived near the town of Chalons-sur-Marne, in the province of Champagne, an old couple named Louis and Jeanne Diderot. They owned the small but productive farm on which they resided, and having been penurious in habit all their days, were accredited with having accumulated a large amount of money.

Père Louis, as he was always called in the neighborhood, was now nearly seventy years of age, and Dame Jeanne, his wife, was but three years younger. They had never had any children, never spent more than half the income produced by their farm, and it was generally believed that their heir, a distant cousin, who was a thriving hairdresser in Paris, would, when he came into his inheritance at their death, find heaps of gold concealed somewhere in the old farmhouse.

Doubtless the popular belief exaggerated the truth in this case, as it is apt to do in cases of more importance; but it was very plain, to all who knew the yearly value of the farm, and the miserly habits of the old couple, that they must have laid up money, and this fact rendered them people of consideration in the vicinity, despite their lack of hospitality and general unsociability. One bright May morning, therefore, when the awful tidings were bruited abroad that old Père Louis and his wife had been savagely murdered, the news spread like wildfire through all the country near, and the lonely road leading to the ancient farm, where, usually, it was a wonder to see three people walking together, was now thronged with eager crowds curious to behold the ghastly scene of which they had heard.

And, in truth, it was a ghastly scene. The murder had been first discovered by a neighboring farmer, who had agreed with Père Louis overnight to take some old hay the latter had to sell, and who had brought his team to haul it away. The sun was just rising when he arrived, and finding nobody at the barn, he went to the house for the purpose of announcing his errand. The back door, which was the usual exit and entrance, was fast closed, and so were all the windows on that side of the house. After knocking and shouting for some time, and finding that no one answered—not even the hired man, who slept in the back kitchen, as the farmer knew—he grew alarmed, and went round the house hoping to find

an entrance elsewhere. To his great surprise, aware of the cautious habits of the old couple, he found the front door wide open, and on penetrating to a sitting-room at the right of the hall, his horrified gaze met a sight that turned him sick and faint for one moment, and in the next sent him running out of the house, and down the road at his utmost speed, shouting for help at the top of his voice.

The sight that had thus affected him was next seen by the neighbors whom he had alarmed and returned with. The windows of the sitting-room were both open, their sashes and glass broken and scattered on the floor, as if they had been dashed in bodily from without. The end of a heavy joist rested on one of the sills, and was evidently the instrument used in their destruction, while the red rays of the morning sun, streaming through the shattered openings, illuminated a scene of indescribable confusion composed of broken and overturned furniture, and the contents of closets and drawers strewn broadcast about the room.

But in the centre of this wreck and ruin lay a still more fearful ruin, which drew all eyes from the surrounding chaos—the murdered forms of the aged couple, in their night-dresses, as they had risen from their bed to meet their doom, and covered with blood from head to foot! They had been killed by blows upon the head with some blunt weapon, bestowed with such determined ferocity that the skulls were completely crushed, and the features so hacked and disfigured that they were scarcely recognisable.

It was necessary to state these ghastly particulars in order that the reader might understand the brutal nature of the murder, and the evident savage cruelty of its perpetrator, but we gladly leave further details to the imagination, and turn to the recital of other facts less revolting but not less strange.

Nothing can be done in France without the knowledge of the police, much less a crime of such magnitude as this, and the gendarmes were on the spot as if by magic. French detectives are the most acute of that proverbially sharp guild, and the lieutenant who commanded the police in that district was one of the most renowned of these; but in this instance his sagacity was at fault from the very beginning, and the dire mistake that he made entailed consequences scarcely less frightful than the murder itself. But in order to understand what his mistake was, we must, before stating it, go back a little in our narrative, and relate certain facts which have much to do with the catastrophe.

About four years previous to this date Père Louis had hired a young man to assist him on the farm, who had remained with the old couple ever since, and latterly had done all the work required except at harvest, when laborers were engaged to help him. The neighbors did not like this young man at all, for reasons which will soon appear, but Père Louis, no longer able to work hard, refused to part with him notwithstanding the officious advice of his friends, both because his servant did his work well and faithfully, and because he thankfully accepted wages much less than any other man, equally skillful, would have been content with.

The history of this youth, as related by himself at the time of his engagement at the farm, and subsequently confirmed during the judicial investigation of the murder, was singular in the extreme, and to it, no doubt, was due the prejudice with which he was viewed by the ignorant country people.

The facts were well known, for he never attempted to conceal them; and, indeed, the regulations of the police would have prevented such concealment, had he desired it. As they

strongly support our theory of predestination to misfortune in some cases, we offer no apology for relating them somewhat in detail.

From a very short time after his arrival at the Diderot farm, when his story had become generally notorious, this unfortunate man was known throughout the district as "Le Maudit," or, the accursed. Never, by any chance, was he mentioned by any other title when he became the subject of conversation elsewhere; but at the farm he was called *Iahmael*—a name most appropriate, indeed, as expressive of his utter friendlessness.

His real name, however, was Pierre Constant, though, as we shall have no occasion to use that appellation hereafter, we only mention it so that his loss of patronymic may be known, as well as the rest of his misfortunes.

These disasters began almost at his very birth. In consequence thereof, his mother died before he was three months old, and his father was killed by accident ere a year had elapsed.

His father was a contractor for the government, and had been reputed very wealthy, but when his death occurred, it was found that not only had all his property been swallowed up in speculation, but that he was a defaulter to a large amount.

Not a cent was left, consequently, for the support of the child; the relatives of its parents heartlessly refused to receive it, because they had suffered pecuniarily from the father's defalcation, and were outraged in feeling at his dishonesty, and the result was that the orphan had to be consigned to the care of the national establishment for such waifs of humanity.

The charities of France are much better managed than those of many other civilized nations that we could name; but, doubtless, little *Iahmael* received more blows than bread and butter as his share of the eleemosynary benefactions of that most paternal government.

Be that as it may, he grew up in the orphan asylum, a miserable, half-starved child, who had never known an hour of fun in his little life; and at the age of twelve, was apprenticed to a pork-butcher, who happened to be next on the list of applicants for apprentices when *Iahmael's* turn came.

Thus, in the capacity of guardian, the government washed its hands of the waif; in the capacities of persecutor and accuser, it was destined to have a great deal more trouble with the object of its bounty, and that without a particle of fault on his part, save and except his constitutional ill-luck, which was, really, only just beginning to afflict him.

For five years *Iahmael* endured, at the hands of his master, every cruelty and indignity which could have fallen to his lot as a slave among barbarians, save death itself—but that would have been a mercy.

The law gave the pork-butcher absolute control over his apprentice, and he exercised it with the utmost brutality consistent with keeping his victim strong enough to perform the tasks he imposed.

Work and blows, blows and work, these were all his portion, save curses and dry bread, and no man lifted voice or hand to help him in the least. He was fast losing his intellect, and already hardly responsible for his acts, when, without premeditation, he rebelled, and a new phase of his strange existence began.

It was on his eighteenth birthday that, stung to sudden fury by some unusually cruel blow and word, he raised a cleaver that chanced to be in his hand, and struck his brutal master to the earth.

When a patriot dares everything to overthrow a national despot, if he succeeds, a niche is prepared for him in the temple of fame. When a slave rebels against the brutality of the domestic

tyrant, whether he succeeds in overthrowing him or not, the reward prepared for him is something very different.

The blow inflicted on the pork-butcher certainly knocked him down, but it did little other damage. Nevertheless poor Ishmael was instantly in the clutches of the police; and from that moment he never got completely free of them all his life.

The pork-butcher, in his first paroxysm of fear, had called in the officers of the law, and was now compelled to make a charge against his refractory apprentice.

He did this with regret, because he knew that if Ishmael was convicted, he should lose his valuable services for a long time; but the magistrate gave him no choice, and the fact of the assault being proved, the apprentice was sent to jail for six months, and the master sent home with a flea in his ear in the shape of a police caution not to ill-treat the rest of his slaves.

In the prison to which he was sent—one of the great jails of Paris—the unfortunate boy met the greatest of his misfortunes hitherto. The work was not hard, and the food was plentiful, so that, physically, he was better off than he had ever been; but, mentally, he was in danger of losing more than life itself—even the little purity of soul his hard life had left him.

The silent system was unknown in those days, nor were the various classes of rogues separated from each other. He was, therefore, thrown into contact with examples of every shade of villainy known in the criminal world, and only one thing saved him from being utterly corrupted. This, strange to say, was the very brutality his rebellion against which had brought him there.

After five long years it had so weakened his intellect that he was incapable of comprehending the lessons of vice which his new associates strove to teach him, and though his mind was strengthened, during the six months of his stay, by the regular work and better food of the jail, he had, at the expiration of his sentence, imbibed much less of criminal knowledge than might have been expected—the more so, when it is remembered that he had never had any religious training whatever, and scarcely knew the difference between good and evil at all.

Thus, when he returned to his master, Ishmael was much improved in vigor of mind and body, and only the worse from having imbibed a dim idea that crime was not necessarily criminal, unless you were found out.

This fallacy, however, might easily have been driven from his mind, if any influences for good had ever been brought to bear upon it; but, as it was, the course which the world took with him tended only to develop that idea, and force it to bring forth fruit even worse.

The ban of the jail was upon him *for ever*. Everybody—even his brutal master—despised him for having been there, though they knew that he had done nothing to deserve it. The boys hooted at him in the streets; the neighbors, who had formerly shown him some little sympathy, avoided him; and his life in his master's house was ten times harder than before.

The consequence may perhaps be foreseen. He ran away, was brought back and was fearfully beaten; ran away again, and when caught this time, it was by the police, who took him before a magistrate, and he was again sent to prison.

Only for a month, at hard labor on the treadmill; but it sickened him of rebellion, and from that time until the end of his apprenticeship, he endured his martyrdom at the pork-butcher's with the heroism of a stoic.

But the result of this unavailing struggle for freedom, and the training he had received in its course, was that he grew cunning, and resolved

to make his master, who had always provided him liberally with hardships, now contribute unconsciously to his enjoyment. In other words, foolish Ishmael helped himself to small sums from the till, and spent them secretly in such pleasures as the youth of Paris delight in.

The whole amount abstracted was a trifle to the wealthy butcher; but ~~that~~ made no difference in the eyes of the law when the theft was discovered. Of course it was discovered very soon, Ishmael was again introduced to the gendarmes, the trial came on in due season, and he was sentenced to two years of hard labor in what was then known as the "Agricultural Chain."

Strange to say, this, the only real crime that Le Maudit ever committed, came near leading to a peaceful and innocent future; and it would have done so, if he had not really been predestined to ill-luck.

The *chaînes de culture* was a gang of convicts, condemned for the least grave of the "hard labor" offenses to work at tilling certain government lands somewhere in the south of France. These lands were in the centre of an immense wild tract, the remainder of which was owned by various noblemen.

Stimulated by seeing how much more valuable government labor had made the crown tract, these proprietors began to reclaim their lands, and their agents were glad to hire the discharged convicts, as their sentences expired.

This made an opening for such of these as desired to live honestly, and when Ishmael's time was out, he took advantage of it. Gradually becoming skillful in farm labor, he passed from service to service until, at the end of three years after his discharge from the *chaînes*, he was in the employ of a rich farmer in quite another part of the country; and as nobody there—except the police, who know everything—was aware that he had ever been a convict, he might have lived there till his death, happy and respected, if the demon of misfortune, by whom he was accursed, had not again found him out, and driven him forth more hopeless than ever.

A great robbery was committed at a famous château in the neighborhood, under such mysterious circumstances and so skillfully that the local police were utterly at fault. Consequently, they arrested and examined everybody who was in the least suspicious; and Ishmael, who had been under surveillance ever since his discharge, though nobody knew it—not even himself—was pounced upon, and dragged to the depot to give a full account of himself.

It was impossible to suspect him of complicity in the robbery, and he was speedily released; but his secret was no longer his own, and all who had previously befriended him shrank in virtuous horror from one who had been a *forçat*, even though now he was living as innocently as the best of them.

His employer discharged him, nobody else would hire him on any terms, and he wandered from the vicinity, begging his way when he could get no chance work, until he reached Père Louis's farm, and offered his services to the old man as a last resource.

He had seen how utterly the concealment of his secret had blasted his prospects when that secret was discovered, and now he boldly told his whole history to all who asked it—being the first to apply to himself the title of Le Maudit, which had stuck to him from that time forward.

Père Louis hired him, as we have seen, notwithstanding his vile antecedents, and his miserable ill-luck, and for four years Ishmael had been his faithful servant, working early and late for a scanty pittance, but quite content, and thankful

that he was able to work at all in the society of honest men.

And now we come to the mistake made by the lieutenant of police. Le Maudit's ill-luck had only abandoned him for a time, and returned to seize him, like a famished tiger, at the first opportunity. Ishmael, in short, was missing, and the lieutenant, knowing him for a former convict, jumped to the conclusion that he was either the sole murderer, or in league with others, perhaps his former prison comrades, who had committed the fearful deed.

We may say at once that Ishmael was entirely innocent, not only of the deed itself, but even of any knowledge of it, as will shortly be explained; but we must also confess that the lieutenant was more than justified in suspecting him, for the circumstantial evidence in the case pointed out him, and him only, as the assassin.

In the first place, the weapon with which the deed was committed was soon found, and proved to be a short iron crowbar, which Ishmael had manufactured himself at a neighboring forge, the iron of which it was made having been given him by the blacksmith, for some work he had done. The crowbar was as well known as Ishmael himself, because he was rarely seen without it, carrying it about with him, slung to a leathern thong over his shoulder, perhaps for the reason that it was nearly the only piece of personal property he possessed, except his clothes. It was found, covered with the blood and the gray hairs of the aged couple, lying on the top of a chest of drawers in a back room, apparently having been also used in breaking these open.

Secondly, the acute lieutenant discovered that the shattered windows of the sitting-room had been broken from the inside, and the beam and fragments arranged with the evident purpose of misleading the beholders into the idea that the murderer had forced his way in at that point. It was a little too elaborately done to deceive the astute officer, especially as both windows had been broken, when one would have sufficed a whole gang of robbers as an entrance, and taken much less time, besides giving less alarm.

Finally, the tracks of muddy shoes were found, leading first from Ishmael's bed in the back kitchen, along the passage and into the sitting-room. Quantities of these tracks were found all over this room, and in the old couple's bedroom behind it, while another line of them led from the door of the sitting-room, and out at the front door of the house, which, as we have said, had been found open. From this door, impressions of the same footmarks were found in the mold of the garden, leading to the spot where the beam rested on the sill of the window, and thence to the garden-gate, where they were lost, going south along the gravel of the road. No other footmarks were found beneath the windows, whereas they would have been trampled all about if the windows had been broken from the outside with the beam.

A strict search of the whole house—made by a police officer who understood the business of searching thoroughly—failed to find a single row of money. The general belief, founded upon the strong evidence we have heretofore cited, that the old couple must have had large sums hoarded up, and the fact that Ishmael alone had ample opportunity for discovering where these were hidden, sealed his ill-luck, and clinched the conviction that he alone was the assassin and robber. Accordingly, men were sent off in every direction in pursuit of him, and others were being instructed to take his description to distant police-stations, when, lo! a forlorn-looking object, all torn, and bruised and dirty, limped into the room where the lieutenant was sitting, and presented to the view of that

astonished official no other than the face and form of the suspected criminal—Le Maudit himself!

Never before in all his life, despite his many misfortunes, had poor Ishmael merited the title of "The Accursed," so much as on this occasion. The exultant officials pounced on him as if he had been a wild beast, and without giving him time for a word of explanation, hurried him off to the nearest prison. There he was suddenly accused of the murder and robbery, and his unmistakable astonishment and horror would have convinced any unprejudiced person that this was the first he had known of the ghastly truth. But his accusers were all prejudiced, no single voice was uplifted in his defense, his previous misfortunes condemned him in every mind, and even when he had sufficiently recovered from the shock of the accusation to tell his own story, and vehemently protest his innocence, not a solitary person, who he heard, believed him. Indeed, his case was rather injured than improved by the strange tale he told, for his hearers gave him credit for mere ingenuity than he had ever possessed, and deemed it a cunningly-devised fable, for the purpose of escaping the consequences of his guilt.

There is no doubt that this terrible prejudice against him—this predetermination to believe him guilty—was one of his worst misfortunes. In any other case the officials might have taken some trouble to disprove his story, and thus discovered the real criminals. As it was, they took it for granted that he was lying, made no attempt to implicate anybody else, remanded him to prison for trial after a merely formal examination, and confining all their subsequent efforts to fruitless endeavors to make him confess where he had hidden the money he had never seen, they gave the real murderers ample time to get clear off with their booty, and poor Ishmael's fate was sealed.

Briefly—for our space is now limited—the singular story told by the unfortunate wretch was this: On the night of the murder he was awakened from a sound sleep, and found two men at his bedside, who instantly seized and gagged him, before he had time to cry out, and then, tying him fast to his bedstead, went away, leaving him wondering what it was all about.

He was not long in doubt that they were robbers, however, for he heard their struggle with the old couple, and the latter's cries for help; but he had no suspicion, when the cries ceased, of the horrible truth, supposing merely that they had been tied and gagged as he was.

He then heard the ruffians breaking open the drawers and ransacking the place, until they found the money, when they returned to the kitchen, and lighting a candle at the embers of the fire, by the light of which he had first seen them, counted it before them, expressing their delight at the value of their booty. To his intense horror, they then began to debate whether they should kill him, saying that the old folks could not describe them, but he had seen them in the light, and could do so. Finally, they decided that it would answer their purpose if he was taken away with them, and detained somewhere long enough to give them time to escape.

The robbers were in their bare feet, but one of them saw a new, but muddy pair of shoes, belonging to Ishmael, and now put them on. Soon afterward, with the remark that he would "make all safe," he went into the passage again. Ishmael then heard the smashing of glass and wood in the sitting-room, and, in a little while, a shrill whistle. At this signal, the remaining ruffian untied Ishmael's feet, and ordered him, with horrible threats, to precede him to the front door, which they found open.

Our unfortunate hero, still gagged and his arms bound, was now forced along the gravel-path to

the garden-gate, where he and his conductor waited till the other ruffian joined them, coming from the direction of the windows afterward found broken. This man whispered to the other, and then both laughed heartily as at a good joke, after which they forced him on before them, and set off at a good pace along the high-road.

Ishmael judged it was but little after midnight then, and they traveled thus for about four hours. When day began to break, they turned into a thick wood, and tied him fast to a tree, and, threatening to return and kill him if he made any alarm for two hours, they hurried away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Disregarding the threat, which he had sense enough to know to be nothing but a threat, he began a struggle to release himself from his bonds, and, after bruising himself badly, and tearing his clothes almost off, he at length succeeded.

Overjoyed at this, and little dreaming of the fearful danger he was running into, he hastened back to the farm at his utmost speed, intent only on flying to the aid of his master and mistress, whom he expected to find bound and gagged, but not otherwise hurt. What he *did* find we already know, and now we have little to relate except the catastrophe of his: *ad* history.

That catastrophe, however, did not occur on the scaffold, as the reader might deem probable. Le Maudit had one other apparent chance of evading his predestined ill-luck, though, as the result proved, it was only to meet an equally miserable fate. He escaped from prison, and took to the forest in the mountains of Lorraine, succeeding in hiding himself so effectually that search for him was vain.

It is now supposed that he lived for a long time on nothing but roots and berries, and such small animals as he was able to catch by surprise. It is at all events certain that nobody saw him during all the Summer following his escape, and that he committed no depredations, nor harmed any one, until quite driven to desperation. But his ill-luck clung to him, and, long before he had done anything whatever to deserve it, his ominous *soubriquet* was a household terror in every valley of the Cote d'Or. To Le Maudit was accredited every highway robbery and every deed of violence that occurred within a hundred miles of his hiding-place, while all this time the poor wretch was skulking amid the rocks and fens, afraid of his own shadow, and fairly starving because he dared not venture near the abodes of his fellow-men.

Desperation will come at last, however, and even the mouse becomes bo'd when perishing with hunger. Autumn was fading into Winter, and soon there would be no food of any kind in the forest, save such animals as it required weapons to kill.

Then "the accursed's" fearful name acquired a new significance by the perpetration of the first act of violence that could ever be distinctly traced to him. But even this was the result of chance, and the personal folly of the sufferer. A sportsman, hunting small game in the mountains, accidentally encountered him, and, out of a silly ambition, foolishly attempted to secure him.

Of course Le Maudit resisted, and, having knocked his would-be captor senseless with his fist, did not neglect the opportunity of possessing himself of the weapons and ammunition he so much needed.

In short, he stripped the silly hunter of his gun, knife, powder-horn and game-bag, and left him to find his way back to the nearest village, there to increase poor Ishmael's evil reputation by exaggerating his own peril, and vaunting his own bravery, in the combat with the terrible brigand.

Unluckily, *again*, for Le Maudit, the despoiled

sportsman was the son of a nobleman of considerable influence. The father's authority was immediately exerted, and all the power of the police of the whole district was at once brought into requisition, to hunt down the miserable fugitive, and avenge the insult offered to the sprig of nobility.

It was impossible for the poor, friendless wretch to contend long with such odds, backed by the vindictiveness of offended aristocratic pride, and the catastrophe was close at hand. Closer and closer the toils were gathered around him. Driven from one hiding-place to another, for many weeks he led the life of a hunted wild beast, occasionally seen, but instantly flying, until at length the locality of his last refuge was entirely surrounded, and no hope of escape left him.

The closing scene of his strange career is vividly related in the reports of the gendarmes from whence this record is drawn. They came upon him, one bright October morning, in a rocky fastness in the midst of a tangled wood. He stood in the centre of a small, level, open space, behind which rose a rugged mass of rock, its summit lost amid the embowered branches of the great trees which surrounded the rest of the dell. At his feet was stretched the body of a fawn he had killed that morning for food, and near it his battered old straw hat lay upon the ground, in startling similitude to that of a beggar, who, crouching by the roadside, asks merciful charity, for God's sake!

But there was no mercy for Le Maudit. Brought to bay at last, he raised his gun instinctively to his shoulder, and, with wildly gleaming eyes, his weather-beaten face awfully expressive of a mortal fear, he aimed it full at the breast of the foremost gendarme, as they came crashing through the bushes toward him.

Whether he ever meant to defend himself in his despair, to the last extremity of taking life, will never be known till the secrets of all hearts are laid bare at the great judgment-seat. Before he could pull the trigger, if he *did* mean it, a shot was fired by one of the officers in the rear, who saw his leader in danger, as he thought, and poor Ishmael fell to the ground, wounded unto death. Ere they could close in upon him, and lift him up, his soul had flown to meet its Maker. Let us hope that *there* the mystery of his sad life was at last made clear, and that, standing in the presence of Him who can remove every ban, he was no longer "the accursed."

His body, after the judicial investigation, was at first buried within the precincts of a jail; but when, a few years later, the confession of a dying galley-slave proved his entire innocence of the murder at the farm, it was removed to consecrated ground, and a stone, erected by the young noble who was the indirect cause of his death, perpetuates the memory of his misfortunes by the simple inscription, "*Ci git Le Maudit.*"

Ballet-Dancers of the King of Cambodia.

DANCING as an amusement is entirely unknown to the Mongolian. You look for it in vain in China, where the theatrical representations are wars of gods and heroes. But in Cambodia, though much reminds you of China, you find still much to recall the Hindoos.

A French envoy was entertained by the king with a ballet given by his whole corps of dancing girls. The original and *bizarre* dresses are so eminently characteristic, that they would be assigned to no other part of the world, and are of extremely rich silks. But the dance itself and the pantomimes are generally graceful, easy, and alluring,

though at times burlesque and uncouth to our eyes.

The court, however, seemed to enjoy alike the dancing and the music which accompanied it.

Our illustration gives the reader also the curious attitude of the attendants on great men in the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

Cinnamon.

CINNAMON bark is well known to all our readers. Boys and girls, as well as many grown people, like to smell and eat it. It is an article of commerce, and great quantities are brought to America every year. It is in daily use, but not many take any thought about where and how it grows, and how it is prepared for the market. The cinnamon plant is supposed to be a native of Ceylon; but it is cultivated chiefly by the people of China, not because a better quality or more abundant crop is produced there, but because the Chinese are more industrious and value commerce more highly than the Cingalese. These countries have their cinnamon harvest, when all hands are busily engaged as we are in gathering the productions of this country. But this harvest commences in May and continues until October. The plants are not cut down and destroyed, but the twigs are carefully selected and cut off, ranging in size from a half-inch to two inches, the smaller the better. After they are cut from the plant, a knife, made for the purpose, is run several times lengthwise through the bark, so that it may be easily stripped off. After being stripped off, the bark is dried in the sun, and rolled up like quills. It is then bound into bundles of thirty pounds each, sewed up in mats, and sent to market. The

"cassia buds," which are procured at the druggist's, are the dried flowers of the cinnamon tree, gathered for commerce just before they burst into bloom.

Spanish Students.

One of the most curious types of old Spain, which under the influence of revolutions is rapidly passing away, is the class of young men known as *Estudiantes de la Tuna*, the latter word meaning idle, free, vagabond.

As a matter of course these students are not great at study; as Cervantes says, "better versed in fencing than in text-books."

Spanish literature is full of the freaks, adventures, misfortunes and straits of these merry scamps. Their dress—a three-cornered hat, a cloak, a long soutane, and the leggings of the lower classes—is equally famous, as well as the wooden spoon that always decorated the hat.

Like the minstrels of old, they roamed around, singing, playing, dancing, leading a merry life, if a short one.

The modern traveler, however, will soon seek in vain for this famous character of the past. Education is on a different basis. The institutions out of which they grew are gone.

God loves to have us pray with earnest simplicity. Better in God's sight are the broken and heartfelt utterances of a child, than those who think themselves wonderful in prayer.

A Good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires silence, which costs nothing.



SPANISH STUDENTS.



MISS WYNTER'S MEDIUM.—“BRING MISS WYNTER A GLASS OF WINE IMMEDIATELY. HER NERVES HAVE BEEN A LITTLE SHAKEN,” SAID DOCTOR DENMAN TO ME.”

Miss Wynter's Medium.

I WASN'T as much surprised as some people, when Miss Wynter took it into her head to turn Spiritualist, as she called it. It was her way to be always taking up some odd notion or other, as no one knew better than I, who had been for ten years her housekeeper. At one time it would be about her health—fancying she had some fatal secret malady—and at another, it was about the world's coming to an end; and then she would have a dream or presentiment that the house was going to be broken into, and robbed of the silver

service and set of diamonds that she had inherited from her grandmother when young.

Indeed, there was a report in Oakland that those diamonds and other valuables had been the cause of her breaking off with the only suitor she ever had—a wild young man, twelve years her junior, whom she had accused of mercenary motives. Maybe the charge was not altogether unjust; but at any rate the young man went off in a huff, and joined a regiment enlisting for the war, and the next we heard of him was that he had been killed in battle.

Miss Wynter took on badly about it, and always insisted that he had rashly sacrificed his life on

account of her harsh treatment of him. She had his portrait painted in oil, from a photograph he had given her, and kept it hung over her sitting-room mantelpiece, where it was constantly before her eyes. And it was about this time that she began to take up with the odd notions I have spoken of.

I noticed that after that idea of Spiritualism seized upon her, she was always having the most absurd fancies, such as even a child might have laughed at. For instance, on one occasion, when she had been all day and night complaining of nervousness and faintness, I mixed her a glass of something—pretty strong, too—and put into it a few drops of laudanum, which I hoped would induce her to sleep off her bad feeling.

When she awoke, she told me that she had been in a trance; that her spirit had wandered away from its earthly prison-house, and communed with disembodied souls in the spirit-land. And she grew very angry when I hinted my belief that the brandy and laudanum had had something to do with it.

Then, again, one night when a rat ran across the door-bell wire, as they sometimes did, she became very much excited in the conviction that a spirit was ringing for admission; and she got out of bed, and opened the door herself, and stood there in the window-draft until she got chilled through, and was laid up with a cold and fever for three weeks after.

It was just as she was recovering from this attack that she began to write a good many letters directed to various persons in New York city, who, she told me, were well-known Spiritualists. She said she was inquiring for a medium to visit her—that she wished to have information of her friends in the spirit-world, and also to be experimented upon, as she believed that she was herself gifted with strong "mediumistic instincts."

One day she received a letter, written in a strange, cramped hand. After reading it, she told me in some excitement that it was from a Doctor Denman, who had been informed of her anxiety to obtain an interview with a professional medium.

The doctor said he would be happy to visit her on the following evening, in passing through Oakland, on his way to fulfill an engagement at Albany. He would bring with him a note of introduction from his friend, Doctor Stillwell, the eminent Spiritualist, with whom Miss Wynter had recently corresponded.

He apologized for the abruptness of the notice, as also for the lateness of the hour at which he proposed to call on her; but his engagements admitted of no alternative. He would be engaged at a "seance" at Doctor Stillwell's house up to nearly nine o'clock, and would then have barely time to catch the train for Albany, proposing to stop an hour in Oakland to see Miss Wynter, and resume his journey by the ten-o'clock train. He hinted that his charge would be moderate—five dollars only for the first interview.

Miss Wynter remarked to me that any right-minded person would be willing to give a hundred for the inestimable privilege of communicating with the glorified inhabitants of the spirit-world.

So she charged me to have ready the best refreshments that could be obtained, and to say nothing about the expected visit, as she did not choose it to be just yet known to a narrow-minded and disbelieving community, such as that of Oakland. Even her minister, she said, who as the teacher of spiritual things ought to be more enlightened and liberal-minded, had set his face against the beautiful doctrine of soul-sight and soul-communication, and declared it to be a snare of the Evil One.

Well, the evening came; and in about five min-

utes after we heard the shriek of the engine stopping at the station, there came a ring at the door, and I hurried to let in the expected visitor. He gave his name at once—Doctor Denman—and took off his over-coat, which he left, with a large traveling-bag, in the hall.

I hadn't much faith in mediums, and had been inclined to look upon them generally as either fools or humbugs; but I couldn't but admit to myself that Doctor Denman didn't much resemble my idea of either. He was a tall, pale man, with a high forehead, and a grave, thoughtful face. His eyes were dark and quiet, and his manner reserved, almost to diffidence. If he hadn't been a medium, I should have taken him for a clergyman, especially as he wore spectacles, and was plainly dressed in black.

I didn't have much time to look at him though, for, after showing him into the sitting-room where Miss Wynter was, and stirring the fire a little, I left the room.

I meant to have gone and sat with Martha, the cook, by the kitchen-fire. But when I had reached the kitchen, I went back to see if I hadn't forgotten to lock the hall-door, and then I thought I might as well listen a bit at the door of the sitting-room. There could be no harm in it, of course.

I heard Miss Wynter telling the doctor all about her "trance," in which she lay unconscious of earthly things, and with strange shadowy forms floating around her. And then she told of the door-bell being rung by invisible hands, and how, as she opened the door, she felt a cold breath as of something passing her by, and heard a low, moaning sigh wafted through the hall, and how the effect upon her nervous system had been such as to lay her up for three weeks. The doctor remarked that these were very significant tokens; and then I felt so inclined to laugh at Miss Wynter's account, and the solemn way in which it had been given, that I was obliged to hurry back to the kitchen.

I couldn't rest, though, listening to Martha's complaints of the scarcity of fresh eggs, and the indifferent quality of the new barrel of flour; so after a while I went back. I didn't go into the hall this time, where it was cold, but went round to Miss Wynter's chamber, one door of which opened into the sitting-room, and exactly faced another that led into the hall.

Peeping through the keyhole, I could just see Miss Wynter sitting in her armchair on one side the fire, almost in a line with me and the hall-door, and also the shadow of the medium on the wall behind her. She was looking extremely solemn, and working her fingers in a nervous sort of way that she had when agitated.

"Is there any spirit with whom you particularly desire to hold communication, Miss Wynter?" I heard the doctor ask.

Miss Wynter rolled her eyes upward, to the portrait above the mantelpiece.

"There is *one*!" she said, solemnly.

"I see," replied the medium, in a tone of delicate consideration and sympathy.

"He was so devoted," said Miss Wynter, shaking her head mournfully—"so devoted. And I—I killed him."

"Killed him!" cried Doctor Denman in a surprised tone.

"I was cruel to him. My unkind words broke his heart. I bade him leave my presence. He had a proud and knightly spirit, which could not brook injustice from the one to whom he was devoted. He obeyed me. He left my sight for ever. He rushed into the thickest of the battle, and rashly cast away the life which had become to him a burden since the fancied loss of my affection. I say *fancied*—"

And here Miss Wynter lifted her handkerchief

to her face—to hide either her blushes or her tears.

The shadow on the wall slowly shook its head.

"Sad—very sad."

"I confide in you thus, doctor, in order that you may the more fully understand and appreciate my wishes."

"Certainly. I fully comprehend, as well as sympathize; and have no doubt that I can communicate between you and the spirit of—"

"Arthur—Arthur Wellesley Jones was his name. He was not of this place—in fact, nearly a stranger in Oakland."

"Between you and the spirit of Mr. Jones. Indeed, it is possible that I may place you *en rapport* with the spirit itself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Wynter, clasping her hands, as if quite overcome by the idea, "how rejoiced he will be, my dear Arthur, to find that I was true to him through all, and am faithful still! Doctor, do spirits readily forgive?"

"I trust so, madame. But first, pray, allow me to try the extent of your susceptibility to spiritual influences. A few magnetic passes—"

The next that I could clearly make out, he was standing in front of her, softly waving his hands, at first at a distance, and then gradually approaching nearer, until he almost touched her face. She leant back in her chair, and looked at him, until delicately passing the tips of his fingers over her lids, her eyes closed, and she appeared asleep. Then the medium, taking from his pocket a clean white handkerchief, did something to it—what, I couldn't see exactly, as his back was to me—and wafted it gently to and fro, close to her face. This he repeated twice, until she seemed in a profound slumber.

At the same time, I became conscious of a strange influence upon myself. Something altogether inexplicable seemed to be in the air about me. At first it was like a faint, sweet, sickening odor, then it was more like a taste, which appeared to run from my tongue, through every nerve of my body. I felt as though I were growing in some way weak and powerless. The spiritual or magnetic influence was, no doubt, penetrating through the keyhole, and taking effect upon me. In great alarm, I was about to rise and hurry away, when at that very moment I beheld what froze me to the spot with terror.

I saw—yes, as I am at this moment a living woman—I saw the form of a man, or a spirit, the very image of that portrait above the mantelpiece, come slowly gliding in at the hall-door, and pass across the room. I say gliding, for although through the keyhole I could not see his feet, the motion was not like walking, but was slow, and stealthy and noiseless; and as it moved, the phantom kept its eyes intently fixed upon the face of the sleeping Miss Wynter.

It did not appear to notice the doctor, nor did the doctor give any token of seeing it. He kept on waving his handkerchief, close to the mouth and nose of his subject, and never once turned his head or his eyes, so far as I could see, upon the gliding apparition near him.

For a moment I was, as I have said, frozen to the spot with terror. This was, no doubt, the spirit of the slain Arthur Wellesley Jones! But as I saw it gradually creeping nearer and nearer, straight to the door behind which I knelt, an unconquerable terror seized me. I jumped up noiselessly, and running across the room, never stopped until I had reached the kitchen, and locked and barred the door.

I said nothing to Martha, except that I felt a little sick. I thought to myself that I should surely never muster courage to go again where that medium was—and perhaps the spirit, too!

But when, half an hour after, the bell rung, I felt compelled to obey the summons.

Miss Wynter was awake then, though looking pale and agitated. The medium was standing on the hearth-rug, gazing mildly at her, as he quietly drew on his gloves.

I cast a fearful look around, but could see nothing of Mr. Jones's spirit. Perhaps, I thought, that was because the spiritual influence was no longer upon me. Yet, I was still conscious of a strange sort of something in the atmosphere of the room—something of a faint, sickening, but pleasant odor, like that of some poisonous flowers that I've seen.

"Pray," said Doctor Denman to me, as I entered—"pray, bring Miss Wynter a glass of wine immediately. Her nerves have been a little shaken."

"Some coffee also, Rebecca," said Miss Wynter, faintly. "Doctor Denman will, no doubt, be good enough to take a cup before he goes."

The doctor thanked her, and looked at his watch, and said he had still twenty minutes before the arrival of the next train. So I brought in the waiter for refreshments, of which he partook very heartily; and then pleasantly shaking hands with Miss Wynter, as he accepted the five-dollar fee, took leave, promising to call again on his return trip to New York. He made me a very civil good-night, as I let him out at the hall-door, and stopped a moment to caution me to keep Miss Wynter quiet and undisturbed for a day or two.

"These things are at first very trying to the nerves of a delicate and sensitive person," he said, kindly.

When I asked Miss Wynter about the interview, and whether she had been experimented upon by the medium, she said Yes, but that it had failed for the present. She had been put in a trance, but could remember nothing of it at all, from the time she became unconscious of earthly things till she awoke. And when I told her of what I had seen—for really I could not keep it to myself, though I didn't mention it had been through the keyhole—she was greatly chagrined to think that I had been more favored than herself.

"But, no doubt," said she, "my spiritual sight will become clearer under the influence of Doctor Denman. He is a powerful medium. When he touched my eyes with his fingers, I felt an electric thrill through my whole frame, and for a moment felt quite faint. And how kind and considerate he is! I wonder how long it will be before he returns?"

She watched very anxiously for him. In fact, it struck me that she thought more about him than of Mr. Jones's spirit, with which she was anticipating an interview. But all her watching was in vain. The medium never again made his appearance in Oakland.

And, now, what do you think was the upshot of the business? Why, just this: About a week after the medium's visit, Miss Wynter went to her private secretary-drawer, which she had in her chamber, under her own eyes, as she said. She found the lock pried open, and the inner drawer, in which she kept her money, and diamonds, and other valuables, also broken open—very neatly and cleverly—and all its contents gone!

Now, she had locked this drawer on the very day before the medium's visit, and I knew that, since then, no one had entered that room except ourselves—and the spirit of Mr. Arthur Wellesley Jones, while the accomplished medium was entrancing Miss Wynter with chloroform. I have smelled chloroform since then, and recognized it.

That Mr. Jones wasn't killed at Manassas, as reported in the papers, we learned shortly after, when a grocer of Oakland reported that about a week before the robbery he had met that gentle-

man, alive and well, in a New York restaurant. He had inquired, laughing, about "his old girl," Miss Wynter, when the grocer entertained him with an account of her spiritual proclivities, and of her anxiety to obtain a medium. And when I heard this story, I was at no loss to comprehend the visit of Miss Wynter's medium, and the apparition of her old lover, killed at Manassas.

Despite all that the police could do, we never succeeded in getting the least trace of them. They had had a good week's start, and, no doubt, made the best of it.

Miss Wynter has had the portrait above the mantelpiece taken down, and burned in the kitchen-fire.

The Oaken Beam.

A NARRATIVE OF SOME STRANGE FACTS.

In these days of mingled skepticism and "Spiritualism" it is a thankless task to be obliged to make a statement of facts ever so slightly bordering on the supernatural. On the one hand, the narrator will meet with too great credulity, and run the risk of misleading many worthy people; on the other, he will encounter a contemptuous unbelief, which will not hesitate to denounce him as a fool or an impostor. Between this Scylla and Charybdis it is my lot to steer on the present occasion, but confident in the truth of what I am about to relate, I shall not hesitate to encounter the ordeal. I shall only ask the skeptics to suspend judgment until they have exhausted the evidence in the case; and to the Spiritualists I will merely remark that I am not one of their number, and do not publish my experience as an evidence, in any sense, of the truth of their creed.

I am a lawyer by profession, and not very many years ago I was a lawyer in no other sense whatever. That is to say, I was not a lawyer by practice, for no practice had yet fallen in my way, and as I had only the little remnant of my patrimony, left after educating myself, to depend upon, I was about as needy a lawyer, by profession, as you could meet at the county court during any given term.

As may be supposed, therefore, I sat, day after day, in my little office on the main street of the county town, gazing disconsolately at the busy passers, and praying, rather heathenishly, that some rich one among them would get into trouble with the law, and call upon me to help him through.

No one did call, however, and when nearly a year of constant disappointment had elapsed, I began to entertain serious thoughts of renouncing a business which brought me no income, and starting for the West to try my luck in some other occupation. But the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and at the very moment when I was most despondent, fortune had in store for me an adventure which laid the foundation of all my subsequent success.

One beautiful June afternoon, while sitting on the shady piazza in front of my office, lazily smoking and bitterly ruminating on my future plans, I saw a lady dressed in black, her face covered by a thick lace veil, slowly crossing the street toward me.

Much to my surprise she did not turn away when she reached the sidewalk, but came close to the piazza, and asked me if my name was Arthur Slade. I replied in the affirmative, and without another word, she walked up the steps, and into the office, whither, after throwing away my cigar, I followed her, in some doubt as to her sanity.

Reaching my sanctum, she commanded me to shut the door,, and, taking a seat without waiting

for an invitation, coolly informed me that she had come to consult me professionally.

As may be imagined, my heart bounded at the idea of getting a client at last; but the very fact of her coming to me, revived my first fear that her mind was not well balanced, and as this thought considerably repressed my elation, I was able to reply calmly that I was at her service. Her next remark quite convinced me at the moment that she *was* insane, for it was to the effect that she had chosen me to manage her affairs, because she knew that I had never had a case, or any other business as a lawyer.

Staggered by this remarkably plain statement of my status in the profession, and considerably chagrined withal, I managed to stammer that it certainly was the truth, but that everybody must make a beginning, and I hoped she would find me competent.

Possibly she detected something of indignation in my tone, for her next speech made ample amends to my wounded vanity.

"Sir," said she, "I have heard enough about you to feel convinced that you are perfectly competent to do all I wish done. I only mentioned that you were unemployed at present, in order to add that it was an additional recommendation, for the affair I wish you to undertake will require your whole time."

These words modified my opinion regarding her sanity greatly, and when she removed her veil, allowing me to see her face plainly, I no longer imagined that she had the least symptom of madness about her. The face was that of a woman perhaps fifty years of age, expressing in every line great intellectual power, and a firm will. She was very pale, and her large black eyes were mournful in the extreme.

I felt intuitively that her history could not be commonplace, for if ever sorrow and undeserved suffering were written on a human countenance, they were plainly legible on hers. Doubtless she was the innocent victim of some foul wrong, and I determined, if this proved to be the case, to employ all my talent and skill in seeing her righted.

My hasty conjecture was not very wide of the truth. She had indeed suffered much, and, if her own story was to be believed, had been defrauded in a very rascally way. Lawyer as I was, I believed her statement in every particular, and my confidence in its truth sustained me greatly in my subsequent efforts in her behalf, amid much trial and difficulty. Not at our first interview, nor indeed until after many future meetings, did I gather all the details of her case; but I will spare the reader all my trouble in the matter, and relate the history as I finally digested it in my own mind.

My client's name was Mrs. Anna Carstone. Her maiden name was Anderson, and, previous to her marriage, she resided with her parents in the little town of B—, near the centre of New York State. The romance of her history began before her own birth. Her father was the eldest of three children, and, during his early life, was his father's favorite. His parents being very wealthy, he had, until after he reached manhood, every reason to suppose that he should succeed to a large share of their estate.

His next brother, however, was jealous of his influence with their father, and lost no opportunity of endeavoring to supplant him. His schemes seemed to have attained full success, when, at the age of twenty-three, Rupert Anderson, my client's father, fell in love with and married a lovely girl named Clara Grey. This young lady's father and old Anderson had had a fierce quarrel, resulting in a law-suit, which was lost by Anderson. The latter was vindictive, and his

hatred of his antagonist seemed rather to increase than diminish with time.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that his wrath was terrible when he was informed of his son's marriage with the daughter of his enemy. He forbade Rupert his house, refused to see him, and made it publicly known that he should not leave him a penny of the estate. Three months afterward he died, and when his will was opened, it was found that he had kept his word, his whole fortune being divided between his other children, to the complete exclusion of his eldest son.

Henry, the second son, and Mary, the remaining child, entered into possession of their respective inheritances under the will, and so far all appeared to be legal and just. But about eighteen months after old Anderson's death the case assumed a new aspect, and created much excitement in the community.

At this time my client was born, and her father immediately laid claim to one undivided half of all the property his father had died possessed of, for her use and benefit—alleging that Anderson, senior, had made another will, one month before his death, devising this amount "to the first child lawfully begotten of the bodies of his eldest son, Rupert, and Clara, his wife," failing of which issue the estate was not to be disturbed of its devise under the first will.

Unfortunately for his daughter's interests, Mr. Rupert was unable to produce the document he claimed under, though he conclusively proved that it had really been drawn and executed as he alleged. The attorney who drew it, an old and respected practitioner, and the two persons who witnessed it, both tenants on the estate and highly esteemed in the neighborhood, respectively testified to these facts; but the will itself was not forthcoming, and in its absence the court before which the suit was brought had no alternative but to dismiss it.

Henry Anderson, in defending the action, admitted that the will might have been drawn and executed, but as it was not to be found in the place where the claimant stated it had been deposited, or anywhere else, he contended that it had been destroyed by his father, who, he brought witnesses to prove, had expressed himself as entirely unreconciled to his eldest son, only a few hours before his death.

This was the case before the court. Mr. Rupert Anderson's story was as follows: About a month previous to his decease the old gentleman, taking advantage of Henry's absence on business, had sent for him. He obeyed the summons at once, and met his father in a certain room of the paternal mansion known as the library. In this apartment Anderson senior was accustomed to transact his business, and there was a small iron safe in that room, let into the wall over the mantel, in which he usually deposited his valuable papers.

The interview was stormy and disagreeable in every way, and Rupert was quite convinced, ere it ended, that his father never would forgive him while he lived.

Reiterating this determination again and again, the elder Anderson, however, stated that he had no desire to punish Rupert's future offspring for their parent's misdeeds, nor to deprive the elder branch of his house of their share in his estate. If, then, Rupert should have children, it was his father's intention that they should be provided for, and to prove that he was in earnest, he produced the will in question, which, he said, he had executed on the previous day. After allowing his son to read it, and take notes of its contents, he deposited it in the iron safe before mentioned, and told Rupert it would be found there after his death. The interview then terminated, and the

son saw his father no more until the latter was in his coffin.

Upon filing his claim at the birth of his child, Rupert had obtained legal authority to search the safe for the will, but neither there, nor in any other part of the Anderson mansion—a thorough inquisition having been voluntarily permitted by Henry—was the important document discovered. The unfortunate claimant always maintained that his brother Henry had destroyed it, and from that time forward bitter wrath prevailed among them.

At this point, my client's personal story begins, and it is not less interesting than the previous history of the case. Her first knowledge of the matter was derived from her father, who, when she was about fifteen years old, related all the particulars to her, and often, subsequently, repeated the facts, dwelling emphatically on his belief that her uncle had destroyed the last will.

My client lost her mother while she was still a child, and her father died when she was scarcely eighteen. Among his papers she found a detailed statement of the whole affair, and a certified copy of the proceedings before the court, which documents she now placed in my hands.

On the small property left by her father, Miss Anderson subsisted comfortably for two years, when she married Mr. Alfred Carstone, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, with whom she lived very happily for many years.

One child, a daughter, of whom I shall speak hereafter, was the issue of this union, and thus blessed in worldly prosperity and love, her future seemed full of promise.

But her real troubles were yet to pour upon her devoted head, and almost overwhelm her in the flood of disaster.

Two years before she came to me, and when her daughter was in her sixteenth year, her husband died, leaving his affairs so embarrassed that his widow and child were at once reduced to abject poverty.

For some time she struggled with adversity unaided, striving to maintain herself and child by the labor of her hands; but worn out at length, she came to the singular determination of appealing to the charity of her uncle Henry.

Impressed with her father's belief that this man had criminally despoiled her of her inheritance, she argued that he ought to be made to contribute to her support at least; and sustained by her indomitable will, she resolved to see him personally, and force him, if possible, to do her partial justice.

She had never seen him in all her life until the hour when she stood face to face with him, on this rash errand, in the little library where her father had parted with his so many years before.

Henry Anderson was now an old man, and as she looked upon him, she saw that his own evil passions, and perhaps remorse, had aged him even more than his years. He received her coldly, almost rudely; but she was not to be daunted when her child's future was at stake, and as plainly and forcibly as possible, she made her appeal to him, basing it solely on the fact of their relationship and her destitution.

Scarcely waiting to hear her out, he contemptuously refused her prayer, and added words of insult reflecting cruelly on the memory of her dead father.

On this followed the most singular circumstance in the whole history of the case. The villain confessed his crime to his victim, and taunted her with being powerless to compel him to right the wrong!

Insult to herself, Anna Carstone could have borne patiently, rather than fail in this last desperate effort to secure her daughter's future; but the memory of her father was sacred, and her an-

ger defied control. Hot with righteous indignation, she hurled upon him the scathing epithet of "thief," and accused him boldly of destroying the will.

For a time the lava torrent of her just wrath made him shrink and cower before her like a whipped hound; but at last his gathering fury overmastered his fear, and when she again repeated that he had destroyed the will, he lost all self-possession.

"It is a lie! a lie!" he burst out, foaming with rage. "The will was never destroyed!"

At these astounding words, implying, as they did, an admission that the important document was still in existence, a blank silence fell upon the actors in this strange scene, and they stared at each other, bewildered.

Anderson was the first to recover his self-command, and choosing his course on the spur of the moment, apparently resolved that bold defiance would alone save him from the consequence of his forgetful rashness. A malicious grin overspread his features, and his small, gray eyes stared directly into her own, wide open with astonishment, with the mocking gaze of a triumphant fiend.

"Yes," he hissed, emphasizing each word with his lean forefinger as he spoke—"yes, I confess it fully! and much good may it do you. I stole the will, and put it in a place where even I cannot get at it to destroy it! But it is equally out of your reach, my dainty niece, and I think you'll find it hard to make anybody believe that I've told you what I have. Get out of my house, you cat, and never let me see your ugly face again!"

Unheeding the fury of his last words, but dazed and stunned with the conflicting emotions that were swelling in her heart, the poor woman turned and left his presence and house mechanically. It was hours before she was able to think calmly, and days before she could decide what course to pursue.

But at last she came to the firm determination to devote the rest of her life, and leave no stone unturned in the endeavor to bring the wretch, who had despoiled and mocked her, to justice.

The task was almost hopeless, but from the moment of her resolve, she had never faltered, and the steady pursuit of her object had brought her into communication with myself.

Such was the marvelous story of my new client, and the proposition she had to make to me was this:

The only hope she had of obtaining her rights was to discover the hiding-place of the will; and to do this, it was necessary to set a close watch upon Henry Anderson's movements. She was persuaded that he must often visit the place where he had concealed it, if only to endeavor to recover and destroy it; for she was convinced he had spoken the truth, when he said that even he was unable to get at it. If he could be detected, when thus employed, the place would then be known to us, and the law could be invoked to aid us in penetrating the mystery of its secure concealment. The honorable office of detective she wished me to undertake; and her indefatigable efforts had already secured the promise, from an old friend of her father, to bear the absolutely necessary expenses of the quest.

As may be supposed, I had no particular relish for such a wild-goose chase as this promised to be, and I hesitated long ere embarking in it. But a visit to my client, at the picturesque cottage in which she made her home, altered my views considerably. I may as well confess at once that it was the sight of her daughter that thus influenced me, and also, that I fell in love with the young lady the moment I did see her.

I am not good at personal description, and,

therefore, will merely say that, though not absolutely beautiful, Alice Carstone was my ideal of feminine grace and sweetness, and time only deepened and strengthened my first impressions of her gentle goodness. Ere long I had resolved to win her for my wife, if I could, and this determination involving the necessity of securing her mother's approbation, I entered heartily into the latter's plans, and from that time devoted all my energies to their accomplishment.

The vulgar *role* of a mere spy I had no fancy for, nor did I think it would answer the purpose I had in view. But with a wretch who had acted so basely, I felt no false delicacy in employing disguise and stratagem.

The plan I finally adopted, after several consultations with Mrs. Carstone and Mr. Banks, the generous friend who had promised to defray her expenses in this matter, was to present myself to Mr. Henry Anderson in the character of a probable purchaser of some land we knew he wished to sell. Mr. Banks had money to invest, and was willing to buy this land, if it became necessary to make the purchase *bona fide*.

Once known to Henry Anderson, I flattered myself I could improve the acquaintance so as to be admitted on a footing of familiarity at the family mansion where he still resided.

We had no doubt that the hiding-place of the will was somewhere within or near the old homestead; and, if I could get domesticated there, as I hoped, even for a short time, I should have some chance of discovering the secret, by keeping a close watch on the sole possessor thereof.

The plan was not very deep, nor did it seem to promise much of success, but it was the best we could devise at the time, and the result proved that it is not always the shrewdest schemes which conquer in the end.

Our bold little plot prospered beyond our utmost expectations at the outset, and through it I not only succeeded in getting introduced to our enemy, but, to my great delight, received an invitation to spend a week at the homestead, while I was examining the land I proposed to purchase.

Thus domiciled in the stronghold of the foe—for by this time he seemed to be my enemy, as well as Mrs. Carstone's—I made it my first business to study my antagonist, in order to ascertain what sort of a man I had to deal with. After that, I proposed to study the old house as well; and having gained all the knowledge I could on these two points, to shape my course as circumstances should prompt.

I was not long in making up my mind about Mr. Henry Anderson himself. Externally, he was as ugly and vicious-looking an old man as I ever should care to see; while, mentally, he was the incarnation of utter selfishness.

Bent and wrinkled by age, and I strongly suspected, by remorse as well—though the evidence certainly went strongly to prove that he had no conscience at all—he stood, with one foot in the grave, holding on to his idolized wealth as if that alone would insure his future salvation. I was soon convinced that any appeal to his justice or charity would be worse than vain; and the more I saw of his utter heartlessness, the more was I reconciled to the false part I was playing.

He had never married, and, therefore, had no direct heirs; but I was quite positive that he would not even make a tardy reparation for his crime, by leaving a portion of his property to his wronged niece.

On the contrary, I felt confident that his malignant nature would lead him to perpetuate the wrong, by devising all his wealth away from her; and when I had reached this conviction, I no longer felt any compunction whatever at the course I was pursuing.

In the meantime, I studied the house as well as its owner, but without making any discovery that helped me in the least. It was a rambling old mansion, full of dark passages and concealed closets, with countless obscure angles and nooks, affording scores of hiding-places for much more bulky articles than a piece of parchment; and though at first, when I had opportunity, I searched every such spot as soon as I described it, I soon relinquished that task as hopeless, and devoted my whole time to watching the incomings and outgoings of my host. This labor was quite as emphatically without result as the other.

The old man had many strange ways, and did many queer things, but nothing that he did gave me any clue to the object of my quest; and I firmly believe that, without the occurrence of the strange and startling event I am now about to relate, I should have gone away from the old homestead as empty-handed as I came.

I shall state the facts just as they happened, without comment, or any attempt at explanation. The reader may form an unbiased opinion from the evidence; as for myself, I have always believed my fearful experience to be purely supernatural—a direct providential interference to set right a grievous wrong.

The event I refer to happened on the fifth night of my sojourn at the Anderson mansion. I had retired to my chamber earlier than usual, suffering from a headache, brought on, no doubt, by my nervous anxiety at seeing the time slip away without bringing me any nearer my object. I did not go to bed, however, but sat for more than an hour near the open window, listening to the monotonous footsteps of the old man, whom I had left pacing the piazza below, and thinking, till my poor brain fairly whirled, of some new plan to wring his secret from him.

This was not the best preparation for rest that I could have made, and I had reason to think so, when, having heard the old man go into the house, and lock the hall-door for the night, I undressed, and threw myself upon the bed. For hours I tossed and rolled to and fro, utterly unable to go to sleep. One by one, I heard the household sounds denoting the close of the labors of the day, and at length these were followed by that profound silence which proclaimed that all the inmates of the mansion had retired to rest.

But even then I could not close my eyes, or escape from the continued mental contemplation of my situation. The solemn hush that had fallen upon the house grew more and more oppressive to me, until, at last, in sheer self-defense, I rose from my couch, threw on a loose dressing-gown, and went out into the hall, on which my bedroom opened.

The hall was high and wide, and extended through the whole building, from front to rear. It was lighted by an immense arched window at its eastern end, and through this the full moon, just risen, cast pallid rays, which illumined every object brightly.

Scarcely had I set foot without my chamber-door, when I became aware that the hall was not tenantless. In front of the great window, his form strongly defined against the background of white moonlight, stood a man of tall stature, clad in the ordinary garb of a gentleman, and holding in his hand a long cane, or wand. At first I thought it was my host, but on approaching him, which I instantly did, I found that he was a person I had never previously seen.

Singular as it may seem, I felt no surprise whatever at discovering a perfect stranger in the house at that hour. On the contrary, I appeared to feel that it was a matter of course, and advanced toward him, with the full intention of greeting him as an ordinary acquaintance.

But when I reached a point within five paces of where he stood, he suddenly elevated the wand he held, and leveled its extremity at my breast. Simultaneously a thrill like an electric shock ran through me from head to foot, my limbs turned chill and numb, and I found that I was powerless to move a muscle.

Still, I felt neither alarm nor astonishment, and without attempting to struggle against the mysterious spell which bound me, I examined my strange visitor with close attention. He seemed to be a middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair, and dark, hazel eyes, the expression of which was indescribably pleasing and tender. His face was noble in outline, each feature clearly cut and regular, and the impression his whole appearance made upon me was that he must be a man in whom it would be safe to trust and confide.

I had no time to note more, for even while I gazed he spoke. The words entered my ear clearly, and I was sure he uttered them; but I did not see his lips move, and the sound was like the distant echo of a silver flute.

"Would you know where the will you seek is hidden?"

At no time during this strange adventure did I feel the slightest fear, and now my heart leaped up, with a glad bound, for I realized that my long anxiety was about to end in success. I wished to answer him, in words, and strove to do so, but my lips refused to move, and no sound came from them. Nevertheless, the stranger seemed to divine my ardent acquiescence instantly, and again the flute-like tones rang through my very brain:

"Follow me in silence. You shall find what you seek."

Gliding rather than walking—though even this odd motion did not strike me as unnatural at the time—the figure moved slowly up the hall, and I, feeling that I was free from the restraint which had hitherto chained me, followed as slowly, wondering, but not alarmed. In a few moments, my guide came to a small door at the rear of the hall, which opened at a wave of his wand, and disclosed a narrow staircase, apparently built in the thickness of the wall. This we ascended slowly, and I found myself in a small garret chamber, formed by the gable roof of one of the wings of the mansion.

I had made the most of my opportunities previously, and imagined that I had penetrated every room in the house, but this staircase and garret I had never seen before. There was nothing very striking in the appearance of the chamber, except in one particular. From wall to wall, about a foot higher than my head, extended several great beams, evidently the girders which kept these walls from spreading. The central one of these was twice the size of the others, and was formed of solid oak, dark and polished with age, which seemed capable of sustaining a mountain.

Under this, my conductor stopped, and raising his wand, struck it thrice upon the surface of the beam, until the whole house seemed to jar with the concussion. Then he turned slowly round, and fixing his tender eyes upon my own, motioned with the wand, as if to call my attention to the spot where the blows had fallen. Again I tried, but could not speak. I then inclined my head, to intimate that I understood his meaning, and when I raised my eyes—my mysterious guide had vanished!

I cannot recall how I found my way down the narrow staircase, and into my room. I only know I did so, and threw myself upon my couch, where a deep sleep seized me instantly, and held me in its thrall until the morning sun was shining brightly in the east. Springing up the moment my eyes opened, the whole adventure of the pre-

vious night rushed back upon my mind, and while I dressed, I pondered it most gravely. Was it a dream, or was it a veritable ghostly visitation? I was in doubt how to decide this point, though inclining to the latter thought; but of one thing I was sure—I would find out, without delay, whether there was such a garret in the house, and if there should be, I would search it thoroughly, from end to end.

Fortune continued to favor me. Henry Anderson excused himself immediately after breakfast, and went out, to be gone all the morning. As soon as the chamber-maids had finished their duties in the upper part of the house, and I knew that the coast was clear, I ascended to my room, and from thence traced the course I had followed under the guidance of the apparition. I easily found the small door at the rear end of the hall, and opening it, saw before me the narrow staircase built in the wall. Running quickly up the steps, I, indeed, beheld the well-remembered garret, with its huge rafters, and now I was sure that my visit of the previous night was real, because I had never seen, or heard, or read of anything like this place before.

My excitement was now intense, and as I drew near the great oaken beam in the centre of the chamber, the palpitation of my heart was really painful. Casting my eyes upon the spot which had been touched by the wand of my guide, I at first perceived nothing remarkable, and the shock of my disappointment was actually terrible. But, on searching closer, I saw that the beam was covered at this point with fine writing, apparently done with a delicate graver. For some time this seemed to me nothing but a jumble of disjointed sentences, with no meaning whatever; but suddenly I stumbled on the clue, and Henry Anderson's long-treasured secret lay revealed before me. Certain words in the unmeaning mass were much larger than the rest, and by reading these alone, in sequence, the following sentence could be made out: "In the hole in the wall at the end of this beam!"

That was all, but it was quite enough for me. A few moments sufficed for the examination of both walls, and in the top of that toward the east, close to the end of the beam, I found a square hole, extending down further than my arm would reach, and not unlike a small chimney in appearance. This explained what Henry Anderson meant by saying he could not get at the will himself to destroy it. Doubtless this aperture was intended for a chimney, but abandoned for that purpose through some change in the builder's plan. It probably extended down to a lower story, and Anderson having dropped the stolen will into it, had been utterly unable to recover it ever since. This fact itself was providential, for now it might be recovered by proper means, and, as may be imagined, I fully intended that it *should* be recovered, if I had to tear the whole wing of the house down.

My narrative has already grown longer than I intended, and it is unnecessary to detail the legal process by which I finally compelled Henry Anderson to permit the necessary search. Suffice it to say that a close watch was kept to prevent him from forestalling us, and when the search-warrant was served upon him, I had a competent builder and his men at hand to open the wall.

Complete success crowned the experiment. At the bottom of the cavity, on the level of the second floor of the house, the missing will was found. The witnesses were still alive, and it was easily verified, while the manner in which it had been brought to light forced Henry Anderson to full confession, and complete reparation. He did not long survive the exposure of his villainy, and the remainder of his property was left to noble charities. Charity covereth a multitude of sins—let us hope that this blotted out all his.

A few words will end my story. When I related my strange adventure to Mrs. Carstone, she instantly recognized her father in my description of the apparition. Surely even the skeptics must allow that there is something more than mere dreaming; in this experience of mine. I had never



FLAX-BEATERS IN SERVIA



SERVIAN SKETCHES.—OVEN IN THE WOODS, NEAR ESSEK, SERVIA.

seen even a picture of Rupert Anderson any more than I had seen the garret. Yet, both the man and the chamber were accurately presented to me in my vision. If it *was* a mere dream, it was the most vivid and singular dream I have ever read or heard of.

The recovery of the Anderson will brought my name into notice, and ere long I had more business than I wanted. Not many years afterward, I was in a position to ask Alice Carstone to be my wife, and she, nothing loth, consented. We have been very happy ever since, and we reside at the old Anderson homestead, where, if any of my readers will do us the honor to call, we shall be happy to show them the famous oaken beam.

Servian Sketches—An Oven in the Woods.

THE abolition of serfdom has given an impulse to the lower classes, whose great desire is to possess land—and every Government which wishes permanence must use its influence to make as many landed proprietors as possible.

Those who own the soil are always conservative, and were the soil of Ireland in the hands of

the population, the most revolutionary would become the most conservative.

The forests near the Danube now feel the woodman's ax clearing a place for a farm and home. As these clearings are often far from villages, the traveler will meet in the woods a rude oven, where several will bake. They are curious structures, of wood below, on which a heavy bed of clay is spread, and the clay dome reared.

The Servian women in their rural labors wear simply a long chemise, embroidered with open-work or colored designs.

This garment, loose at the neck, would reach the ground, but, to run around briskly, they tuck it up by means of a colored girdle wound two or three times about the waist, giving the drapery elegant and symmetrical forms, reaching to the ankles in front, and to the middle of the calf behind.

The head is covered with a white kerchief, which, on Sundays and holidays, is embroidered with silver and gold. This is worn to suit the fancy. To complete their dress they add a cloth apron reaching to the knees, and a sleeveless jacket, also embroidered with gold thread.

In Winter a sheepskin coat is worn over this. All the articles of attire are spun and woven by

the women. By the road-side you often see women beating flax with the simple machine shown in the illustration—a sort of walking-beam, which rises and falls as she advances or steps back, while a child at her feet passes the flax through. A pole on two supports gives the woman a rest during the operation.

Lizzie's Choice.

"I don't like that 'ere chap!"

The speaker was a tall, stalwart man of fifty, of almost massive proportions, yet perfectly free in every movement, for the suppleness of youth had not all left him.

He wore a frock of stout cloth, girdled at the waist by a leather belt, in which were pistols and a hunting-knife.

His leggings were of buckskin, and his moccasins were of the same material; while surmounting his long, iron-gray locks was an otter-skin cap, rather the worse for wear.

As he stood leaning on his long, heavy rifle, and gazing off to the other side of the clearing, he looked just what he was, a hardy borderman. But one would never guess, while looking into his mild gray eye and listening to his cheerful laugh, that he was also the most noted Indian fighter on the border—excepting always Captain Rodman, at the fort. Yet, such he was; and the name of Silas Stockton was scarcely less terrible to the warlike savages than the name of the young, but noted commander of the only military post for hundreds of miles.

"No, I don't!" said Stockton, with more emphasis. "Not but what the chap is a nice-appearin' young feller; but I want him to show his colors. If he's after our Lib, I want him to say so. I wonder what he wants now?"

The person referred to had just emerged from the thick woods into the clearing, and was making his way toward Stockton, with a light, buoyant step, though somewhat burried.

He was a young man, tall, like Stockton, but of slighter build, yet not slender.

His dress was half military, half civic, and of fine material, contrasting strangely with the coarse garments usually met with in those partially-settled regions, but not seeming out of place on him.

As for his face, it was fine-looking and pleasant, yet somewhat dark; and it was one that most of people would trust.

Why Silas Stockton did not like him had not been fully revealed, though an idea of the cause may have been gleaned from the old man's remarks.

Silas Stockton gazed a moment longer at the approaching figure, and then turned abruptly and went into the cabin.

"That Guy Roosevelt is comin' agin!" he said to his wife, a hale, hearty woman, of an age near his own, who was preparing breakfast. "I won't have him hangin' round here, after our Lib!"

"You won't tell him so, Silas?"

"That I will, Sally. I'll show him my true colors. I'd like to know who he is, and where he came from. He's been round here, off and on, for two months, and nobody knows anything about him, only what he's a mind to tell. Do you s'pose Lib has taken a likin' to him?"

"It would be funny if she hadn't," was Sally's reply.

"It won't be so funny if she has!" said old Silas; "for I'll put a stop to it. I told Bob Bradley that he'd be welcome to her, and I meant it, too."

By this time, Guy Roosevelt had reached the cabin, stopping further talk.

Sally's greeting to the young man was very pleasant, but old Silas was surly enough.

"You're welcome, Guy Roosevelt," he said; "but you've got to show your colors. Now, what brought ye here so airy?"

The young man betrayed no little surprise, but he answered, courteously:

"I came to bid you good-by, for one thing. Business calls me away for a few days. But, what is of more importance to you, I also came to warn you that 'Scarred Hand' is on the war-path with his braves, and that you may expect a visit from him at any time."

"Pooh! that ain't what I mean!" said Silas Stockton, roughly. "You are after our Lib."

Guy was more surprised than ever, but he answered, promptly:

"It would be impossible to be in the company of your daughter without being attracted toward her; but, upon my honor as a gentleman, I have said nothing to her that she, or any one else, could justly construe into any indication of a stronger feeling than friendship. However, after what you have just said, I feel it my duty to tell you frankly that I do love your daughter Lizzie, and also that I have hopes that she will some day be my wife."

"And I tell you frankly that she never shall be!" said Silas Stockton.

"I beg of you not to answer me now!" said Guy. "I shall not, cannot take that for an answer; but if you will, tell me why you are so averse to me?"

"If you are fool enough to ask such a question, I shall be jest fool enough to answer ye. It's because ye don't amount to anything. What could you do fightin' Injins? A pretty father I should be to trust our gal with such a chap! Why, you're jest like a basswood saplin', for all the world: straight, and purty to look at, but of no earthly account."

"I will not get offended with you, Mr. Stockton, for I am almost an entire stranger to you; but some time I hope to appear before you under my true colors, as you say. In the meantime, do not forget the Indians. My respects to Lizzie, Mrs. Stockton. Good-by, friends."

Old Silas felt that he had been worsted somehow, but he was too proud to own it.

He gazed after Guy, hastening across the clearing, and muttered:

"I don't really know how to take that chap. He 'pears honest enough, yet—"

Sally smiled to herself, but made no comments. Meanwhile, Guy had reached the timber, and found Lizzie Stockton there.

No wonder he was attracted toward her, looking so like a beautiful wood-nymph, with her long golden hair blown partially over her beautiful face, and waving loose over her shoulders; her simple cotton dress, fitting her rounded form so neatly, and just short enough to reveal a foot and ankle that were worthy of a sculptor's attention; and her eyes of liquid azure looking so shyly into his face! No wonder!

"I am glad I met you," said Guy, stopping in the path. "I am going away for a little while, and I have only time to say good-by."

She gave him a quick, searching look, but as if ashamed of the interest in him that it betrayed, she said, quickly and carelessly:

"Good-by, Mr. Roosevelt."

He started on, but stopped ere he had taken a dozen steps.

"I do not want to alarm you, Miss Stockton, but the Indians are getting troublesome again, and you must be careful how you go so far from the house as this."

"Thank you, sir; but I have lived here so long, that I am not afraid."

He made no reply to that, but resumed his way, while she turned toward the cabin.

Notwithstanding Silas Stockton's seeming inattention to Guy Roosevelt's warning, immediately after breakfast he commenced to put the little cabin in the best state of defense possible.

The timber had been cut away all around the cabin for many rods, so that no enemy could approach unseen, except under the cover of darkness; and it was built upon a spot of rising ground, which was of great advantage for observation.

The cabin was also constructed, for just such emergencies, of good stout logs, well put together; but it had never been tried.

Mr. Stockton worked busily, carrying water from the creek, barricading the windows and setting fire to everything in the clearing that might shelter a savage foe, or furnish combustible material to fire the cabin.

Toward night, he shouldered his rifle, and went out to reconnoitre. He was not more than half a mile from the cabin, when he met Bob Bradley and three other men.

"Back, Stockton, back!" said Bradley, hurriedly. "That old pizen-hide, Scarred Hand, is skylarkin' round here, and he's not fur from your place. You'd better take the folks, and make tracks for the fort."

"Not if I knows it!" said old Silas. "I hain't been workin' all day to git ready for the varmints, and now give the old hut up to them without a shot!"

"But there's a host of 'em," said Bradley; "and I'm afeared we can't hold it till help comes from the fort."

"How do ye know we'll git help?" asked Stockton.

"Because Captain Rodman is comin' down this way, with a lot of soldiers, just as fast as he can."

"Then, we'll hang to the cabin," said Silas; "and I reckon the sooner we git there the better, judgin' from the looks of that old chap."

The four men looked in the direction indicated by Silas Stockton's thumb, and were just in time to see a solitary redskin disappearing through the brush.

"And the rest are not fur off," said Stockton.

It was just dusk when the five men reached the cabin; and they were none too soon, for as Silas Stockton halted a moment at the door, and looked back, a dozen dusky forms were just discernible in the edge of the clearing.

"Blast 'em!" he muttered, and put his rifle to his shoulder; but, on second thought, he dropped it again, and stepped inside the door.

It was well that he did so, for a swift arrow cut the sleeve of his frock, and lodged in the door-post.

"Not yet!" said old Silas, with a grim smile, as he closed and double-barred the door. "I'm goin' to have a lick at ye first."

"What is it, Silas?" asked Bradley, who had not witnessed this play.

"Why, the varmints thought they could hit me!"

"And they did come rath'r close," said Sally, with an uneasy glance at the torn sleeve. "They didn't touch your arm, Silas?"

"No, I guess not; though it does smart a little. Jest keep a good eye out, boys, and don't let 'em get too nigh. I'll be with ye in a minnit, jest as soon as I get a rag round this. Lib! Lib!—where is the gal, Sally?"

"In the bedroom, ain't she?"

"No!" said Silas, with a white, scared face.

"Sally! where is she?"

"Oh, heavens! I don't know!" said the poor mother. "Perhaps, she went out to the woods!"

"Went out!" thundered Silas Stockton, striding to the door, and grasping the bar.

"Silas Stockton, are you crazy?" cried Bob Bradley, pulling him away. "Why, the woods are all alive with the derved cutthroats!"

"But Lizzie—she's there!" said the poor father, drawing his hand across his forehead.

Bradley's face had scarcely more color than Stockton's, but his voice was steady, as he replied:

"Silas, your place is here with the wife. If anybody goes after Lib, it'll be me!"

Stockton had now recovered somewhat from the first shock, and he grasped the hand of his comrade.

"Perhaps ye're right, Bob, though God knows I wouldn't shrink if 'twasn't for Sally."

"And we knows it, too," said Bradley. "Open the door, Silas, when I tell ye."

The brave young man now shook hands with them all, tightened up his belt, and felt behind to see that his pistol was there.

"Now, Silas; and don't fret, old boy."

Stockton unbarred the door with as little noise as possible, while the other three men stood ready to help him close it again. Bradley passed out without a word, the heavy oaken door swung to, the bars were slipped back into place, and the men silently took their stations at the loopholes again.

The party inside strained their eyes to get a sight of the brave man who had just left them, but it had grown so dark that they could not have distinguished him from one of the foe, even had he crossed the range of their vision. Neither was there any sound by which they could judge of his fate, but all was still as death. Thus it remained for an hour—an hour of terrible suspense to the besieged, broken at last by that blood-curdling, savage yell which opens the attack.

"Now for it!" said Silas Stockton. "I reckoned they would fire the cabin, but I kinder think they're goin' to try the door fust. Ah!"

Even as he spoke, some heavy body was hurled against the door, making it creak and tremble fearfully.

"Ready, boys, fire!"

The four rifles spoke simultaneously, but the battering at the door continued. Again and again they fired; but, after the fifth discharge, Silas Stockton ordered it to cease.

"No use o' wastin' powder in this way. They've got the log fixed someway, so that we can't touch 'em. All we can do is to wait till the door staves in, and then fight 'em the best way we can."

They had not long to wait. The firm, oaken barrier could not withstand the repeated blows, and at last it burst open with a crash that sent a chill to the hearts of all within the cabin.

"Stand firm!" said Stockton, his rifle to his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. "We'll empty our rifles, and then for our axes and knives. There they come! Let 'em have it!"

Again the crack of the rifles resounded through the cabin, but scarcely checking the frantic savages. Others took the place of their fallen comrades, and, leaping over their dead bodies, swarmed into the room, screeching like so many fiends.

But they had not conquered yet.

Silas Stockton, and his three comrades, sturdy backwoodsmen like himself, knew no such word as yield. They presented an undaunted front to the murderous wretches, and held them in check, while inflicting severe punishment on the more venturesome ones.

And Silas Stockton had a double motive to goad him on. Lizzie, his darling child, was never out of mind, no matter how hard pressed. Many a

blow he struck in vengeance for her death, for he never doubted that she had fallen a victim. And there was his good wife—she who had clung to him through thick and thin! Ah! were not those two thoughts enough to nerve his arm to deeds of valor? They did, too. Never had that sturdy borderer fought so fiercely.

But the strong right arm grew weak, and he was forced back, back, back, until there was no more retreating. And he fought alone, for his three companions had fallen in the fray. Alone! only for the good wife, who, faithful through all, cheered him by her presence.

"Sally, it's purty nigh up with me," said old Silas, between his difficult gasps for breath. "Here's my knife, and don't let the varmints take ye alive. Good-by, Sally! I've tried hard, but it's got a leetle hotter than I ever knowed it afore. Good-by, Sally, and don't forgit the knife!"

"No, no!" cried the brave woman, whose quick ear had detected an unusual and a welcome sound outside. "Just a little longer, Silas!"

But Silas Stockton had struck his last blow for that day. He reeled and fell, faint from the loss of blood from a score of wounds.

A yell of delight went up from the victorious savages as the old Indian-fighter went down, but it was quickly changed to one of rage. For, as Scarred Hand grasped the scalp-lock of old Silas, Sally, grown strong from desperation, plunged the knife into his back, and the dreaded chief sank dead upon the floor of the house he had come to desolate; while from the door came the clear, ringing shout of command:

"Down with the painted murderers! Steady and sure, men! Follow me!"

Full well the crafty savages knew that voice; and when Captain Rodman's tall form appeared in the doorway, backed by a score or more of well-armed men, they cowed down like whipped curs.

"Clear the room of every painted rascal!" was the captain's next command. "And let none of them escape—not one!"

This order was carried out to the letter; and scarcely a dozen of Scarred Hand's warriors were left to tell the tale of their defeat.

"Lift me up, Sally, and tell Captain Rodman I want to see him."

Old Silas Stockton was lying on the bed, weak and faint yet, but conscious. His wife had been telling him of the arrival of Captain Rodman and his men, and he could hardly wait to thank him.

"Stay, Sally! they haven't—found—Lib?" he said, in a choked voice.

Sally shook her head.

"Poor Lib! only for that, Sally, I—but there's no use, wife; we couldn't help it. Tell the captain now, Sally."

The good wife went out, but soon returned with Guy Roosevelt.

"Captain Rodman, Silas."

"You!" exclaimed the old man, with a stare that was almost ludicrous.

"Yes, sir," said Guy, with a smile. "I now appear under my true colors, Mr. Stockton—Guy Roosevelt Rodman."

"Danged if that don't beat me!" cried the astonished old man. "Give us yer hand—that is, if you will, after the way I insulted ye?"

The captain frankly grasped the hand so timidly extended.

"Thank'ee, captain," said old Silas, in a husky voice—"thank'ee a hundred times."

"Now you must spare me," said Guy. "There is no rest until"—he looked up to Sally, and she nodded—"until Lizzie is found."

"And poor Bradley," murmured Silas.

"Here I am, Silas, safe and sound!" cried Bob, rushing in at the door. "And Lib, too."

Old Silas jumped off the bed like a flash, and throwing an arm around Lizzie, and another round Bob, he capered about the room like a crazy person.

"Hurrah, old Bob, you've earned her! Here, Lib, I give ye to him. Take her, Bob!"

But Bob hung back with a sad face, for he saw Lizzie's eye wander to where Captain Rodman stood.

"No, Silas," he said; "let the gal choose for herself."

"What! you won't take her, Bob Bradley?"

"Silas, I love her, and she knows it," began Bob, "for I told her so to-night, after I'd snatched her away from them pesky redskins. I'd die for her, too; but I don't want to cause her one minute of pain if I knows it. Lizzie!"

The fair girl stood pillowing her head on her father's breast, her arms around his neck, and his around her waist. She looked up when she heard Bob speak her name.

"Lizzie, do you think enough of me to jine hands with me through life?"

Bob was not the only one that listened for the answer. Captain Rodman, standing by Sally, knew how much his own happiness depended upon her words.

"Lizzie, we're waitin'," said Bob, yet dreading to hear her speak. "Do you?"

"Yes, Bob."

"Hurrah! hurrah! Silas, I take her, and thank ye!"

"And God grant that she may never repent her choice!" said Guy Rodman, taking Bob Bradley's hand, and pressing it heartily. "Comrade, you've won the prize in a fair contest. Cherish it as the apple of your eye, for it is priceless. And, though I go away broken-hearted, always remember that Guy Rodman still remains a true friend to you and yours through life."

"Them's the colors, capt'n! Now I like ye!" But that did not cancel Captain Rodman's loss.

Biddy Dalby's Antidote.

"Nonsense, Biddy! Not safe!"

"No, Miss Fanny. Mr. Fessenden isn't safe in his hands."

"But what can I do?"

"Help me nurse him, and don't give him a drop of the stuff that the doctor leaves for him."

"But Doctor Hoxie has expressly forbidden me to go into his cabin, although I have begged and prayed him to let me help you."

"An' sure, don't yez see the mayning av his not letting you attend on the young gentleman? He can have yez all to himself!"

Fanny Cotton saw at a glance that her maid was right. For the last four or five days, the doctor had been exceedingly attentive to her—too much so, she thought.

He was handsome, talented, and had traveled all over the world, and his conversation fascinated her; but she had by no means grown cold toward her lover, who was lying sick in his cabin, and had keenly felt the doctor's prohibition.

She was a charming specimen of a true American girl—fair, tall and exquisitely formed. Five years before, when traveling in Ireland with her father, she had met Biddy, and nothing would do but the girl must enter her service.

Bidding adieu to father, mother, brothers, sisters, the "soggarth aroon," the "ould sod," and the family pig, the colleen transferred her affections to the beautiful New Yorker, and had clung to her ever since with limpet-like fidelity.

Biddy was of middle height, dark-haired, black-

eyed and ruddy. She firmly believed that Fanny was the most beautiful girl in the world, and took just as much interest in her as a mother would in her child.

For the last three years they had been residing in Lima, at which place Fanny's father was the American Consul; but the engagement of the young lady to a New York gentleman, who was on a visit to them, determined her parent to send her home—it being arranged that her betrothed should follow in the next ship.

On reaching Panama, they found themselves detained by the rains, and were forced to remain in that delightful city for over a month; during which time a vessel arrived from Lima, bringing her lover, Mr. Fessenden.

On their journey across the Isthmus, the latter was attacked with fever; and when they embarked on board the *Columbia*, at Chagres, Miss Cotton at once consulted the doctor, who shook his head, and looked very grave indeed.

Biddy appointed herself nurse, and would not allow any one to relieve her. For some reason, which she could not define, the girl took an intense dislike to the surgeon from the moment she saw him; and although he endeavored to win her over by skillfully insinuated flattery, it was no use, her aversion only increased. After they had been at sea for three days, she, with her quick, womanly perception, saw that the doctor was smitten with her mistress; and finding his patient gradually growing worse, put this and that together, and made up her mind not to give the sick man any more medicine, but to feed him on weak brandy-and-water. From that moment he began to rally.

Biddy communicated her suspicions to Miss Fanny, and the latter determined to assist in attending upon her lover, in spite of all the doctor might say.

Doctor Hoxie had lived for some years with the Indians, and had studied the various methods used by them in their rude treatment of diseases. He often boasted that he was the only pale-face who knew how to prepare *worali*, and had one day astonished Fanny by bringing a mouse to life, which he had previously killed with a preparation of that poison.

Biddy had been a terrified spectator of the experiment, and feared the doctor from that time. Before, she had only disliked him.

Worali, by itself, is a sure poison; but when it is prepared, in a liquid form, with a proportion of *candano-juice*, it becomes a powerful anodyne, and is called by the Indians *candaoali*. In appearance, this preparation is colorless; in taste, slightly bitter; and it is easily dissolved in water. It produces profound sleep, the duration being prolonged in proportion to the quantity administered. Its effect may, however, be stopped, at any moment, by an inward application of a solution of chloride of sodium.

Hoxie made his rounds, as usual, on the morning that Biddy communicated her suspicions to her mistress, and to his annoyance, found Miss Cotton in attendance on Mr. Fessenden. He called Biddy, and asked her why she had allowed her mistress to run such a risk. Fanny replied for her, and exonerated the girl from all blame.

The doctor was beaten.

In the afternoon he brought a small vial, and directed Fanny to administer ten drops to the patient every hour. He was very nervous, and gave his instructions in a hurried manner.

Fanny waited until he was out of hearing, and then threw the bottle out of the port. That night she took a walk on deck, for her health's sake; but she had scarcely commenced her promenade, before the doctor made his appearance, and stepping to her side, offered his arm.

"Thank you, doctor, I can walk very well alone."

"But the ship is rolling, and you may meet with an accident!" he urged.

Firmly declining his offer, she continued to pace the deck.

The doctor was not to be shaken off so easily. His manner was almost savage, and he seemed laboring under some terrible excitement. For twenty minutes they walked backward and forward, without exchanging another word, until at length he asked her how the patient was.

"Better," she replied.

"Better! I—I—don't think so!" he said, in a mumbling voice. "I—thought he seemed worse!"

"Oh, dear me, no! He is very much better indeed, doctor."

Fanny stopped as she said this, upon which the doctor seized her hand, and before she could prevent it, covered it with burning kisses.

The girl drew herself up, and angrily demanded why he thus insulted her.

"Miss Cotton, I love you! I cannot exist without you!"

"Sir!"

"I speak the truth, heaven knows!" he hurriedly continued. "I love you madly, and would risk anything to win your affection."

Turning her piercing glance upon him, she slowly ejaculated:

"I know what you *have* risked, Doctor Hoxie!"

"You *know*? What do you mean?"

"The little bottle you gave me this afternoon contained *poison*!"

The doctor staggered, and grasped her arm as she uttered these words; but she threw him off, and kept her eyes upon his. They were standing by the after-skylight, and the light was reflected from the saloon-lamps, and distinctly showed their features.

Hoxie fell at her feet, and begged her to spare him. "I did it for your sake! Forgive me! Forgive me!" he pleaded.

The expression of her face was magnificent as she motioned him to rise.

"Go to your cabin, sir! If I see you near his room again, I will denounce you!"

He slunk away like a whipped hound, and descending to his surgery, set about the preparation of a large quantity of *candaoali*. Hoxie was a half-breed, an experiment, as far as his rearing was concerned. He had been adopted, when young, by a wealthy philanthropist, and his penchant for Indian associates was only the result of natural selection. He was a strange being, a compound of *savant* and savage. Miss Fanny's beauty fired him, and he had only followed his Indian instincts, when he endeavored to rid himself of his rival.

Fanny turned to leave the deck, when she discovered Biddy standing near her—and the girl had evidently overheard the latter part of her conversation with the doctor.

"An' didn't I tell yez that Mister Fessenden wasn't safe in that haythen's hands?" demanded the girl.

"Keep quiet, Biddy. We have not seen the end of his schemes yet," replied the young lady, who began to be alarmed. "How is dear Edward?"

"He's sleeping, miss. An' I think he's *sinsible*."

"Don't leave him a moment, Biddy. Either you or I must always be near him, until we reach New York."

"What did that doctor divil give the mouse he brought to life, Miss Fanny?"

"An antidote."

"Then, be us soul! it's the doctor that will want wan ov thim same anecdotes, if he dares to enter the young master's cabin after this!"

They retired below, both remaining in the saloon, near the patient's room, until morning.

The lamp in the doctor's cabin was burning all night—he having sent a special request to the captain to be allowed this privilege. Toward daylight he completed his labor, and after destroying the bottles, containing the various preparations of which the candaorali was composed, put out his light, and retired to rest. No one required his services the next day, and he slept until evening.

About seven o'clock the passengers went on deck, and the doctor, taking a bottle of the poison, visited all the cabins but those occupied by the sick man and the ladies. He would have entered the latter, but upon gently trying the lock, found that it was bolted. He examined every water-bottle, both in the cabins and saloon, and dropped a few drops of poison into each goblet, after which he returned to his cabin, where he remained until the passengers had retired for the night, when he went on deck; and, under pretense of lighting his cigar, contrived to poison the coffee which was boiling on the galley-stove. He next walked round to the waist, where he lifted the lid of the scuttle-butt, and dropped in sufficient of the candaorali to stupefy a regiment of soldiers; then retired to his cabin, and throwing himself upon his bed, was soon fast asleep.

When he tried the door of Miss Cotton's cabin, Bidby, who was inside, had recognized his footsteps; and peeping out, saw him enter and leave several state-rooms. Being a pious soul, and a firm believer in the efficacy of holy water, she took out a flask of the blessed fluid, and having crossed herself, sprinkled the cabin, and uttered a prayer to be delivered from the "devils below in general, and the devil she had just seen in particular;" replaced the flask, and after paying the patient and his fair nurse a visit, retired for the night.

The second mate was on deck in charge of the port watch, and when he was relieved by the chief, they had some coffee together. They drank their portions, and then the chief mate remarked that the watch below had not turned out, and that several of the watch on deck were asleep. As they conversed they felt drowsy, and in a few seconds both sank upon the deck, and turned their death-like faces to the moon. In the fore-castle there was nothing stirring—the crew were all silent. No heavy breathing, nothing heard but the steady plash of the water against the bows.

The captain's dog had been thirsty during the evening, and one of the men had given it some water. The poor beast was lying with one paw over its nose, and its tail slightly raised, but there was no alteration in its attitude all through the night.

When morning dawned the doctor awoke, and, sitting up in bed, pressed his palms to his temples.

"She's mine now, *caramba!* The pale-haired beauty is mine!"

He dressed himself with great care, and proceeding to the patient's cabin, gently knocked.

"Come in!" cried the young lady, not knowing who tapped.

Opening the door slowly, he glared at her like a mad dog, and whispered, "Come out!"

Little dreaming of the horrible tragedy which had been enacted around her, and not fearing his looks, she stepped out of the cabin, upon which he grasped her arm, as only a maniac can, and compelled her to go round the ship with him. She was so astonished at his behavior that she could not at first comprehend what he was showing her.

"Dead, dead, dead! All dead as far as present time is concerned!" he muttered.

When they had made a circuit of the ship he

released her from his grasp, and bade her sit by his side upon a settee in the saloon.

"You refused me, Miss Cotton, and I swore to be revenged. Not a soul but yourself, your girl and your lover are alive besides myself, and I can kill them at any time. Will you have me now?"

"Can you bring the dead to life if I consent?" she earnestly demanded.

"Yes," he replied.

"Will you restore those you have stupefied if I promise to marry you?"

"Yes."

"I will be yours, then, as soon as we land in New York."

Sinking down upon his knees before her, he poured forth an ardent avowal of love, but declared that he must wed her that evening.

"I will promise you upon my sacred word to restore every soul on board to life to-morrow morning, if you will be mine to-night at sunset."

Not knowing what to do, she gave the required promise.

"I shall not molest you until then, but at sunset, if I do not find you on deck, I shall burn a preparation which will suffocate all who breathe it, and your lover will die with you—but you have promised?"

She descended to her cabin, and woke Bidby, and they returned to the patient's room. Fessenden was very weak, but conscious, and welcomed Fanny with a wan smile of recognition. By-and-by he fell asleep, and then the women talked over their prospects.

"An' it's that black-hearted haythen that has killed every soul on board to get possession of my darlin', is it? But, as sure as my name is Bidby, I'll give him an anecdote."

"Hush, Bidby! he may hear us."

"Let me creep out and see if he is around, Miss Fanny."

As her mistress did not oppose her, Bidby reconnoitred the premises, and returned full of horror at the sights she had seen.

"An' thim isn't dead, Miss Fanny? but they will never wake if they ain't attended to. I saw the poor old captain lying wid his arms crossed like a blessed saint, wid a bottle full of whisky on the table close to him, an' the glass that he filled wid his own hand, before death seized him, not half empty."

Bidby was at her wit's end when she found what her mistress had promised the doctor.

"But yer don't mane to keep your word, do yez, miss?"

"Of course I do not, Bidby. I hope that something will occur before that time."

"Something occur! Faith, I have it, Miss Fanny. You trust me. I'll attend to this case; but we must first get Mr. Fessenden on deck."

"On deck!"

"Yes, we're going to live on deck until this is settled. We can take possession of that Summer-house the poor captain used to sit in, and you lave the rest to me."

With some difficulty Bidby contrived to help the sick man out of bed, and between lifting and dragging, they managed to get him on deck.

True to his promise, the doctor did not offer to molest them.

They laid Fessenden on the sofa, and brought him some broth which Bridget found in the galley. It required a great deal of courage to procure it, for a dead cook was keeping watch over the place.

The hours seemed to have no wings, they passed so slowly. Bidby was extremely busy below in the captain's cabin, and Fanny watched her lover with a sorrowful heart, wondering from what quarter her deliverance was coming.

In turning over the things, during her search

among the captain's effects, Biddy found a small prayer-book, and from it discovered that the captain had been a Catholic.

"An' to die like that, widout the last consolations!" she exclaimed; but bethinking herself of the flask of holy water, she left the cabin, and shortly returned, bearing it as reverently as she would have done a relic. After saying a *Pater-noster*, she sprinkled the inanimate form of the skipper, and, by way of "wind-up," poured about a wineglassful down his throat. She then continued her search, and soon after discovered what she wanted—the key of the ship's magazine. As she left the cabin, it struck her that the captain's features had relaxed a little, and more from whim than for any religious or superstitious idea, she administered another internal dose of holy water. She then walked aft to the saloon, and opening the magazine, drew forth two charges of powder.

"If wan ay them ain't *anecdotes* enough for that crazy divil, I'll try two!" she exclaimed, as she replaced the lid of the magazine. Taking the charges under her arm, she proceeded on deck, and removing the cover from the brass swivel-gun, which was placed amidships, facing the companion, she loaded it with as much precision as a regular soldier would have done. Biddy had not watched the redcoats at artillery practice for nothing. Near the rear of the gun was a case of grapeshot and ball. Selecting a charge of the former, she thrust it in the gun, and having primed the piece, lit a slow-match, placed it where she could find it, and then walked aft, and inquired how the patient was getting on?

Fanny turned her anxious face toward her, and replied, "Oh, so much better, but still very weak! Is it sunset, Biddy?"

"Not quite, miss. When the sun goes out av sight it *will* be, and then you let me meet Mr. Doctor. I've got an *anecdote* for him!"

The sun seemed to rush below the horizon, and Biddy left her mistress, as she saw it dip, and took her stand by the gun, match in hand. Presently she heard the doctor's voice, raving:

"I come—I come, my darling! Fanny, I'm here! Where are you, my fair-haired beauty?"

As he said this, he mounted the steps of the companion, his eyes flashing, and his face terrible to look upon. He sprang up the last few steps, and resting his hands upon the companion-rails, screamed, "Fanny, I'm here!"

"Take that, ye haythen divil!" bawled Biddy, as she touched the priming with the match. A terrible report followed, and Doctor Hoxie was blown to fragments by the charge, which literally cut him to pieces.

Like a wise woman, Biddy fainted.

Upon hearing the explosion, Fanny flew forward to find her friend lying apparently lifeless by the side of the gun. However, a little water soon revived her, and they were congratulating each other on their escape from the madman, when they heard the voice of the captain calling for help, and in a few moments he appeared on deck, staggering and feeling his way like a drunken man. Upon seeing him, Biddy fell upon her knees, and cried:

"Oh, Miss Fanny, it's the holy wather as did that!"

"The holy water! What do you mean?"

"Why, an' sure, didn't I give the poor crater a dose av it, an' hasn't it brought him back to life, *acushla machree*?"

Fanny was completely puzzled, but at length the captain spoke.

"I'm all abroad, miss; but I think I've been drugged, by my feelings. However, that gal must have given me a dose of salt water, for I found some in a flask by my side, and, thinking it was

brandy, drank some more, and it has completely revived me."

"Oh, thank God! I see it all!" said Fanny. "Salt water is the antidote for this poison;" and she set to work, and administered a dose to every one in the ship, Biddy and the captain assisting her, and by ten o'clock they had all the passengers and crew conscious.

Biddy told every one how she had administered an *anecdote* to the doctor, but she persisted in asserting "that had it not been for the holy water, they would all have remained insensible."

Fanny Cotton has been Mrs. Fessenden for many a long year, and Biddy has married, and settled near her friend. She is called Aunt Moore now, and, although she has babies of her own, thinks that none are more perfect than Fanny's. In the long Winter evenings, Mr. Fessenden will tell his children how their dear mother nursed him when he was down with Chagres fever on board ship, and little eyes open, and small forms huddle together, when he describes how the mad doctor called for their mamma, and how Biddy Dalby administered her antidote.

Two Hundred and Fifty Cartridges Fired to Each Man Struck.

THE Elberfeld Gazette publishes some curious statistics of the comparative deadliness of the different weapons used in the Franco-German war. Of 3,468 Germans wounded before Metz, no fewer than 95.5 per cent. were struck by Chassepot balls; 2.7 per cent. were wounded by projectiles from heavy guns, and there were only 0.8 per cent. of wounds from cold steel.

As to the French wounded, it is calculated that as high a proportion as 25 per cent. were wounded by artillery projectiles, and about 70 per cent. by the fire of the *sumadelsgewehr*. No fewer than 25,000 Frenchmen in all were struck by the projectiles of the German artillery. The total number of cartridges fired by the Germans in the late war is said to have been 25,000,000 or about thirty per man. The war having lasted—for fighting purposes—just six months, this gives only an average of five cartridges a man per month for the whole army. Taking the total number of French killed and wounded at 10,000, this would give an average of 250 cartridges fired to each man struck.

The Capercaillie, or Cock of the Wood.

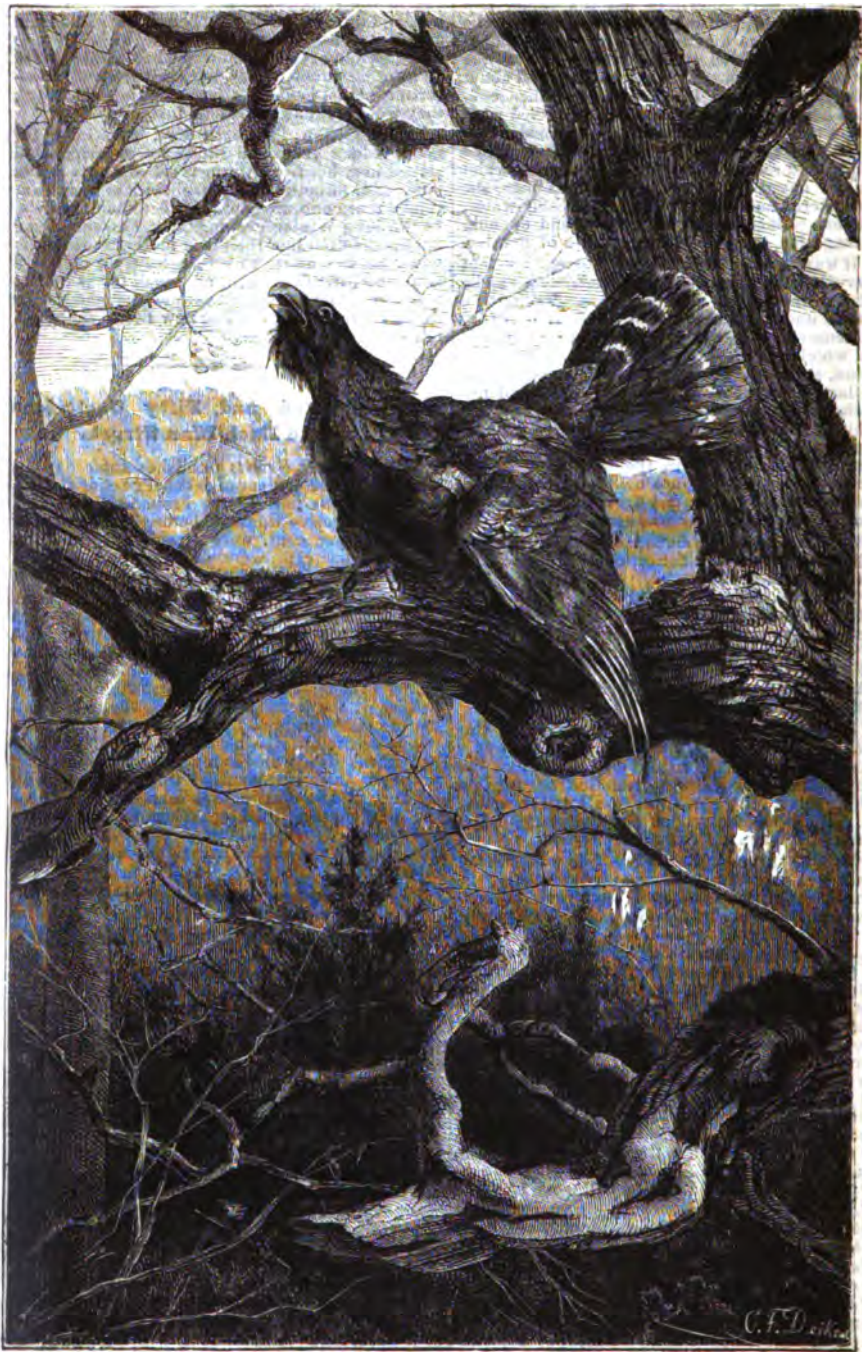
THIS bird is common in most parts of Northern Europe. The male is a large bird, almost equaling a turkey in size, but the female is considerably smaller. In the early Spring, before the snow has left the ground, this singular bird commences his celebrated "play." This play is confined to the males, and intended to give notice of their presence to the females who are in the neighborhood. During the play the neck of the Cape caillie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and in short he resembles in appearance an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling "Peller! peller! peller!" These sounds he repeats at some little intervals; but as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

During the continuance of this latter process,

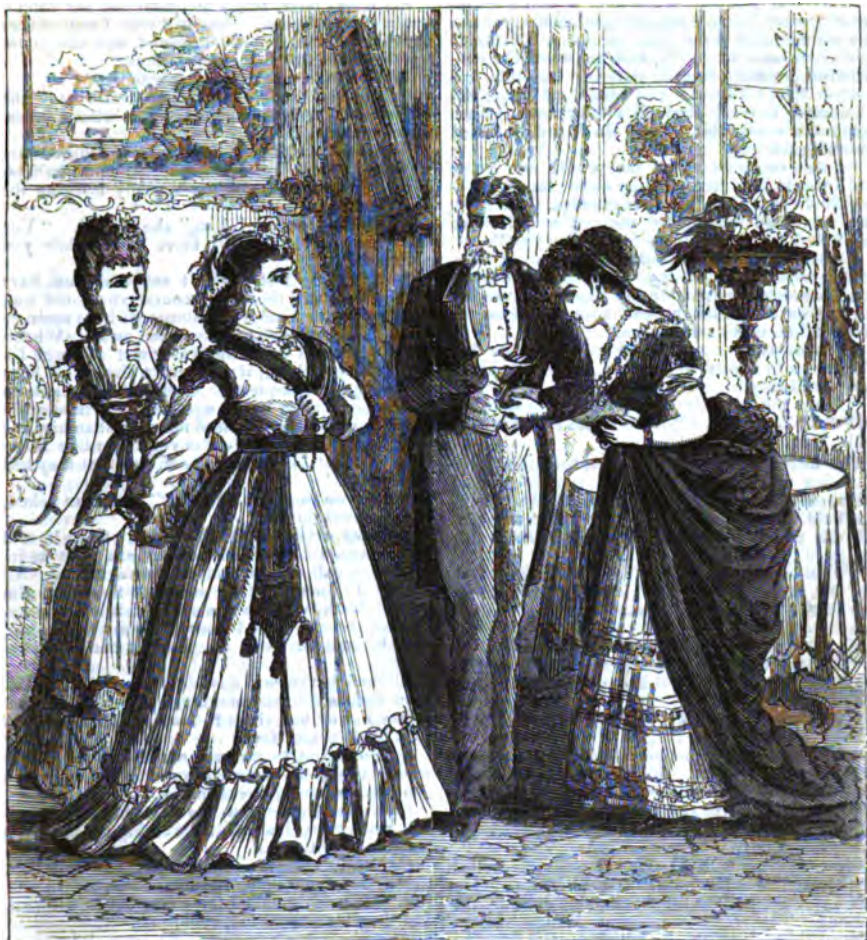
which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the Capercaillie is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion.

At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him.

The nest is made on the ground, and contains from six to twelve eggs.



THE CAPERCAILLIE, OR COCK OF THE WOOD.



SOUR GRAPES.—“‘I HAVE BEEN IMPROVING MY TIME WHILE YOU HAVE BEEN IN WASHINGTON, MADAME. I HAVE WON KATHRINA’S HEART—MAY I HAVE HER HAND?’”

Sour Grapes.

“It is useless to talk longer, Mr. Chichester. After all the expense and trouble I’ve been to, preparing Lillian to shine in society, she shall *not* be shut up here. Everybody else spends the Winters in Washington, and she shall!”

Mr. Chichester knew that the “everybody” referred exclusively to the “set” which his wife affected; and to argue against her doing that upon which her mind was made up was a waste of breath.

“It will be expensive,” he said, reluctantly. “You, Lillian and Kathrina.”

“Kathrina!” she ejaculated. “Do you imagine I would take *her* with me? She’s such a fright that she would spoil the reputation of the family!”

“Wife, I will not have my child spoken of in such terms!” he responded, sternly.

“Of *course* not,” she retorted, “for she’s a thorough Chichester! She does not take after me in one single respect.”

“And glad enough I am,” was his mental con-

clusion. “It is well to have one sensible head in the house.”

For a few weeks the house was in confusion. Mrs. Chichester and her daughter were busily preparing for their campaign in Washington.

“We’re going with the De Lornes,” Mrs. Chichester observed to her husband; “for I have explained to them how very inconvenient it would be for you to leave your office, and yet how *very* anxious you were for us to go.”

Mr. Chichester made no response to his “better half,” and so she continued:

“Of course you will be able to economize while I’m away. I have had the parlors all closed up, and you will not need more than one jet of gas lit in the hall. I have dismissed all the help but Priscilla, and so, I think, the bills will be considerably lessened.”

“And where is Kathrina to sit,” he asked, “if you have closed up all the house?”

“In your library,” she responded. “She’s always reading, and that will be as good a place for her as any.”

Mr. Chichester made no comments, but his brow plainly betrayed his feelings on the subject.

There was scarcely more than a year's difference between Lillian's age and Kathrina's, yet any one would think there must be many. Kathrina was never seen in society, and her wardrobe consisted of her more favored sister's "cast-offs."

After Mrs. Chichester and Lillian had gone, Mr. Chichester hurried through his business, to get home at a seasonable hour. He found Kathrina watching for him.

"I was so much afraid you would not come, and I would be obliged to dine alone, father."

"No danger of that," he responded. "I knew you would be waiting for me, and so I hurried through my office business to come to you."

As soon as their cozy dinner was over, they both repaired to the library—Kathrina to read, and Mr. Chichester to examine the papers in "an important case" which he had brought home for quiet and careful examination.

An hour later a gentleman called to see Mr. Chichester in regard to the case, and was ushered into the library.

"Allow me to present you to my daughter," said Mr. Chichester. "Kathrina, Mr. Heathcliffe—Mr. Heathcliffe, my daughter."

The introduction was acknowledged, and then Kathrina withdrew to the most remote part of the room to continue the perusal of the volume she held in her hand, leaving her father to entertain his guest, or, rather, discuss the case which occupied the thoughts of both.

"That surely cannot be the belle I have heard of," Mr. Heathcliffe said to himself, as he watched the little red-haired damsel in the further corner, curiously.

Mr. Chichester divined his thoughts.

"My wife and elder daughter are in Washington," he observed; and that explanation satisfied the gentleman.

"Who and what is Mr. Heathcliffe?" Kathrina asked her father, after he had left.

"He is an amateur artist. He has just returned from a tour in Europe. He belongs to a very old, family, and is immensely wealthy. I have long had charge of his business affairs, and a very important suit, involving much of his property, is now coming on."

From that time forth Mr. Heathcliffe called frequently to see the lawyer at his house—always finding some pretext for making his calls in the evening.

Meanwhile, the piano had been moved into the library; and now, when he came, he listened to Kathrina's songs, or else joined his voice with hers. In fact, Mr. Heathcliffe soon formed an expected member of their social circle, and further acquaintance with Kathrina deepened his interest in her.

"I am going to Washington for a few weeks," he said to Kathrina, one evening, when Mr. Chichester, forced to attend a committee-meeting, had left the young artist to entertain his daughter.

"To Washington!" she repeated, with a bitter pang at her heart.

Her happiness was ended. Once there, he would forget her.

"Will you miss me?" he asked.

"How can I do otherwise?" she questioned, regaining her composure. "You are the only company that I have had during my mother and sister's absence. You have made the time pass very pleasantly, and I have not till now felt how much I owe you; and, really, I thank you for it."

"I want more than your thanks," he returned, quickly. "I want your love. I have met with many ladies, but none ever entered into my heart as you have done."

Before Mr. Chichester returned, his homely daughter was betrothed to the "catch" of the season.

Six weeks later, Mrs. Chichester and her daughter returned home. They had sent home orders that the parlors should be opened, and the house got in readiness for their reception.

Lilian was in extravagant spirits.

"I have had such a lovely time, Kathrina!" she exclaimed. "You cannot imagine what a sensation I created!"

Kathrina, looking at her pure, doll-like complexion, golden hair, violet eyes, and faultless form, thought that she *could* easily imagine the sensation.

"I do not wonder, Lilian," she replied. "You have grown ever so much more lovely while you were away."

"Have I? But I don't see that you have changed much; though of course you could not, shut up in this humdrum house, without seeing a soul, I suppose, since I have been away. What a lonely old maid you'll be, Kathrina! Though I'll tell you something, if you won't lip it. I have made a great conquest! Mr. Heathcliffe came to Washington a few weeks ago, and he is fabulously rich; and—and he admired me more than any one else there, I know. He was very attentive to me from the first, and the rest soon saw that they had no chance."

"Are you engaged to him?" Kathrina asked, with averted face.

"Not exactly," was the response; "but he told me he would be here to-morrow, and that he intended to call, for he had a *surprise* for me. Of course I knew what he meant! So, when I'm settled, Kath, you can come and visit me, and by-and-by, be the 'good aunty' to my children," and she walked away, laughing at her own nonsense.

All during the next day Kathrina was troubled. Paul Heathcliffe was coming, but would he come to see her or her sister? Had he fallen a victim to Lilian's pretty face?

"I want you to be sure and be in the parlor when he comes," Lilian said. "By-and-by, you can slip out, and leave us alone."

Kathrina obeyed, but she trembled like a culprit when Paul Heathcliffe's well-known footsteps resounded in the hall.

He was ushered in. He shook hands with Mrs. Chichester and Lilian, and then advanced to herself. He held her hand for a moment in his own, and then turning round, said:

"I have been improving my time while you were in Washington, madame," bowing low to the mother. "I have won Kathrina's heart—may I have her hand?"

If a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, Mrs. Chichester and her favorite daughter could not have been more overwhelmed. Kathrina! He love and wish to marry that "little fright"! Impossible!

"It has come so suddenly," she murmured, at last, "that you must pardon me for not speaking sooner. You shall have my child!"

She kissed Kathrina with a great show of affection, and then gave Lilian a "look" to follow her example.

"I shall be pleased to welcome a brother," she said, offering her hand to Paul. "This is a delightful surprise."

A few moments later she excused herself—she was still "so much fatigued by her journey"—and the mother did likewise.

"To think that *she* should stay at home, in my old cast-offs, with even the parlors shut up, and catch Paul Heathcliffe!" Lilian ejaculated, when she was out of hearing. "It's too bad!"

"And you would have graced his home so well," the mother added, sympathetically. "But still, I am glad, for I was dreadfully afraid she would always be a dead weight on my hands."

A year later, when Mr. and Mrs. Heathcliff returned from their tour, and took up their residence in the elegant brown-stone, Kathrina was quoted as "that beautiful Mrs. Heathcliff."

Lilian is still on Mrs. Chichester's hands, despite several Winters in Washington, looking rather faded and sour, and complaining immensely of *ennui*.

She sneers occasionally at Paul and Kathrina's fondness for one another, but that is only another version of "sour grapes."

A Grim Experiment.

I REMEMBER that the dinner took place on Valentine's Day, and this circumstance is connected in my mind with another—the fact that I received a decidedly comic valentine, just as I was leaving the house; though, I may add, that the representation of myself in a miniature mirror when I opened the envelope, and the information annexed ("Portrait of the orang-outang"), was not absolutely "comic" to me.

I was going to dine with Doctor Vacca, in order to meet his patient, and very intimate companion, Mr. Ledyard.

I anticipated the companionship for a few hours of two remarkable men. This will be understood when I explain that both were said to be insane. Lunacy is as attractive as it is sometimes dangerous.

Vacca chose to live in a cottage near the suburbs. It was a fantastic-looking little dwelling, and had the most exquisite garden I ever passed through. The bloom was on it the year round, pipes of hot air running underneath. It may be added that this arrangement, so common now, was such a novelty then, that it was considered one of the most conclusive evidences of the unbalanced condition of the doctor's intellect.

The proprietor himself met me at the door, and conducted me—pulling me by both hands jovially, and walking backward—into his study.

He was a little, stout man, with a broad, merry face, bright-black eyes, and a wide, high, bald forehead. His laugh was certainly charming, his voice was also pleasant, and the piano in the corner proved that he was musical.

At the moment of my entrance, I perceived a tall figure at the window. It rose, and I was introduced to Mr. Ledyard, the madman. He was thin, pale, reserved, mysterious. His hand in mine lay like a cake of ice, but a furnace seemed to be smoldering in either eye. He glanced at me only an instant, and then I comprehended, by some subtle inference, that he liked me.

"We meet by a mutual wish, I think," he said, with a faint smile rippling at his lips.

"Yes," I returned, also laughing. "People are nearly always disappointed when they encounter each other for the first time in this way—by previous appointment. But I trust we shan't be."

"You are friends for life!" cried the doctor, binding our hands with his own. "It shall be from now a marriage between you. Bless you, my children! All is over, and I congratulate. Sit down."

The dinner was excellent, though, I need hardly say, peculiar. Vacca, who was fond of indulging in absurdities, placed a chair at the foot of the table, a plate and food, and stationed there that silent guest, who is, however, generally invisible at other feasts—a skeleton.

This wild humor suited the fancy of Mr. Ledyard, and I smile now to see him in my mind's eye gravely bowing and drinking every few moments to our gruesome companion.

We had also several courses in the style of ancient times. Vacca pretended to enjoy them, and even Mr. Ledyard was not averse to eating them, but, for my part, I found them quite the opposite of agreeable.

The doctor talked all the time, and about everything. He was one of those people whom wine really enlivens and improves for the period of its reign; and his abundant fancy charmed and controlled as long as he chose to give it leave.

Mr. Ledyard thawed by degrees in the sunshine of our host's rosy face, and I soon began to find him really interesting. He talked in a low key, and so rapidly that he was occasionally indistinct; but what he said was eminently practical and correct; and I immediately found myself wondering how such a man could be mistaken for a lunatic.

No opportunity to satisfy myself on this point occurred till dinner was over, and we were on our way back to the study.

In the hallway, I whispered the question to Vacca.

"Hiat!" he returned. "Wait till you hear him at the piano."

Coffee over and cigars smoked, I mentioned music.

Vacca seconded me warmly. He pulled away the stool, raised the piano-lid and placed his hand upon Mr. Ledyard's shoulder.

"Are you in the mood?" he asked.

This was not the first time I had observed a singular deference in his manner of accosting his patient, and a curious, though primarily, an imperceptible distance between them.

"I hardly know. We will see."

He sat at the keyboard, and struck out carelessly a vague, wild symphony, playing chiefly in the minor keys, and then gradually approached a distinct theme.

If I ever witnessed musical "inspiration," I witnessed it then. The melody seemed to flow like a magnetic current from the tips of his fingers, almost without his volition. His face seemed paler, his chest heaved, his eyes burned brightly, and his lips were tightly compressed.

The music itself was weird, original, not without beauty, but yet unpleasant. In the sombre study, where I perceived nothing but moldy books, oddly-shaped phials, dim, ugly pictures, between the sensations produced by these, and the painful feeling inspired by Mr. Ledyard's performance, I was at length, indeed, nearly ill.

But after a quarter of an hour, he rose to go.

"I did not reach my conception," he said, lightly. "You have heard merely the effort. Further trial might weary you."

And then, after an unstudied, easy farewell, he was gone.

I returned to my chair, and lighted a fresh cigar. The doctor did likewise.

"You have seen him," he said, leaning back; "now, what is your opinion?"

"I have none, except that he is the most singular man I ever met. You are correct. He is certainly mad."

"His disease is purely mental, you think?"

"Undoubtedly."

"My dear friend," said Vacca, laying his hand on my knee, "you were never more mistaken. He suffers from a nervous complaint entirely. If I succeed in curing him, you shall see as sensible and well-balanced gentleman as the world can show."

"You surprise me. Where has he gone now?"

"To the residence of Miss Aylmer. When he is no longer in this condition of imperfect health, they are to be married. He does not choose to make his wife merely the nurse of an invalid. Did you observe—"

"But," I interrogated, "you need not explain

further. I see love has, as usual, something to do with the mystery."

"Yes. Before I relate all, however, you must see her."

"A stranger!"

"True; but you will find all this plain in the end. She has heard about you through me. In short, she seeks your acquaintance."

This piece of information very naturally surprised me; but I immediately perceived that something in the shape of a plot was in progress. A dim foreboding—a sensation it would be utterly impossible for me to define—rose within me, and to Vacca's last words I was silent.

He observed it.

"Be under no alarm," he said, "and, above all, do not disturb yourself with useless conjectures. If I find positive need of your aid in anything I may undertake, I shall not set a trap to obtain it. I should not involve you in anything, be assured, that you should not be permitted to fully examine and understand first. My dealings with you in all our intercourse ought to tell you this."

I begged his pardon, quite reassured, and prepared to go away.

"Expect a note from me within a week," he said, rising. "It will name the evening of our purposed visit to Miss Aylmer. In the meanwhile, if you meet Ledyard—silence!"

He placed his fat forefinger on his lip; and then we separated.

I think I understood Vacca's theory concerning Mr. Ledyard's disease to be this: some physical derangement had brought about suddenly—with the effect, in fact, of a shock—the mental derangement.

The young man was by no means what is called a *lunatic*. The interview had assured me of that. He had talked eloquently, logically, and, several times, marvelously. There was nothing singular about his conversation, except, as I have related, the lowkey and rapidity which marked its delivery.

But there was still—what? Something vague, mysterious, unnatural—something which would be noted only of those whose sanity, in the direct sense of the word, is impaired.

The note arrived after four days. It contained nothing but these words:

"At eight this evening. But wait till half-past, in case I do not reach you earlier."

"VACCA."

He was, however, quite prompt, and at a quarter to nine, I was sitting in the semi-circle around the fire in Miss Aylmer's parlor.

Though not strictly beautiful, she was one of the most distinguished-looking women I had ever seen. It is difficult for those of her sex who are tall and slender to be at the same time graceful; but in this quality she chiefly excelled.

Besides Mr. Ledyard, there were two other gentlemen present when Vacca and I entered. I remember nothing of them, except that one simpered a good deal, and talked in a light, chatty way, while the other was in silence and gravity a very statue.

Miss Aylmer sang, and then cards were proposed. By a preconcerted arrangement with Vacca, he and I did not play; so the game was conducted by Miss Aylmer and her lover against the inspiring gentleman and his stolid friend.

The doctor and I, under pretense of wishing to examine some bronzes, exiled ourselves upon a distant sofa, and I prepared to hear his revelation.

"The history of Ledyard's misfortune began when he was only nineteen years of age," said Vacca, in a low, earnest voice. "He met Miss Aylmer at that time, and fell in love with her. It

was his first passion—the wild, reckless, desperate devotion of an imaginative boy. You know these sort of things—ideals, and never realities."

"Yes; it is true."

"Well, Miss Aylmer was a coquette. After about three or four months a grand quarrel crowned countless minor disputes, and there was a breaking of the marriage engagement. Miss Aylmer declared the breach should never be closed."

"But was not in earnest," I commented, glancing across at the lady in some curiosity.

There was nothing of the coquette's manner about her now, though she was making herself certainly very charming. The simpering gentleman appeared to be especially affected by this. He was bending toward her, basking in the light of her eyes, and chatting more glibly than ever.

"Hearts, you know," he rattled on; "and who doesn't like hearts? But it depends on a man's luck whether his hearts are always trumps, or his trumps always hearts. Often thought, Miss Aylmer, of studying theory of chances here. Got up a table on a card, you know—Sir Isaac Newton sort of thing. Put my name in the book of fame; Alfred Croplee handed down to distant posterity. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether the lady was in earnest regarding her expressed resolution," pursued Vacca, "I shall not assume the responsibility of saying. I only know the result. Ledyard, to forget his misery, his torture, began the use of opium. Then he gradually approached in his thoughts something more hideous still—suicide!"

"Suicide!"

"Yes; and at length, in an opium-dream, he attempted it. He procured a drug, used it upon himself, and the fearful mineral, whatever it may have been, instead of destroying his life, exerted its effect upon his brain. He did not die; but he went mad—as mad as you see him now."

I pondered in silence upon hearing this; and then I began to have a dim conception of the physician's object in interesting me in Ledyard, in arranging the dinner, in bringing me to meet Miss Aylmer this night.

"When the lady perceived what her folly had done, she was of course stricken with remorse. At a proper time all was renewed. She hoped to remedy the disastrous effects her thoughtlessness had created. Time passed, and there was still no improvement. She came almost on her knees to me."

"You had been acquainted with him already?"

"Yes. I consented to do what I could, and, after effecting an absolute intimacy with him (a delicate undertaking, I may add), I secretly put him under treatment. There was no result."

"You have now another idea?"

"Yes; not mine, but Miss Aylmer's. I told her frankly that unless I could find out what drug Ledyard had used in his attempt at suicide during the dream, all attempts to remove its effects would be without avail."

My suspicion now grew stronger. I listened attentively.

"Miss Aylmer had read somewhere, as I had indeed, myself, that the only method of reviving the memory of an opium-dream, is to produce the dream again. That is to say, if I place my money somewhere, while under the intoxication of laudanum, I shall not be able to recall the place, until I throw myself once more into the same condition."

"I have often read of this. Well, you were pleased with the suggestion."

"Very much. It had one weak point—if tried, it must either kill outright, and instantly, or cure. For Ledyard's system cannot bear the least stimulant; you must have observed that in the manner

of his using wine the other day at dinner. He did not drink but half a glass. I could not consent to administer the enormous dose of opium necessary to produce a dream such as the fatal one I have just described to you."

"But might you not prepare his system for its reception by degrees?" I asked. "This is the mode usually adopted in these cases."

"No. The very first grain given him would produce mania of the most fearful description. There is but the one course—to administer the same quantity he took on the night of his attempt at self-destruction. His diary has told me what that quantity was. Now, you perceive, of course, that such a large dose must either destroy him, as it would you or me, or act as it formerly did, and restore him to perfect health. As for the experiment itself, I have no doubt that it would be successful, if the conditions were proper."

"But I infer that you have not abandoned the idea altogether?"

"We have not; in fact, we have determined to make the trial, be the end what it may."

I drew back in astonishment.

"Miss Aylmer has consented to this?"

"It was she who resolved upon it. She trusts in fate. But if Ledyard is killed, she will die, too."

"You objected, at first?"

"Strongly. But once she became possessed of the idea, it grew in her mind, until she saw nothing but the certainty of success. She conjured me, with all the eloquence she was mistress of, to make the trial."

"You refused no longer?"

"It would have been impossible. She had threatened to employ some one else; I knew she was in earnest, and, rather than trust so delicate, so strange, so fearful a business in the hands of a man who could feel none other than a professional interest in it, I agreed to assume the responsibility myself."

My interest in so remarkable a woman grew with every instant. Again I glanced at her; but nothing of what was agitating the deepest recesses of her mind disturbed the gaiety that sparkled in her eyes and on her lips, and lighted up all her face.

The simpering Mr. Croopie was evidently more fascinated than ever.

"Names, names!" he was saying. "Lots of character in names, Miss Aylmer, I think. Balaac used to believe in names. 'Sound a name, and note its ring,' was his plan. He went all over Paris once to find a name for a social martyr he was creating. I don't like my name—nobody does. Ladies can't bear it. At least," he added, bursting into the most showery laughter imaginable, "I can't induce any lady to bear it."

To this she seemed to be listening with the deepest interest; but I very well understood how far away must be her soul.

"Well, I presume you desire me to take some part?"

"A third person is necessary. I have chosen you in preference to any one else."

"Very well; but, remember, I assume the responsibility of nothing."

An hour afterward I was in my room, writing in my journal the substance of what I have recorded here. The further account of Vacca's experiment, and its result, will be given in a transcription of some pages in that volume:

February 21st.—I spoke with Miss Aylmer for the first time to-day on the subject of Mr. Ledyard, and the measure we are about to attempt. I knew she loved him, but had no idea how deeply. There was not the least reserve on her part with regard to anything relating to the subject—and this, under the circumstances, was certainly most

sensible. She seems to fully understand and appreciate the danger. I feared her eagerness and confidence in the result had led her to overlook this point. We are to begin to-morrow. The first step will be to do all we can to reproduce in Mr. Ledyard's mind the emotions which agitated it at the time when his violent despair led him to do what he did in the dream. Each of us three conspirators is to have a part to play that will require the utmost intelligence, skill and delicacy in its handling. Mr. Alfred Croopie is also unconsciously to aid us. Miss Aylmer will encourage him so far as to lead him on, and, if possible, make her lover jealous. Vacca is by conversation to feed this flame, like lagoon; to create and foster the old morbidity of mind. I am to aid him.

February 23d.—Last night, at Miss Aylmer's, the experiment formally commenced. Mr. Croopie and his reticent companion, Mr. Jounce, were both present. At their appearance (Mr. Ledyard, Vacca and I had come first), Miss Aylmer rose and greeted the former with the most demonstrative effusion. She began teasing him about his mustache, which, since his last visit, he has waxed most elaborately at the ends. He was so pleased that she should have interested herself in his looks, that he vowed to cut it off if she wished. Very coquettishly she changed her bearing in the matter, and professed to have no care whatever in the subject. But the manoeuvre succeeded. Mr. Ledyard's attention was gained, and that was the point desired. He seemed at first surprised, and then amused. We next went to cards. Miss Aylmer refused to play with any one for partner but Mr. Croopie. Mr. Ledyard found fresh amusement in this, evidently believing that Miss Aylmer is about to divert herself with an elaborate and lengthy flirtation at poor Mr. Croopie's cost. By Vacca's direction I played against Mr. Jounce, while he and Mr. Ledyard sat talking in a low voice on the sofa. From dropped words I judged they were conversing about an attempt at suicide by poison made a few days since by a famous and learned English barrister. Music, as usual, followed, and Mr. Croopie turned over the pages while his enchantress sang. All left at eleven or so, Mr. Ledyard quite in spirits, for him. Nothing has occurred to-day.

February 25th, midnight.—I went to the theatre this evening to see the new "Hamlet." Near the front of the orchestra sat Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. They gave me a place beside them; but we did not remain after ten, though the acting was excellent. Vacca pretended to have eaten nothing since morning, and we went to Baumgartner's celebrated restaurant for supper. I asked about Miss Aylmer; but Mr. Ledyard had not seen her. He had called, but she was in the country, a few miles, and would not be at home for a week at the earliest. This must be an absence on purpose, and a part of her plan. We are to see "Othello" to-morrow night. Vacca evidently hopes the play will influence in some degree the tone of his patient's mind, which, he has told me, is easily impressed by these things.

February 26th.—Seldom have I seen such acting as I witnessed in "Othello" to-night. Mr. D—, the new tragedian, was very fine. The jealousy scenes were perfect. Mr. Ledyard was deeply affected; but made a significant remark at the end: "Desdemona must have been a great coquette before her marriage. I am sure of it." Vacca, with much acuteness, allowed a moment to pass, and then asked casually if Miss Aylmer had been heard from yet. Mr. Ledyard noted the train of thought in the doctor's mind, as his face indicated; but said simply, "Not yet." He left him thoughtful, and a shade melancholy.

February 27th.—We had arranged to see "Richard III." to-night; but Vacca purposely contrived

to be late, so when we reached the theatre there were no places to be had, and we were obliged to go away. Mr. Ledyard had been with the doctor since morning. My clever friend had harped on the subject of jealousy unceasingly, contending, with reason perhaps, that no man was ever jealous entirely without cause, and incidentally that it is woman's nature to wish for a change, and to be deceitful. Mr. Ledyard proposed visiting the comedy theatre at the corner of — Avenue. Vacca consented, and we went on at once. Passing Miss Aymer's house, Mr. Ledyard was startled to see a light in the parlors. He glanced through the window, by standing on his tip-toes, and immediately exclaimed, "Good heavens! Azalea is in town. She is there with Mr. Croople. It is very strange." "She has returned unexpectedly," said Vacca; and we proceeded to the theatre. But Mr. Ledyard was exceedingly serious the whole evening, and at the conclusion of the performance quitted us abruptly. "We are succeeding!" exclaimed the doctor, by which I understood that everything that has occurred was prearranged.

February 28th.—This evening I called at Miss Aymer's, and found Mr. Croople present. Poor man, he has been foolish enough to cut off his mustache! His appearance is now most ludicrous; and after I recognized him, which I did not at first, I burst into an involuntary fit of laughter. He took my merryment good-naturedly; but Miss Aymer gave me a scolding. At nine I came Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. "You did not answer my note this morning, Azalea," was Mr. Ledyard's first remark, in an irritable tone. "I intended to, but forgot it. However, I can explain now. I came home yesterday." He started. "Are you sure?" "Quite." He looked at her a long while, and then said, "I will speak of this at some other time." It was a dull evening. We are all burning with anxiety—at least we conspirators; Mr. Ledyard is beginning to burn with distrust, for he is aware that Miss Aymer did not leave town at all; and poor Mr. Croople is burning with love.

March 3d.—Though much has occurred, I must relate all briefly. Miss Aymer and her lover have quarreled. He was really appalled by the deceit she had seemed to practice on him for the sake of such a man as Croople. At first indeed he did not believe it; but Miss Aymer has, with Vacca's aid and mine, played the game so skillfully since, that Mr. Ledyard is now firmly convinced that she is really interested in Croople and wearied of himself. Vacca has outdone himself. The patience, the skill, the *finesse*, the depth of knowledge in intrigue which he has displayed, were worthy of a Machiavel. He has taken his friend's side strongly, and, though at first in favor of a reconciliation, has now concluded that all between him and Miss Aymer is over. To divert Mr. Ledyard's mind, he has pursued a method that, were it under less grave circumstances, would be amusing beyond measure. He has taken him to see "Medea," performed for the benefit of the lady who has been supporting the actor who played "Hamlet" and "Othello," Mr. D—. He has also taken him to see a most gloomy French melodrama, in which the hero poisons himself for love. He has been reading "Werther" to him, Hugo's "Travailleurs," and other books in which the catastrophe is suicide. In short, for the last few days our unhappy Mr. Ledyard has existed in an atmosphere most sombre and terrible, yet he suspects nothing of our scheme. Miss Aymer is suffering bitterly, but continues her faith in the ultimate result. Mr. Croople alone is in a state of rapturous felicity.

March 6th.—Yesterday Mr. Ledyard, who is nearly bewildered at the recent hurried succession

of monstrous events, wrote to Miss Aymer to know if she intended the breach between them to be final. Vacca had arranged this, of course, remembering that such had been the step before. After the letter had gone, he kept strict watch upon his patient, taking him to see a dramatization of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and remaining at his house all night, pretending the hour to be too late for a return home. Mr. Ledyard slept but little—not until dawn, in fact—and even then his slumber was broken by hideous dreams. This will continue to be the case until the doctor shall feel compelled to order him some opium, which will bring about a culmination of our designs, and end, one way or the other, all further suspense.

March 7th.—No answer yet from Miss Aymer. This is according to Vacca's instructions. He wishes his patient to still hope. Our anxiety is intense. Mr. Ledyard slept but an hour last night. He looks haggard and wretched, and we must not pause much longer, or he will surely go raving mad. We pity him; but it is too late to go back now; even if we wished to do so.

March 8th.—His hopes are now for ever shattered. Miss Aymer wrote him to-day, giving her final decision. She refuses to renew the engagement, feeling convinced (as she professes) that she no longer loves him. It has been decided to give him the opium to-night at his house. He is frantic, and certainly dangerous.

March 9th.—Last night at twelve, from a long walk, I reached the house of Mr. Ledyard accompanied by himself and Doctor Vacca. We went directly to the bedroom, which has been arranged precisely as it was on the night of the attempt at suicide. Our unhappy friend's mind seems to be precisely in the same condition that it was then. Vacca spoke lightly of desiring my aid in giving Mr. Ledyard a small quantity of opium. I consented at once, and he left the apartment to obtain the drug, which he stated he had left in his overcoat-pocket in the hall below. But his design was to admit Miss Aymer, who had followed us in a close carriage. She remained without the room, and Vacca re-entered with the necessary quantity, so prepared that its weight escaped the patient's observation. "You have lost so much rest, my dear friend," said Vacca, "that you must lie down dressed as you are. We will leave you, but if you have need of us, ring the bell." (The wire had been cut.) So speaking, we quitted him.

Outside the door we stood face to face with Miss Aymer—pale and in tears, her hands clasped piteously.

Vacca spoke kindly to her, and signed me to give her my arm below.

"You must retire to the library, Miss Aymer," he said, very seriously, and it was plain to perceive that he appreciated the gravity of the crisis. "It will be some time before the drug will begin to work. But when all is accomplished, I shall call you, and you may see him through the glass of the inner door. To-morrow you may clasp him, heaven willing, to your arms. I must remain at the post of observation alone."

I led her away, exhorting her to bear up courageously, as all might yet be well.

I shall never forget the hideous dreariness of that long vigil.

Our eyes upon the clock, Miss Aymer and I sat hour after hour scarcely uttering a word.

Outdoors the wind moaned, the trees in the garden creaked, the blinding snow fell.

Within all was silence, except when the chimney rattled, or a coal clattered down the bars of the grate.

One o'clock struck, and then, after a torturing period of delay, the gong suddenly pealed forth two.

I essayed conversation upon indifferent subjects; but the words seemed to cling to my tongue, and would not be uttered.

Three o'clock.

No relief yet.

Four o'clock.

Still we sat watching and waiting.

Five o'clock.

In walked Doctor Vacca upon the last stroke, calm, pale, ominous as a phantom.

Miss Aylmer rose, tottered to him, and fell at his feet.

He took her hands, and looked down into her appealing eyes.

"Shall I tell the truth?" he asked, gravely.

"Conceal nothing," she faltered.

"He is hopelessly insane—a maniac, Miss Aylmer, and three of his servants are now holding him to the bed."

She gave a wild shriek, but instantly afterward rose to her feet.

"I must see him!" she said, her eyes flashing, and her body quivering all over.

"You may—through the glass of the door. Then you had better return home. He must be taken immediately to some retreat. At daylight the carriage shall come."

She sank down again, her fortitude giving way, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Prepare for a terrible sight, Miss Aylmer," continued Doctor Vacca. "I will go in advance of you."

He left the room noiselessly as he had entered.

I thought it best to allow her grief full vent for some moments; and when it had passed, she cleared away her tears, and we took our way to the chamber.

Vacca came out of the apartment, closed the door, and stood with his back against it.

"You will promise to be calm?" he said.

"My weakness is past, sir," she answered, with heroism. "It is enough that I have not killed him—and well for me—for I should have been this minute dead too."

He then went in, and closed and looked the door.

We approached the glass, and looked through.

Near the bed stood three of the house-servants; behind it stood Doctor Vacca; on it lay Mr. Ledyard.

His face was contorted with a thousand frightful grimaces. A ghastly grin overspread it, then an expression of deadly horror, then another of rage, another of misery, another of fiendish hate, another of unutterable anguish!

His breast heaved up and down, and his lower limbs quivered as if with a freezing chill.

Suddenly he raised his right arm, and it shook convulsively. The forefinger of the hand darted forth, and pointed, as if in fearful reproach, directly at us.

Miss Aylmer fainted.

The doctor came out, and we bore her to the carriage below, and, in the gray dawn of the morning, it rolled away.

"He is at least alive!" I sighed.

"He is dead," said Vacca, solemnly.

I stared at him in actual terror.

"Yea. He died at one o'clock this morning, never having spoken from the moment the laudanum took effect."

"But the scene I have just witnessed?"

"Was produced by Voltaic electricity. I had made preparation for all possible issues in advance. A battery of two hundred and seventy pair of four-inch plates was brought to this house secretly yesterday. One pole applied to the nerve of the eyebrow, and another to that of the heel, caused the extraordinary occurrences you have just observed."

"A grim experiment, Vacca!"

Miss Aylmer lives in utter seclusion, as she has done for several years. She is still under the impression that Mr. Ledyard is confined in a distant and strictly private lunatic asylum, where, there being none but incurables, visitors are not permitted to call.

Rhoda's Lovers.

A STORY OF THE SIOUX BORDER.

WHETHER the three men had been hunting in company, or whether, as was more likely, they had been brought together by that strange something which we call "chance," at all events there they stood, in the shadow of the big oak by the roadside on the hill, leaning on their rifles, and mutually confessing their utter want of success.

Below them, to the westward, lay the little valley of Quinmemuc, with its bit of a lake and ribbon of a river, surrounded by the low hills of one of those "north and south ranges" that diversify the surface of what is now the State of Minnesota.

Just at this moment, however, the three hunters were not looking at the little valley, for one of them had called the lazy attention of his companions to some objects that were approaching in the road from the eastward.

"Indians! half a dozen of them!" exclaimed a tall, athletic, manly-looking fellow, whose dark curls were covered by an otter-skin cap. "I say, Gano Dunn, whoever saw redskins coming from the east? At this season of the year, too?"

"I hev, then, Liph Avery, and way inside the settlements at that. Every now and then little squads of 'em make queer journeys back to some place their tribe used to live in. I've heard they set great store by thar old buryin'-grounds. Mebbe they go just for a look, and mebbe it's somethin' to do with religion."

"Religion! Indian religion! An Indian ain't any religion outside of scalps and whisky," sneered the third of the hunters, with a harsh and grating voice; "and it's almost a part of my religion to wipe 'em out whenever I can."

The speaker was as tall as Liph Avery, and seemed as strongly built, but the expression of his face was as different as hard features, thin, bloodless, "close-cut" lips and a pair of restless gray eyes could make it.

"The less you say about your religion, Jim Hedden, the better," growled Gano Dunn; "and we're a leetle too much inside the old Sioux hunting-grounds to make the practice of bad manners to the redskins a good thing for the settlement. Foller my example, and keep on good terms with 'em, if you want to keep yer hair on."

"I ain't afraid of no redskin that ever wore moccasins," sharply returned Hedden, "and I'll show 'er how I treat 'em when these chaps come along."

Gano Dunn was a shorter man than the others, but his breadth of shoulder was unusual, and while he showed signs of approaching "feshiness," his strength was evidently enormous. He was not a bad-looking fellow, in spite of his wide, pug nose, if it had not been for a pair of the smallest, fiercest, most penetrating black eyes that ever followed a trail, or looked along the sights of a rifle. There were those who suspected Gano himself of a touch of Indian blood; but be that as it may, his little eyes were sparkling pretty freely as his deep voice replied:

"No, ye don't! Not an oncivil word do ye give 'em—not whilst Liph Avery and me are along. Thar's enough ill-blood and danger stirred up 'ready by jest such foolhardy fellers as you be."

"Like to know how you'll help it?" angrily returned Hedden. "What do I care for you or Liph Avery? Reckon it's a free country."

"What'll we do! Why, before I'll let ye bring ill-will on Quinmemuc settlement by abusing peaceable redskins, I'll break every bone in yer body!"

Jim Hedden's unhealthy complexion flushed red enough, and his hard mouth shut like a steel-trap; but Gano Dunn was a "bad man to tackle," and with a smothered oath, and something about their being "two to one now," and "some other time," he fell back to the edge of the road, as the squad of red men now came close up.

They were, as Liph had said, half a dozen in number, and evidently a peace party, for not half of them were armed in any way; but their band was singularly made up. Two, who came first, bore the marks of great age, though both were erect and firm-paced. One of these was a warrior whose deeply wrinkled face belied the raven blackness of his hair; but the other was a tall, shriveled, bony bag of a squaw, and the band of deer-skin across her forehead, supporting a light burden on her shoulders, also kept in place a tangled mass of locks whose whiteness could not be concealed by even the Summer dust that had now settled upon them. Behind this singular pair there stalked the almost gigantic form of a warrior, in the prime of his young manhood, but whose sordid, unornamented, colorless garments showed that either poverty or, as Gano imagined, something in the nature of his present errand, had robbed him for the time of all the showy bravery that such as he delight in. The remaining three of the party were a comely-looking squaw, and two very commonplace, ragged and dirty vagabonds of "braves."

Somewhat to Liph Avery's surprise, Gano Dunn seemed disposed to carry his fit of good policy beyond mere negative kindness, for as the grisly pair of copper-colored ancients came up, he kept his place in the edge of the path, held out his hand with a peculiar gesture, and uttered some rough, uncouth gutturals, of which no ordinary white throat could have been suspected.

Without moving a muscle of any face among them, the six Indians halted in their tracks, and their seeming leader alone replied—the tall young warrior preserving an almost disdainful silence, but glancing quickly from one to the other of the white men.

"Liph," said Gano, "they've been to the settlements, and are on their way home. Clean out of terbecker, they say. Better give 'em some. Got any?"

"Never go hunting without my pouch and pipe," said Liph. "I'll make a fair divide with em. There it is."

"All right," said Gano. "That and mine'll make 'em up quite a good chance of a smoke. No use of askin' Jim Hedden for any, nohow."

"Not if I know myself," interrupted that worthy, with an angry oath. "I hope they'll scalp both of ye some day, to pay for yer nonsense."

Gano Dunn's own eyes did not snap quicker than those of the old squaw, and it was evident that the few rapid words she spoke to her company were an explanation of the relative positions of the three white men. Jim Hedden was quite sharp enough to comprehend this, and the sneer on his thin lips looked ugly enough, as he turned on his heel and disappeared in the thick belt of forest that lined the road.

The six Indians marched on as soon as they had received their tobacco, and the two remaining white men were left under the oak.

"What do you make of them, Gano?" asked Liph, when they were out of hearing.

"Make of them? Why, the old man and that tall young one are fellows of some importance. They belong to one of the Yankton Sioux bands, and that's about the most dangerous lot of redskins on all this frontier. I've traded among 'em a heap, in old times."

"Seems to me you're more'n usually particular in your notions about Indian treatment this season," remarked Liph.

"Well, I'm gettin' out of the way of tradin' and wanderin' round, and I'm right smart well settled yer on the Quinmemuc, and I've more interest in keepin' the peace than ever I had before. How'd you like to see your new house and barns all a blaze some night, and every other house and barn in the whole valley?"

"Why, Gano," said Liph, "I don't think I'd like it over well; but it wouldn't be more'n a dozen or so of houses even then, outside of the cluster there at the village. That's, maybe, a dozen more. But then, there's the fort, miles and miles beyond us. The redskins ain't likely to come so far inside of that."

"Don't you bet your life on that," replied Gano. "They'd walk by and around the fort like you're walkin' around Quinmemuc Lake—that ain't two miles either way. Plunder wouldn't likely bring 'em so far, but that's some other things would, an' I don't mean to stir up them things."

Liph listened approvingly, for a thought had just then shot into his mind that made him feel something like a child at the idea of an Indian raid into the Quinmemuc settlement. Little did he dream how very similar was the feeling that stirred the heart of his burly friend, and acted as the mainspring of his very conciliatory Indian policy.

While Liph and Gano again shouldered their rifles, and went on with their half-sport, half-work of hunting, the little company of "Yanktonais" had kept on down the valley. For some reason or other, although they avoided the little hamlet itself, the day was well spent before they made their appearance near the road that went out over the hills to the westward. Not half a dozen miles, in a straight line—and what on earth could have made them linger so on their homeward way!

Toward the close of the day, however, they did come again into notice near the comfortable homestead of old "Squire Sidney." Right straight toward it they went, as if by previous determination, or as if drawn by its bright and smiling exterior. Pleasant enough, indeed, was Squire Sidney's, outside and in, ever since his curly-headed niece Rhoda came to take care of her crabbed and melancholy old uncle; and, orphan as she was, she had made everything about it smile but the face of the old squire himself. With all her merry good-humor, Rhoda Sidney had in her a vein of something very like romance, that had developed into a girlish interest in and admiration of anything in the shape of Indians. Her opportunities to gratify this curiosity had not been many, and so, when such a detachment of them, alive and genuine, actually halted before her own door, Rhoda's good will and hospitality were all in arms in a moment. Not only were they invited into the house, old and young, male and female, to be bountifully fed and loaded with civilities, but, with the old squaw for an interpreter, Rhoda managed to carry on quite a conversation, and to ask a number of questions that would have been impertinent but for the frank, friendly smile that accompanied them. Not even the hideously-wrinkled visage of the ancient crone, or the more repulsive features of the old man, or the grim expression of ferocious power that sat on the swarthy brow of the tall young warrior, suggested a

thought of fear to the kindly heart of the unsuspecting maiden, and even the rigid gravity of her strange guests was beginning to relax.

All the while, however, a storm had been brewing, or, rather, a perpetually ready-made storm had been drawing nearer and nearer the house, in the shape of old Squire Sidney himself, accompanied by the sneering face of Jim Hedden.

For a moment the two had halted near the barn, and the squire was saying:

"Yes, Jim, I agree with ye clean through, and I don't go for any compromise with redskins. If I had my way, it'd be war all the while, every day an' all day long, till the last one of 'em was cleared off the face of the arth. They was six on 'em, you said?"

"Yes, six; and looked like they was on thar way West."

"Well, 'twouldn't do to have anything happen to 'em right yer in the valley; but I wouldn't mind goin' for 'em out on the frontier, no more'n for so many wolves."

"No more wouldn't I," said Jim.

"Hullo, Jim!" suddenly exclaimed the squire; "thar's Liph Avery and Gano Dunn coming up the road. Let's go into the house."

Jim Hedden's face looked uglier for a moment, as he turned to follow Squire Sidney, than even during his cold-blooded talk about Indian-killing; and it might be that he had more reasons for disliking the new-comers than even their sharp disagreement of that morning.

A few moments later, when Liph Avery and Gano Dunn halted at the pile of chips by the roadside, in front of the house, it was to gaze in more than a little astonishment on the results of the squire's return home.

Out from the door in single file, preserving their Indian dignity even while evidently departing in some haste, marched the two old Indians, followed by the tall warrior, the young squaw and the two mean-looking "braves," while behind them, in the doorway, towered old man Sidney himself, his bearded face white with passion, and his lips quivering with the fierce anathemas that he hurled after Rhoda's suddenly-ejected guests.

Silently and haughtily the little procession of Sioux stalked on into the road, and up the slope

of the little hill to the westward, but on the summit they paused, as if they had retreated far enough.

Even then the men were silent; but the ancient crone drew herself up to her full height, cast loose the long locks of her white and tangled hair, and, with one bare, skinny arm stretched out toward the group in front of the house, poured forth a screaming, screeching torrent of what was evidently equivalent to cursing.

Within the house, poor Rhoda had been crouching on a chair, in fearful astonishment at her uncle's ungovernable anger over her romantic hospitality, while Jim Hedden had up to this moment stood just behind the squire, with a broad grin of malice disclosing his yellow teeth. Now, however, while Gano Dunn, who comprehended the intense meaning of the squaw's tirade, was shaking his head dubiously, and half-muttering to himself, Hedden suddenly sprang out through the doorway, with his rifle in hand. He leveled it quickly enough—too quickly for Rhoda, who had followed him, to prevent his murderous purpose—but Liph Avery had sprung forward almost instinctively, and as he struck up the long barrel, it discharged its contents harmlessly in the air.

"Coward! to shoot at a woman!" exclaimed Liph.

"Shoot her? Why not, and stop her cursing? What business is it of yours, anyhow?" roared Hedden, as he aimed a blow with his clubbed rifle straight at Liph's head.

The blow was parried; but Rhoda Sidney's scream disarmed the rising wrath of Liph, and both Gano and the squire seized the arms of Jim Hedden.

Neither of the young men seemed to care to say much, but there was that in their faces which was a bad augury for the future peace of Quinnemuc Valley.

The little scene had by no means been lost by the copper-colored witnesses on the hill; but the old squaw had said her say, and they were now once more plodding onward toward the West.

"Tell ye what, squire," said Gano, "I'm afeard thar'll trouble come to Quinnemuc out of all this. That old screech-owl threatened pretty much everything."



RHODA'S LOVERS.—"SWIFT AND DEADLY WERE THE FIRST FEW FLASHES OF THE AX."

"Oh, Uncle John," half sobbed Rhoda, "how could you do so, and how could you say such awful things to me?"

"How could I?" exclaimed the squire, whose anger seemed even yet at fever-heat. "Well, I'll tell you. Didn't nobody ever hint to ye why it is thar ain't no aunt of yours, no wife of mine, nor any cousins, big or little, here in the house with ye? Nor why I sent for ye when my hard old heart was just ready to burst with loneliness? No, I s'pose, nobody told ye, and you don't know. No, now, Rhody, my dear little gal, I don't want to skeer ye, nor make ye cry. That was away down on the lowly border, years and years ago; and I never sent any word of it to your folks, and I never told anybody in Quinnemuc. I don't mean to say any great deal now; but I had as good a home thar as this one is, and one night I came back from a hunt—and it was *all gone*! I won't tell ye what it was I found in the place of it; but the fire had been thar, and Indians worse than fire; and I've hated 'em ever since—you don't know—and it a'most choked me to find them redskins under my own roof. All right now, Rhody; you didn't mean no harm."

All the while the old man had been speaking, he had been visibly softening, and as he closed his vague, but terrible disclosure, it was clear that he was much more ready to weep than anything else, and Liph Avery and Gano Dunn had the good taste quietly to slide out of the house, and, in a moment more, even Jim Hedden followed their example. The latter, however, merely swung his rifle over his shoulder, and made a bee-line for the nearest timber, as if some important business called him, while the two former slowly strolled away to the little hamlet by the lake-side, talking less than usual as they went.

Strange it is, but true, nevertheless, the same thing that will make enemies of some men will make friends of others.

All the settlement knew that Liph Avery and Jim Hedden were pitted against each other for the good-will of bright-eyed Rhoda Sidney, and nobody expected them to be on the best of terms.

As for old Squire Sidney, singularly strong as was his attachment to his orphan niece, the one remaining relic of all his kith and kin, he could hardly have explained to himself why he had leaned rather to the side of Liph's rival.

Rhoda herself had scarcely, as yet, developed any decided preferences, so far as anybody knew; but there was one person more whose feelings in the case, and relative position with all the parties, was very much a puzzle to himself, as it certainly would have been to any one else, and that was Gano Dunn.

Ugly and uncouth as the brawny trader and hunter knew himself to be, and unlikely to attract the admiration of the softer sex, his only acknowledgment, even to himself, that the one soft spot in his tough organization had been touched, seemed to be his growing devotion to and championship of the hopes and fortunes of his better-favored friend, Liph.

Even that very evening, as they strolled along the lake-shore, Gano's conversation wavered between sagacious warnings against the wiles and dangers of Jim Hedden's probable tactics, and dubious surmises concerning the safety of Quinnemuc settlement, in the times that he foresaw in the immediate future.

"I've seen sign enough," he said, "and I've heard sign, and, I reckon, I've s'en a'most smelt it, and I know thar's rough doin's ahead for this yer hull frontier."

It might have been said that the whole settlement, babies and all, were in love with Rhoda Sidney, each one after a fashion; but she had

excited other admiration than that of Gano Dunn, without in the least suspecting it.

Slowly, very slowly, but with steady perseverance, the little peace-party of Sioux kept on toward the setting sun that afternoon, as if they were following the fortunes of their race, and ever as they went the dull fire in the dark eyes of the gigantic young warrior burned deeper and fiercer, as his thoughts dwelt upon the beauty of the white maiden who had welcomed him and his that day. Bitter, indeed, were the thoughts that came to him, and the denunciatory eloquence of his aged associate rang in his ears for more reasons than one.

White men generally are as much in the dark as Gano Dunn himself as to the precise cause and purport of the many recorded pilgrimages of our Western Indians to the abandoned homes and graves of their ancestors; but in former days it was noted that they were sometimes followed by a most mischievous augmentation of Indian hostilities. Be that as it may, the termination of the present trip had not been at all calculated to soothe any soreness which might have been aroused by revisiting the haunts of their race, and the recital of old glories and old wrongs; and the young chief, for such he was, felt that admiration for one member of a race, and a strong desire to carry her off to his own wigwam, were quite compatible with a most bitter and exterminating hatred for all her kith, kin and color.

Quinnemuc settlement was but an oasis in the wilderness, and any semblance of a road disappeared a few miles beyond, leaving but a "blazed" wagon-track winding through the forest, toward the army-post that Liph Avery had spoken of to Gano Dunn.

Even this trail, however, had been abandoned by the old man who seemed to be the leader of the Sioux, and not without a purpose, as presently appeared.

Right through the open woods he led the way, until, just as the sun was approaching the horizon, they came out on the shore of another little lake, nearly the size of Quinnemuc, such as that region is dotted all over with.

Their halt was at the side of a low mound, covered with dead leaves, and that resembled a grave, more than anything else; and first the old man and then the old woman delivered themselves of a curious, croaking kind of set speech, that seemed to be addressed to the gigantic young warrior.

Had Gano Dunn been within hearing, he would have understood enough to know that the cause, incidents and termination of their expedition were fully recited, not forgetting the insults of that very afternoon. They had made their ceremonial start from the spot whereon they stood, they had seen all they went to see, their errand, of whatever nature, was accomplished, and they were now about to return to other plans and purposes. Nor was the outline given of these latter of a nature to have quieted any of the unsteady nerves in Quinnemuc, or any other settlement on that border.

No sooner did the old squaw cease her quavering harangue than the two braves, with wooden paddles somewhat like trowels in shape, began savagely digging at the mound at their feet. The light mold and leaves were piled carefully on one side until a depth of nearly three feet had been obtained.

Here, however, anything like marvel or mystery ceased, for, while a few decaying bones of human semblance were turned up, the objects of more immediate interest were evidently a very fair supply of warlike arms and ammunition, which had clearly been cached, or secreted, there during their peaceful tour among the whites.

Each man had now, among other weapons, a very decent rifle, which he probed and examined with careful hands, as if to ascertain its fitness for immediate use. In fact, so absorbed had they all been with their occupation, that they had kept but an imperfect lookout, never once noticing the small, dark object which had been creeping swiftly toward them over the lake.

Now, however, as they stood together in the fast deepening shadows by the shore, the faint crack of a rifle came to their ears over the water, and almost at the same instant the white-headed squaw suddenly stretched out both her arms toward the lake, and, with a long, mournful cry, sank lifeless upon the leaves.

With quick, spontaneous movement, every Sioux was behind his nearest tree, and shot after shot was fruitlessly sent hurtling back toward what they discerned to be a small canoe, with but one man in it, that was swiftly receding toward the other side. A few moments' hard pulling carried their unknown foe utterly beyond range, and anything like pursuit or immediate vengeance was hopelessly impossible.

It was a murder of the most cruel and useless sort. The ball—a small one—had pierced the very heart of the old woman, and her shriveled form gave but very little blood to bear witness of her deadly wound.

The Indians are no great talkers, and after the aged warrior had uttered a few brief guttural sentences, that seemed to be full of suppressed and bitter feeling, the body was placed in the grave-like hole, the earth and leaves were again heaped up, and the five remaining Sioux once more turned their faces westward.

The canoe on the little lake meanwhile, with its solitary, bloodthirsty occupant, had glided swiftly on into the deepening shadows of the opposite shore. As he piled his paddle, however, the murderer muttered to himself:

"I reckon I got one of 'em anyhow, and I don't much care which one it was, old or young, squaw or Indian. 'Twas a right down good shot, too, for so bad a light an' so long a range. Who'd 'a thought of findin' 'em that so safe an' sure? I reckoned I'd strike that trail beyond, and this yer dug-out 'ould be the safest kind of a retreat if they follered me. Once on t'other side, and I'd be into Quinnemuc first, if thar was twenty of 'em, sure's my name's Jim Hedden."

And so closed a day that had been full of bad augury for the future peace of the Sioux border. One would naturally have thought that even Jim Hedden would have been willing to keep the foul secret of such a deed as his; and so he did in part, except from old Squire Sidney; but it was too much of a gratification of his spite against Gano Dunn's conciliatory policy not to let that worthy and Liph Avery know at least that he had "struck the Sioux" in some way " afore they got clean out of range."

Somehow or other, of course, the evil news reached the ears of sweet Rhoda Sidney, and she had quite spirit enough of her own to resent deeply, if undemonstratively, an act so contrary to all her instincts of justice and humanity. If Jim had been courting the squire instead of Rhoda, his course would have had more sense in it.

Within a few days, however, the feeling of indignation, which had first been strongest with Liph and Gano, became pretty general throughout the settlement, for warning couriers from the army authorities brought the news that the Sioux bands were again on the war-path, and that even such comparatively safe points as Quinnemuc had better be on the lookout.

Some talk there was at first of building a block-house and stockade, but it ended in talk, the more readily as almost every log farmhouse was so con-

structed as to be tolerably defensible on its own account, and the rough borderers were of old well accustomed to repelling Indian raids.

As week after week went by, with only occasional rumors of bloody doings at safe distances from themselves, the Quinnemuc people seemed to sink into a sort of false security. Only Liph Avery, Gano Dunn and Jim Hedden failed to share in the general apathy. The latter was but too well aware what cause there was to expect retaliation, and the two former were stung to renewed activity every time they passed the Sidney Farm, or allowed themselves to think of what might be, should Indian vengeance reach the shores of the little lake.

Their time was mostly spent in what professed to be hunting, but was really scouting for signs of danger. One thing, too, both of them had noted: that all the tales that came to them of red-skin maraudings and atrocities were coupled with the name of a young giant of a Yankton chief, and they thought they recognized, in the descriptions of the person and prowess of "Red Bear," a form that both of them had met before.

Even Squire Sidney could understand and approve the assiduity of his two younger friends, for so long as they were "out for redskins," they were living according to his own heart, and he made no objection to the smiling welcome which Rhoda invariably extended to Liph and Gano, even while himself more and more perversely bent to favor the advances of their bitter and evil-minded rival.

Bitter and evil-minded indeed, for a very devil of malice was fast acquiring utter possession of the soul of Jim Hedden, spurred and goaded on by the fierce jealousy for which Rhoda's manifest dislike was in part responsible.

Day after day, as he shouldered his rifle and took to the woods, he became less and less certain whether he would prefer to send his deadliest bullet after a red victim or a white one, until one morning when a fresh messenger from the fort once more stirred the apathetic settlers to a little wholesome fear and activity.

The sun had hardly risen when the messenger, himself a well-known scout and fighter, took his departure, and a good share of the men of the settlement were already in the woods when he did so, while the rest were fast gathering at the village blacksmith-shop for mutual aid and counsel. Those who so gathered were sorely put out by the absence of the rest, for neither Rhoda Sidney's uncle nor any of her admirers were among their number, and they were all men to be heard on such a subject. Even while they grumbled, and questioned, and debated, strange scenes were being enacted under cover of the surrounding forest.

The scout from the fort had been bidden to return with speed, but that included caution, and he was too old a hand to follow any beaten trail in such a time. On leaving Quinnemuc he had taken directly to the woods, and so sharply did he scan each rod of way as he went westward, that his advance was but a slow one. In fact, he was more than a little puzzled which one to take of the many passes through the low hill-ranges between him and safety.

Somehow or other his hesitating feet brought him out, in a couple of hours, on a slight eminence near the shore of a small and beautiful expanse of bright blue water, and here for a few moments he dropped behind a log to consider. There were others besides himself in that ill-omened vicinity, although he knew it not.

On the shore of the little lake, at no great distance, there arose a small, smooth mound covered with withered leaves, and among the trees on the bank above it there cowered and clustered a score of dark, painted, hideous, forbidding forms, half

naked, but armed to the teeth, silent, except now and then a few muttered gutturals. One only stood erect, towering a good twelve inches above the ordinary height of men, and on his bare breast there shone in bright vermilion the skillfully outlined "totem" of a bear, for it was the dreaded Yankton warrior himself, with the choicest braves of all his band, and he and they were only awaiting the return of darkness for one of those sudden, terrible dashes that are the glory and horror of Indian tactics.

At present they felt secure from surprise in the vigilance of their outlying watchers; but the chief himself was tormented too much by the fierce fires within him to maintain his customary stolid and patient quietude. Truth to tell, no other one of Rhoda's lovers was in more deadly and terrible earnest that day than the one whom her angry uncle had turned away from her romantic hospitality. As yet all of these forms of dread and danger were hidden from the eyes of the scout, but the latter were for the moment arrested by another sight every way as fascinating.

Below him, on the lake-shore, he saw a white man creeping stealthily from tree to tree, while out upon the water a light canoe, with one occupant, also seemingly white, was slowly drifting nearer, and was already but a hundred yards from the bank. The former also seemed either not to notice or not to care for the presence of the boatman. Why should he, thought the scout, for being both white, their errand must be the same. Suddenly the scout grasped his rifle, and raised it like lightning to his shoulder. Could he be mistaken? No, the man in the boat was unmistakably aiming at the man on shore! Perhaps it was a rash thing to do, but the deed he had drawn on the man in the boat was *such* a good one, he was sure the man on the shore was a friend, and the scout obeyed his instincts, and pulled trigger. Down went the boatman into the bottom of his dug-out. Down went the man on shore into the nearest cover, disappearing as if by magic. And then, after a brief moment of silence, the rifle-shots were answered by a short, sharp chorus of yells that seemed to come from every side. That seemingly silent moment had been an awful one for the scout. Hardly had his rifle cracked before he regretted it, but he was sorer still when the next instant he found himself suddenly assailed by no less than three of his red enemies.

They used no firearms; they had reasons of their own for not wishing to make too much noise; and the chorus of sharp little yells had only been a warning to their own.

The scout, therefore, seemed to have some chance, at first, and the foremost Sioux went down under his clubbed rifle, and the second gave way before his desperate blows; but the third managed to close with him, and in a mournfully short time the scalp of the unfortunate messenger was reeking at the belt of Rhoda Sidney's forest lover.

Meantime, at least half a dozen sinewy swimmers had struck out from shore toward the canoe, and their crested heads now dotted the water around it. Hardly, however, had their hands been placed upon the gunwale, before the stricken boatman sprang up, as if suddenly awakened. He had been wounded, but not killed, and had had the cunning to lie still until the time came for using the terrible frontiersman's ax, his best remaining weapon, now he had dropped his rifle in the lake.

Swift and deadly were the first few flashes of the ax, and two at least of the crested crowns were cloven deeply enough; but then a deft push from a diving swimmer upset the frail canoe, and the work of the ax was over. The wounded white man was out of sight for a moment; but when he

came to the surface again, the knife in his hand was dripping with blood as well as water, and he shouted to the puzzled and daunted savages who were swimming near him, as if afraid to close, with a fierce oath:

"Look at that! If it wasn't for that shot in my shulder, I'd show ye how Jim Hedden works at Indian-killing."

It was a fearful position—a wounded man, with the wide lake behind him, the near shore swarming with enemies, and those two red tigers paddling and prowling around him. One more of the Sioux, injured by the ax, had struck out for shore; and so did now Jim Hedden, with a wonderful degree of pluck and nerve.

More sure of him on land than even in the water, the two Sioux made no further attempt to seize their too dangerous prey, but followed him closely to the shore.

All this had been watched and witnessed by one more pair of eyes, now peering through the crevices of the thick cover where he had crawled, Indian fashion, at the first crack of the rifles, and Gano Dunn had been terribly puzzled what was best to be done. Now, however, as Jim Hedden vigorously pulled to the shore, a hand was on his shoulder, and a hoarse whisper asked:

"Come, Gano—shan't we wade in?"

"Reckon not," was the cool reply. "Jim Hedden must take what he went for. He fired at me, I'm dead sure of that, for the bullet didn't miss me an inch. Now, we'd only throw away our own scalps, if we showed ourselves, and, it may be, all the hair in Quinnemuc settlement besides. Keep still, Liph, my boy. Think of Rhoda Sidney!"

Liph thought to some purpose, for he did keep still; but he could not for the life of him turn away his eyes from the awful scene before him.

Dripping and heavy with water, Jim Hedden rose to his full height on the sandy beach, only to be confronted by a grim and towering shape, against which his faint and failing rush was hopelessly in vain. Jim was game to the last; but the Red Bear of the Yanktonais was no common adversary, and in a moment more Rhoda Sidney had one less lover, and one more bloody corpse lay reeking at the water's edge.

And now the natural consequences of the brief but bloody little skirmish began quickly to develop themselves. Not only had the wolves of the frontier tasted blood, but their loss had been a smart one, and they were fierce for immediate vengeance.

So far as they knew, the two slain white men were the only ones in that vicinity, although the first exchange of rifle-shots had puzzled them, and they naturally drew the inference that no other outlying pickets lay between them and Quinnemuc on that side, for they knew to a man the strength of the settlement. Still, it was the dictate of passion, in the hearts of both chief and followers, that led them to abandon their proposed midnight raid for the more precarious chances of an immediate rush in broad day. Not a common thing for Indians to attempt; still it might have been a terrible success, but for one circumstance.

Every action, every step they took, even to dragging the bodies of the scout and Jim Hedden, and stretching them on the leaf-covered grave of the ancient squaw, as if in a sort of expiation, was not only seen but fully comprehended by the experienced eyes that watched them from the cover where Liph Avery and Gano Dunn cowered among the briars and brushwood.

"They're going for Quinnemuc right off," said Liph.

"And it'll be a bad day for the settlement, leastwise for some of the outlying houses, unless we git thar first," replied Gano.

"Shall we try a run in?" said Liph.

"What! two men agin twenty?" answered Gano. "No, we'd only throw our scalps away for nothing. We'll be in thar rear in five minutes, and they'll work on slow and keersful enough. Just wait, and I'll show ye."

Great was Liph's anxiety, and he had, moreover, a good deal of curiosity as to his friend's plan; but his suspense was not protracted. In less than five minutes the brawny form of Gano Dunn alid away from his side, like a snake through the grass, and seemed making for a log by the lake-shore.

Liph understood, then, for not fifty yards beyond the log was the capized and water-logged canoe that had carried Jim Hedden, and that was to be brought in. Truly a perilous errand, if Gano had not felt absolutely sure that the Sioux were pressing forward.

Even Liph was half astonished at his friend's dexterity, for he made no more splash or wake in the water than an otter, and in a wonderfully brief time the little dug-out was safely in behind the log, and emptied of its watery contents. By that time, too, both the friends were ready to enter it, half wondering at their own safety.

"How shall we pull?" asked Liph.

"Straight across the lake," replied Gano. "If we try to run a race with them, they'll see us, and we've nothing but bits of bark for paddles. Once on the other side, and we can make up for lost time. Quick and steady, now! If we're shot at all, it'll be in the next three minutes."

Red Bear and his braves, however, had no idea that they had left any enemies behind them to utilize the capized canoe, and the bold manoeuvre of Gano and his companion was entirely successful. Still, it was an awful thing to the two white men, as they paddled on with their pieces of hickory bark, to feel how much might depend on their slow progress for themselves and others, and perhaps their uppermost thought was that the nearest and most exposed house on that side of Quin-nemuc Valley was that of old Squire Sidney, and that Rhoda was probably at home alone.

Cautiously, but by no means slowly, the Sioux were creeping on from tree to tree, and from point to point, bent on making as complete a surprise as possible, without the help of darkness.

All this time the gathered settlers at the blacksmith-shop had been questioning and debating, half in doubt if there was any real danger, and all in a mix as to what should be done if there was. It was a good while since hostile redskins had "struck in" so far as that beyond the line of the military posts, but still, they knew, it might happen.

Some came, and others went home, but a dozen remained, when, about midday, they heard a clatter of horse's hoofs, and in a few moments more a half-grown boy, son of the blacksmith himself, rode right into the shop among them, shouting:

"Quick! Go for Squire Sidney's, or the Indians'll git thar afore ye. Thar's been a heap of fightin' a ready!"

Short time for questions, and very few were asked; but the hardy backwoodsmen started for the scene of danger readily enough, now they knew that it had really come.

They had need to make haste, indeed! On reaching the opposite side of the lake, Liph and Gano were really further from Quin-nemuc than was Red Bear himself; but they were freer to make a race of it, and they started at once on that long, swinging, tireless trot that the white deer-hunters have borrowed from the red men, and they from the gaunt and hungry Winter wolves. Their shortest course would have been around the head of the lake; but that, perhaps, would

have been only to meet the Sioux, and they were compelled to make a further detour.

Faster and faster on they pressed, goaded by thoughts of what might depend on their speed, and the pace was beginning to tell on the heavy frame and square proportions of Gano Dunn.

"Can't stand this much further, Liph, and thar's two mile yet to go."

"Can't leave you alone, then, nohow you can fix it," said Liph. "Gano, my old boy, I see how it is with both of us. 'Pears like it had come to me in a flash. I ain't jealous a bit, and we'll just stick by each other to the bitter end, come what will."

"All right, Liph," gasped Gano, and his little black eyes fairly blazed with the extra exertion and emotion; "you're a heap sifter feller for Rhody than I be; but I kin fight Indians as good as you kin, and I'll jest show ye this day."

There was evidently nothing mean about either of them, but the trial of their pluck was not far to seek. They were now beyond the head of the lake, and were just entering the open road that led to Quin-nemuc, when, at the same moment, a man on horseback and another on foot came into it from the opposite direction. The former was the blacksmith's son, and his errand was given with startling rapidity; but the other was no less a person than Squire Sidney himself. For a moment he looked and listened incredulously.

"The Sioux as close as that? And Jim Hedden wiped out a'ready?" he said, dubiously. "Look a'yer, boys, thar ain't been no foul play—has thar? I dunno about this. Hullo! what's that? War-whoop, by thunder! Yer they come! I take it all back, boys. Ride, you young sarpint—ride in, an' carry yer arrand!"

Those three riflemen were a particularly dangerous skirmish-line for the redskins to advance upon, although they continued their rapid retreat, sending a bullet back as they did so, at every available mark that was presented. At the top of the little rise, above the house, where the old squaw had paused to utter her denunciation, they stopped a moment to take breath, as beyond that the ground was cleared, and they must make a clean run in. Nor had Red Bear forgotten this fact, and he had made his calculations accordingly.

Out from the cover of the forest bounded savage after savage, though now at last the rifles of the white men could find sure marks by their exposure; but the red men fired also as they charged, and before the bottom of the slope was reached, the old man tottered and fell.

"Never mind me, boys—I'm hit hard!" he exclaimed. "It's all day with me. Try and save Rhoda!"

But Gano Dunn had stooped, without a word, and in another moment he was striding on toward the house with his friend, borne like a boy on his broad shoulders, while Liph Avery followed closely behind him, threatening his nearest foes with his rifle, but reserving that one priceless shot until the last.

Even Red Bear and his chosen braves hesitated a moment on the brow of the hill, and that moment of hesitation gave the apparently doomed trio their opportunity. As they neared the house, the door swung wide open, and Rhoda Sidney came rushing out to meet them.

"Back, for your life! Go back into the house!" shouted the agonized voice of her uncle.

"Help the old man in, Rhody," more calmly added Gano Dunn, "and give Liph and me a fair show at these fellows."

Hardly a fair show, although the Sioux were fewer in number than when they gathered at the lake that morning; and two of them that entered that clearing did not get half way across it.

Hardly a fair show—more than a dozen men against two—but the old squire had now been dragged across his threshold, and Liph and Gano met the shock of their assailants in the very doorway.

"Oh," thought Rhoda, "if they could only have got in and shut the door!" but she had had enough presence of mind to take down her uncle's spare rifle, and hand it to Liph Avery.

There is very little use in prolonging the telling of what must be so terribly short in the action. Liph fought in the doorway like a Titan, while behind him the iron sinews of Gano Dunn strained and cracked in a death-grapple with the one Indian who had burst his way into the house.

More than one of Liph's agile antagonists had felt the crushing weight of his clubbed rifle, and he himself knew that he had received more wounds than one, when about after about came swelling up from the direction of the village; and, while the disheartened marauders at once began to look out for their own safety, Liph's eyes lighted again with hope, for he had been almost in despair.

Just as the flash of encouragement came, however, a loud, piercing shriek summoned Liph's heart and body back into the house.

Down, still struggling with his gigantic antagonist, Gano Dunn had tripped and fallen over the body of the dying squire, and Rhoda's own eyes had seen the quick and deadly thrust of Red Bear's scap'ing-knife!

Crash! through bone and brain fell the heavy rifle-barrel, into which Liph Avery had put all his remaining strength, and then it was well the help from the village was at the door, for Rhoda Sidney's three lovers lay on the bloody floor side by side. Only for an instant, however, for even in that awful moment, Rhoda had been compelled to choose, and it was Liph Avery's head that she lifted into her lap. As she did so, Gano Dunn rallied for a feeble effort to crawl out from under the fallen chieftain, faintly gasping:

"I knowed it, and he's a good feller; but I did all I could. I reckon—I'm—"

Here his last strength failed him, and the light faded from his bright black eyes; but Gano was mistaken. Faintness is not always death, and the true-hearted trader lived to teach Liph Avery's own boys all there was to be taught of border wisdom. He taught them to "keep good with the Indians, 'specially the Sioux," but he was apt to add:

"I dunno. As fast as one feller smooths 'em with a plug of terbacker, another ruffles 'em with an ounce of lead, and you can't make both ways work well at the same time."

Tempest.

THEY called her Tempest, as other girls were called by such pet names as Daisy, Pearl, or Darling, because it suited her. Never mind what her name was, Tempest was her very own, describing, as no other word could, her brilliant dark beauty, her talents, as eccentric as they were dazzling, her capricious, varying moods, and her fierce, ungovernable temper.

She was an orphan, living with an old uncle who worshipped and, it must be confessed, feared her, and there was no voice to say "pay" to her most startling extravagances, her most daring disregard of all forms and ceremonies. Her will was as imperious and as uncontrolled as if she was a reigning empress.

With her wealth, her wonderful beauty, the panther-like grace of her figure and movements, and her winning manners, it was no marvel that Tempest was a belle. We were all ready to do

her homage. Herman Estynge, who was the critic of the circle, pronounced her "peerless," and sealed her standing in one word. She treated hearts as she did her jewels, wearing them conspicuously, parading her victims at ball, opera, or drive, and coolly dropping them for new ones as caprice dictated.

"Men were such poets," she told her confidential friends, when this one's despair or that one's falsity were commented upon, and paler beauties were fain to hear their knights' confessions that had first sworn allegiance upon Tempest's banner.

"Would any love conquer the proud, willful heart?" was a question her uncle asked himself often, as one discomfited suitor after another retired from momentous interviews with him. Tempest would rave if he remonstrated, her large black eyes flashing with anger, her little white hand clinched, and her lithe figure erect; but ere the words could wound him, the soft white arms would encircle his neck, kisses fall upon his white hairs, and a voice of melodious sweetness plead with him.

"I love only you. Will you drive me away from home? There is no one who would love and pet me as you do, uncle. Poor Tempest would wear out any patience but yours," and peace would be concluded by tender caresses and loving kisses.

When Warren Rawlings came from Europe, we watched the introduction to Tempest with deep interest. A very prince amongst men we all owned him to be—would he bend to this queen of women?

Apparently not. One bow, a glance of involuntary admiration at her rich, glowing beauty, and Warren Rawlings turned again to Agnes Sears, the fair blonde who contested the belledom of the season with our Tempest.

It was rather entertaining to watch the game. Warren had brought from abroad a manner that, in its cool carelessness, its easy nonchalance, and quiet appropriation of position, was simply perfect. Nobody knew of any indiscretions, yet there was hovering about him just sufficient suspicion of a "fast" life to win him the envy of younger, more bashful men. Handsome as an Apollo, he never seemed to think of his looks; with perfect taste in dress, he never reminded one of a tailor's fashion-plate; accomplished and wealthy, he carried no air of valuing either his money, his superb voice, or his attainments. Without conceit, he impressed upon us all the fact that he was accustomed to be first, and held his place without effort.

Agnes Sears, cold as an icicle, dignified, reserved and stately, a perfect contrast to our impetuous Tempest, accepted the attentions of Warren with apparent indifference; but one glance of triumph, shot from her languid blue eyes, quickened a latent jealousy in Tempest, and roused all her powers of attraction. She had walked triumphantly nearly through the season; should she lose this latest, greatest prize?

At first it was only the spirit of emulation, the fear of seeing her laurels wreathing the blonde curls of Agnes Sears, that animated her. All her rich toilets, her smiles, her caprices were vainly brought to bear, till the courteous coolness of Warren roused her pique, and, alas! her love. No one suspected this. A party was formed for a June spent in the White Mountains, and the clique to which we belonged met but seldom during the Spring.

Warren did not travel with us, but we had promised to wait his coming before we made the ascent of Mount Washington, and he thus enforced upon us a week of rest. Tempest was restless, spending whole days in solitary wanderings. Agnes was in her own old fashion fasten-

ing her chains around Boyd Craige, who counted his money by millions, but in whose handsome head Dame Nature had omitted to place the brains. The vacuum, however, at this time was filled apparently by the image of Agnes Sears.

Late in the afternoon Warren arrived. We were all upon the porch excepting Tempest. Agnes, dressed in something blue that was thin and light as Summer clouds, was leaning with easy grace against a vine-trellis, letting the leaves form an effective frame for her fair beauty, while she sang, with her clear soprano, a mountain-song she had learned in Switzerland.

I imagined that Warren gave a quick, inquiring glance at our party, and that a fleeting shade of disappointment crossed his handsome face, but in a second it was gone, if indeed it was ever there. In a moment he was telling us the last city news, the freshest items of gossip, the incidents of his journey, and cause of his delay. Greetings over, Agnes resumed her interrupted song at Warren's request, while he sat at her feet upon the low porch-steps.

When Tempest joined us I cannot tell. I heard a quick, gasping sigh at my elbow, and looking up, I saw Tempest standing in the doorway, her eyes fixed upon Warren and Agnes. The sun was setting, and the golden light surrounded the girl like a halo. Her thin black dress, touched here and there with vivid scarlet spots, glowed as if these were tongues of flame. In the broad glossy braids of her heavy black hair were twisted tiny, star-shaped scarlet flowers. Agnes in her shaded spot was a cool shadow beside this personation of living, glowing sunshine.

The last echoes of the mountain-song died away, and before a word of praise or comment could be spoken, Tempest sang.

I have heard voices that the world at home and abroad praised and applauded. I have listened entranced to the queens of song, and given the touch of gloved hands as my meed of applause, but I have never heard a voice that could carry my soul away as Tempest's could.

Gay! She could make the saddest laugh. Sad! She could draw tears from the most merry.

A rich contralto, without one coarse tone, womanly in sweetness, with a power and strength rarely equaled. Compared to the sweet soprano of Agnes Sears, it was like organ-tones heard after a flute.

She was sad. A minor strain of infinite sweetness opened her song, and as the rich, full tones floated out upon the air, more than one tear glittered in the eyes of her listeners.

Involuntarily, Warren leaned toward the singer, his soul in his eyes as he gazed at her, drinking in the wondrous strains. She looked at him, smiled once, and without prelude burst forth into a glad, jubilant strain, ringing with merriment and triumph.

I saw Agnes clench her white hand once, and bend to speak to Warren.

He only raised his hand, as if he feared to lose even one note.

The song over, Tempest dashed into conversation before a word of compliment could be spoken. She was in one of her most tempestuous moods, witty, saucy, brilliant, full of witching coquetties and winsome grace.

When the moon rose, we had music again. Warren sang, and others joined in glees and choruses, but no entreaties could win one more note from Tempest or Agnes, nor could the most observant say that Warren was more attentive to one than the other.

He turned from Tempest, after a gay passage of witticisms, to enfold Agnes in a soft, white shawl, when she shivered in the cool evening air; he left Agnes, after a sentimental discussion of Tenny-

son, to clasp a falling bracelet upon Tempest's round arm.

The ascent of Mount Washington was the promised pleasure of the following day, and sunrise found us *en route*.

Guide-books and Summer diaries have made the description of the ascent too hackneyed to need repetition here. We "did the mountain," as other tourists have done, but we were homeward bound when our adventure occurred.

Slightly swerving from the road was a deep gully, probably formed by rain, and about twelve feet deep—not more—to its base. But this base, some five or six feet wide, was formed of jagged, sharp rocks, pointing upward; and beyond this yawned a precipice, a deep, black gulf, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below, we could hear the rush of water.

We all stood a moment, looking downward.

"Easy to get down there," some one said, "but hard to climb up."

"Not safe, if you are down," said a guide. "The shelf last year was nearly two feet wider; but the rocks fall off at the edge. A heavy weight would carry the whole mass down."

This last remark was solely for my benefit, for the others had gone forward.

"I think," he added, as we also moved away, "that three or four hundred pounds would carry that shelf down."

Darkness was gathering, and we had a long walk still, if we were to reach the hotel by nightfall, so we walked rapidly forward.

As we came up to the main party, I noticed Agnes Sears and a little brunette, who was her confidential friend, lingering a little behind the others. The words they spoke came back with appalling significance a little later; but at the time I did not much heed them.

"Was it the bracelet Boyd Craige gave you, Agnes?"

"Yes. I missed it when we were looking down that gully they made such a fuss over. I did not see anything so frightful about it. I have been down worse places since we came here, and climbed up again safely."

Here I was summoned to join the party, by a voice that had sworn a few months before to "love, honor and obey" me, and had fulfilled the contract nobly, by claiming my blind submission to all her charming whims, and I left the fair speakers to mourn the loss.

It was quite dark when we reached the base of the mountain, and stopped to rest.

At once we missed Agnes Sears and Minnie Wallis. Before there was time for more than a wondering exclamation, we heard Minnie calling, as she ran toward us:

"Help! Help! Agnes has fallen down the gully!"

A shudder ran through us all.

"She saw her bracelet, and thought she could get it; but just at the bottom of the slope, she missed her footing, and fell! I called to her, but she did not answer, so I hurried after you!"

One moment of silent horror, and then Tempest spoke:

"Go for lanterns and ropes! Bring a chair! She may be too much hurt to hold a rope. I will tell her you are coming!"

Before a word of opposition could be spoken, she was speeding away, throwing aside her cloak and wraps, to leave her movements free, in her short mountain-dress.

Sending the ladies of the party forward with one of the guides, the gentlemen hurriedly retraced their steps, the guides uncoiling ropes as they walked, lighting lanterns and joining a mountain-chair to fasten to a rope.

We spoke but little—the horror was too great

for many words, and we needed our breath for the hasty ascent we were making.

Boyd Craige and Warren Rawlings led the party, striding over all impediments, unheeding the warning cries the guides sent after them in their excitement and haste.

The lanterns sent a broad path of light ahead of our steps, and as we neared the gully, we all joined in long, cheering shouts.

We were nearly at our journey's end, when we heard Tempest's superb voice, in a ringing cry:

"Here! She is alive! Come quickly!"

In the darkness, brave Tempest had made the perilous descent, and was on the rocky shelf, holding the head of the injured girl in her strong arms. A lantern was lowered first, then a pocket-flask, and then Warren prepared to go down. A cry from Tempest arrested his steps.

"Do not come here! Your weight would hurl us all down!" Her tone was that of wild entreaty.

"Hold him! Do not let him come here!"

"Can you lift Miss Sears to the chair?" Boyd asked, as Warren stood erect again.

"Easily. She has hurt her arm, and is faint. Lower the chair and ropes to bind her in. Make haste, for the rocks are loose."

And to make her words true, we could hear pieces of rock bounding down the abyss, and splashing in the water below.

"The lady is right," said a guide, as the chair was slowly lowered over the edge of the cliff. "Any added weight would certainly hurl all down the precipice. The chair is down. God bless the brave girl! she has lifted her friend to the chair, and is tying her firmly in. How cool she is, with those rocks crumbling under her very feet!"

It was as he said. Tempest had lifted Agnes in her strong, young arms, and was fastening her in the chair, taking time to do it securely, as coolly as if she stood upon a parlor-floor, instead of being upon that shaking, crumbling shelf of rock.

Suddenly she shouted:

"Quick! Raise the chair! The rock is giving way, Warren! I have saved her for you!"

The chair rose slowly, and we heard a crash that sickened us all, as the great mass of rock loosened, and rolled thundering down the abyss. We scarcely dared look again. The lantern hung still over the gulf, and clinging still to the narrow shelf, barely a hold for her little hands, we saw Tempest.

"Can you hold?" we shouted.

"Quick!" was the answer, and the voice now was faint.

Oh, the eternity it seemed before the chair was over the cliff, and Warren swung over to make the descent, now so doubly hazardous!

"Hold fast!" he cried. "I am coming to you."

Quickly and carefully he approached the clinging figure, till, with one swing, he caught her in his grasp, and folded her in his arms.

One shout from all above greeted him, but the danger was not yet over. Burdened now with the weight of the brave girl, Warren was in danger of swinging against the side of the cliff, and being dashed to pieces.

Tempest, still self-possessed, saw the danger, and reaching up, grasped the rope firmly with one hand. So, slowly and with bated breath, we drew them to the edge of the cliff. There, strong hands grasped each, and they were lifted into a place of safety.

Agnes, who was recovering slowly, and had been loosened in the chair, reached her arms to Tempest, who sank sobbing into them. Such words as warm-hearted, impulsive girls use in moments of supreme emotion escaped them both. Agnes for once dropped her icy mask, as she poured

forth her words of thanks, kissing the cheeks and lips of her preserver.

"Come!" said an imperative voice, "this will not do. Miss Sears, we will carry your chair to the hotel, and make a litter for—"

"Me!" interrupted Tempest. "I can walk perfectly well."

Warren offered his arm, and the party formed in procession, Agnes being carried like a conquering queen in advance. But a little in the rear two figures lingered.

"Tempest!" said a rich, manly voice, that quivered a little with emotion, "was it indeed to save Agnes for me that you periled your own life?"

For a moment there was no answer. Something of the old wayward spirit tempted the girl to answer saucily, but in the solemn moment so lately passed, the violent temper of the past had fled from her for ever.

"We are even," she said, quietly. "If I saved her life, you have paid the debt, for you certainly saved mine."

"And do you think," he said, with earnest vehemence, "her life is equal to yours in my eyes? Do you think I value her cold, calculating brain as I do your warm, impulsive heart, my darling? Oh, Tempest, I can be silent no longer! I have not dared to speak before, for men's hearts have been playthings in your hands, and I dreaded a repulse. But surely, if for my sake you would have risked your life to save one you deemed dear to me, you will give me the life you say I have saved? Tempest!" his voice was steady now and solemn, "in my hand as I came to you was an open clasp-knife. Can you guess for what?"

The girl's soul must have read his own, for she answered at once:

"If I had fallen, you would have cut the rope that bound you."

"And followed you, Tempest."

There was an interval of silence, and the two figures clung closely together, as for a moment they stood still. The rest of the party were now far in advance, and the lanterns shed no light upon this couple. As they stood silent upon a knoll of earth, the moon rose slowly, bathing the upturned face of Tempest in a flood of silvery light.

Gravely Warren bent his stately head to press the kiss of betrothal upon the quivering lips, and learn that the heart he coveted was all his own.

Nobody was surprised when the engagement of Boyd Craige and Agnes Sears was announced. The fair blonde was invisible for a week or two, but her injuries proved comparatively light, and she was amongst us again, cold and beautiful as ever.

But over our brilliant brunette Love had thrown a gentleness, a winsome spirit of submission that was infinitely captivating in the former willful beauty. In fact there are serious thoughts of calling the future Mrs. Rawlings by some more descriptive sobriquet than Tempest.

Japanese Cement.—Intimately mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being particularly careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan or earthen pipkin. This glue is beautifully white, almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy paper work, which requires a strong and colorless cement.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.



John Cornish's Experience.

DURING the first week in September, John Cornish made up his mind to "take a run across." He went forthwith, and finished his season's pleasuring with lake and mountain visions, and dreamy river voyaging.

But among all the distractions of his trip, the clatter of unknown tongues, the shifting procession of foreign faces, German valleys and Swiss mountains, there haunted him constantly a pair of gray eyes looking out of a dark pale face. The ghost of the dead Summer had taken the eyes and face of Kate Gardener, and it could not well have come in sweeter guise.

John Cornish, as is the manner with the American young man, had lounged away the hot months

JOHN CORNISH'S EXPERIENCE.—"ONE AFTERNOON THEY WERE SAUNTERING TOGETHER DOWN THE BEACH."

at the fashionable centres of idleness. In August he went to the seaside, and there he met Miss Gardener.

He had no thought beyond a repetition of the

story of other Summers. He talked and laughed and wasted his time on the sands, let his days slip, and took no note of time till the young lady came.

He did not think her so beautiful at first. Then, somehow, he came to comparing her face with others, and watching it in its odd pale changes, and concluded at last that, beautiful or not, it stood quite by itself among the rose-and-white crowd of other women. He knew her quite well by that time—as such acquaintances go—and little by little they dropped unawares into an intimacy that was as unobtrusive as close.

All his life long John Cornish had had what he wanted. Never having been thwarted, he fancied himself a man of exceedingly moderate demands. The accident of birth had made him a gentleman in the grain, so at twenty-five he was as well worth loving as most men are.

Ah, well! it was the old, old story. The spell wove itself, as it does still in these practical days—color, perfume, music, the manifold perfections of a sweet, world-trained woman. John Cornish was hard hit, and the worst of it was, that he did not know it.

One afternoon they were sauntering together down the beach. The sun was going down through a yellow haze; beyond, the water lay like glass; at their feet the long ripples bushed up and down. Cornish never considered that the past fortnight might not prolong itself through eternity. For fourteen days he had forgotten all about himself. Sometimes men keep their eyes shut willfully, refusing to wake. He did not even know he was dreaming. He came to a sense of his condition presently.

It was the last day of August. The pathetic mirror of the early coming Fall made itself felt through sunshine and sea-wind. Aldrick precipitated the crisis. A bit of his tuneful rhyme came into Cornish's mind, and spoke itself half unawares.

"If we could only stay so,
In such a happy dream,
We would never cease to waken,
But drift along with the stream."

Miss Gardener flashed a keen look up into the unobservant face. Then her broad lips dropped softly again.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "that's the worst of dreams, the inevitable waking up afterward. One goes about in a maze for—a whole day sometimes."

Miss Gardener wore something thin and white shot through with threads of vivid green—cool and foamy-looking. He remembers just how the shadow of her parasol fell across her face—just the tie of the pale green ribbon at her throat. He was stupid and self-involved, as men in love for the first time are apt to be. In the silence that followed, it never occurred to him that her words meant anything. He was just dreaming along there, on the edge of the Summer sea, his head in the clouds.

They rounded a long curve in the beach. The stage had come in during their absence, and two gentlemen—strangers—had come down to the shore, and stood close before them. Miss Gardener exclaimed just above her breath, and made a few quick steps forward into the arms of a man, majestic, gray-bearded, paternal. The other, neither gray-bearded nor paternal, awaited his own greeting with serene assurance. She turned toward him in an instant, gave him both her hands; there was the barest shadow of hesitation, then—his mustache brushed her lips. Perhaps he thought he might as well at once define his position.

Cornish came forward as they turned toward him. There was a trip-hammer pounding in his

brain—sea and shore were tilting back and forth in circles of white light and blinding dark. But he had sense enough not to make a visible idiot of himself.

"Papa, this is Mr. Cornish. Mr. Jordan, Mr. Cornish."

The two younger men bowed ceremoniously. She did not look up at her late escort, slipping her hand through her father's arm, and going toward the house.

Cornish got himself away somehow, and sauntered back along the shore till he was out of sight of the house. Then he started off as if death was at his heels. He wanted to cry, to swear, to dash himself against the rocks. *Something* had happened; there had been a crash, and not a nerve in body nor brain that did not quiver with the novel agony. He was in a whirl, and the only thing he could do was to keep up that killing pace.

He stopped at last, hot, breathless, dead tired. He was on a point of rocks running far out into the sea. The sun had gone down; a ghostly twilight wrapped the world. He threw himself face downward on the poor bare turf, and there in the night the great agony of his life came upon him. Heretofore he and Fate had gone together; now the surprise of the blow was, as maddening as the hurt.

Ah, well! he lay there, and had it out with himself, and was as alone in his misery as if his case had been solitary in the universe. By-and-by, after he had cried—choking sobs and great tears like a woman—the propriety of going home presented itself. The night-wind blew wet and chilly, an angry haze had swallowed the stars. And then he found that the tide had cut him off.

There was not a chance for tragedy. The point was an island at high water, that was all. He must wait for the ebb, and that did not come till near morning.

He was tired out now. He lay down, and after a while fell fast asleep—the dead, heavy sleep of fatigue. When the cold dawn woke him, and he found a slippery, wet path open to the mainland, he felt a thousand years old. He got back to the hotel somehow, and made his way up to his room through sleepy servants, and the early, dusty, doleful stir of a great house.

He dressed, and went down to breakfast. He would not spare himself one coal of torment. After the meal, Miss Gardener came out of her way to speak to him.

"I tried to find you last night. I was afraid I might not see you again. We are going this morning."

She had not looked at him while she spoke. Something, his silence perhaps, drew her eyes up, against her will. She saw the tired, stern mouth and mournful eyes, the whole haggard face, young and handsome and proud still, and a curious shadow flitted over her own. She had put out her hand when she first spoke, and he had taken it. She stood gazing at him for a breath. They were alone together; she laid her other hand over his, holding it so between both hers, raised it, and dropped her cheek against it for one swift instant.

"Good-by!" she said, as she turned and fled. That was why John Cornish went to Europe in September.

He was a bit of a fatalist. He accepted what had happened as final. He never thought of any winning chance for himself. She was to be married in November. The thing was over as hopelessly as if the world had come to an end.

He had neither purpose nor plans, but in the middle of December some shifting eddy of incident turned his face westward. He had no kin, almost no correspondents. He missed all his letters—few enough—in Paris and Liverpool.

When he landed in New York he was utterly unaware of what lay before him.

It was late that night when he went to his hotel. In the morning he saw no near acquaintance before he set about supplying his nearest want—money. Then he found that, financially, he was a ruined man.

I had not patience nor space to tell how it had all happened. It was one of those things possible to our shifting American fortunes. He was worth in the world just what his personal possessions would sell for.

He had a diamond or two, some costly trifles of art, his sportsman's outfit was elaborate and expensive. He actually turned them into money, and then set about finding himself a niche in the world. He had never realized before what a crowded place it must be. He had been easy, careless, frank enough as he stood in the sunshine, now some unsuspected jealous pride in his nature made the asking or receiving of a favor a very bitter matter. The same pride wrapped him still in that lary, unconcerned grace of manner; but his face grew thin, and the brave blue eyes took a shadowy and far-off look. It took four months for him to get so near the end of his resources that he really felt the matter desperate.

He went to an acquaintance, then an old man, who had been successful as success goes. He had barely seen him since his new estate had befallen him.

"I want work," he said, abruptly.

Mr. Rogers looked up from his letters with a gleam of interest in his eyes.

"What can you do?" he asked, deliberately.

"Nothing."

"A good recommendation, certainly. A good many men can offer that, Mr. Cornish."

"But what am I to do? I have not twenty dollars in the world, and no more to come unless I earn it."

The older man sat silent, his eyes on the paper-cutting with which he was playing. Cornish went on:

"I have tried everything I could think of, and there hasn't been one in which I could get a foothold at all where I could earn potatoes and salt at the beginning. That is the main thing now. I have an unfortunate habit of eating three times a day, you see."

"Perhaps you have aimed too high. You have never had a business training, and most beginners are younger than you. Haven't you been too ambitious?"

"Ambitious?" with a little scornful laugh. "Well, perhaps so. I answered an advertisement for a light porter yesterday, and didn't get it. The firm thought I was chaffing, I believe."

Mr. Rogers looked up at the slight, supple figure leaning against the wall. Cheaply dressed, and his boots at the extreme verge of respectability, he yet looked wonderfully like the fabulous prince in disguise.

"No, you don't look much like that sort of thing, that's true."

Cornish glanced down at his soft, slender hands. He was humble enough now; he thought his companion's speech a reproach, instead of the involuntary half-compliment that it was.

"I know it; but I'm ready to take anything—anything!"

"There's only one thing in my hands now," Rogers said, slowly, after a minute's pause. "I have an influence on a city railway. I might get you a place there, if you liked."

One week after, John Cornish was duly installed conductor on one of the horse-railway cars in Boston.

It might be a difficult matter in any city for a man in such a capacity to be recognized among

his equals, though his graces of mind and soul were never so near perfection. But Dives's case was not a more hopeless one than John Cornish's, sunk beneath the classic upper strata of Boston. The next three months were one dead level of monotonous misery. In all that time he never heard one word addressed to himself as a man from the lips of one person who had been on the same social grade as himself. Now and then an acquaintance passed, unrecognizing, in the crowds on the sidewalks. He had changed much. His smooth-shaven face was thin and brown, and albeit as handsome as a young Greek god; the metal badge on his coat was as high as most persons looked.

The man was dying from mental starvation and homesickness. The wretched weariness of his day's work was nothing beside the isolation which wrapped him. Of Mr. Rogers he had heard not one word. He did not know that that gentleman, overwhelmed with household trouble, had gone abroad almost immediately after he, Cornish, had come to Boston.

One day—a burning August day—he stood on the rear platform of his car, his hat drawn down over his eyes, mechanically doing his work, but thinking, with the lethargic hopelessness of a sick man, of those other Summer days, barely a year away. He had been wrapped in the purple ever since he was born. Was it any wonder that the "hadden-gray" chafed him? But, then, he was not consciously fretting about that. The fine, artistic nature, used all his life to elegant fitnesses of surrounding, cried out with desperate appeal. He was ill, and did not know it. A group of ladies on the sidewalk signaled his car.

He stood with his hand on the check-strap as they filed in, not noticing anything about them. Then he passed through the car, collecting his fares, still in a maze.

"Does this car pass through?"—a pause and a gasp—"Berkeley Street?" in a half-choked whisper.

One of the ladies who had last entered the car asked the question. She had been sitting with her face turned away, chatting to her companion, as women in horse-cars do chat, with a touching confidence that no one overhears them. She turned, as she began her question, her bearer pushed back his hat, stooping a little to answer it, and John Cornish and Kate Gardener were face to face, and recognizing each other.

The shock came in that break in her words. There was an instant of certainty gone like a flash. The proprieties stepped in, and helped her finish her question. The mere she thought about it, the more she doubted. She had heard some vague story of Cornish's broken fortunes, and fancied him abroad. He had changed, undeniably. She watched all she dared till she left the car, and found herself more and more puzzled. And Cornish, misreading it all, saw in her pause involuntary recognition, in her resumed question and little after confusion of manner, deliberate avoidance of him in his new position.

I do not know that he had thought of or looked for anything different. But a sharp pain had added itself to the vague ache in his heart. Another man's wife, as she was—he had never questioned the fulfillment of that report about her wedding—he could not bear that his goddess should show herself capable of such petty meanness.

The very next day he was transferred to another line of road. Two weeks afterward Mr. Rogers stepped on his car, and greeted him as heartily as if the hand he shook was clean and white as of old. He explained his long silence and absence, watching the young man's face with anxious eyes while he spoke. The next day Cor-

niah was promoted to a clerkship in the company's office.

That promotion was all that was needed to finish his physical prostration. The confinement in the close, hot room, after the long hours of open-air exposure, was more than he could bear. One noon he left his desk too ill and dizzy to go on with his work. In the afternoon he crawled about the shady squares with a vague sense that green leaves and west wind would somehow reach the heart of his malady.

Just opposite a church he encountered a bridal party coming out. His dazed wits just comprehended her face in a mist of white, and in the group somewhere—for everything changed and melted into broken shapes before his eyes—the man he had met by the sea, Henry Jordan. Like a lightning-flash, he took it all in. Her wedding had been postponed, and he at last had seen her as a bride. And then wits, and senses, and everything else that keeps a man among other men, went out, and he dropped like a log almost at her very feet.

Of course she screamed, and there was flurry and confusion in the bridal party, and a policeman bustled up, ready for arrest. But as he lifted the prostrate man, Mr. Rogers—in the company—saw his face; and the end of it was, that, instead of being ignominiously jolted off to the station-house, he was carried away softly in a luxurious carriage, in which a scent of roses yet lingered. But he was unconscious of his state and style, and staid so for days that ran into weeks.

He came back at last. Through a shaded window a little wind rippled in, bringing a glint of close-at-hand sunshine with it. The room was still and cool, luxurious and airy. So much lay straight before his eyes. He would not have turned his head if the fate of half the universe had depended upon it. Never again, probably, as long as he stays this side of Jordan, will he be so sublimely indifferent to everything earthly, as he was for those few minutes.

There was a soft rustle beyond him, and a woman's figure came lightly and softly across the range of his vision. At the sight of the wide-open, sane eyes, she stopped, with a little half-frightened gesture. He essayed speech, and achieved a whisper.

"Kate!"

If he had not been more out of than in the body, he would never have so addressed her. As much as he thought anything, he had a vague notion that he was in some sort of preparatory paradise, and she was there, too, of course.

She came toward him very quietly. He tried to put out his hand toward her, and discovered that, little as there was of his body, it was too much for him. She held something cool and tasteless to his lips, and then, obeying his eyes rather than his voice, set down beside him, his head still resting on her arm. And so, with her face before him—a blessed, restful vision, after all the horrors of the past—he drifted out of consciousness again.

Mrs. Rogers coming in half an hour afterward, found her niece with the empty medicine-glass overturned at her feet, and both she and her patient fast asleep.

There came a waking. There always does come that, after everything, good or bad, and an explanation. The lady did the most of it, Cornish being equal only to broken sentences, and very few of those.

"I came to my cousin's wedding. Mrs. Rogers is my aunt."

"Mrs. Jordan," interrupting, and choking a little on the name.

"No, sir," a faint color coming into her face. "Mr. Jordan and I changed our minds a long

time ago; but we are the best of friends. He was married to Hattie Rogers six weeks ago, and you nearly frightened the whole of us to death by fainting away among the bridesmaids. Mr. Rogers had you brought here to his brother's house. Now you may go to sleep again."

"Don't leave me!"

"No," a little sober look on her face.

"Never?" And the great heart-throb under the word made it a half gasp.

"Never," bending over, and touching her lips to his forehead and cheek.

He was too weak for heroics. He drew a long breath of great content, and slipped away into a state too deliciously conscious for sleep, too dreamily irresponsible for waking.

Well, so that chapter of his experience ends, almost. Nobody left him any money, and his own fortune did not come back; at least, it has not yet done so. But Mr. Rogers's interest secured him a situation, where, if he has brains and business faculty, he has a chance to reach a paying partnership. And he and Kate Gardener were quietly married in November.

Saved by a Savage.

MANY years ago, how many I do not care to say, but it was when my face was destitute of those symbols of time commonly yclept "crow's feet," and my incipient mustache was downy and soft as silk, not grizzly as a badger's, I was mate of a small brigantine called the Ruby, whose captain and owner, an enterprising Down-Easter, drove a promiscuous and profitable trade with the natives inhabiting the numerous groups of islands that are interspersed about the South Pacific, and which are generally classified under the head of Australasia.

One voyage we had been cruising about the Friendly and other adjacent isles, until we had obtained a rather valuable cargo, when the skipper determined to touch at one of the New Hebrides group, in order to obtain water and fresh supplies of fruit, and "dicker" with the natives the remainder of his stock of "Brummagem" trash for articles of greater value.

Accordingly, we steered for Tierra del Espiritu Santo, the largest island of the group, in latitude fourteen degrees thirty-eight minutes, south; longitude one hundred and sixty-seven degrees, east, and were agreeably surprised to find, on rounding a headland and entering a magnificent bay, that a bark was already riding in the roads, the British ensign floating from her gaff, denoting her nationality.

"Jerooshlem! If that there hooker sin't the Anaconda, you may skin me. Wal, I'm pleased, I am, tew; for Jarvis is a real good sort, though he is a Britisher. Wonder if he's got that gal o' his'n aboard?" cried Captain Clinch, when, with the aid of an antiquated telescope, he discovered the bark to be an old acquaintance.

I was more than pleased, I was delighted, for the prospect of renewing friendship, which had sprung into existence in Sidney, N. S. W., with the English skipper and his pretty daughter was a very pleasant one, especially as we had been trading among the islands for several months, and, heartily sick of hideous Fijians, I wished to regale my eyes with another glimpse of a fair Caucasian.

Just as we had lowered the foretopsail, and hauled down the head of the mainsail, preparatory to anchoring, Captain Jarvis came alongside in his gig, accompanied by his daughter, and pointed out to us a good position in which to moor, and one which was only a few cables' length distant from his own craft.

As soon as the sails were all snugly stowed, and the decks cleared up, the skipper kindly invited me into the cabin, for the crafty old fellow had insinuated himself into my confidence while at sea, had learned that I had something more than a mere friendly regard for Miss Jarvis, and consequently thought that it would be only fair to give me an opportunity to further cultivate her acquaintance.

Jessica Jarvis was a sweet-faced, good-natured girl, who invariably accompanied her widowed father on all his voyages. She had just attained her nineteenth year, and her charms had become fully matured. Her features were delicate, their type somewhat Grecian, her face in profile very much resembling a superbly-carved Canova cameo I once saw in Italy; eyes, precious sapphires, sometimes half veiled by their golden lashes, at others, sparkling with vivacity, flashed from beneath a forehead smooth and white as alabaster, which was in turn surmounted by a wealth of sunny hair that, when unbound, rippled in waves of sheeny splendor down to her dainty feet. She was tall, stately, magnificent, and I, who adored her, thought that earth contained no other being

half so fair, and, though I blessed fortune for having graciously permitted me the pleasure of her acquaintance, I felt inclined to rail at the fickle goddess for having placed such a precious pearl within my view, yet far beyond my reach.

My parents, however, who had never dreamed of my preferring a sailor's life, with its toils and vicissitudes, to some more sedentary and lucrative occupation, had given me a liberal education, so that, when well-dressed and free from the odor of tar, I felt myself perfectly at ease in society, and could converse upon most of the ordinary topics, without making a miserable fiasco.

Luckily for me, Miss Jarvis's tastes assimilated with mine in many respects. She was slightly poetical, and passionately fond of flowers. I was an humble worshiper at the shrine of Erato, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of botany. In literature, her favorite authors were my authors; the "ologies" of which she was fondest were those I had studied most.

Yet, though I was infatuated by her beauty and multifarious accomplishments, the hope of ever winning her love never entered my heart, even in moments when most ambitious thoughts filled my



SAVED BY A SAVAGE.—"I STRAINED AT THE OARS OF THE LITTLE BOAT UNTIL THE SPRAY CURLED OVER HER BOWS, FOR A FRESH LAND-BREEZE WAS BLOWING.

mind. To me she appeared like a lustrous star, upon which men gaze with admiration and wonder, but possession of which they know it is impossible to attain.

According to Captain Jarvis's report, the natives of the island were amicably disposed, and very anxious to trade; but, not having a good supply of marketable articles on hand, they had sent a large party into the interior to make a collection, and he was awaiting their return to commence the operation of bartering.

My skipper, on hearing this, also determined to remain a few days, for he was wide-awake, and readily surmised that it would be to his advantage to "swap" the surplus of his heterogeneous collection of trumpery for commodities which possessed a real value in the markets of Sidney.

Of the many islands in the South Pacific Ocean, perhaps there is no one more superbly grand, in point of scenic loveliness, than that of Espiritu Santo, the land of the Holy Spirit. Two rivers, the Jordan and Salvador, fall into the magnificent bay in which we lay anchored, and the surrounding country is enchantingly beautiful. The banks of these streams are covered with odoriferous flowers and plants, and the exhilarating breezes which sweep across the land and sea, morning and evening, bear upon their wings the aromatic perfume of the sweet-basil and orange. At early dawn the melodious matin-songs of a myriad birds echo through the woods, and float across the silvery tide; at eve their vespers hush the flowers to sleep. All is bright and beautiful in that fertile land, save man; he is ruthless, cruel and barbarous.

Upon two or three occasions, Captains Clinch and Jarvis, Jessica and I, went for a stroll ashore, for the purpose of enjoying the lovely scenery, and seeing a little of the manners and customs of the uncivilized people who inhabit this terrestrial paradise.

The natives seemed friendly, though, as always appeared to me with these savage tribes, their natures seemed somewhat allied to those of the Felids. Coax and pet a cat as you will, it still retains its tigerish propensity to turn and rend the hand that caresses it. So it is with the aborigines of Australasia; to outward appearance they are soft and sleek and gentle, but they are, nevertheless, treacherous and ferocious at heart.

In personal appearance the inhabitants of the New Hebrides compare favorably with those of most of the other islands in the South Pacific. Their features are regular, and exhibit no similarity to those of the negro; the men are well-formed, slender, active and nimble; their color is a rich reddish-brown. Many of the women are really handsome, despite their dusky hue, their limbs being beautifully rounded, and their hair, which is very long and not quite black, being scarcely more inclined to curl crisply than that of our Columbian darlings.

Miss Jarvis excited the attention of these tawny belles, probably on account of her pretty, neat attire; for, though the only garment that these savage beauties wore consisted of a scant petticoat of the filaments of the plaintain (*Musa paradisiaca*) tree, they, like women in general, betrayed a partiality for gaudy raiment. But the men, and I could not condemn their taste, looked upon the face of the lovely girl with admiration, and a few words that I heard fall from the lips of the chief, when, doubtless, he did not deem me near, for he knew I had acquired a smattering of his native tongue at other islands, convinced me that it was not safe for Jessie again to visit the village, as in that case she would run the risk of being kidnapped.

Occasionally a few of the natives, of both sexes, visited our vessels, and Miss Jarvis had taken

such a fancy to a pretty young woman named Eéda, that the girl became greatly attached to her fair mistress, who took much pains to teach her English, and treated her with a kindness she did not experience at the hands of her own people.

At length the goods arrived from up-country, and the chief at once came aboard, and invited the two skippers to go ashore, and bargain for them. The trade was brisk, and the 'cute Captain Clinch succeeded in hocking every rubbishy thing he possessed for articles fifty, sometimes five hundred per cent. more valuable. I chanced to be ashore the day the market closed, and the old chief lounged up to me, and said, in the most nonchalant tone he could assume:

"*Wookka sherooba innágo oong oong eoo am-ahí?*" (Why does not the young white woman come ashore?)

"*A're yáádog*" (she is sick), I replied, eying him intently, for I was rather suspicious of the racial, and it was owing to what I had told Captain Jarvis that Jessie remained aboard.

He averted his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and walked away.

Not long after we had returned to our vessels, the chief went aboard the Anaconda, and invited the skipper and all his crew to go ashore the following morning to a grand feast, which he purposed giving to celebrate our visit to the island.

Before consenting, Captain Jarvis came with the chief to the Ruby, and, as the commander of the brigantine readily accepted the invitation extended to him by the hospitable savage, it was agreed that all hands, except a couple of watchmen to each vessel, should go ashore for a carouse the next day.

Usually I enjoyed particularly good health, and could generally sleep as soundly as only a sailor with a clear conscience can; but that night I was restless and nervous, feelings for which I could not account, except that I was impressed with the idea that some impending danger menaced the girl whom I loved so dearly.

Next morning I felt so worn-out and unwell from want of rest, that I told Captain Clinch that I would stay aboard and guard the brig. He expressed himself sorry that I could not accompany him, but added that, if I was determined to stop, the two men who would have had to remain on the vessel need not be deprived of their holiday.

"Look out those devils don't play you some trick, sir," I said, as his boat pushed off from the Ruby.

"I reckon there ain't much fear of 'em doing that; you're a bit nervous this morning, and that makes you suspicious, I guess," he replied.

For a little while after the boats landed I watched through a spy-glass the movements of my shipmates, the crew of the Anaconda, and the natives ashore. The latter met the white people on the beach, and conducted them in procession to the chief's dwelling, which was a long, palm-thatched building, inclosed by a palisade. When they entered the compound, the umbrageous foliage of the trees surrounding it obscured them from sight; but the noise of furiously-beaten tom-toms and cymbals told me that high carnival was being held.

Feeling very fatigued, I stretched myself upon the cabin skylight, and, sheltered from the warm sun-rays by the snow-white awning, soon sank into a profound slumber.

I was startled from a pleasant dream by feeling a soft, warm hand laid upon my face, and, on opening my eyes, I saw the girl Eéda standing beside me.

"*Yoo Ky'moong, Eéda?*" (How do you do, Eéda?) I said. Then I saw that her petticoat was saturated with water, and, guessing that she must

have swam from the shore, I quickly inquired why she had come aboard.

She fell upon her knees beside me, and cried, in her own vernacular:

"Sir, my lord is very cruel; he intends to kill all the white people now ashore. He wants the white lady from the large ship, and the goods which are aboard. See! a boat is going now to the big ship. Listen! my people are killing your friends. I go to the good white lady."

She sprang over the bulwark before I could recover from my surprise, and swam swiftly toward the *Anaconda*.

There was a terrible racket ashore, and the discharge of firearms and the yells of the savages plainly indicated that the white people, my comrades and friends, were being massacred.

A canoe containing three men ran alongside the bark, just as Eéda mounted to the deck on the opposite side. I hailed the watchmen on board the English ship, but received no response. I procured a loaded revolver from the cabin, launched overboard a light jolly-boat that had been hauled on deck for repairs, sprang into it, and sculled hastily toward the *Anaconda*. When close to the gangway-ladder, I heard four shots fired in rapid succession aboard of her; in another instant I stood upon her deck.

The two sailors who had been left to guard the vessel lay dead upon the after-hatch, their riven skulls and position showing that they had evidently been surprised and slain as they slept.

Cocking my revolver, I rushed into the cabin; as I entered, I stumbled over the prostrate body of a savage. Before me stood Jessie, with her eyes a flame, her golden hair flowing in beautiful *abandon* over her ivory shoulders, a smoking pistol in her hand, and, dead at her feet, two other of the tattooed fiends who had come to seize her as their prey.

"Jessie, my darling!" I cried, as I sprang toward her, and caught her in my arms.

"Walter! Thank God, you at least are saved!" she murmured, as she laid her fair head upon my breast.

Though surrounded by the bleeding corpses of our foes, and knowing that direful peril menaced us, I could not resist the impulse of the moment. I strained to my heart the girl I loved so well, and rained warm kisses on her coral lips.

"Eéda told me that poor papa and all our friends ashore were murdered; how did you escape?" sobbed poor Jessie.

"I will explain that presently," I replied. "Now we have no time to lose, my sweet one; you must come instantly aboard the *Ruby*."

"And Eéda?"

"With us, of course; her warning saved us both."

As we descended the companion-ladder, I saw several canoes filled with men pushing off from the beach, and I strained at the oars of the little boat, until the spray curled over her bows, for a fresh land-breeze was blowing.

"Cast the gaskets off the mainsail, Jessie, while I loose the topsail," I cried, as we gained the deck of the brigantine.

The fair girl obeyed my bidding; I sprang aloft and covered the stops of the foretopail and foresail, while Eéda, with instinctive sagacity, cast adrift the forestaysail and jib. I slid down a backstay to the deck, slipped the cable, and, aided by the two girls, hoisted the topsail, jib, and mainsail.

The canoes were close to us by the time we had accomplished this; but I ran to the helm, and brought the lively brig before the breeze. She sprang forward like a grayhound slipped from the leash, and soon out-distanced the clumsy craft of our pursuers.

In a couple of hours the island loomed in our wake like a grim shadow of Death, and, ere the crimson sun sank down beneath the sapphire sea, the blood-stained shores had faded far astern.

Now that the immediate excitement had passed, the indomitable courage that had heretofore sustained Jessie evanesced, and she gave full vent to the anguish at her heart. That morning her father, well and strong, had kissed her rosy cheeks; now his mangled, soulless corpse lay with a heap of others beneath those very trees whose blossoms Jessie had once so much admired.

I comforted her with words as best I could, the faithful Eéda by bestowing upon her that sympathy which one woman, be she civilized or uncivilized, Christian or heathen, is always ready to bestow upon a sister in affliction.

But Jessie was not selfish in her sorrow; she knew that I had also sustained a severe loss, for Captain Clinch was my countryman, and had been to me as a brother, and my shipmates as familiar friends, and, knowing that I loved her truly and well, she was loth to augment my grief by incessantly mourning her bereavement. So she soon dried her tears, and, with practical good sense, assisted me in navigating the little brigantine, while Eéda took charge of the culinary department.

Fortunately, the weather was very fine, light breezes prevailing, so we had not much difficulty in managing the vessel. On the third day after leaving the New Hebrides we fell in with a British cruiser, and I ran under her lee, hove to, and gave to the officer, who came aboard at my request, a full account of the massacre.

The commander of the frigate kindly sent three men to assist us to navigate the *Ruby* to Sidney, and expressed his determination to proceed at once to Espiritu Santo, and chastise the natives for their treachery.

He more than kept his word; not only did he mete out vengeance upon the heads of the murdering savages, but he rescued the *Anaconda*, and brought her, with her valuable cargo almost intact, into Port Jackson the day after the *Ruby* arrived there.

Knowing the circumstances of the case, the Crown authorities were lenient about salvage, and less than one-fifth of what the sale of the cargo amounted to met their claim. Miss Jarvis, heiress under her father's will, sold the *Anaconda*, for very painful memories clung to her, and, with the proceeds, purchased a very pretty brig, in which I made many a pleasant and prosperous voyage with Jessie after she became my bride.

Eéda has always remained faithful to us; she is my wife's right bower in all maternal cares, and the little ones who bless our union reciprocate the affection she bestows upon them. Jessie has given her much instruction, and she is as gentle as a dove; yet her white teeth glisten, and her dark eyes flash, whenever the story of how we were "Saved by a Savage" is told in her presence.

A Cashmerian Widow.

THE women of Cashmere, of pure race, and living in the mountains, are fair, and European in feature and tint, with none of the points that strike one as disagreeably in the Hindoo countenance.

Their life is retired, at least among the better classes.

On the subject of the beauty of Cashmere women a good deal of difference of opinion seems to exist, and from Moore's descriptions, which have added so much to the fame of the valley, it appears probable that his "muse," thinking it

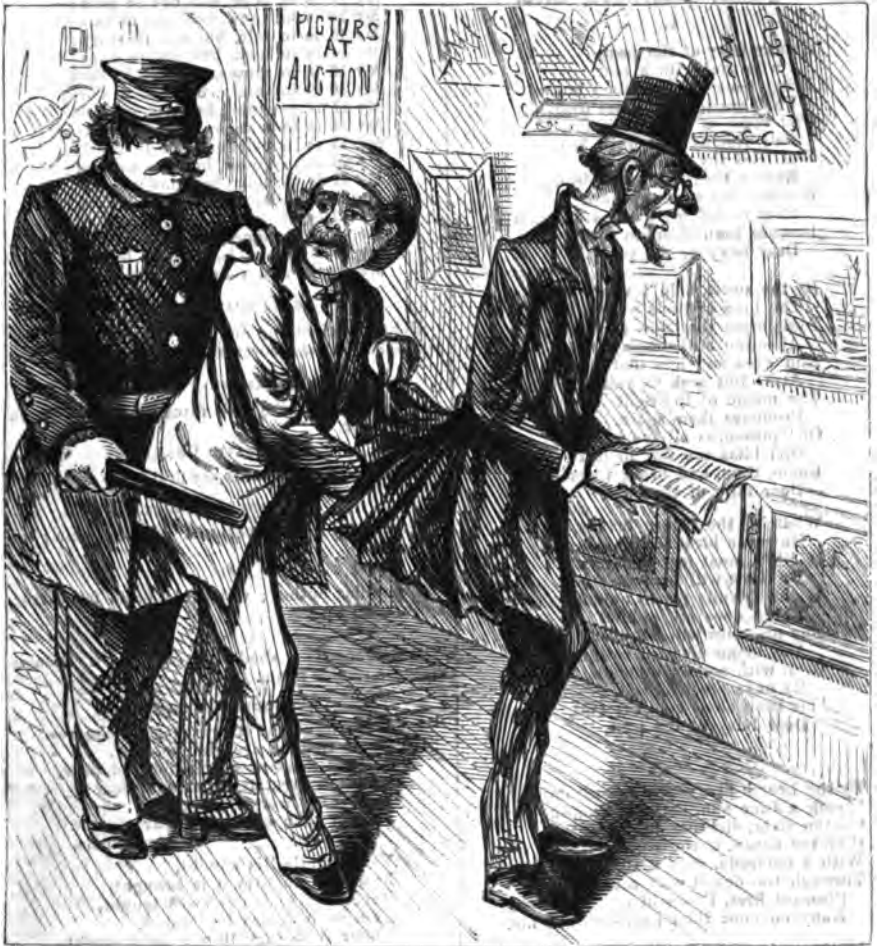
useless to search abroad for materials which existed in abundance at home, supplied him with what he supposed to be Eastern celestial creations, entirely from his native shores. Vigne, however, says: "I do not think that the beauty of the Cashmerian women has been overrated. They are, of course, wholly deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from cultivation and accomplishment; but for mere uneducated eyes, I know of none that surpass those of Cashmere." On the other hand, M. Jacquemont, who found "celestial happiness" in a plant of rhubarb, is

unable to discover any beauty whatever in the Cashmerian ladies, and has no patience with his neighbor's little flights of fancy in depicting their perfections. "Moore," he writes, in his "Letters from India," "is a perfumer, and a liar to boot. Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly."

Our sketch of a Cashmere widow, one whose tear-stained face shows that her toilet is certainly not intended for effect, will at least redeem in some sort the poet from willful exaggeration.



A CASHMERIAN WIDOW.



PICKING A BONE.

PICKPOCKET (caught in the act).—"What! Arrest a man for picking a bone?"

How to get a-long well—Have it dug deep.

ENGLAND matches the African "tallow tree" with its pol-lard willow.

A BOWERY fish store advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

GAME is so scarce in the vicinity of Louisville that the sportsmen content themselves with shooting at grasshoppers.

POETRY is like a pair of *skates*, which run flatly over the smooth crystal of the ideal, but are worse than a pair of Dutchman's shoes on the rough highway of life.

THE London *Spectator* has tied its hand at an anagram on the name of the man whom Stanley discovered, with this result: "David Livingstone—go (D: V.) and visit Nile."

A FRENCHWOMAN said that she never loved anything. "You loved your children?" suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "When they are large."

A HOUSE full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer—so says a Dutch proverb.

AN Alabama editor mildly alludes to his rival as "a reservoir of falsehood and an aqueduct of mendacity."

A NEW YORK editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

HISTORY is the great looking-glass: through which we may behold, with ancestral eyes, not only the various deeds of past ages and the old accidents that attend time, but also discern the various humors of men.

A FACTIOUS traveler describes the difference between society in the metropolis and that in provincial towns in the following language: "In the country, if you have a boiled leg of mutton for dinner, everybody wishes to know whether you have caper sauce with it; whereas in New York you may have an elephant for lunch and no one cares a pin about it."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

Sweet fairy of the past,
I woo thee with a tear,
Bring back the vanished hours
That are to thee most dear.
Oh! come in thought again,
Fair visions that have fled;
Oh! lend thy potent aid,
Revive them from the dead;
Remove the shadows dark
That round my dreams are cast—
Restore thou them to me,
Dear fairy of the past.

By thy sweet help I view
The love of life's young day,
And forms that now are cold
Affection still display;
And eyes and lips that I,
Alas! but seek in vain,
The magic of thy light
Produces them again.
Oh! pleasures all too bright—
Oh! bliss too fair to last!
Come, thou, and bring them back,
Dear fairy of the past.

What'e'r the future brings,
However blest it be,
In life's most joyous hours
My heart will turn to thee.
If new friends prove untrue,
If old ones are unkind,
Thy presence will beguile,
And make me still resigned;
Or if with sorrow's clouds
My days are overcast,
'Tis thou shalt comfort still,
Dear fairy of the past.

2.

By the hearth-fire, crackling, gleaming,
'Neath a June sun, blazing, beaming;
On the river, steering, rowing,
O'er the ocean, onward going;
With a comrade, with a stranger,
Through the desert with a ranger—
Pleasant first, I've still enjoyed thee,
Many an hour thou hast decoyed me.

In the train with engine steaming,
Through the mead with verdure teeming;
On my yacht, so quickly cleaving
Through the ocean calmly heaving;
On my way through deserts dreary,
Mirthful, happy, sick, or weary,
Truest next, thy faith unbending,
Made me weep thy mournful ending.

Ruling many a fortress castle,
Guiding many a lord and vassal,
Swaying with a sovereign power,
Keeping guard of hall and bower—
Mark the whole, with pleasure beaming—
Mark her eyes with power gleaming.

3.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My 1 is in frost, but not in cold;
My 2 is in silver, but not in gold;
My 3 is in mountain, but not in hill,
My 4 is in fountain, but not in rill;
My 5 is in brick, but not in stone;
My 6 is in leg, but not in bone;
My 7 is in pea, but not in pod;
My 8 is in stick, but not in rod;
My 9 is in old, but not in age;
My 10 is in tre, but not in rage;

My 11 is in ache, but not in pain;
My 12 is in snow, but not in rain;
My 13 is in tale, but not in story;
My 14 is in boat, but not in dory;
My 15 is in dunce, but not in fool;
My 16 is in frosty, but not in cool;
My 17 is in small, but not in little;
My 18 is in mango, but not in pickle;
My 19 is in half, but not in third;
My 20 is in goose, but not in bird;
My 21 is in clam, but not in stew;
My 22 is in azure, but not in blue;
My 23 is in pipe, but not in tree;
My 24 is in honey, but not in bee;
My 25 is in sea, but not in look;
My whole is a very beautiful book.

4.—DECAPITATION.

Behold valation, and leave a grain; behold again, and my last commands my first in Summer.

5.—DIAMOND PUNNEL.

A vowel; to strike with force; a figure; yours and a letter.

6.—ENIGMATIC CHARADE.

When my second takes my first he is my whole.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

To employ; to invest; a decree; gain; to prevent.

8.

A popular author; watchful; Latin for earth; a blunder; stiff.

9.

Appearance; a shed; advantage; a French river; a female name.

10.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When it comes it brings good cheer—
Name that all are glad to hear.
Friends meet now from far and near,
Children greet their parents dear;
Smiles on every face appear,
Jolliest time of all the year

Is my primals.

Very eagerly 'tis sought,
From the country it is brought,
Reverence to it once was taught,
At a shop it may be bought,
Under it strange things are wrought,
Great respect I'm sure we ought

To pay finals.

1. I'm used at breakfast, or at tea;
With strawberries some are fond of me.
2. One who future events foretold;
For he a prophet was of old.
3. Some labor hard these to obtain,
But are not happy with their gain.
4. In every place where I have been,
Man, child, or woman I have seen.
5. In the green woods my life is free;
I lightly jump from tree to tree.
6. My form is either square or round,
With legs supported on the ground.
7. I'm sure you will see at a glance
That here is shown a stately dance.
8. By Jupiter! you must have learned
This deity out of heaven was turned.
9. What is my name? Cannot you tell?
The gard'ner knows me very well.

11.—SQUARE WORDS.

A collection; a fabulous river; not this one; to gladden; a county in Ireland.

12.

An English town; a seaport of Hanover; a Roman magistrate; a part of Egypt; to hide.

13.

A small horse; to make familiar; foolish persons; bold; trials.

14.—PUZZLE.

Rag, or faul, Sir Virne; first (f)ire! Pandt St. How oft B led. The above, if properly arranged, will show four large rivers in different parts of the world.

15.

It was a gloomy Winter night,
The snow was falling fast;
The ground was covered from my sight,
And wildly roared the blast.

A weary traveler o'er the path
My first did urge with speed;
A shelter from the storm's fierce wrath
He sought, not without need.

The storm abates, the night is clear,
The tempest hath gone by;
The moon her form doth now uprear,
And stars bestud the sky.

I wandered forth upon the road
Much further than I reckoned,
Until, faint with a heavy load,
I met a weary second.

I helped him with his heavy load
Along the dreary way,
Until we reached his bright abode,
Where he did love to stay.

He told me how he saw my last
Upon the treacherous ware,
Careering wild before the blast,
And muttered, "Lord, them save!"

Just as he finished off his tale
About the shipwrecked crew,
A carriage, rattling on its way,
Burst clearly on my view.

It was a rough and narrow path
O'er which the horses sped;
But straight along the devious way
The driver kept their head.

The driver tightly grasped the reins,
The merry, good old soul;
He was, I'm sure, as you will see,
An adept at my whole.

16.—SIX HIDDEN BIRDS.

Six words are hidden here below,
And if you find them out,
They'll help to get a prize for you—
Of this I have no doubt.

- Frederic ran early to the town,
To meet the first train going down.
- No doubt he did it out of spite,
Although he knew it wasn't right.
- Pay attention to my command:
Ask the doctor to lance your hand.
- See! there is an apple-tree;
Go and gather one for me.
- I think it ends to-morrow night,
So go at once. Don't lose the sight.
- Look at that horrid little toad,
Hopping about the muddy road!

17.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A comic journal, full of wit and jest
Proudly it towers over all the rest;
No ribald libel stains its honored pages;
May its bright star sparkle and shine for ages.

- A famous man, well known in Spain.
- A Swiss canton: find out its name.

3. He led the Greeks before fair Troy.

4. A domestic pet, an old maid's joy.

5. One of the sons of bold Rob Roy.

18.—ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A and B invest their capital in the same business, for a year; A's capital: B's capital: : 18: 11: it is expected that the rate of profit will be doubled the following year, and A calculates that if he doubles his capital the profits for the two years will be \$382; what does he expect as his share of this?

19.—SQUARE WORDS.

An English king; to regard; an American village; to tell, transposed; a German philosopher; a Shakespearian character.

20.

An early Spring flower, also a woman's name; to stab with a stake; a Venetian councillor; implements of warfare; a village of Mexico; a plant used in dyeing of the genus *Dipscous*.

21.—SIX HIDDEN BIRDS.

Stern Winter, thy cold icy hand
Hath banished song-birds from our land
Birds that, while Summer lingers, stay,
At thy approach migrate away;
Away to warmer climes they hie,
Far from our clouded wintry sky;
The much-loved spot, the hollow tree,
Now rendered tenantless by thee.
Thou stormy king, thy power to show,
Hast thrown o'er it thy cloak of snow;
Loud winds that through its branches sing
Proclaim the Winter's icy king.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

1. Bunch, thus—A bunch of feathers, keys, flowers, grapes. 2. Chess-board, thus—Crib, HalO, EphA (transposed makes *heap*), ScAR, SolD. 3. Pipe of tobacco; pipe, wine measure; pipe, an instrument of music. 4. Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, thus—Peevish, EsquimaU, RadicalisM, EndocarP, Gluish, RideR, IchnolitE, Navigability, EncomiastiC, Pedantical, IgnescatU, Coruscation, Kiosk, LocativE, ExemplaR. 5. The letter I. 6. Hippodamia, thus—Hecate, Ixion, Prometheus, Pactolus, Omphale, Doris, Alcmena, Merope, Isis, Apollo. 7. Pearl, earl, ear, war, wan, pan, pin, pun. 8. Hecla, erred, creed, levee (levee,) adder. 9. Homer, olive, miles, event, rests. 10. Dream, revna (raven,) event, Annie, mates. 11. Flute, lute. 12. Light-wagon—LaW, Ida, GaG, HalloO, ToRn. 13. A shadow. 14. Thomas Wolsey, thus—ToW, HalO, Owl, Marquis, AtE, SiY. 15. Star, Moon, Seat—SiMiS, TrOpE, ArOmA, RegNanT. 16. Pearl, earl, ear, peal, leap, Lea, pear, pea, ape, real, ral.

17.

C
O W
N E R O X
C H A M O I S
C O R M O R A N T
O S T R I C H
C H A N N
A N T
T

18. Plaintiff. 19. Czar, zero, Ares, Rosa. 20. Pent, Ezra, arid, tade (date). 21. Pipe, ibex, peri, exit. 22. Crib, rial, lage, blow. 23. Stable, table, able, lea. 24. Sharp, harp, rap, pa. 25. Naphilus. 26. Sun-stroke (sunstroke).

PERSEVERANCE.—A man asked a boy who was digging in a hill-side, what he was digging for.

"A woodchuck," said the boy.

"You can't get him," said the man; "he can dig faster than you."

"I must get him," said the boy, "our folks are out of meat."

CALL a lady a "chicken," and ten to one she will be angry with you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she will be more angry still.

It's a maxim of servantgism in this city, that the summer quantum of washing shall diminish

LITTLE PETER.—Trial by Jewry was common in the court of Pontius Pilate.

A **TOUCHING** incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had.

"I," said the man, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket."

"That locket," said the farmer, melted to tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child."

"Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; but let me make restitution—here are twenty dollars for your little son."



A TEMPTING OFFER.

THE BOWERY (to the Fifth Avenue).—"I say, miss—look-ye-er—yourn be a main pretty 'at—an' mine be a main pretty 'at—now say the word an' I'll swoop yer. There!"

from and after the 15th of October. Biddy allows her young missus three white skirts a week until that time, and only two after it. While the missus is often indifferent to this maxim she never openly rebels against it. When Biddy comes to count the skirts in the basket on Monday morning, she epitomizes any transgression in something like the following soliloquy. Beginning with the topmost skirt, she counts, "Wan—tow—thridy? an' do me eyes decae me? Foon! May the Lord have mercy on me, but she's a devil!" If the missus overhears this, the offence is not repeated.

He gave the farmer a fifty dollar bill, and received thirty dollars in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty dollar bill was bad.

At Valley Stream, Long Island, a man fell between two trains of cars in attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight contusion he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employes stooped to pick him up, he waved them off, saying:

"I can pick up my own corpse."

THE proof-reader at J. R. Osgood and Co.'s is a great traveler; he goes over the Atlantic monthly.

AN undertaker's office recently bore the following cheering inscription: "Goon for a dead man—back soon."

WHEN may a chair be said to dislike a person?—When it can't bear him.

ONE morning a farmer in the West Country was awakened by his son rushing into his bed-room, exclaiming: "Father, Bell says there's a neep stuck in the throat o' yer best milk ooo." The

WHEN a tailor gives a customer fits can he be justly charged with being revengeful?

SOME of our young ladies who blushed when the census taker asked them if they were twenty years old, can remember of seeing three crops of seventeen-year locusts, but that does not signify.

THE NEXT THING TO PUT UP.—At an auction of miscellaneous articles in the open air it began to rain, when a bystander advised the auctioneer that the next thing he had better put up was an umbrella.



A DELICATE HINT FOR REFORM.

MRS. FIPPS.—"Now, cheer up, Fipps—there's a good fellow. What if you have been unlucky with your election bets? Haven't I won a splendid Christmas dinner at the ragfs?"

farmer got up in alarm and flew to the byre, counted and examined all the cows, and, finding them all right, was returning to the house, when he observed a turnip sticking in the mouth of the water-pump. He immediately removed the turnip, and went back to bed quite satisfied that all was right, except the precocious imagination of his son.

JOHN BILLINGS says: "Yu kant find contentment laid down on the map, it is an imaginary place not settled yet; and those reach it soonest who throw away their compass and go it blind."

ARTICLES of war—Guns and "hard task."

BRIDGET made a good point on Mrs. H. B. Stowe. The latter was invited to dine. In the midst of the day and the dinner-getting, Bridget sent up word that she was going to leave. Madame (hair in papers) hurried down. "Leave, Bridget?" "Yea'm." "But you know I can't let you leave me thus, in the middle of the forenoon, when you know I have special company invited to dinner." "Yea'm, that's it'm; 'taint you'm, at all'm, but I don't think I can cook a dinner for anybody that don't respect Lord Byron!"

A BONY-PART—The hand.

A HOB-GOMLIN.—A tea-kettle.

THE PITCH of a child's voice—"Tar."

A SERIOUS TURN—The twist of one's neck.

SPOTS ON THE SON.—Freckles on your boy's face.

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS OUT—Out of debt. Correct.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

"Doctor, is tight lacing injurious?" "Of course, madam."

WHEN is the weather most like a crockery-shop? When it's muggy.

THE SINGER who brought down the house has refused to rebuild it.

"Fit you with a tin ear" is the successor of "put a head on you."

THE FAVORITE SONGS OF THE SIAMERE TWINE.—"We were boys together."

THE FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—Having no dinner, but reading a cookery-book.

WHY is an artist one to be sharply looked after? Because he is a designing man.

Do not infer that an individual is going to spin a yarn because he knits his trow.

To **DEAL** frankly, honestly and firmly with all men turns out best in the long run.

LITTLE minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

THE POOR guest is usually best pleased with being well treated and least likely to get it.

WHY is a court of justice like a general gaming establishment?—Because it has an ante-room.

WHY should one be cautious about confiding a secret to his relations?—Because "blood will tell."

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the American habit of whittling was acquired from intercourse with the Chipaways.

AN ILLINOIS paper suggests a pleasing connection between the prevalence of horse disease and the abundance of mince meat.

A CLERGYMAN said that he addressed his congregation of ladies and gentlemen as brethren, because the "brethren" embraced the ladies.

THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

A WESTERN editor has come to the conclusion that the young ladies in his village are not at all like St. Paul, because they pay so much attention to "things that are behind."

FORBEAR.

FORBEAR! wrath only kindles wrath,
And stirs up passion's fire;
While answering softly mildly tends
To check the bitterest ire.

"MAMMA says it is not polite to ask for cake," said a little boy.

"No," was the reply; "it does not look well in little boys to do so."

"But," said the urchin, "she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you gave it to me."

WHAT nation produces the most marriages? Fascination.

A MEMPHIS paper defines advertising to be "a blister which draws customers."

"In life is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or the imbecility of age."—RABBITMAN.

WHEN the enterprising butcher's assistant "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most for the market is the axle-tree.

WHY is a man paying for a game of temping like a divorced husband contributing to his wife's support?—Because he's paying alley money.

A YOUNG man in New York is becoming independently rich by breaking off marriage engagements objectionable to his father at \$100 a time.

MORAL.—An old Spanish writer says: "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is godlike."

A MISSOURIAN, suing for a divorce, was asked what led him to take such a course. "What lead!" he exclaimed. "Why, hot lead—in my ear—poured in by my wife!"

If your lips you would save from alips,

Five things observe with care—

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.

The following notice has been posted on a fence in a country district: "Nottis—Know how is afloat in these medders, eny men or women letten thare kows run the rode, wot gits inter my medders aforesaid, shall have his tail cut off by me, Obadiash Rogers."

A PARISIAN landlady requested a Christmas party on the third floor to cease dancing, as a man below was dying. The guests acquiesced. Returning an hour later:

"My dear children," she exclaimed, with the most benevolent smile, "you may begin again—he's dead."

A DRUNKEN lawyer going into church, was observed by the minister, who said to him:

"Sir, I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment."

The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied:

"I have practiced twenty-five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn State's evidence."

A JOLLY Jack Tar having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den.

"Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and marine living peaceably together!"

"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

EASY WAY OF TURNING AN HONEST PENNY.—A blind musician stood in one of the principal thoroughfares performing on his instrument, when a little boy was observed to take up his position by the side of the poor afflicted mendicant, and, with cap in his hand, solicit alms from passers-by. After receiving a few pence he turned the street corner, and quietly moved off with the money, leaving the musician actively continuing his performance on the cheery flagolet. Such is life.

THE end of Time—A pendulum.

WHAT dress is most durable? A habit.

PREFERRED creditors—Those that don't dun.

WHEN is a man like a duck's nest? When he's down.

A FANCIFUL scribe speaks of a "train untracked."

A SCHOOLBOY says it is better to pursue pleasure than to "catch it."

WHEN is a ship like a scarf-pin? When it is on the breast of a heavy swell.

WHY is troy-weight like an unconscientious person?—Because it has no scruples.

IF Missouri boarders "blow up" their landlady, she retaliates by putting torpedoes in the hash.

IT is a wonder scarf-pins don't get sea-sick—they have to ride on the bosoms of such heavy swells.

TO MILLINERS.—What is most likely to become a fair-haired woman? Why, a fair-haired little girl, to be sure.

A DRUNKEN chap was seen, some time since, trying to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign, which he mistook for a pocket-handkerchief.

A POOR young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

A QUACK doctor advertises that persons afflicted with deafness may hear of him at a house in Fourth Street, and that blind people may see him at the same place daily, from eight to eleven o'clock.

IN Arkansas a man was sentenced to be hanged, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refused to build the scaffold. As the condemned man was himself a carpenter by trade, the sheriff tried to induce him to put up the gallows, but he steadfastly declared he'd be hanged if he did.

JUDGE—"I fine Tim Larry five dollars for assault and battery on Pat Malone."

PAT—"But, your honor, I want more damages. He blacked me eyes, and if I had been invited to a tea-party, I couldn't have gone."

JUDGE—"The Court knows nothing about consequential damages. You must carry your case to Geneva."

A GENTLE HINT.—A sportsman who, during the shooting season, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road!" "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one!"

ON A TARE.—This story is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein it relates the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares: "What is a tare? Tell me, my son, what a tare is," asked the anxious parent. "You had 'em!" "Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, opening his eyes rather wide. "Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you were on a tare." Johnny was immediately sent to bed.

TO PREVENT a door from creaking—Nail it up.

WHY are old maids odd? Because they are unmatched.

WHAT mechanic's tool does a night cabman most resemble?—A screw-driver.

"I TELL you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head!" "Ah, then it's all in a nutshell!"

IT doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is; if a rude fellow kisses her, it is tan to one he will do it right under her nose.

MAN are frequently like tea, the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

JUDGE FARWELL, of Chicago, has refused to grant a divorce on the ground of the "repeated and extreme cruelty" of the husband, which "repeated and extreme cruelty" appeared to consist of a threat to shoot some indiscreet youth who was too attentive to his wife.

HOW TO DETECT A THIEF.—A watch was stolen in the pit of the Opera in Paris; the loser complained in a loud voice, and said:

"It is just nine; in a few minutes my watch will strike; the sound loud, and, by that means, we shall ascertain where it is."

The thief, terrified at this, endeavored to escape, and by his agitation caused his detection.

LEGAL AND MEDICAL.—The following sharp retort was made by Dr. X., in his cross-examination by Sergeant Y.: *Sergeant Y.*: "A doctor ought to be able to give an opinion without making a mistake!" *Dr. X.*: "They are as capable as lawyers!" *Sergeant Y.*: "A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under the ground—a lawyer's are not!" *Dr. X.*: "But they are sometimes hung as many feet above ground!"

BRANES, by JOSE BILLINGS.—How enny boddy knows that the branes do the thinking, or are the interpreters of thought, is more than I can tell; and for what I kno, this theory may be one av those remarkable discoveries ov man which aint so. These subjeks are tew much for a man of mi learning tew lift. His critic says: "Try your capacity, Josh, at a quarter of an ounce weight, or begin first with half the quantity."

AN INGENIOUS AMERICAN—who has probably seen such things in London in old days—has "invented" and patented a "luminous hat." These, he says, would preserve the wearer from being run over by cabs at night, and would, to some extent, enable a saving in the lighting of streets with gas to be effected. There is another advantage which he overlooks. Husbands, discovered by their watchful spouses in the act of attempting to unlock the front door with a butt-end of a cigar, might plead their hats as an excuse for light-headedness.

THERE is a pretty patriotic moral attached to a French drama now performing at Vincennes. It is called *Vengeance and the Wooden Leg*. The Marquis de Solanges, who lost his leg at Solferino, finds a stranger at the feet of his *fiancée*. The stranger draws his sword. "No matter," exclaims the Marquis, "mine was left in the body of an Austrian General—no matter!" and he unscrews his wooden leg, with which he strikes his adversary dead, crying, "Vive la France!" while the orchestra strikes up the "Marseillaise," and the *fiancée*, touched by this act of patriotism, substitutes the support of her arm for that of the missing limb, and leads the Marquis back to the chateau.



ADVICE KINDLY MEANT.

MENAGERIE KEEPER (who has had his own family troubles).—"Beg pardon, sir, but is the old lady your mother-in-law?"

GENT.—"No, sir; who?"

MENAGERIE KEEPER.—"Well, if she isn't, you'd better keep her further from the cages when the animals is feedin'."

BIRD never flew so high but it had to come to earth for food.

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a top to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

EMMA: Papa, can you say what Mr. Budd said to his little girl?—**PAPA:** Of course I can, what was it?—**EMMA:** He said here's a kiss, and there's a guinea.

DEVOTION to public opinion was evinced by a lady, aged eighty, who recently married a man of a correspondingly appropriate age, because he "comes about my house so much, if I don't marry him people will talk."

A **BRETON** peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber-shop in Rivoli. While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair, and staring at him fiercely.

"What is the matter with that dog?"

The barber answered, with an unconcerned air:

"That dog is always there. You see, when I cut off an ear—well, he eats it."

RANDOLPH MULLEN (FRANCIS MULLEN'S son) adds his mite to the expenses of the Sioux City directory publisher.

A **WESTERN** young lady rejoices in the name of Elizabeth Martha Selina Georgiana Augusta Osburn Burroughs. They call her Lizzie Mattie Lina Georgie Gussie, for short.

A **LADY**, who says that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months—namely, a month before marrying her and a month after burying her.

COOLNESS.—A few days since one of our popular attorneys called upon another brother of the profession, and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up, and said: I generally get paid for telling what I know! The questioner drew a quarter from his waistcoat pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know, and give me the change!" There is coolness between the parties now.



*"Jacob Brown sits in his study,
Silent, gloomy-browed and moody."*

JACOB BROWN

HENRY T. STANTON.

[ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. HYDE.]

With a most unhappy thinking,
Forward bent, and deeper sinking
In the cushions of his chair,
Jacob Brown sits in his study.
Silent, gloomy-browed and moody—
Quite a picture of despair.

Out beyond him stand the steeples,
O'er the sected, *casted* peoples,
Of a slumb'rous, shadowed town,
Reaching upward till their slimness
Loses outline in the dimness
Of a night-sky, clouded down.

Still beyond—a patch of river,
That the vista lends no quiver,
Lieth like a leaden plate;
Whilst a straying, faint air dandles
With the distant chamber-candles,
And the street-lamps scintillate.

From their brawling in the beakers,
He has seen the pleasure-seekers
Swaying homeward to their cells;
He has heard the startled bours
From the sounding, hollow towers,
Give their death-cry on the bells.

It is just the time for sinking
Under great excess of thinking,
And the secret time for tears;
It is just the time for sorrow
To be yearning for the morrow,
From the watch-place at her biers.

Oh, ye million quiet sleepers,
Who have closed your weary peepers
On an evening's purple light!
Little reck ye of the number
Of your kind that cannot slumber
Through the horrors of the night!

Little reck ye of the peoples
Staring outward on the steeples
Of your dreamy city's wards;
Men who haunt the silent places,
With the shadow on their faces,
Like an army's outer guards!

Jacob Brown had cast no missile
At the social law's epistle,
Nor had ever harmed a dove;
He was simply in the illness
And the sleep-defying stillness
Of a trying case of love.

Many times had gone his distress
To the proud heart of his mistress,
In expression, honest, plain;
Many times he went appealing
To her tenderness of feeling,
And as many times in vain.

Though the bee, in every hour,
May forsake a chosen flower,
Where the sweets are yielded not—
Though it go and nearly smother
In the sweetness of another,
With the chosen one forgot—

Jacob Brown's was not the nature
To possess this vapid feature,
And to seek another dear;
He had set his altar burning,
And his sighs were ever turning
All its incense out to her.

With his fingers interlacing,
There he sat, the city facing,
In a vacant staring o'er—
Brooding on the dead devices
He had brought to break her ices
In the bitter days before.

Whilst a heavy gloom invaded
Every crevice there, and shaded
From the world his deep despair,

With a bitterness of thinking,
He was slowly, deeper sinking
In the cushions of his chair,

When from out the chamber silent
Of his prisoned heart, servile,
Came a most unhappy tone;
Something spoken to the inner:
"I would give my soul to win her."
Twixt a whisper and a groan.

It is said the King of Evil
Is exceeding free and civil
To the heart that utters this,
And His Majesty Infernal,
To possess a soul eternal,
Offers anything that's his.

Whilst it cannot be that ladies
Give their angel selves to Hades,
For the wicked devil's sake,
Yet, the fact we cannot smother,
That our pretty, primal mother
Had a fancy for the "snake."

Jacob Brown was somewhat flurried
When he found that Satan hurried
There to close a trade with him;
For, he could not be mistaken,
When he felt his shoulder shaken
By a person rather dim.

It was scarcely worth his turning,
When there came a sort of burning
From the presence at his back;
And it needed not the vision
To perfect a quick decision:
"It's the Gentleman in Black!"

"You can have the lady, Jacob—
I am come the trade to make up
By a very fair degree;
I have thought of something better,
Since you want a wife, to get her
At a less expensive price.

"If you give me daily labor.
For yourself, or for your neighbor—
Keep me constantly at work—
I will run the sooty legions
Of my underlying regions
With a deputy or clerk.

"Just agree to keep me busy,
Or to make me faint and dizzy
With a task I cannot do,
And I'll never hope in Hades—
Though you take a score of ladies—
For an after-time with you.

"But be sure you keep me going,
Like a flood of water flowing
In and out a fountain's bowl—
Never pause a single minute—
Give me work, and keep me in it.
Or I take and keep your soul."

Brown reflected just a little
On the questionable title
Under which he'd hold his wife;
Just a little—then responded:
"Sir, consider that we're bonded—
It's a bargain, made for life."

* * * * *

It may smack a bit of treason
To the monarch, Human Reason,
When we undertake to say
Of the lesser things that burrow
For their livings in the furrow:
"They are truly better clay."

That the very mole who scratches
Underneath the paths and patches,
Having neither point nor plan—
Born denied the eyes' elysian—
In his perfect lack of vision,
Is a greater thing than man!

It may smack, I say, of treason
To this reigning thing, called Reason,
Thus to ruffle up its pride—
Thus to bear its courtly ermine
To the shoulders of the vermin,
And to put its rule aside;

But the human mind that reaches
Over cultivated stretches,
To the very far-away,
Often dedicates to sorrow
All its glorified to-morrow,
For an aureoled to-day;

And this heritor of treasure,
For a momentary pleasure,
Barters off its sacred right,
Sinks a joyous sunny after,
For a single day of laughter,
In an unremitting night:

Men are truly born immortal,
But they struggle to the portal
With the blindness of the moles—
They partake of all the features
Of the under-going creatures,
That have neither sight nor souls.

Having attributes of power
Far beyond the common hour
Of their probatory time,
They prefer the baser level
Of a passage to the devil,
To the path they ought to climb.

* * * * *

Now an early day came, bringing
That peculiar, pleasant ringing
From the sanctuary bells,
And the Ganymedes of Autumn
Gathered up her wines and brought 'em
From the outer-lying dells.

And the very streets, in bustle,
Kept a silken under-rustle
In their red-leaves bedded down—
It was sighing Nature shedding
All her splendor for the wedding
Of the happy Jacob Brown.

Now the priest is in the chancel,
Ready robed to blot and cancel
All of Jacob's sadder life;
And the twain come at the altar,
There to stammer and to falter
O'er the vows of man and wife.

"Who does give him here the woman?"
This was cruel and inhuman
To the happy, guilty man;
For, he thought if any mortal
Only knew—the fact would startle,
And the world forbid the ban.

He alone could tell the giver,
But a sudden rush of fever
Made his tongue exceeding dry,
And the blood came up to blind him,
Whilst a hollow voice behind him
Uttered indistinctly—"I!"

It was answered rather lowly,
With an interval, and slowly,
Like a whisper at his back:
Though the bride herself was rather
Of opinion 'twas her father—
'Twas the "Gentleman in Black."

But it came at last to marriage,
And the bride went to her carriage,
Down a smiling line of friends;
Here and there a little blessing,
In the way of squeezing, kissing,
As the common wedding ends.

Brown had quite ignored the devil,
Whilst his joyous wedding revel
Yet was only partly through;
It was scarcely in the vesper,
When he heard a hollow whisper:
"Give me something now to do."

They were laughing then, and winking,
In the pleasantry of dining,
And the bride began to sing;
Brown responded from his chalice:
"Go and build me now a palace
Fit to entertain a king."

Ah! we seldom note a fleeting
Of the moments at our eating,
Though the dial shadow's true—
They were sitting still at dinner,
When he came again—the sinner—
"Give me something else to do."

Brown was startled, but responded:
"Are we not together bonded?
This is jesting now and fun.
You must go and do my bidding—
Build the palace for my wedding."
Quoth the devil: "It is done!"

"What!" said Brown, his pulse diminished,
"Is it builded? Is it finished?
Wall and roof, and cell and floor?"
Said the devil: "Jacob, truly,
I have done your labor duly,
And am waiting here for more."

Brown was object then of pity.
"Go," said he, "and build a city
Full of palaces and piles—
Build me columns, build me arches,
Plant me cedars, lindens, larches,
On a hundred thousand miles!"

When the company was fleeing,
And at twelve o'clock the tea-ing
Found the party very slim;



*"Whilst a hollow voice behind him
Uttered indistinctly—'I!'"*

When the timid bride, uncertain,
Sought the bidding of a curtain
In her chamber's shadow dim,

Brown was sitting there and boasting
Of her beauty, in the toasting
With the still-remaining few,
Full of joy, and all a-flutter,
When he heard the devil utter :

"Give me something else to do."

This was torment, dreadful, horrid,
And the atmosphere grew torrid,
Though the Autumn night was late.
"Am I waking? Is it real?
Can he take a grand ideal
And so readily create?"

At his elbow darkly standing,
Satan waited his commanding,
And his shoulder leaning o'er,
Whispered: "Wasting time is pity;
I have built your splendid city—
Done my duty—give me more."

"Demon! go and take the motion
From the pulses of the ocean—
Go and make the billows still!
Go to all the whitened beaches,
Tell the sands in all their reaches—
Count the leaves on every hill."

Thus the spirit kept him worried,
Always haunted, always hurried,
Till a twelvemonth struggled by;
Finding work to give this sinner,
Kept him wearing thin and thinner—
He was ready near to die.

Worst of all, unhappy error!
Brown, too late, had found a terror
In his costly lady's tongue;

In their little year of marriage
She had quite another carriage,
And another song she sung.

It was now the old, old story,
Of a woman in the glory
Of her kingdom over man;
She had passed the time of willing,
Of her sunlight and her smiling,
And the reigning-day began.

With the woman always rating,
Always scolding him and prating
Of the gloomy life he led,
Was it strange the wretched fellow
Should be growing thin and fallow,
And be longing to be dead?

It was just about the coming
Of a mellow Autumn gloaming,
With its dewy, fruity air;
Jacob Brown again was sinking,
With a bitterness of thinking,
In the cushions of his chair.

Out before him rose the steeples
Over all the happy peoples
Of the underlying town;
He was gazing, gloomy, moody,
When within his silent study
Stalked the stately Lady Brown.

"Always moping, always sighing—
You are very slow at dying—
Will it never, never be?
I would joy to see you buried—
Every day that we are married
Is a misery to me."

He had scarce attention centred,
When the devil slowly entered
From a gloomy passage through,
And, with true politeness, waiting
For a pause about her prating—
"Give me something else to do."

Jacob rather liked the civil,
Quiet manner of the devil,
When his wife about him hung,
So he answered rather slowly,
In a whisper, timid, lowly:
"Please to stop the lady's tongue"

But, alas! the spell was ended,
And the devil, shocked, offended,
Out the open window flew;
He was fairly there defeated,
For he groaned as he retreated:
"That is work I cannot do!"

"This is truly most surprising!"
Uttered Jacob, there uprising:
"Pray, your majesty, come back!
But the fatal word was spoken
And the bond of union broken
With the "Gentleman in Black."

Down he settled then, and sighing:
"I am ready now for dying—
I have nothing left in life—
I have lost my friend the devil,
And am in this world of evil
At the mercy of my wife."



*"When he heard the devil utter :
'Give me something ELSE to do.'"*

After that, within his study,
Silent, gloomy-browed and moody,
With his hands before his eyes,
Jacob muttered, as a muser :
"I would give my soul to lose her !"
—But the devil did not rise.

Waiting.

In a sunny nook of the sandy beach,
Down by the sounding sea,
Where the blue waters soft y kiss my feet,
I am waiting, love, for thee.

And the fishermen's children gayly shout,
And the sunset glory pales,
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
As I watch the fitting sail.

The fishermen hurry along the shore,
And watch me with curious eyes;
The fishermen's children go slowly home
As the sunset softly dies.

And I hear them whisper beneath their breath—
"She is duff, poor thing, you know,
With waiting so long for her sailor-love
Who was lost long years ago."

There are silver threads in my brown hair now;
For, love, it was long ago
That I watched your white sails speed away,
And the years drag on so slow.

Perhaps they are right—these fishermen
And crazed my brain may be;
But I still shall wait, for I know some day
My love will return to me.

Paddy, the Piper.

THE exuberant drollery of the Irishman never found a better exponent than in that most humorous author, the late Samuel Lover, from one of whose works the following is extracted:

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty queer story. 'Twas after nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of buttermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, when a knock kem to the door.

"Whist," says my father, "here's the sojers come upon us now," says he. "Bad luck to thim, the villains; I'm afear'd they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door," says he.

"No," says my mother, "for I'm afther hangin' an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago."

"Well, whist, anyhow," says my father, "for there's a knock agin," and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"Oh, it's folly to purtind any more," says my father; "they're too cute to be put off that a-way," says he. "Go, Shamus," says he to me, "and see who's in it."

"How can I see who's in it in the dark?" says I.

"Well," says he, "light the candle, thin, and see who's in it. But don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in," says he, "exceptin' to the sojers; and spake them fair, if it's thim."

So with that I went to the door, and there was another knock.

"Who's there?" says I.

"It's me," says he.

"Who are you?" says I.

"A friend," says he.

"Botherashin'!" says I, "who are you at all?"

"Arrah! don't you know me?" says he.

"Divil a taste," says I.

"Sure I'm Paddy the Piper," says he.

"Oh, thunder and turf!" says I; "is it you, Paddy, that's in it?"

"Sorra one else," says he.

"And what brought you at this hour?" says I.

"Be gar," says he, "I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road," says he, "and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me," says he.

"Faix, thin," says I, "you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself," says I; "for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the

Hussbians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villains!"

"Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy.

"It's a folly to talk," says I; "I darn't open the door."

"Oh, thin, millia murder!" says Paddy, "what'll become of me, at all, at all?" says he.

"Go aff into the shed," says I, "behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw that you may go asleep in," says I; "and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper."

Paddy hid himself in the cow-house, and now I must tell how it was with Paddy. You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him; but, at all events, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, becase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a better piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy that he was illigant on the pipes, and played "Jinny bang'd the Weaver" beyant tellin', and the "Hare in the Corn," that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he went meanderin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be merciful unto us! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a tree!

"Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir," says Paddy; "and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Throth you took a start out o' me," says poor Paddy.

And 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Christian crathur being hung up, all as one as a dog.

Says Paddy, eyin' the corpse: "By my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you," says he, "and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me," says he, "the best piper in the six counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues, not worth three tracons, and a corpse wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim."

So with that Paddy laid hold of him by the boots, and began a-pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayon of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the tree a jigin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy catch any right houl't o' thim, he could get no advantage o' thim at all; and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, when, lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs at the corpse; "and," says he, "I can take aff the boots at my convyanience." And throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. "Oh, is it there you are?" says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap; and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceived him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceived, and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched, and treated like the poor corpse he was afther mal-

threatening, if he was found walking the country at that time, by gar! he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthrav, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? The divil a long Paddy was there until the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy; and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

Well, whin the mornin' came, my father says to me:

"Go, Shamus," says he, "to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take a share o' the pratees; for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow."

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out "Paddy"; and after callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. "Blood-anagers!" says I, "Paddy, where are you at all, at all?" and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin' out from undher the hape o' sthrav. "Musha! thin," says I, "bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner; and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket! But I'll disturb your dhramas, I'm thinkin'," says I; and with that, I laid hold of his heels (as I thought), and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

Well, when I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands like a pair of Hussian's horsepistils; and I thought the sight 'd lave my eyes whin I seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and, jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther.

"Oh, you murtherin' villain!" says I, shaking my fist at the cow. "Oh, you unnath'ral baste," says I; "you've ate poor Paddy, you thiev'n' cannable; you're worse than a nigger," says I. "And, bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'd serve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland!"

* * * * *

With that I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father.

"Bad luck to the lie I tell you," says I.

"Is it ate Paddy?" says they.

"Divil a doubt of it," says I.

"Are you sure, Shamus?" says my mother.

"I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues," says I. "Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs."

"And do you tell me sine ate the pipes, too?" says my father.

"Be gor, I b'lieve so," says I.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid her," says he; "what a cruel taste she has for music!"

"Arrah!" says my mother, "don't be cursin' the cow that gives milk to the childher."

"Yia, I will," says my father; "why shouldn't I curse sitob an unnath'ral baste?"

"You oughtn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof," says my mother.

"By my sowl, thin," says my father, "she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit," says he, "and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go af," says he, "Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the 'air."

"Throth I don't like to dhrive her," says I.

"Arrah don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself," says he.

"Faith, I don't," says I.

"Well, like or no like," says he, "you must dhrive her." * * * * *

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty thron'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me.

"God save you, kindly," says I.

"That's a fine baste you're dhivin'," says he.

"Throth she is," says I; though, God knows, it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. . . . I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, when all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av "Tatther'n' Jack Walsh," and, my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by; "hould her," says I, "hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now."

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' them.

"Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen its corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; "and it's a toly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it off—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him!"

"Who's that takin' my name in vain?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the thron'g a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, at all appearance.

"Oh, hould him, too," says I; "keep him aff me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost," says I; "for he was kilt last night, to my surt'n' knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs."

Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it was P.ddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a-laughin' so that you'd think his sides 'nd split. And whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already. . . . And av coarse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had sich a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day. And isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm breech, that from that out, any one that has thin breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit.

Drinking from a Lady's Shoe.

ABOUT a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork, in an amusing paper in the *Connoisseur* relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed, and to be served for supper. "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into shreds, and tossed them up in a ragout, minced the soles, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu." Within the last score of years, the writer was present at a dinner of Irish squires, when the health of a beautiful girl, whose foot was as pretty as her face, was drank in champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of.



PADDY THE PIPER.—“‘OH, YOU MURDERIN’ VILLAIN!’ SAYS I, SHAKING MY FIST AT THE COW.”
SEE PAGE 246.



A RACE FOR RENOWN—"HE ASCENDED A PILE OF BOARDS, AND REGALED HIMSELF WITH HIS PIPE. BENEATH HIM WAS A MAN SAWING WOOD. LOFTY BEGAN TAKING ROUGH SKETCHES OF HIM. SUDDENLY HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY A STICK OF WOOD, WHICH THE WOOD-SAWYER HURLED AT HIM."

A Race for Renown.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

AMBITION to excel in anything useful or artistic is surely a noble passion, and Roger Lo'ty was inflamed with it. His maternal progenitor had been ardently fond of the fine arts, and had cherished the hope that Roger might some day successfully emulate the great masters of the art of painting. In his early youth, she strove to create in him a yearning for celebrity in that art; but she passed away ere he arrived at manhood, happily dying in the knowledge that though her child was still but an amateur, he was at least ambitious.

With final fervor, young Roger labored on, with the idea that he would yet fulfill his mother's dearest wish, at some period of what he hoped might prove a famous existence. He, therefore, ardent in his views, carried as much dignity in his bearing as he thought consonant with the profession he had chosen. He was, however, in feeble financial circumstances when he became the husband of Fidelia Stutch, a young woman of strong domestic inclinations, and considerable admiration for the sons of fame. So she changed her name to Lofty, and left the rest to fortune and to him.

The fact that poverty is an old familiar companion of

genius was some consolation to Fidelia, as she toiled at home to assist her partner, while he was painting and panting up the rugged hill of renown.

When questioned as to Roger's profession, she answered, with some pride, that "he was an artist;" and hope and affection nerved her arm and made swift her needle for several years of penury, till, finally, she began to doubt his possession of any genius at all.

No money appeared to be coming in, except the scanty sums she earned. It was true that Roger Lofty was patiently engaged in the study of his art, and conversed of his favorite masters with the voluble tongue of an enthusiast; and his

studio was dirty and disordered enough, and contained unfinished daubs enough to satisfy anybody that somebody in that little den was trying to become a painter; but the profits were not manifest; the waste of paints produced less than they cost; and, by-and-by, Mrs. Lofty became not only impatient of his tardy progress, but jealous of his fidelity to her—for two-thirds of his time were employed by him in walking abroad, "hunting for a proper subject," he said.

"You are deceiving me; I don't believe you!" she exclaimed, one evening, when he came home and accounted for his long absence as usual, by averring that he had been "looking anxiously for a fit subject" to lay the foundation of his reputation as a painter.

"I must be original, or be nothing, Fidelia," expostulated Roger, with great dignity.

"He nothing, then," she cried. "Let us be nobodies, like other folks, and then we can live as comfortably as they do."

"But, my dear, if you will only have patience, we can, in time, live much more comfortable than they do. We shall have glory and honor hovering around us continually. When I get my reputation established, you will see how the greenbacks will flock in by thousands, besides the renown. Only think of the renown, Fidelia!—think of fame—immortal fame! Do you remember what Milton says?"

"No."

"I will remind you, my love. Milton says:

'Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delight and live laborious days!'

Isn't that beautiful?"

"Pooh! I'm sick of laborious days. I wish fame would give you a spur—or famine. And, to be plain, I don't believe you can, or ever will, paint better than I can."

"Ah! Fidelia, that is because you don't see me wasting my powers on ordinary subjects for pictures. True genius is god-like. I must not descend to commonplace. I can't do that. In order to be transcendently successful, I must be original—strike out a new line, have original ideas; and if I copy, I never shall. That is the reason I walk out so much, all over New York, and often extend my excursions into the surrounding districts, peering into every nook and corner, like the old masters, to try and light upon something original for my first great effort. I wish to found a startling school—a Lofty school—which shall carry my name and pictures down to admiring generations yet unborn. Yes, wife, as Daniel Webster said, 'Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul!'

"Paint 'em, then, and done with it! I wish to mercv you had a good trade of your own, and would let generations unborn get their pictures from somebody else. They won't thank you for starving yourself. Mother Nature, that you love so well, wants something to eat."

"What's the use of talking to a woman—that don't paint?" thought he, in silence and humility, eating a hearty meal, which she had prepared. "Art is my wife—High Art! I am wedded to Art! Oh? what will the world think of my first-born?"

Mrs. Lofty now resolved to follow her husband some day, and secretly see how he really employed himself; and she did so, watching him as he strolled the streets in pursuit of a subject, his felt hat slouched picturesquely over his eyes, and his hands in his breeches-pockets.

"These are very ordinary times for a painter!" muttered he—"a painter of genius. Oh, Nature, great goddess! how long shall I search for a suitable subject?"

He strolled toward the piers on the East River

side. He ascended a pile of boards, and regaled himself with his pipe. Beneath him was a man, sawing wood. He had such a peculiarly forlorn look, that Roger Lofty's meditative face brightened at once.

"The Wood-sawyer! How's that? What a fine subject that would be! I'll study him."

Having watched the man all over, and in every attitude, for a while, Lofty began to take rough sketches of him. Suddenly he was interrupted by a stick of wood, which the wood-sawyer hurled at him. It struck him on the breast, but did no injury. Lofty paused, and in some anger expostulated. But the man cried out:

"Can you find no better business, Mr. Lazy-bones, than making fun of a poor man that works for a living? Clear off from that pile, or I'll sling another stick, for, sure, I can't work, with you looking over me, as if I was a slave!"

Lofty explained his object, but the man was irritable with fatigue, and told him he had better sketch and paint himself—and that would be enough to frighten anybody!

Lofty, with ineffable disdain, descended, and left the pier.

"He might have been immortalized, but he don't deserve it!"

At the head of the pier was a gin-mill, and our artist entered and endeavored to refresh himself with a glass of dismal poison. It inspired him with an idea: "A Bar-room Scene wouldn't be bad," he thought, and he sat down on an empty cask to sketch the grim group about him, as they staggered and skylarked around among the saw-dust.

"He's pretending to draw pro-feels," muttered one, who had been looking over his shoulder, to the bar-keeper; "but he's a spy!"

"Out with him!"

Lofty looked up, and saw a dozen roughs scowling at him.

"What do you get for loafing round bar-rooms, and prying into other folks' business?"

"I'm an artist. I was only looking for a subject, and trying my hand at a group. See there!" and he exhibited the sketch.

"And a mighty poor artist you are. There isn't a good likeness there. You're no artist. Only a detective. Hustle him out!"

He decamped in a hurry.

"I wonder if Hogarth was ever treated so?" he reflected, as he walked along.

He next tried his hand at a scissors-grinder, who was doing the useful for a beautiful woman, who watched the process from an open window, and seemed, very naturally, pleased at the abundance of sparks.

"There's character in his face—and she would make a good fancy picture. I'll hand her the scissors, and, perhaps, she will let me sketch her also."

Pleased with the enthusiasm, and, perhaps, more with the compliment, she complied with Lofty's request; so he went in. She was evidently one of the softest of her sex, or she would not have risked the displeasure of her bean, who happened in just before the sketch was finished, and pitched into our artist with singular vigor.

"If you want an idea, here's one!" shouted the lover, giving Lofty a cruel poke in the pantry.

"Come on!" cried Lofty, now grown furious, owing to repeated disappointments.

"Be off!" exclaimed the young woman's father, entering, and seizing him by the collar.

And he was soon propelled into the street in a perfect state of preservation, though under no little excitement.

"It appears to me," said Lofty to himself, "that the practical life of an artist is—"

"Stand from under!" shouted a voice from on

high, and ere the unlucky artist could obey the injunction, down came a shower of dry mortar and brickbats, from a staging under which he was carelessly walking.

He was prostrated senseless, and half-covered with the rubbish. A crowd assembled. He was picked up for dead, and at this crisis, Mrs. Lofty, who had been watching him all the morning at a distance, rushed forward to his aid. A carriage was procured, and, after his partial restoration at an apothecary's, they were conveyed home.

Nursed by his devoted wife, in a few days he was able to sit up and converse.

After Fidelia had pleaded eloquently that he would renounce his profession, and recounted all the miseries his infatuation had entailed upon them, Roger Lofty remarked:

"My dear, do you know that that last day was not so unprofitable, after all? For, just as that shower of bricks came down, I got the greatest idea I ever had in my life."

"Oh, fudge! idea!" cried she, in despair.

"Oh, yes," replied he; "and the idea was that I should never become a painter—and the bricks and mortar settled that question for ever. Henceforth, my love, I will not chase that phantom. Henceforth, I give up the cursed race for renown!"

"Then, heaven be praised!" cried his delighted spouse, embracing him, "and the glory to bricks and mortar!"

He adhered to his wise, comfort-seeking resolution, sacrificed his palette to his palate, his easel for his ease, and empty glory for substantial gold; and though the calling in which he has engaged promises no undying honors, it is providing the family with enough of life's best wealth to content them till they go aloft for ever.

Story for the Times.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope for life. He sent for the jailer, and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. On receiving this piece of intelligence, the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which should bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty might not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and chief priest, he went with the thief to a place selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold. "But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty." The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remember in my younger days that I often fished money from my father's treasury, which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The latter, after a very brief consideration, answered: "It were a pity to break a charm by a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people. How can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel." "No, no," cried the governor, drawing back; "remember that I have the serving out of

pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it." And the high priest said: "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes and disbursement of sacrifices." At length the thief exclaimed: "Your majesty, I think it is better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it is found that not an honest man can be found among us." In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he at the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

A Little Romance.

Twice a week he came to the kitchen-door of the big house, his willing hands and arms burdened with baskets of crispy lettuce and radishes, peas fresh and cool from the vines, and great delicious rolls of sweet, new-made butter. He was only a farmer's boy, with tanned face, and bright, honest blue eyes, wearing a linen blouse and a palm-leaf hat; but he had a voice that was deep and cheery, and a laugh that somehow carried one beyond the brick walls of the city to green fields starred with daisies, and to gardens wet with dew sparkling in the early sunshine.

He was shrewd, too, driving sharp bargains, and crying up his merchandise in a way that showed him no novice in the art of selling. His name—I had almost forgotten that—was Jerry Roberts.

Of course the big house of which I speak was not the only one at which he made semi-weekly calls. His custom was quite extensive, and every one liked the fresh-faced youth to deal with; but at this particular place Jerry came to the one romance of his life. One, I say, because he was of the steadfast kind, and accepted the first revelation that came to his heart as a final one, and looked no further. He was content with his first jewel, taking it to his bosom for all time—nay, for the eternities beyond, since time is but the first step toward it. It was unlike all others because he had found it; above all others—brighter and sweeter—because it was his, and his only.

The owner of the stately home was Mr. Isaac Richards, a man of reputed wealth. His family consisted of himself, wife, and four daughters. The father was a quiet, reserved man, devoted to his business, as he needs must be; the mother was gay and fashionable, with an eye to splendid matches for her daughters, and the daughters themselves, their ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-four years respectively, were, with one exception, chips of the mother block. It is with the exception that I have to do. Miss Julia, Hattie and Frances belonged to the "hills of ants," which Emerson writes of—"the more the worse." They dressed, danced, and sang, were full of wishy-washy sentimentalism, and had a horror of all humanity that did not "eat of the roses and sleep in the lilies of life."

But one daughter—the youngest and latest—was of altogether different mold. Her good sense divided at once the false and the true, and she persistently clung to the better. She did outrageous things—shooked mamma, and shocked her fashionable sisters. She knew no operas, but sang rusty ballads and good old-fashioned hymns. She was for ever driving into miserable streets, finding wretched families starving and dying. The servants of the household poured into her ears the stories of their lives, roseate or otherwise. She obeyed to a letter Gail Hamilton's injunction (alas, that it should so seldom be obeyed!), to "see if there may not be something in common between you and your washerwoman, your seamstress, your chamber-maid, your cook." She made the kitchen-maid's frocks, mended the coachman's

gloves, and hemmed his handkerchiefs, and in big checked apron, her arms bare to the dimpled elbows, went down into the cook-room, and stirred cakes and whisked up custards.

It was in the cook's realm that Maggie first met Jerry Roberts—the fresh-faced youth with a soft down just springing upon his upper lip. She was deep in a pudding mystery, her curly head bent low over a cook-book, her arms bare, her soft curls tied back from her face by a bright-hued ribbon. Jerry looked at her in round-eyed wonder. Some upper servant sent down to assist Hannah for a while, he thought. Then he began to unpack his baskets, casting furtive glances at her every now and then. Looking at her, he forgot what he was doing, and was brought to his senses by dropping a big green cabbage into an earthen dish of cream.

"That comes of not keeping your eyes where they belong," Hannah said, crustily.

"Beg your pardon," Jerry said, blushing like a girl.

Maggie looked up, her eyes full of roguish light. Her curls had two or three spatters of white cream upon them, and her wide white apron had received a plentiful sprinkling.

"Two quarts of cream spoiled," Hannah said, attempting to assume a displeasure that was not genuine.

"Oh, I'll make that up to you!" Jerry answered. "I can do it as well as not."

"No, there is no need of that," spoke up Maggie, pulling the dripping cabbage from the pan. "It isn't hurt a bit, and if it was, why, what of it? The loss is no serious injury to any one, is it?"

Hannah shook her head, and muttered something about carelessness and extravagance all in a breath, then the fall of Jerry's lumps of butter upon the kitchen-floor turned her attention in a new direction.

"Jerry Roberts, are you bewitched? What with dropping cabbages into the cream, and putting your butter upon the floor, I should judge you were well-nigh crazy!"

Jerry had nothing to say. He was down with Maggie upon the floor, gathering up the stamped rolls of butter.

"Not hurt a bit, Hannah. Now, you see what an advantage there is in having a clean floor," laughed Maggie, smiling up into Jerry's face with pleasant good-humor.

"Thank you," he said, in a low tone, then reddened at his own temerity.

"Why, bless the blushing creature!" thought Maggie, turning again to her pudding, and wondering whatever made country boys so bashful.

A moment after, when Jerry tip-toed into the kitchen again, and dropped a little bouquet of mignonnette and rosebuds into her lap, she changed her tune, and wondered how country boys would be so bold. But the flowers she took to her own room, and placed them in water.

This, then, was the beginning. I can't begin to chronicle their meetings after this, nor tell just how rapidly their innocent friendship progressed, or when friendship grew to a tenderer and deeper feeling; but I know that Maggie's room grew to be a little bower of bright blossoms, that in time she was served with the most luscious fruits—crimson strawberries set in green leaves and flowers, rustic baskets of cherries and plums; and, in return, Jerry went homeward, after his semi-weekly visits, freighted with the newspapers of the day and week, and the best magazines of the times. He found himself the happy possessor of books of which he had done nothing but dream, and which were like dew to his thirsty mind.

In the very midst of all this happiness and healthy content, just as Maggie was planning to

visit Jerry's home in the clean, wide, market-wagon, that she might see the fount from which so much that was good (Jerry in particular) was constantly flowing—just in the midst of it all, I say, Dame Hannah, listening to the admonitions of her uneasy conscience, which she had long been trying to satisfy and quiet, went to Mrs. Richards, and unbosomed herself.

Mrs. Richards was at a novel, and had just been reading of the faithful love of a poor plebeian for a beautiful girl above him in rank and station. Her heart was very soft over the tale, just as it was over suffering—in a book—and when she looked up to the staid old servant, her face wore an unusual expression of soft and tender pity. It boded well, thought Hannah, who, to tell the truth, had been growing young again watching the course of a true love that ran, for the nonce, perfectly smooth.

"I am afraid I must speak to you of young Miss Maggie," began Hannah.

Mrs. Richards laid down her book with a sigh. Maggie was a trial to her.

"What has she been doing now? amazing you in the kitchen with her repeated stirrings and concoctings?"

"Oh, no; nothing of the sort. It's always pleasant to have her about. She's just like sunshine to me."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, it's about the young gardener who brings the vegetables and butter; she seems to be thinking a great deal of him, and I know he is very fond of her."

"The young gardener! What! the clodhopper in the brown frock who sells beans and peas and cucumbers?" asked Mrs. Richards, rising with a flushed face.

"The same."

"How long have you thought this thing?"

"For some time, though I've not been sure."

"The low-lived tastes of that girl!" cried the fashionable mother. "So much comes of her father allowing her such perfect liberty in everything—letting her go and come without asking, permitting her to go among the miserable poor and vile, till she has no taste for anything besides. Now, it will end in disgrace—terrible disgrace."

Hannah trembled, for her mistress was in a violent rage.

"Send her to me. I want to get at the bottom of it all."

And Maggie was sent to her mother. She came up the wide stairs, singing:

"Come and see the ripe fruit falling,
For the Autumn now is calling;
Come and see the smiling vine
How it's golden clusters shine."

"*Apologies*," sneered Mrs. Richards, as she entered the room. "Did you learn that song of your young huckster?"

Maggie looked at her in wide-eyed wonder.

"I don't know what you mean, mamma?"

"It means that I know all about your flirtation with the low-lived fellow that comes to the kitchen to bring vegetables and butter."

"He is not low-lived," she answered, in a low tone.

"What is he, then?"

"He is honest and true."

"And your lover?"

Maggie was silent.

"Have you anything to say for yourself—any excuse to offer for the insult you have thrown upon your family by this first flirtation of yours?"

"I have insulted no one. If things were looked at as they should be, it would be seen that I have only honored you."

At this Mrs. Richards grew white with rage.

She tore up and down her room, pulling at the bell, and wringing her hands. She sent for her trio of dutiful daughters; she dispatched a servant to Mr. Richards's office, asking him to come home immediately; then she threw herself down quite exhausted, giving in gasps, to her wondering daughters, the story of Maggie's misdoings. It was a funny scene, though a terribly earnest one. The three exquisite ladies were as much shocked as though their sister had driven a dagger to some innocent heart, and must expiate her crime upon the gallows. Had she not stabbed their pride, played with their good names, when she ignored the rulings of society, and dared obey the instincts and teachings of conscience and heart? A Richards stooping to a dealer of cabbages, and owning him as lover! Why, she must be shut up, and have bars across her windows; she must be fed on bread and water, and not allowed to look upon a human face until she repented of her misdeeds. Then they shot such scornful looks at the poor girl! Passing her, they held back their trailing dresses as if fearful that her touch was contaminating. Oh, these fair creatures, used to only the satin and velvet of life, developed wonderful resources of torture and torment, till Mr. Richards, on coming, found Maggie white and wild-eyed, like some beautiful creature at bay.

"What is it?" he asked, looking in alarm from one to the other.

"I can't tell it," began mamma. "Some one else must do it."

The three dutifuls looked at each other with a mute inquiry in their eyes as to which of them should speak. Miss Julia was the eldest, and clearing her throat, she began, "Oh, papa!" when Maggie sprang across the room, and threw her arms about her father's neck, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is it?" asked papa, bending down to kiss her heated forehead.

"Let me tell it to you myself, please," began Maggie. "Let us go down to the library where we can be all alone."

Mrs. Richards arose, bristling with dignity.

"Mr. Richards, you must in this thing be firm as well as stern. It is time that your over-indulgence should cease. Let Maggie tell her story here."

She got between her husband and the door, as if to enforce obedience to her request.

Mr. Richards was a quiet man, with deep, powerful eyes. It was seldom that he was aroused. He kept himself away from the jars of the family as much as possible, and little Maggie was the only household companion that he had. He wound his arm around the girl's waist, and advanced toward the door.

"Now, Mr. Richards——" began madame, in a deprecatory tone.

"Stand aside, if you please," the husband answered, raising his eyes to her face. She saw her master, and moved away without a word.

"She is just like him, and she'll gain the day," sobbed mamma, as the door closed. "We are disgraced for ever!"

What occurred in the library that morning was never discovered by an outsider. The interview was two hours in length, and at its expiration Mr. Richards left the room, closing and locking the door after him, and putting the key in his pocket. In answer to his wife's inquiring look (for she could not muster up courage enough to ask a direct question), he remarked that Maggie was very weary, and must not be disturbed. And, further than this, he did not come to the subject that had created such an excitement in his well-ordered household. His conclusions he held in

silence, but to his youngest daughter he was tenderer than ever before.

The following morning Mr. Jerry Roberts was informed in curt tones that his vegetables were no longer wanted at the Richards mansion; also, that if he was caught hanging around the place, he would be dealt with as low-lived fellows should always be—handed over to the police. Jerry took his lettuce and butter back to his wagon, choked back his anger and his tears together, and went on his way wearily. But was he beaten, and did he give up like a whipped cur at the first angry "Begone"? Not he. Digging the soil, training roses, and gathering fruit had not made him a coward. His very employment had taught him steady, indomitable perseverance. If the worms rained his cherries one year, he did not cut down his trees, and call them useless. He was sorry for the failure, but went on working and hoping for next year's crop. In the face of late and early frosts, blight, worms, bugs and rot, he won his successes, and he had learned the lesson to a good purpose.

What! give up Maggie because her father was rich, her sisters proud, and because her mother had treated him as though he were a dog? Not a bit of it! He loved Maggie, and she loved him. He had a good home to take her to, and if he kept on about his business steady and honest, in a few years he could win an independence. He did not doubt himself for a minute. He was young and strong, and be loved. She should not be ashamed of him, either. He already had a fair education, and because he could not graduate from a college, he need not be an ignoramus. Knowledge was everywhere, and books were almost as free as the air. So, having plenty of "clear grit," the boy shut his teeth down upon "never give up," and beld firm.

And Maggie—well, it was a harder thing for her! She had so much to contend with day by day. She was watched, snubbed and insulted, and knew neither rest nor comfort save in her father's presence. She was not allowed to make her visits to the poor unattended. She could not walk alone, or go out shopping, without having her footsteps dogged. So, from a bright, laughing girl, she grew sober-eyed and listless—a woe look for ever upon her pretty features.

Then a lover came to her, and there was great rejoicing; for he was one of her own station, and represented a good round million. True, he had seen the world—run the scale of vice up and down, and down and up, till it was all as familiar as A B C. At nineteen he had kept a mistress, and at twenty-one it was rumored about that he had been guilty of a darker sin than that. But he was handsome as a prince, graceful, ready-witted, kept his fast horses, had done Europe, and was now ready to take to himself the purest women that he could find. Looking about him, he saw and admired Maggie. Her sisters were more stylish, he knew, but they had been out too long, and, for his immaculate bosom, he wanted a flower whose velvet petals were unsoiled by society's contact. And he found it, the sweet wood-violet, in the very shadow of hot-house heliotropes and tube-roses.

And Maggie? She made sport of him constantly, and read him through and through at the first look. She left his costly bouquets to wither on the parlor-tables. When he made pretty love-speeches to her, she looked him straight in the face, and silenced him. He grew to be desperately in earnest. He haunted the Richards mansion at all hours of the day. He dined there, and, when it pleased him, supped there. He left his dissipations, and allowed his right hand to forget its cunning of card and dice. Mrs. Richards encouraged him with motherly smiles, the

sisters treated him like a well-loved brother, and Maggie flouted him and cut him. So for many days the situation stood.

At last a deeper shadow gathered over the young girl's heart. Her mother whispered it in her ear, at first, that her father's business had been unsuccessful, and that, unless some unlooked-for aid came to him, he must be a bankrupt. There would be no visits to fashionable resorts that Summer; no generous outlay of money for laces and silks. They must, for the present, live closely and prudently. There was no telling how soon absolute poverty might come.

"I'm sure I don't care for fine dresses," Maggie answered; "and as for Newport, mamma, I was never there but once, you know, and then I found it a terrible bore."

"Your tastes are very strange, Maggie. I'm sure, I can't tell where they come from; but your sisters enjoy gay life, and you ought to feel for them, when they are deprived of it."

"Indeed, I'm sorry; but that won't help things any. I can't do anything for them."

"Are you quite sure of that, Maggie—quite sure?"

"Quite sure!" looking up wonderingly into mamma's face. "Do you know of any way for me to help them?"

"*do!*" mamma answered, with emphasis.

"How?"

"By marrying a man who commands his wealth by thousands—one who worships you, and would most gladly lift the weight from your father's shoulders."

"You mean I can do this by marrying John Burton?"

"I do."

"You wish me to sell myself—for I detest the fellow—that my sisters may live in ease, and go to fashionable watering-places! Oh, mamma!"

"But it's the best match in the city, child."

"It would be the worst match, for I hate him."

"Well, well, say no more about it. If this is your pretended devotion to your father, why, there's no use in wasting words over it."

"I'll talk with papa."

"Not for the world! He does not wish you to know anything of it."

Maggie looked her mother's face over sharply. She was a keen little reader, and she somehow felt that something was not quite right here. In other words, it looked a little as though mamma was trying to humbug her.

She went up to her room, to think it over by herself. She was just curling herself down in a big rocker, when Hannah tapped at the door. Hannah had a very peculiar way of rapping and calling at the same moment, so that no one mistook her when she demanded admittance. She came in all of a flurry, with one big red hand tucked away under the folds of her white apron.

"I can't help it, for the life of me, Miss Maggie; I'll have to give this to you, if I lose my place for it. The boy he do beg so hard, and you go lagging around with such a sorry face, that I can't help it; so there!" and she dropped a small white envelope in Maggie's lap.

"Oh, bless you, Hannah! If I ever do have a nice little home of my own, just see if I don't remember this of you."

"They do say that Mr. Jerry will make a rich man some time, Miss Maggie. He doesn't come in on the wagon any more. He hires a man for that. He comes in once a week, just to look after things. But if it should be found out that I brought this letter, miss, why, I shall just stand to it that I didn't do it."

"What, tell a lie, Hannah!"

"Oh, yes! Poor women, like me, can't afford to put on high airs, and tell the truth, when we

get jammed into a tight place, and so we lie, and get out of it. God forgives us for it. He knows we have to earn our bread and butter. Perhaps you'd care to answer this? 'Cause if you do, he'll be past the corner of the street in two hours, and I'll take it around to him. He's looking as straight and handsome this morning as a popple-tree."

That night, when Papa Richards came home from his office, he found a sad, weary little face awaiting him in the library. The blue eyes lacked their usual merry light, and the pretty mouth was drawn at the corners in a sad, hopeless expression. Poor Maggie had had a dreadful day of it, and now, at its close, her mind was fairly made up—she would save her father, if she had to sell herself to do it. So when Mr. Richards was well settled in his armchair, comfortable in dressing-gown and slippers, she sprang into his arms, just as they do in plays, put her arms close about his neck, and, in a hysterical voice, half choked with tears, cried out, "I'll do it, papa—I'll do anything to save you!"

Papa took the clinging arms from his neck, and tried to look into the tear-wet face.

"What will you do, Pettie? What have I done to need saving?"

"I'll marry John Burton, to keep you from being bankrupt."

Papa looked puzzled, then a little alarmed. Had the dear child gone crazy?

"What do you mean, Maggie? What put such an idea as that in your head? Why, my business is as safe as the hills; and if it were not, I would not give my little girl to a worn-out *roué*, to save it from going to the lowest depths of—damnation."

Papa was almost on the verge of swearing here, but he saved himself by a strong effort.

The girl drew a long breath.

"Then, let it go; don't say anything more about it. It was all a mistake."

But the good man's face was like a rising thunder-cloud:

"I must have it all, girlie. Every word of it—clear to the bottom."

He fixed his stern eyes on Maggie's face, and she dared not disobey him. It all came out—the truth, and nothing but the truth.

When it was through with, he arose, setting Maggie into a chair, as though she had been a baby. He was angry away down to his boots, and the girl was thoroughly scared.

"Now, by the good Lord, this is too much!" he said. "I've stood this thing long enough, for the sake of keeping peace in the family. I'll take the reins in my own hands for a while, and show them where I can drive. I'll begin, by ordering John Burton to leave the house; I'll end, by marrying you to your young cowboy."

"Oh, no, papa! Don't call him that."

"Never mind what I call him. I mean all right. Dry up your face, and come to the parlor with me. I'll show them a straight, plain game, without any 'ways that are dark.' Come!"

Mamma Richards, the trinity daughters, and Mr. Burton were in the parlor. Papa walked square into their laughing midst, for all the world like a big bombshell just ready to burst.

"Madame," he began, addressing Mrs. Richards, "in precisely four weeks from this evening, our youngest daughter will be married to Mr. Jerry Roberts. It is my desire that you should have everything in readiness, for her wedding will be in her own father's house. She will not be forced to an elopement. More than all, I wish to have her treated kindly and with due respect, while she remains at home."

So saying, he bowed, and turned to leave the room. Mrs. Richards burst into violent weeping.

Miss Julia fainted, or tried to, and Mr. Burton supported her. Miss Hattie took to high tragedy, and vowed she would not stay at home to witness so disgraceful a thing. Miss Frances flashed her eyes, and walked up and down the room, as though she had a hurricane at her back.

The remark of Miss Hattie aroused the ire of Papa Richards. He turned again, and spoke in his strongest tones:

"If either of my daughters absents herself from her sister's wedding, she shall never step inside of my doors again. *I will be obeyed!*"

Well, the storm came to an end, as all storms do. Mamma took a soothing-powder, and went to bed. The girls raged a while, and then cooled down to talk about shopping. John Burton went off, and got drunk. What else could he do? And that wedding was a success. Mr. Roberts looked and acted the gentleman. No sign of his former occupation clung to him. Of cabbage and 'taters he carried no scent. While Maggie, bless her! was as bright and cheery as the morning—all the clouds gone.

"Tell me about this gentleman! He is so handsome," whispered an old dowager in Mamma Richards's ear. "How quiet you kept it!"

Mamma coughed into her handkerchief, put on her best dignity, and answered:

"He is a son of one of the leading agriculturists of New Jersey—from an old, old family. Yes, quite handsome; and we were quiet, because Maggie wished to be."

Papa Richards heard this, and found it hard work to keep a straight face.

"But how about Burton?" persisted the dowager.

"Oh, where there are three or four daughters in a family, it is not always easy to tell which is the particular attraction!"

"True," answered Madame Columbine; and started off to tell her friends that John Burton was engaged to one of the bride's sisters.

Engaged or not, he married one before six months were past.

Of course, for Mr. and Mrs. Roberts there was only sunshine, roses, honey and cream—no skimmed milk; and Hannah lived with them.

A Humbug of Neatness.

CHARLES D. WARNER, in his new book, "Saundersings," thus ventilates one of the stock "sights" of Holland:

"We drove out five miles to Broek, the clean village: across the Y, up the canal, over flatness flattened. Broek is a humbug, as almost all show-places are. A wooden little village on a stagnant canal, into which carriages do not drive, and where the front doors of the houses are never open; a dead, uninteresting place, neat, but not especially pretty, where you are shown into one house got up for the purpose, which looks inside like a crockery shop, and has a still little garden with box-trained shapes of animals and furniture. A roomy-breeched young Dutchman, whose trousers went up to his neck, and his hat to a peak, walked before us in slow, cow-like fashion, and showed us the place, especially some horrid pleasure-grounds, with an image of an old man reading in a Summer-house, and an old couple, in a cottage, who sat at a table and worked, or ate, I forget which, by clock-work; while a dog barked by the same means. In a pond was a wooden swan sitting on a stick, the water having receded, and left high and dry. Yet the trip is worth while for the view of the country and the people on the way; men and women towing boats on the canals; the red-tiled houses painted green, and in the distance, the villages, with their spires and pleas-

ing mixture of brown, green and red tints, are very picturesque. The best thing that I saw, however, was a traditional Dutchman, walking on the high bank of a canal, with soft hat, short pipe, and breeches that came to the armpits above, and a little below the knees, and were broad enough about the seat and thighs to carry his, no doubt, numerous family. He made a fine figure against the sky."

Scolding.

SCOLDING is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired, or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it, and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding, always find something to scold about. If there was nothing else, they would fall a-scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, caterwaulings, or a hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something, or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in town. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

The Armeria Real, at Madrid.

THE Armeria Real at Madrid is one of the finest armories in the world. I never saw anything in the least approaching the variety and exquisite workmanship of its contents (says a recent visitor to the Spanish capital), the only drawback to our enjoyment of them arising—as usual—from the impossibility of doing justice to more than a few objects, during the time we were able to stay there.

The room, being long and narrow—two hundred and twenty-seven feet by thirty-six—is admirably adapted for its purpose, and the effect on entering is most striking, when, after mounting a dark staircase, you emerge into that stately gallery, and find yourself in the presence of those memorials of Spain's prosperous days—when her troops were the best in the world—stretching out before you in long perspective. Around us hung armor of every shape and device, from the plainest suit of the common man-at-arms, up to the profusely-ornamented panoply of noblemen and princes; while lances and spears, swords and pikes, muskets and pistols, gleamed in bright array on every side.

Viewed simply as an accumulation of art-

objects, this collection of warlike plenishing is marvelous; nor can anything produce a more forcible conviction of the all-pervading influence of Art during the Renaissance period than the singular fact that, in the region most hostile, as is supposed, to her very existence—the battle-field—she has achieved some of her most enduring triumphs. The warrior of that day went out to battle, not only protected from many of its dangers, but clothed with apparel of almost imperishable beauty; and Vulcan's craft became again, as in Homeric days, the handmaid of poetry and grace.

Those magnificent suits, on which the armorers of Milan and Germany exhausted the choicest resources of their skill, are not mere creations of Art, serving no other purpose than to give proof of her boundless powers. They have all done actual service in the midst

"—of plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue;"

and were worn, not by nameless soldiers, but by such men of renown as the Great Captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova, Columbus, Cortez, Charles V., and his son, the victor of Lepanto, whose names are consecrated in history.

The room contained, besides, a goodly display of banners, many of them won from the Infidel at Granada and Lepanto; with two or three Union-Jacks, taken, we conjectured, from Nelson at Vera Cruz, the sight of which, in the land of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, made us smile.

John Vance's Victim.

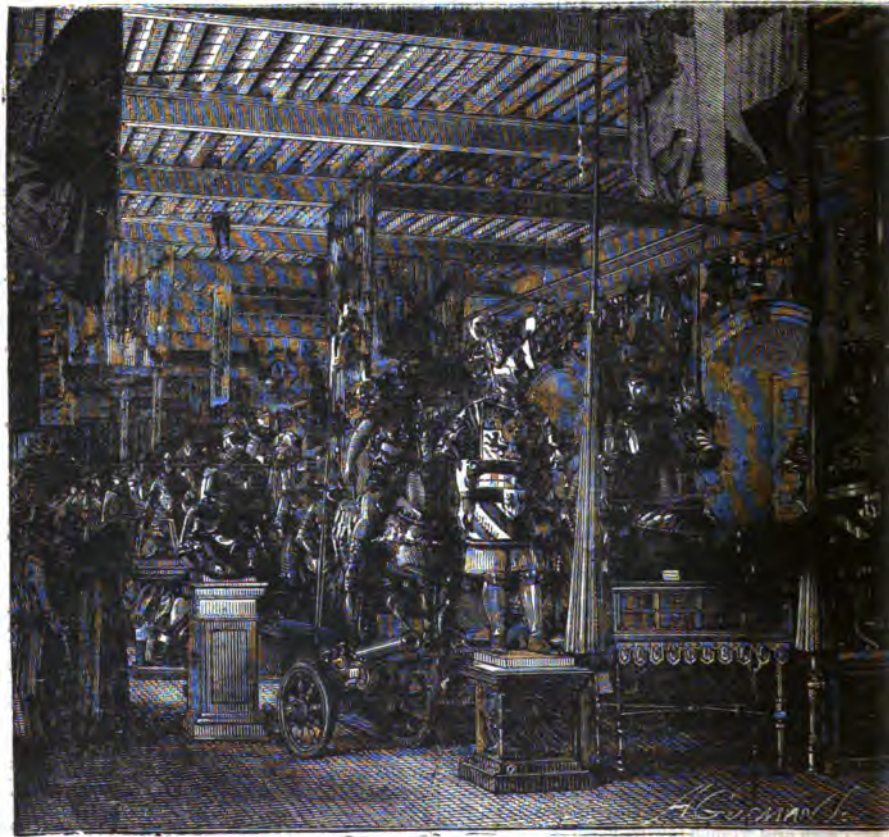
I WAS only a companion, that nondescript sort of thing, which is neither high enough nor low enough for special attention, and which, by interfering with nobody, is let alone by everybody. I was employed by Miss Maud Montague, the haughty heiress of Glenhurst, who once in a while condescended to be lonely; but who, the majority of the time, preferred my active service in the embroidery, letter-writing and fancy-work line, to my companionship; and of this, to tell the truth, I was very glad.

Miss Montague was not one whom, under any circumstances, I would have chosen for a friend, and in the lowly position I then occupied, she was even more distasteful than she would have been ordinarily. Not that she was really unkind. She was proud, and her pride hurt me the more as my birth and position were in every respect quite equal to her own.

She never suspected this, however—never dreamed that the cold, apparently shy Millicent Worth was anything save the needy girl who represented herself. Once, when especially *ennuyée*, Miss Montague had deigned to ask:

"Have you always lived in Woodville?"

Woodville was a little village from which I had obtained my credentials, or rather, testimonial of character, fitness, etc. Some of father's old friends were there, and to them I had applied for "references," after I decided to take this step.



THE ARMORIA REAL AT MADRID.



JOHN VANCE'S VICTIM.—"LOOKING UP TO THANK MY PRESERVER, I FOUND, MUCH TO MY AMAZEMENT, MR. JOHN VANCE."

"No," I answered, truthfully, "I have not." Perhaps my taciturnity discouraged her, perhaps she was really utterly indifferent; but, at any rate, that was the first and only time she ever evinced any interest in my past life.

One day, just in the early Spring, she summoned me to her room.

"Millicent," said she—it always galled me to have her address me by my Christian name; I had come to her as Millicent Worth, and

would as soon have thought of calling her coachman Mr. Flaraty, as of appending a "miss" to either my first or last name—"I expect a visitor from the city by the noon train. Tell John to hitch the bays to the buggy, and go directly to the depot, and wait there for Mr. John Vance—"

"Mr. who?" I interrupted, with a gasp—quite startled out of my usual composure by the sound of this familiar name.

"Mr. John Vance!" she repeated, impatiently. "Why, girl, what is the matter with you?" viewing, with evident astonishment, my blank face—I know it must have been blank. "You look as if I'd been telling you some distressing piece of news."

"Oh, it's nothing," I replied, with a very poor attempt at nonchalance. "Only I once knew a man by the name of Vance—that's all."

"Well, one thing is certain," she rejoined, carelessly. "You never knew him, for he's been in Europe these ten years, and was only a boy of fourteen or fifteen when he left America."

This was all I wanted to know. This man was the same one I had come to Glenhurst to avoid; and half-inclined to laugh, and half-inclined to cry, I gave the order to the coachman, and then set myself to calmly reviewing the situation.

I, Millicent Worth Burnside, had run away from home, for the simple reason that I did not wish to meet John Vance; had taken all the trouble and humiliation of seeking this position with a stranger, because, if visiting with a friend, my whereabouts might be made known; had, even for the purpose of greater safety, discarded my family name—of which I was justly proud—and, now, here he was bearing straight down to my retreat.

Why did I run away from him? Well, it is a long story; but his father and mine were dear friends, and in our childhood had decided that John and I should join the two old houses of Vance and Burnside. Both had died years before; but their wishes were understood facts, and as soon as news arrived of Mr. Vance's intended return to America, everybody at Burnside Hall was in a *furor*.

I had three maiden aunts, who, for lack of other nearer relatives, I had accepted as guardians, housekeepers, *chaperones*, or whatever else a wealthy young heiress might be supposed to need. These, of course, lived with me, and as all their matrimonial ambitions for me settled in this Vance scheme, I, an independent young woman, with conscientious scruples against marrying to order, may be supposed to have led quite an uncomfortable life the few days I remained at home after learning of his expected return. Aunt Patience went after the dressmakers. She had a genuine respect for fine feathers. Aunt Prudence attempted to initiate me into the mysteries of housekeeping. Young men of "her day" liked young women who could make themselves useful. And Aunt Per-everance—bless her old argumentative soul!—went conscientiously to the work of convincing me of my utter folly in objecting to their kindly-meant plans.

Well, to cut a long story short, I saw that the design of my well-intentioned relatives was to put me on exhibition; and finally, losing all patience, I took the matter into my own hands one night, and left Burnside Hall. Of course I left a note—rather a senseless affair, it was, too—to the effect that I would return when John Vance had either died, married, or returned to Europe, but not one moment before; and—well, that's about all.

That afternoon John Vance came. I watched him, from my window, as he alighted from the buggy. Tall, straight and athletic was he, with a dark, smooth face which would have been almost

boyish but for the strength and power manifest in the dark eyes and finely-chiseled mouth. Altogether, I liked his looks—although I would not have confessed it, even to myself.

I prepared myself for tea, that evening, in considerable trepidation. Not that I feared his discovering my identity—I knew there was not the slightest danger of that—but it is not pleasant to be obliged to face a man from whom you have most unceremoniously run away, even if he doesn't know who you are; but I put on my most indifferent air, and walked bravely down into the tea-room, within sixty seconds after the ringing of the bell.

"Miss Worth—Mr. Vance!" said Miss Montague, coldly.

I know she would have evaded the introduction, had it been possible, but even a companion cannot be utterly ignorant.

Mr. Vance had very dark eyes, of the tell-tale kind—that is to say, they were correct mirrors of his emotions—and at that moment I could have sworn I saw recognition reflected in them. I dropped my eyes with a flush, which I felt, and am sure he saw; but, if so, he made no sign, for when I lifted them again, he was talking easily with Miss Montague; and after one look at his placid, indifferent face, I knew that I must have been mistaken, for how could he recognize me?

"Why did you not come before, Cousin John?" asked his hostess, suavely.

This was the first hint I had received of their relationship.

"I have been visiting in Massachusetts," he replied, "ever since my return. You have probably heard of father's old friends, the Burnside's?"

I felt my face flushing hotter and hotter, and of course, just at that moment, he looked up at me with a request for the sugar, which stood at my right. I passed it to him, and Miss Montague answered:

"Oh, yes! I remember having heard of them often. Very wealthy and aristocratic—are they not? Millicent, I wish you'd ring for hot water! Let me see. Wasn't there one daughter, about my age, who was left with the whole property on her hands? It seems to me I heard so."

Her guest answered in the affirmative, and she went on, evidently with considerable interest in the subject:

"How old is she now? and what does she look like? I imagine she must be very interesting, from the length of your stay."

He laughed heartily, and I was obliged to bite my lips, to keep from joining in.

"To tell you the truth," he answered, at last, "I am unable to give you very much information. I understand she is nineteen or twenty, but as to her appearance or agreeableness, I'm obliged to confess myself ignorant. The young lady was away during my stay at Burnside Hall."

"Away!" This statement evidently greatly astonished Miss Montague. "Away where?"

"My dear cousin," and the gentleman's eyes fairly shone with mischief, "that was a matter on which I was not informed. You might just exactly as well ask Miss Worth here for news of the young lady in question, as to ask me;" and then he looked into my face again, with a request for butter, which was in my vicinity.

Possibly Miss Montague thought the color in my face due to her visitor's condescension in noticing me. Possibly he thought the same. I was inclined to think so then, at any rate; but the lady gave evidence of her displeasure at my daring to blush, by a little frown; the gentleman apparently gave the matter no notice whatever, and much to my relief just then pushed his chair back from the table, and proposed a stroll over the grounds.

I went up-stairs after Miss Montague's wraps. "Will you not accompany us?" he asked, courteously, as I returned.

Had Miss Montague given me time, I should have most decisively answered in the negative, but she gave me no time.

"I desire Millicent to write out some invitations, now, for an evening party on the 15th. You will find everything in the library, and some other time may come with us."

Probably my face evidenced the disdain I felt, for Mr. Vance smiled as he looked at me, and said, offering his arm to Miss Montague:

"If her countenance is to be relied upon, Miss Worth evidently prefers taking her recreations alone."

"You are right, sir," I said, curtly; and then I turned away into the library, and commenced my writing. I had almost finished when they returned. They came directly to the library, much to my astonishment: for it was not a room Miss Montague frequented ordinarily, and I knew that, on this occasion, of all others, she would be apt to avoid it. Not that she was afraid of me—only that his company was desirable, and she preferred keeping it to herself.

"Here is the picture you wished to see," she said, leading him over to the portrait of a stately-looking woman which hung directly at my right; and then I understood that it was at his suggestion they had come to this room.

He looked at the picture a moment or so, and then looked down at me.

"Do you know, Miss Worth," he said, taking up one of the tiny billets on which I had been engaged, "handwritings tell strange tales sometimes," and then he bit his lips as he glanced down at my bold, almost masculine chirography.

I could not think what he was laughing at, and tried hard to imagine that I did not care.

"Come, cousin,"—and Miss Montague's impatience was very evident—"let us go to the parlors. You are only hindering the girl."

"I beg the young lady's pardon"—and Miss Montague crimsoned at the implied reproach—"but this judging of character by handwriting has always been a hobby of mine. Now, I believe that, just from seeing that little note, I could give Miss Worth as correct a description of her character as if I had known her all my life."

"I have no desire for any closer acquaintance with myself," I answered, rather sulkily.

"You are most ungraciously independent—that is evident, both by your writing and words. However, it is a fault of youth, I presume," and with a most deferential bow, he left me to myself.

After that, I devoted all my energies to avoiding the gentleman, and as Miss Montague did her best toward the same end, my success was fair. We met at meals, but very seldom anywhere else; and my avoidance of him had come to be quite an understood thing. I imagine he would have asked an explanation had I given him any opportunity, but this I conscientiously withheld.

One evening, some three weeks after his arrival, I started out in the early twilight for a walk. The walks round about the Montague mansion were very pleasant, even at that season of the year, when neither leaves nor green were in abundance; and I had wandered some mile or so from the house, when the sound of men's voices startled me into a thought of the hour, and turning quickly, I essayed to return; but through the trees they had caught a glimpse of my light dress, and in a moment had forgotten me. There were two of them, and they had evidently been drinking, for their voices were hoarse, as they accosted me with—

"It's rather late for a pretty young woman like you to be out."

I made no reply, but still hastened ahead.

"Stop a moment, miss," said one. "We don't want to frighten you; but if you'll just pass us over your jewelry, we'll be much obliged."

"I shall do no such thing," I answered, as calmly as possible. "And if you do not let me pass, I shall scream for help."

They laughed.

"And what good do you suppose that will do?" asked one, huskily. "You couldn't make anybody hear you, if you were to yell for an hour on a stretch. Now, then, be sensible, and don't bother us any more. It will only be the worse for yourself, if we have to lay hands on you."

"I will not give you my jewelry!" I answered, decisively.

At that, they drew near, and with a scream—for whose power I think both ruffians were unprepared—I attempted to run. One caught me by the shoulder, and would have stopped my mouth, but at that moment a strong fist plucked itself on his face, and a strong arm sent him reeling to the front. The second villain, seeing the misfortune of his companion, joined with him in beating a retreat; and looking up to thank my preserver, I found, much to my amazement, Mr. John Vance.

"Well," said he, after watching my assailants out of sight, unclenching his fists, and turning coolly to me, "even the most independent young women, I find, cannot altogether escape trouble."

My gratitude for his timely assistance was not so intense but that I could feel indignation at this remark.

"Now, then, Miss Worth," he went on, without waiting any reply from me, "I really wish you would tell me why you snub me so outrageously on all occasions. It's something I'm not accustomed to."

This frank confession made me laugh, as he evidently intended it should; but still I made him no answer, and he continued, nonchalantly:

"Perhaps you feared I might fall in love with you, because I was so gracious. Now, don't allow yourself to worry over any nonsense of that kind; and to show you the foolishness of such ideas, I'll tell you a secret. I was in love before I ever saw you."

My heart sank, and not exactly in mortification either. I was indignant when he first began, but as he concluded, my indignation deepened into something more painful; but I smiled, nevertheless, as I looked into his face and said:

"I congratulate you."

I should certainly have thought he was trying to discover evidence of some feeling, if there had been any sort of reason for such search, he looked at me so intently as he replied:

"No need of that! One cannot be congratulated for being in love until one is certain the love is returned; and, *entre nous*, I haven't the faintest hope of that. You see, I adore a lady whom I have never met, and that makes it rather awkward."

"Decidedly!" said I; and here I stopped short—to save my life, I couldn't think of another word.

"You see," he went on, confidentially, "my father and this young lady's father determined on our marriage when we were children. I had been brought up to think of it as almost a settled thing; and so had she, I suppose; but the idea was very distasteful to me, and I staid in Europe much longer than I would otherwise have done, because of it. But at last I made up my mind to come home, and end the matter, by telling the lady in question that I didn't choose to marry her, even if my father had thought it desirable, and that she'd better put away from herself all hope of such a consummation, for it could not be. Well, I went to the young lady's home, and, lo and behold! the young lady was not there! She had

flown the nest, at the first news of my coming; and, to my intense mortification, I discovered that she fancied the idea of our marriage not one whit better than did I. But she didn't possess my moral courage, and so shirked the whole thing by running away.

I forgot myself then, and opened my mouth for the purpose of defending myself against this charge of cowardice, then, suddenly recollecting my position, shut it again with a gasp.

"What were you going to say?" he inquired, gravely.

"Oh, nothing," I stammered; "I was only yawning. Pray, go on; your story is rather interesting."

"Well, there isn't really very much more to tell. As a matter of course, as soon as I found out that she wouldn't have me, I determined upon having her, and to that end, I told most desperately in love with her. Now, you seem rather a sensible little woman, and I'd like to have a little advice on this difficult subject. Won't you just put yourself in my place, and tell me what you would do under the circumstances? I have the most perfect faith in your good, sterling common sense, and I promise you, however unpalatable the

advice may be, I'll follow it faithfully, even if you tell me to go back to Europe to-morrow."

Now, my position was a most delicate one. I didn't want him to go back to Europe; in fact, my wishes on the subject fairly astounded myself, so different were they from any I had hitherto experienced.

"I really am not competent," I began, deprecatingly.

"Oh, yes, you are," he interrupted, with considerable energy. "You know girls, and I don't. Just tell me whether you think it will be of any use for me to hunt her up? Because, if you don't, as true as I live, I won't bother her at all. Just say 'No,' and I'll understand."

But how could I say "No" when I didn't feel "No"? And while I stood hesitating, trying to get together some sentence which should be just about the right thing, he suddenly took me in his arms, and, despite my astonished resistance, held me close.

"Now, then, young woman," said he, "you have sealed your own fate. I gave you a splendid chance to send me off, and you refused it. You won't have another. Do you understand?"

I fairly tore myself from his embrace, and



INDIAN INTEGRITY.

asked, fiercely, not at all understanding anything: "What do you mean, sir?"

"Gently, Millicent, gently; did you fancy yourself unrecognized all this time? Why, child, you forgot that you left pictures behind you, and a note, the writing of which the poorest detective would have thought a splendid clue toward your discovery. I knew you that first night; but I was not selfish. I would have gone away without letting you even suspect that I knew you, if you had not prevented. You could have very easily uttered that little monosyllable, but *you didn't*; and there's no escape for you now," and with that he again took me to his heart; and I—well, how could I object, when I had brought it on myself?

We returned to Burnside Hall the next day; but I was Mrs. John Vance, for I had said that I would not return until John was married, or—something worse; and John would not let me break my word.

Indian Integrity.

A SPANISH traveler met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young, strong and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused. The Spaniard, therefore, began a quarrel with him. From words they proceeded to blows. The aggressor being well-armed, proved too powerful for the native. He seized his horse, mounted him, and pursued his journey.

The Indian closely followed him to the nearest town, and immediately went and complained to the nearest judge. The Spaniard was obliged to appear, and bring the horse with him. He treated the Indian as an impostor, affirming that the horse was his property, that he had always had him in his possession, and that he had raised him from a colt.

There being no proof to the contrary, the judge was about dismissing the parties, when the Indian cried out:

"The horse is mine, and I'll prove it!"

He immediately took off his mantle, and with it, instantly covered the head of the animal. Then he thus addressed the judge:

"Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell of which of his two eyes he is blind."

The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered:

"Of the right eye."

"He is neither blind of the right eye," replied the Indian, "nor of the left!"

The judge being convinced by a proof so ingenious and decisive, decreed him the horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

The Royal Marriage Act.

THE marriage of royalty with a subject, though common enough in some previous centuries, has been illegal during the last hundred years, except the royal personage intending to contract such a marriage has received for it the special sanction of the sovereign. This was stringently laid down in what is known as the Royal Marriage Act (13 George III., cap. ii), which was passed in 1772, at the instance of King George III., who was indignant at the marriage of his brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, in 1766, with the widow of Earl Waldegrave, and illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. His brother, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, in like manner had offended the king by his marriage, in 1771, with Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of the

Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Mr. Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire. It is well known that the late Duke of Sussex braved his father's displeasure, and in defiance of that enactment, went through the ceremony of marriage with the late Lady Augusta Murray, second daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dunmore, first at Rome, in April, 1793, and again at St. George's, Hanover Square, after the publication of banns, on the 5th of December following. His Royal Highness, having been left a widower, married, secondly, Lady Cecilia Letitia Buggin, a daughter of Arthur, second Earl of Arran, now Duchess of Inverness. In the like manner, George IV., while Prince of Wales, is said to have contracted a secret marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert; but in none of the above cases was the royal sanction given to the union. In the previous century, King James II. had married as his first wife Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon; but previously to that time, no member of the royal family of England, strictly speaking, had contracted a marriage with a subject since the reign of Henry VIII. In February, 1870, her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise Carolina Alberta, sixth child of Queen Victoria, gave her hand in marriage to Lord Lorne, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll.

Running the Gauntlet; or, The Cuban Patriot's Bride.

THAT "Truth is stranger than fiction" cannot be doubted; and that the *realities* of our lives are often like the *strangest romances*, is alike true—at least, such has frequently been the experience of my life, kind reader, as the following really truthful sketch will verify:

In the early part of the Cuban struggle, when the patriots were fighting to free their "Ever Faithful Isle" from the galling yoke of tyrannical old Spain, circumstances caused me to become a volunteer in their service; and a few romantic incidents I was brought in contact with, I will now relate, giving them as they occurred, and only withholding the actual names of the parties interested.

Upon a pleasant moonlight night, of the year '69, I stood at the wheel of a swift, sea-worthy schooner-yacht, of sixty tons, and, before a fair wind, was rapidly flying seaward, from the harbor of one of our Atlantic coast cities.

Though only carrying fore and mainsail, with jib, the graceful little Sunet danced over the waters merrily, and rapidly distanced a small merchant schooner, which, crowded with canvas, was following in the yacht's wake.

Standing upon the yacht's deck, besides myself, were five others—two Cubans, two Americans, and a negro cook.

We were all watching, with pleased interest, the good qualities of our little vessel, and at the same time keeping a bright look-out for any of Uncle Sam's cruisers which might be following us with suspicious eye, to protect the neutrality laws. But we were in luck—none were in sight; and having gained a good offing, we hove-to, and awaited the coming of the schooner, from which we had so easily run away.

On she came, driving the foam from her square bows, and with her decks filled with men, whose eyes were bent upon our graceful yacht, as she lay-to upon the ocean.

"Schooner, ahoy!" I called out, when in hailing distance.

"Ahoy, the yacht!" came, in the commanding tones of an officer, in reply.

"What schooner is that, and whither bound?"

"The Cuban Patriot—bound to succor the revolutionists!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Come to under our quarter!" and springing into a boat, I was soon alongside of the schooner.

The *Sunset* was *en route* to the coast of Cuba, and the vessel under her quarter was loaded with arms and men to aid the patriot cause; and to prevent breaking the neutrality laws, the transfer of loads was made out of the jurisdiction of the United States—the distance of a marine league was observed, and thus, "the devil was whipped round the stump."

A few hours' hard work, and two small howitzers, with cartridges and caissons, and five thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, besides many useful articles, were transferred to the yacht; and a force of twenty-five men having come aboard, we set sail, and stood away to the south, leaving the schooner to continue on to some other port.

After a rather rough run, the Cuban coast was sighted, and awaiting until dark, we then stood slowly in, and anchored beneath the shadow of a heavy point of rocks.

Then the unloading commenced; but, daylight coming on, I was compelled to run out to sea again, leaving the force of men that I had brought to guard the stores on land.

Again, toward night all the yacht stood in, and the work of unloading once more began.

A party of patriots, under the command of General R—, a person as conspicuous now in New York as he was then in Cuba, had come to the coast, and the stores from the *Sunset* were placed under his charge, he declaring that, with his own force of fifty men and the reinforcements I had brought him, he could safely carry the arms and stores to Jordan's camp; and I may as well add here that, after innumerable hardships and skirmishes with the Spaniards, he, in part, was successful.

Accompanying the band of patriots to the coast was Major Sota Juarez, with his wife and mother; and General R— particularly recommended me to favor them, as they had been great sufferers by the cruelty of the Spaniards.

The young officer had been a planter of wealth, and was one of the first to take up arms in the defense of his native island, and freely had he given of his money to support the cause.

Ruin had at last overtaken him, his plantation was set on fire, and his mother had fled to the woods to save her life, and a few days after had joined her son, who was serving under Jordan.

Upon the neighboring plantation to the Juarez, lived Don Erleban Moro, with his son and daughter.

Nita Erleban was one of the most beautiful of Cuban maidens, and she and the gallant Major Juarez had been engaged for a year although she was only between sixteen and seventeen at the time this story opens.

A few days after the arrival of his mother in camp, a refugee from her home, Sota Juarez was startled by seeing poor Nita Erleban enter his quarters, half-clothed, and bearing evidences of severe sufferings.

Here was a sad story. Her brother and father had been murdered by the Spaniards, and she had only escaped through the faithful services of her old negro nurse, who conducted her to the patriot camp.

A few days after her arrival and the lovers were married, and then Major Juarez determined to seek some means of leaving the island with his mother and wife, and after finding them a pleasant home in the United States, to purchase, from ample means he still possessed at a banker's in New York city, a supply of arms and stores and with them return to the island.

Far sooner than he had anticipated, the opportunity offered for his leaving Cuba, and thus it was that he sought the coast with the force under General R—.

Having heard the circumstances of their case, I at once offered them the opportunity of returning in the yacht, although I was compelled to be very particular in whom I earned from the island, my orders being very severe upon that point.

"I will partially accept your kind offer, sir; but for my mother and wife only, as under existing circumstances, when Cuba needs every arm to aid her that can wield a sword, I cannot leave. Had you only brought men, then I would have gone, and endeavored to return with arms; but here are now sufficient for present uses, and it is of the utmost importance that they should reach our camp, and I shall lend my aid to the general here to protect them; while to your care I intrust my young wife and mother. They have means; and if you will kindly see that they find a comfortable home when they reach New York, it is all I can ask."

Thus spoke the noble Cuban patriot, and though his mother's face paled, and the beautiful wife's dark eyes filled with tears, they were too loyal to utter one word of remonstrance.

At length the load of the yacht had been landed, and General R— and the major accompanied the two ladies on board, to take a last farewell, and see that they were comfortable in the little cabin.

The two Cubans, whom I have before mentioned as forming a part of my crew, could not resist the temptation, when a sin upon their native land, and with arms in their hands, to remain, and strike a blow for freedom.

In vain did I argue with them, and say that they were serving their country by bearing arms to her defenders; they would not listen to me, and I was forced to part with the brave fellows, and call for two volunteers in their place.

Two came, men that I had taken to Cuba with me, and whom I did not like; but it could not be helped, so I engaged them, and gave orders to prepare the yacht for running out.

The heavens were overcast, and a low muttering and roar of the waters betokened a coming storm, one I did not like to face in the lightened condition of the yacht; but to remain until the next day might, nay, was almost certain to cause discovery from some passing war-vessel, of Spain, who could safely blockade, and then our capture would be certain; and captured by Spaniards means—*death*.

Soon the last words of parting were said, and Major Juarez came on deck, and joined the general and myself; the boat was in readiness, they sprang into it, and were rowed ashore; the boat returned, and, in the darkness and storm, the *Sunset* was headed seaward.

Then, in all its fury, the gale broke upon the devoted yacht, and lying over, gunwale under, she darted forward.

For a mile we rushed on, and then another danger, worse than the storm, faced us, for the lookout forward cried:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Head ahead, sir. Look, sir; there are a dozen of them."

I glanced ahead, and, as we rode a mighty wave, plainly saw the lights of a number of vessels, a perfect chainwork across our outward course, and knew that we had a fearful gauntlet to run.

"Stand by, men, ready to trim sail!" and they sprang to their duties while I remained alone at the wheel.

"Can I aid you? Please allow me to," and the

beautiful young wife of Major Juarez stood by my side.

"I fear we are going to have a hard run of it, senora, and think you had better return to the cabin," I said.

"You will need my aid, sir. My mother is reclining in her stateroom; and, besides, two of your men are treacherous," said the beautiful woman.

"Treacherous! what mean you?"

"I overheard them conversing together a few moments since, and they both are prepared with dark lanterns to show, should you run near any of those vessels."

"I thank you. Indeed you can aid me; but hold firmly to the wheel, or you may be washed or blown overboard," and I again kept my eye on the lights ahead.

Rapidly we dashed on, carrying far more sail than was safe, yet determined to trust to the speed of the yacht, and the confusion of the gale, to run the dangerous gauntlet.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the vessels, and could see that they were steamers, under a good head of steam, and while riding out the gale, the men were on the alert to catch sight of us should we attempt to break through.

No light was visible upon the Sunset; her black hull and wet canvas was, therefore, not discernible at a short distance off, and my hopes arose as I noticed that we had not as yet been discovered.

Suddenly, one of the two men whom I had been compelled to take as volunteers, walked aft, and approached the wheel, and I observed the other one slowly following him.

"What do you wish, sir?" I asked, sternly.

"Now, Pedro, come!" was his reply, as calling to his companion, he drew from beneath his pea-jacket a bright bull's-eye lantern, and turning the glare full in my face, sprang toward me.

To grapple with him was to swamp the yacht, for I would have had to let go the wheel, and, as it was, my whole strength was needed to keep the vessel on her course; and thus, with the blinding light in my eyes, my whole powers taxed, and a desperate villain rushing upon me, I know not what to do.

But the quandary did not last long, for a light, as bright as the blaze of the lantern, flashed over the deck, a sharp report, and the Spanish spy fell dead at my feet, while the brave tones of Senora Juarez cried:

"See! the other is upon you! Give me the wheel!" and as I let go my hold, the man addressed as Pedro sprang toward me.

Quickly I raised my pistol, and fired, and just in time, for the glittering knife was descending, and another instant would have been too late.

Without a groan the Spaniard tumbled headlong to the deck, and a lurch of the vessel rolled him into the ocean.

Hastily I again turned to the wheel, and relieved the overtaxed powers of the brave Cuban girl, for she was such in years, who, with a strength almost supernatural, had held the yacht upon her course.

The lantern and the two pistol-shots had discovered our whereabouts to the war vessels, and as we dashed on, having passed between two, not ill unseen by them, there came the hoarse hail:

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"The American yacht Grant, Secretary Fish owner," I answered, in Spanish.

"Come to, or I'll fire into you!"

"Fire! and go the deuce!" I earnestly rejoined, and then came the flash, the boom, and the shrieking shot above our heads.

"It will be accident if they hit us. See! they

have already lost sight of us, and are firing at random," I said, as a shot flew wide of its mark.

"Do not fear for me, senor. I will prove myself worthy of my brave husband. He bears those heavy guns, and knows I will not flinch."

A few of the other cruisers, feeling in duty bound to waste powder, opened fire, but we soon saw that they also fired at random, as their shot fell far from us, and still holding upon our former course, in another half-hour we had run them out of sight.

True to my promise, I obtained, upon reaching the port in the United States for which I was destined, a comfortable home for the wife and mother of Major Juarez, and from time to time visited them; but being again ordered to Cuba, I had no time to visit them to say good-by.

Again I was in command of the noble little Sunset, and once more, crowded with men and stores, she shaped her course for the "Ever Faithful Isle."

So closely did the Spaniards guard their erring island's shores, that days passed ere we could effect a landing, and then, as I found a safe hiding-place for the yacht in an indentation of the coast, I determined to go myself to Jordan's camp, and ask him for an escort for the arms into the interior, for no troops had met us when we landed, as we expected they would.

Accompanied by a youth of seventeen, who had proven himself a gallant and industrious little fellow during our outward run, and a negro guide, whom we had found upon the coast, and who had procured us horses, I set forth upon my perilous trip to the patriot camp.

My youthful companion was a handsome little fellow, almost womanly in his beauty, and with a sad look in his face that had drawn me toward him when we had first met—the day of sailing from the United States—and as we rode along the lonely road, lit up with beauty by a full moon, Delas was continually asking questions about the battles that had been fought, and how the patriots had borne themselves in the different engagements.

Thus we rode on until midnight came, and two more hours would bring us to the patriot camp, when the negro guide, suddenly halting his mate, pointed down into a glen, and said:

"There's were they had it hot a few weeks ago, and the Spaniards got it bad, though the patriots lost the commander."

We had halted, and were gazing silently down into the lovely glen, serenely beautiful in the moonlight, when Delas asked:

"Who was the commander, guide?"

"I don't remember his name; but he's buried down there in the glen, and the patriots put a board at his head, with his name upon it."

"Senor!" and Delas's tones, so abrupt and earnest, stabbed me, "will you favor me? Please ride down to that grave, for I wish to see the name."

Without a word, I turned down the glen, and soon we came to where a mound here and there denoted the last resting-place of the slain.

Further on, and beneath the shelter of a tree, a small white cross glimmered in the moonlight, and toward this spot the guide led us.

There we halted, and noticed that a rude wooden cross, painted white, had been erected, and dark letters were visible upon it.

In an instant Delas had thrown himself from his horse, and knelt before the cross to read the inscription thereon.

Suddenly he staggered to his feet, his hands were clasped tightly to his heart, and, with an appalling shriek that echoed through the glen, he fell forward upon the new-made grave.

In a moment I was by his side, had raised him

in my arms, and glanced at the cross, to see what had so moved him, and there read :

"Sacred to the memory of Colonel Sota Juarez, a Cuban patriot."

Then I knew all. Delas was the devoted wife, who had fled from her home in a foreign land to join her husband in Cuba, to cheer him in the long and bitter struggle.

Tenderly I rested the fair form in my arms, and both the negro and myself strove to restore her to consciousness; but it was of no avail; the heart had ceased to beat—the shock had killed her.

Again I mounted my horse, and the negro handed up to me the slender form of the woman, beautiful in death, and before me on the saddle I carried the body those long, weary miles, until the patriot camp was reached.

The next day, accompanied by an escort of men going to the coast to guard the arms and stores

brought by the yacht back into the interior, I set out upon my return, and carefully carried upon a litter was the dead patriot woman.

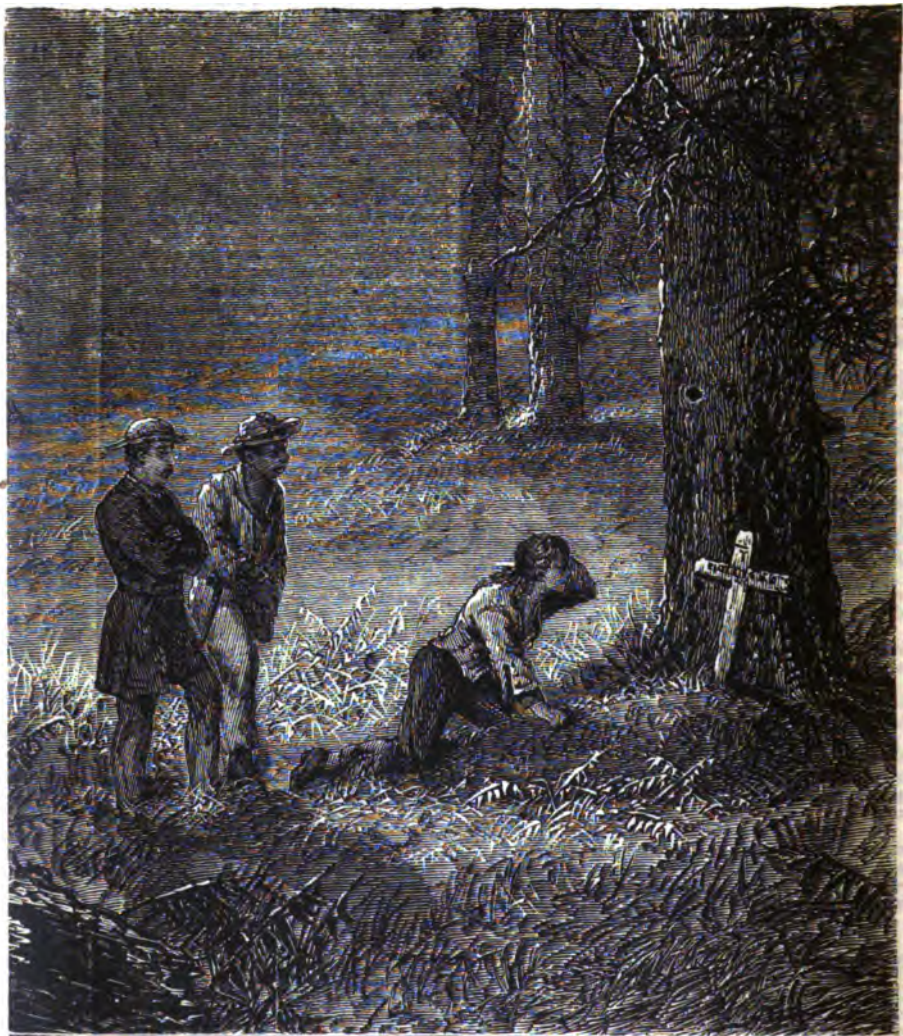
There in the glen we halted; a new grave was now dug, and beside the husband she loved so well, she now rests in peace.

The arms and stores were safely landed from the yacht, and were started for the interior, but, alas! never to reach the patriot camp, as an overwhelming force of Spaniards attacked the guard, who were, after a brave resistance, forced to abandon their much-needed supplies to the enemy.

Again the little Sunset spread her white wings, and, homeward bound, flew

"O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,"

to drop anchor, two weeks after, in the harbor from which she had flown to aid the cause of Cuban independence.



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.—"IN AN INSTANT DELAS HAD THROWN HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE, AND KNELT BEFORE THE CROSS TO READ THE INSCRIPTION THEREON."



FACE THE MUSIC.—“THIS IS WHAT HE DID, MAMMA. HE PUT HIS HAND THIS WAY ON HIS CHIN, AND THE VIXEN IMITATED THE GENTLEMAN AS HE STROKED HIS WHISKERS.”

Face the Music.

A LUSKY ring of the door-bell.

“If that is anybody I owe, tell them I’m gone away—sick abed—dead—anything you please!”

Little Louise Griffin looked around in horror, as these words fell upon her ear—and well she might. There sat her aunt Fanny, her feet resting upon a hassock, a basket of stockings, fresh from the ironing-table, by her side, and a terrible frown upon her usually sweet and placid features.

Aunt Fanny was a young widow of thirty, and since her husband’s death, had supported herself and two young children by that most forlorn and precarious of all occupations, keeping genteel

boarders. Of course, she had been unfortunate—who ever heard of a woman who kept boarders that was not? One after another had sneaked out without settling up, and the consequence was, temporary embarrassment, and on the part of the little hostess, almost despair.

“Who was it, Mary?” inquired Aunt Fanny, as the servant returned.

“The paper-man, mum. Says he’ll call again Saturday.”

“You could have told him that he might spare himself the trouble, for it’s not likely I shall have any more money then than now. I must get out of this, or go crazy—that’s sure.”

And poor Aunt Fanny burst into a flood of

tears, which seemed of very little service in the comforting line, for, unlike most tears, they brought no relief.

"What in the world is the matter, auntie?" said her niece, drawing near, and attempting to soothe her.

"Matter?" replied the miserable woman; "matter enough! I owe everybody in New York, and haven't the remotest prospect of ever having any money to pay them with. I owe the butcher for a month's meat, the grocer for two months' groceries, the gas-man, the paper-man, and my house-rent has been due over a week."

"But why don't you see these people, auntie, and tell them just how you are situated, instead of sending Mary to the door to tell falsehoods?"

"Louise Griffin, you don't know what you are talking about. You don't know what it is to be alone in the world, struggling with it for a decent subsistence. You don't know what it is to be the prey of dishonest men—to be cheated out of your hard-won earnings. I never thought I should come to this."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling went the door-bell again.

"Are you in now, Mrs. Beresford?" inquired the kind-hearted servant-girl, poking her head in at the door, as this fresh appeal was heard.

"In? No, Mary. For mercy's sake, hide me somewhere! I have a great mind to crawl under the bed, just to get out of sight. It would be just like some of those horrible creatures, to insist upon seeing me. Dear! dear! dear!—what shall I do?"

Louise said no more, but turned away, and nervously tapped on the window-pane, wondering the while whether her dear, good-natured, even-tempered Aunt Fanny had not suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Come away from that window, Louise! Are you crazy, to stand there, knocking in that style!" exclaimed the poor tired woman, frantically.

"Why, I don't owe anybody, auntie!" replied Louise.

"But they may think it is me. I don't want them to know that there is a soul at home! Oh, dear! oh, dear!—this load is greater than I can bear!"

"It was Mr. Barlow, ma'am. Says he'll call again this evening—and—"

"Why didn't you tell him I shouldn't be home, or that I was sick abed, or something, to have kept him out of sight, until I should get things straightened out?"

"He asked, ma'am, if you were quite well, and how Nan and Joey were. He said he would come in a few minutes, if the children were at home. He looked kinder sorrowful like when he walked away, ma'am."

"No doubt of it," replied Mrs. Beresford. "Folks are apt to look kind of sorrowful like when they can't collect the money due them. He'll look kind of mad like by night, mark my words!"

The situation was becoming ludicrous, and Louise, to whom such an experience was entirely novel, burst into a fit of uncontrollable merriment.

Again the bell resounded through the house.

"Is this kind of work to be kept up all day? Are we to have nothing else, from morning till night, but duns?" exclaimed the now thoroughly-exasperated woman.

This time Mary didn't ask what message she should convey, but returned with this intimation:

"The gas-man. I told him you was out, and he said please to tell you that he had to leave such a message, that it's the company's orders, ma'am, that if you don't send up the amount of your bill before to-morrow at twelve o'clock, they will come and cut off the gas."

"Ask him if he couldn't kill two birds with one

stone, and cut off my head at the same time. Such a performance would save a great deal of future embarrassment."

"Aunt Fanny, I believe you are stark raving mad!" sobbed Louise, to whom the other side just then presented itself. "You don't act like yourself at all! Who ever would have dreamed of Fanny Beresford behaving in this manner? It seems to me I must be dreaming!"

"Pile it on, Louise—pile it on. It's no more than I expected, to have you turn against me. Everybody will when they find out I am helpless and in debt. Mrs. Beresford was all very well as long as she could enter ain her friends and be jolly; but now that trouble has come, what is she more than the rest of poor, poverty-stricken wretches?"

Just then little six-year-old Nan burst into the room, and, with a laugh and a shout, held out a letter, saying:

"Oh, mamma, a man gave me this to give to you! Which man does you think it was? Guess now, Mamma Fanny."

"One of my creditors probably," responded the woman, with a depth of sarcasm which was keenly felt by the sensitive child, who answered:

"Oh, no, mamma, 'twasn't him; 'twas our dear Mr. Barlow; and he kissed me, and kissed me, and kissed me, and I kept kissin' him, mamma, ever so long. He said he had been here to call, and you had gone out. I told him that my mamma wasn't out, that bad men came round every day asking for money, and you hadn't any to give 'em, and—"

"Nannie Beresford, did you tell Mr. Barlow that? did you, child, and what did he say?" and poor Mrs. Beresford, now pale as a ghost, and trembling in every limb, waited for her little daughter to speak.

"This is what he did, mamma. He put his hand this way on his chin"—and the vixen imitated the gentleman's thoughtful manner, as he stroked his whiskers—"and said, 'Ah, hum! I thought so,' and then he kissed me ag'in, and gave me this to buy a new hoop with," and Miss Nannie displayed a crisp five-dollar note, which she had carefully stowed away in her tiny pocket.

Mrs. Beresford attempted to reprove the child, but broke down at the first word, and, with a groan, threw herself on the bed, and buried her head in the pillow. Her niece's "What more could you have expected?" did not tend to tranquillize the disturbed elements, and when she added, "If I were in your place, I should face the music," it would seem as if it was really the right thing for her to do to leave the room, as she did immediately after, for Aunt Fanny arose, and, after a few energetic gesticulations, and some expetives more forcible than elegant, she proceeded to bathe her face, and arrange her hair. Don't imagine from this that Aunt Fanny was in the least profane; but she managed, like most women in perplexity, to tuck in a good many adjectives, and to wonder why on earth she had ever been born? This question is generally the first one asked under such circumstances.

"I had rather any other man in the world would have known of this than Mr. Barlow. He is so fastidious, and so scrupulously particular about honor. Oh, dear, dear! how in the world can I ever look him in the face again?"

The day wore on. Mrs. Beresford presided at her dinner-table, but with a heavy heart. The most of the unpaid bills—chief among which was the gas bill, stared her in the face. There seemed to be no extrication, no way of shirking her difficulties, and no way of meeting them.

"Come in here a minute, won't you, auntie?" said Louise as Mrs. Beresford entered the front parlor after dinner. "Here is a friend who wants

to see you;" and the poor little tired soul found herself face to face with Mr. Barlow; and, in a second or two after, they were alone together. Louise had slipped out.

"Mr. Barlow!" said Aunt Fanny, with a little sob in her voice, "I am exceedingly mortified that you should have to call again for your money; but the truth is, I am in trouble, and humiliating as it is, I shall be compelled to ask for a few days more grace."

"Have you finished?" inquired the elegant-looking gentleman, without taking his eyes from her face; "because, if you have, I should like to speak. I did not call here to talk about house-rent. I have been trying for the last three months to muster up courage enough to ask you to be my wife, but somehow your manner has been wonderfully discouraging. I ask you this question now. If you think you ever can love me, say so, and if not, act like a sensible little woman, and tell me all your troubles. Let me be a friend, if I may not occupy the position my heart craves."

What do you think that woman's answer was? As true as you live, a flood of tears, and the next thing she knew, a pair of arms were lovingly about her, her head pressed close to an immaculate shirt-front, and it looked very much as if the little widow had found that bliss for which she sighed.

The gas wasn't turned off the next day, but every boarder was out of that establishment before the following Sabbath, and—well, Mrs. George Barlow sits by my side, and on her knee crows a youngster—just four months old to-day—and his name is George Barlow, Jr.

MORAL.—It is best to face the music under all circumstances.

"And Satan Came, Also!"

AN EPISODE OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION

"Brutal lust
Is merely selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms."
—MILTON'S "COMUS."

It was the close of a bright and beautiful June day, in the year 1832. The golden sun, declining in the west, threw pencils of lazy light, from amid the slowly-gathering evening mist, along the course of a lovely little valley, nestled among the Nacaccho Hills, near the head-waters of the Nueces River, in Southern Texas.

Through the midst of the vale ran a broad, but shallow and murmuring stream, a tributary of the great river, not far away, its windings conforming to the curving bases of the hills which formed the boundaries of the given itself.

Nearly all these gently swelling uplands were thickly wooded to their very crests, adding greatly to the decided air of quietude and seclusion that prevailed through all the scene; but near the centre of the valley several of these slopes had been shorn of their woody garment by the ax of the pioneer, which had cut square, brown patches in the outline of the verdant mass, destroying its perfect symmetry, but rendering its luxuriance all the more striking by their vivid contrast.

These brown patches were cultivated fields, and all along both banks of the stream, extending quite to the verge of the level lowlands, similar tilled plots might be seen, interspersed with grassy pastures, and occasionally with leafy groves of fruit or forest-trees. The latter were always in the most picturesque situations, and had evidently been spared, when the rest of the land was cleared, to add to the beauty of the landscape.

It was clear, indeed, that a taste more refined

than that of an ordinary backwoodsman had had the direction of the improvements.—If any arbitrary alteration of nature's loveliness can be called an improvement—which were to be seen on every side. This fact was more emphatically established by the aspect and surroundings of the homestead, which the owner of this fine forest-farm had built for the shelter of his family.

The house itself was not imposing, being but one story in height, except for a space of some thirty feet in the centre, where it was elevated one additional story, surmounted by a sharply-pointed gable roof.

Its architecture, however, was a masterpiece of taste and elegance, such as one rarely sees near the most wealthy cities, and a very miracle when found in the backwoods, on the extreme verge of civilization. It was of no particular order recognized by the science, but partook of the mingled Gothic and Arabesque, though there was nothing extravagant or fantastic in its ornamentation. In short, it was an immense cottage villa, such as the richest noble of an older land might be proud to possess, and its irregular outline, covering a large quantity of ground, afforded space for the accommodation of numerous inmates.

Standing in the midst of a magnificent grove of noble trees, whose age-rings might have been counted by the hundred, the delicate color of its gray-tinted walls contrasted finely with their dark and rugged trunks, and the vivid green of their leafy canopies.

Vines and flowering creepers, of every kind known to the tropic lands, clambered about its windows and over its peaked gable, while others of the same kind twined around the boles of the trees nearest the house, and climbed to their highest branches.

On every spot near at hand, not too much sheltered from the genial sun by the umbraeous foliage overhead, garden-beds were laid out, in which were blooming every sort of plant and shrub suitable to the climate, from the modest wild flower of the forest to the rarest exotics.

All these, it was plain, from their luxuriance and the absence of weeds, were carefully tended, and, indeed, everything about the place externally seemed to be kept in perfect order, imparting the additional beauty of neatness and purity to the intrinsic loveliness of the scene.

The home-like harmony of the picture was completed by the introduction of three immense barns, which stood in the background, at some distance from the house, arranged in a semi-circle on the bank of the river.

Between these and the cottage was a large vegetable-garden, divided by a neat paling from the flower-garden, which, in its turn, was surrounded by an ornamental fence, tastefully constructed, of gnarled and twisted roots and branches, in the style called "rustic."

Such a place, when found in the wilds of Texas, could only belong to a man of extraordinary character, imbued with an artistic love of the beautiful, and by no means wedded to the mere accumulation of wealth—far different, in short, and strongly contrasted with the rough, uncultivated men who constitute the mass of that sturdy and noble band, the pioneers of America. This was, in truth, the case, though, as we shall see presently, Valley Rancho (as the homestead was called) did not owe all its beauty of arrangement to him alone.

Giovanni di Negra was the second son of a Neapolitan noble, who had lost his life, and ruined his family, both politically and financially, by his adherence to the revolutionary movement under General Pepe, which ended in the suppression of the Carbonari, in the year 1830.

Paulo, the eldest son, who, by the death of his

father, became Count di Negra, gave in his adhesion to the Government, and by betraying his father's political friends, received honors and rewards. Giovanni, however, remained faithful to the principles he had imbibed from his unfortunate father; but as all hope of successful resistance to the tyranny of Ferdinand IV. was at an end, he collected as much of his wealth as was possible under the circumstances, and fled from his native land, bearing with him his wife and children.

Di Negra was at this time in the prime of life, not having yet attained his fortieth year. His wife, who clung to him in his vicissitude with the fondest affection, was some years younger, wearing in her face and form all the stately beauty famous as the constant attribute of the females of the House of Colonna, from which noble race she was descended.

They had no son, but their two daughters, Juliette and Rosalind—the latter then but six years of age, and the former ten—were lovely children, who gave promise of becoming as beautiful as their mother, and proving a source of comfort and solace to their parents, whatever might be their future fortunes.

With great difficulty, Di Negra and his family succeeded in escaping from Naples, and after residing for a short time in England, came to New York.

When he arrived he had in his possession about ten thousand dollars in money and jewels, all that remained of the princely fortune he had partly inherited and partly received as his wife's dower. It was, therefore, necessary that he should employ this small capital as advantageously as possible, and after due deliberation, he decided to turn farmer.

He was led to this decision because he disliked the noise and turmoil of cities, and because he had with him an old and faithful servant, who had been the steward of his estates in Italy, and was a practical agriculturist.

Aided by the skill of this man, on whom he was certain he could depend, he had no fear of failure in the pursuit he had chosen, and it now only remained to decide where they should settle.

Fortunately, he became acquainted with a Texan gentleman, who had visited New York to dispose of some land he owned. Among the rest was this valley-farm we have described, already cleared, and under cultivation, with a house upon it that would answer as a temporary residence until Di Negra could build a better.

The price was very reasonable, absorbing only a third of Di Negra's capital; and after making a journey, accompanied by Pietro Aniello, his steward, to inspect it, he purchased the property, and removed thither with his wife, in the Spring of 1823. His daughters were placed at an excellent boarding-school in New York at that time, but when our story opens they had been at home nearly four years.

During the ten years that had elapsed since he had taken possession, Valley Rancho had constantly improved under Pietro's care and skill, aided by the good judgment of its proprietor, who soon became an excellent practical farmer. The extreme beauty of the farm was, however, due to the refined taste of his wife and daughters, though, as we have said, he carried out their suggestions with hearty good will.

At first Signora di Negra cheerfully labored, in her own domain, as hard as her husband did in his. Aristocrats by birth, they were republicans from choice, and held honest work to be as noble as blue blood.

But they were now quite wealthy for that region, and possessed many servants, both in the field and in the house, who relieved them from all necessity

of toil, while Pietro, the steward, guarded his master's interests as faithfully as ever, supervising all the agricultural work, and especially carrying out the fanciful ideas of his beloved young mistress, protesting always that they gave him no trouble, whatever the amount of labor involved.

By their natural courtesy and kind-heartedness the Di Negras had won the good will of all their neighbors, with few exceptions, due to envy alone. Of course these neighbors, rough and uncouth for the most part, were not always agreeable to them, contrasting so strongly, as such society did, with their former associations; and it was a long time before they could accustom themselves to hear, without resentment, their high-sounding patronymic transformed into "De Nigger" by the coarse lips of the uncultivated bores around them.

Those who envied their growing wealth and importance, tried, indeed, to spread abroad the idea that they were really of negro blood—their dark Italian complexions aiding this scandal in the minds of those who wished to believe it.

Despising these petty calumniators, however, and recognizing the real worth and manliness to be found in nearly all these brave backwoodsmen, despite their ignorance of the usages of polite society, Giovanni and his family pursued the even tenor of their way, until, at the time of which we write, they were almost universally respected and deferred to, and their future seemed full of joyful promise.

Engaged in the superintendence of her large household, and joining with her lovely daughters in their refined employments—especially that of adding to the embellishments of their beautiful home, until the fame of its elegance was a household word in all the country round—the Signora di Negra was full of content, and had no regrets for her former aristocratic splendor.

The young ladies were more than content, they were proud of their sylvan palace, for they were too young when they left their native land to retain any strong remembrances of it, and easily believed that Valley Rancho, contrasted with the rude homes of their neighbors, was a veritable paradise. As for Giovanni himself, his superior education and refinement had speedily made him a leader in the politics of his adopted country, and his ambition was fully gratified in being a chief among freemen rather than a prince among slaves.

Thus the star of the Di Negras had culminated with a brilliancy that fully satisfied their longings, and promised to shine undimmed for many succeeding generations. But, alas! the future is never ours to count upon. Dark clouds were rapidly gathering on their fair horizon, as yet unseen, but destined to quench that star in everlasting night.

Their adopted land was on the verge of a sanguinary war, in which Giovanni must play his part as a loyal citizen—and a secret foe, of whom only one of that happy household knew that he was a foe, had already entered their Eden, with the same fatal purpose that urged the slimy track of the serpent of old, whose aim was the eternal destruction of the human race. Having thus, as briefly as was consistent with our necessity, arranged the stage, and explained the situation, let us now draw up the curtain on the first scene of our drama.

Just as the sun touched the hill-tops, descending in the west, on the lovely June evening we have already described, a small side door of the homestead softly opened, and Rosalind di Negra tripped forth therefrom into the flower garden. Clad in a simple chintz dress, the bright yet tasteful colors of which set off her dark beauty to the best advantage, and wearing on her head one

of those broad-rimmed garden-hats that our sweet poet Whittier has immortalized. Rosalind, despite the absence of jewels and royal robes, was still a very queen in the majesty of her grace and loveliness. As she stood there beneath the leafy canopy of Nature's own throne-room, leaning carelessly on the rustic gate, and glancing up and down the highway as if uncertain which way to choose, no knight in Christendom but would have doffed his beaver and bent his knee in lowly homage to this woodland princess.

But no knight was there to be enchanted, and with a little sigh—which might have been engendered from that very reason—Rosa opened the little gate, and strolled slowly along the shady path at the side of the road, until she reached a grove of magnolias between the highway and the river. Here she seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree close to the bank, and gazing idly on the rippling stream, fell into a profound reverie. With what grave or trivial subject her maiden fancy was engaged we have no need to inquire, for it had naught to do with the tale we are telling, and was too speedily interrupted to have attained importance even in her own mind.

She had not been seated there many minutes when she was suddenly aroused from her meditations by the sound of oars dipping lightly in the water close at hand, and immediately a bark canoe glided swiftly from behind a screen of overhanging branches, its prow touching the shore at her feet in another second.

Startled by this unexpected intrusion on her privacy, Rosa sprang to her feet in some alarm, which speedily gave place to a feeling of anger that flashed brightly from her great dark eyes as she fixed them haughtily on the intruder. The latter, who now stepped lightly from the canoe, and having drawn it on shore out of the reach of the current, turned boldly to confront the irate maiden, was not at all prepossessing in appearance, and certainly far from wearing the aspect of one who could hope to aspire to the favor of Rosa di Negra, though there was a certain self-satisfied smirk on his repulsive face which seemed to imply that he, at least, thought differently.

It was clear that the maiden recognized him, and entertained some fear that his unexpected presence boded her no good. But that fear was evidently largely mingled with contempt, and her natural courage enabled her to conquer the first impulse for flight which had risen in her mind when he thus made his startling appearance. Consequently she stood her ground, and returned his half-exultant, wholly daring look, with one which would have withered him with its lofty scorn had he possessed any sense of shame whatever.

A low-browed, swarthy-faced ruffian was the new-comer, with evil, serpent-eyes, and sensuous lips—wearing an aspect, altogether, of one who feared neither man nor God, and whose whole soul was the mere essence of brutal selfishness. A man from whom one with a well-lined pocket would have turned to flee, if he had been met with on a lonely road at night, for the idea of robber and cutthroat seemed to ooze from him at every pore, and his ragged garments lent an added force to the supposition.

After turning to face the maiden, this man stood gazing at her in silence, with an expectant and somewhat triumphant look, as if waiting for her to address him. But perceiving, at length, that she had no such intention, but continued to regard him with that look of supreme contempt, the exultant glow died out of his forbidding face, and gave place to a dark scowl that rendered his visage that of a very fiend.

"How's this?" he exclaimed, fiercely, taking a single step toward her, and raising his clinched right hand with a gesture of menace. "What

do you mean by meeting me in this manner, Rosa di Negra?"

Strange to say, the tones of his voice, despite their angry accent, were not hoarse and rough, such as might be looked for in the voice of a ruffian of his external seeming, but rather those of a polished gentleman, clear and smoothly modulated. The words he used, too, throughout the interview, were those that an educated man would have chosen under the circumstances, and not at all the language of a mere backwoods bully such as he looked to be. There was a mystery about him, that was certain; perhaps ere the narrative is finished it may be solved.

To his fierce question, and the insulting menace which accompanied it, Rosa made no reply. The red blood mounted darkly to her cheek and brow, and a dangerous light flashed from her brilliant eyes; but her lips remained firmly closed, and she declined him no answer even by a gesture.

"Tell me the meaning of this?" he cried, furiously, drawing still closer to her as he spoke, when he saw her resolution. "Did you receive my last letter?"

She merely stepped back one pace, to avoid contact with his person, as he advanced, and remained steadfastly silent. It was wonderful to see the courage of that slight, delicate girl, and the constancy with which she held to her evident determination. Even that furious ruffian was impressed by it, and when he spoke again, after gazing at her fixedly for a moment, it was with an entire change of tone and manner.

"Hear me, Rosa," he said, drawing back from her a space, and speaking in impressive tones, but without a trace of his former fury, "I have journeyed far, and at great risk, to receive my answer. There was once a time when you did not treat me with such scorn. Why do I find you so changed?"

Then for the first time the brave girl's lips were opened, and the words that issued thence sent the hardy ruffian staggering back to the water's verge, as if a heavy hand had stricken him upon the breast.

"Ask your base heart, villain!" said she, in clear, ringing tones, like a trumpet-call. "Think of Bertha Andrus, and your countless crimes during the last four years."

It was plain that the name she mentioned awoke fearful recollections in her hearer's mind, and hence the emotion he at first displayed. But whatever the feeling was which had for a moment overcome him, remorse formed no part of it, and when he recovered himself, which he did instantly, simple astonishment seemed to be the only impression her speech had produced upon him.

"How, in the name of the fiend, did you learn that?" he asked, in a tone of intense surprise. "You did not know her?"

"Ask no explanation from me, Martin Raby," she replied, scornfully. "Suffice it that I do know your whole history, and it needed only your systematic deceit toward me for the last three years to fill the measure of my hate and scorn for you. Get you gone at once, base ruffian, lest I call my servants, and deliver you to the chastisement you deserve."

For an instant Martin Raby, as she had called him, seemed utterly at a loss how to proceed. As we shall soon see, he expected a reception so entirely different, that now, hardened and bold as he was, he was completely at a stand-still. To and fro he paced upon the strand before her, rage working in every line of his harsh features, while she watched his movements as she would have done the writhings of a venomous snake, fearful of its spring.

Suddenly the frown vanished from his brow,

giving place to a malignant smile. He had at last chosen his course, and seemed to feel that he could conquer her, even in the midst of her just anger. Turning suddenly upon her, while that infernal smile still wreathed his white lips, he said, in a low, mocking tone:

"Yet you loved me once, my beautiful Rosa!"

It is impossible to describe the devilish sarcasm of these words as he uttered them, much less the terrible wrath with which she met the audacious insult. Into her face rose a deadly horror and loathing; that blanched cheek and lip to ghastly whiteness; but her glorious eyes blazed lightnings of wrath and scorn, and her graceful form shook to its centre, not with fear, but with the energy of her denial.

"Never, never!" she cried, passionately. "Fiend that you are, you have never believed that, Martin Raby! Your lying tongue, ever smooth in deceit and treachery, once worked upon my unsuspecting schoolgirl heart to pity, what I then believed, your undeserved misfortunes. But I loathed your person even then—yea know I did, vile hound!—and I have thanked heaven hourly, since I knew you as you are, for that instinctive horror which made me recoil from, even while I pitied you!"

Raby had stood quite silently, the evil smile still playing about his mouth, while she thus indignantly hurled back his insult. But when she had ended, he uttered a loud laugh, and into his snake-like eyes there came a look of burning admiration.

"By heavens, Rosalind di Negra!" he cried, exultingly, "or, if you think it suits me better, by all the demons in Tartarus! I loved you passionately, even in those young days of yours, when you seemed to me an angel, if there are such things, of pity and compassion. But I love you now with an unquenchable fire that can never die. Oh, rare Pythoness! bewitching Alecto in thy rage and scorn! you *must* be mine, though all the fiends I have invoked stood by to seize my soul."

And, with a sudden loud, he reached her side, and clasped her closely in a fierce embrace!

She had not feared him until now. Close to her peaceful home, and believing that he would not dare to harm her near that sacred spot, she had spoken boldly as she felt, and despised him too much to realize her danger. But now she *knew*—she felt it in her inmost heart—that the villain was utterly desperate, and that the peril was extreme. Still the valor of her noble race upheld her, and she did not swoon, but deathly pale, and sickened to the soul with the loathsome kisses that the strong brute forced her to endure, she struggled, with all her little strength, to avoid them, and rent the very sky with piercing shrieks, despite his every effort to stifle them and her.

It would have fared hard with her indeed if Providence had not sent to her aid one whom she believed to be miles away. Her father had left home several days before, intending to be absent a fortnight, but his business had been completed earlier than he had expected, and at the moment her wild shrieks burst out upon the evening air, he was riding by the grove on his way to the homestead. Thus it happened that in the very minute of Martin Raby's hoped-for triumph, a strong hand clutched him by the throat, and he was hurled backward to the earth with a force that nearly drove the breath out of his vile body. When he recovered from the effects of his stunning fall, Giovanni's foot was on his breast, and his intended victim was clinging to her father's arm, her noble head bowed down in a passion of joyful tears.

The villain comprehended the situation at a glance, and lay quite still, feigning unconsciousness and watching his chance, for there was a

pistol in Di Negra's hand, and an expression on his face that warned Raby he would use it as upon a wild beast if the ruffian under his foot offered to move an inch.

"What does all this mean, Rosa?" asked Giovanni, when he saw that she was able to speak, and unconsciously using the very words that had formed Raby's first question to her. "Who is this wretch that has insulted you, and how came he here?"

"He is a wretch unworthy to live!" cried Rosa, indignantly; but she added instantly, and caught her father's arm as she saw the movement of his weapon—"but do not harm him, dear father. He is too vile for you to do aught but despise him. Let him go uninjured, that he may live to repeat of all the evil deeds he has done."

Alas! why do the angels still plead for fallen man? It had been better for herself and all her kin if Rosa's tongue had fallen from her mouth ere she uttered that generous prayer. Almost unconscious of what he did, Giovanni, as she spoke, returned the pistol to his belt, and removed his foot from Raby's breast.

It was the chance that the sly villain had waited for. With the agility of a practical acrobat, he was upon his feet in an instant, and staggering Giovanni with a furious blow of his fist, he gained time to launch his canoe, spring into it, and seize the paddle. Like an arrow the light boat darted through the water impelled by his powerful strokes, while he bent low, and seemed to fear that a bullet might pierce the back he was obliged to keep toward the shore.

But Giovanni disdained to shoot a flying foe, and he was safe as soon as he had got beyond the reach of Di Negra's arm. He seemed to understand this by the time he had reached the middle of the stream, and pausing in his flight, looked back to where they stood. There was an awful light of mingled rage and hate and lust in his snake-like eyes, and his hoarse voice shook with passion as he shouted his parting menace.

"The devil never yet was baffled twice," he hoarsely screamed, waving the paddle in the air as if it was a weapon. "I shall have my turn next, and then—look to yourself, my bonny Rosalind!"

Then he turned again, and thrusting the paddle deep into the water, urged his flight, with quick, impetuous strokes, down the swift current toward the mouth of the stream, and was speedily lost in the gathering darkness.

As for Di Negra, he only smiled at the outlaw's impotent threat—for such he fondly deemed it—and passing his arm about his trembling daughter's waist, led her slowly back to the cottage.

When Rosalind became sufficiently composed to relate what had led to the strange occurrence of that evening, the explanation she gave was very simple.

Martin Raby, five years previous, had been the music-teacher of the school where Giovanni's daughters were finishing their education. Dressed as a gentleman, and not then completely brutalized by his savage passions, as he had evidently since become, he was as unlike the ruffian they had just seen as could possibly be imagined.

A man does not always require personal beauty to render him successful in attracting woman's regard, and Raby at that time possessed all the art necessary to win even love.

Rosalind, it is true, had always felt an instinctive repulsion to him, even when his conduct appeared to be above reproach, and his manners were the perfection of sly insinuation. But he had won her pity, with that of all her schoolmates, including her sister, in whom he pretended to confide, by his plausible story of his undeserved misfortunes.

His aim, from the very first, had been the basest that man's evil nature ever entertains, and with one among the number of Rosa's school-mates, Bertha Andrus, he had afterward only too surely succeeded.

Di Negra's daughters left the school, to return to their home, still undeceived as to his true character.

Rosalind had, it seems, attracted him strongly; and, in the hope that at some future time he might find an opportunity of prosecuting the evil design he had already formed, he had humbly begged permission to correspond with her.

Unthinkingly she consented, and during the past four years he had written her many letters, carefully concealing his passion, but sufficiently romantic to lead her to suspect that he wished to cultivate in her heart a warmer feeling than friendship.

There was no danger that he ever could have succeeded in this, but she had contented herself with sending him formal replies—not deeming it necessary to be more explicit.

All this time she had never even suspected his true nature; but about six months previous to the startling meeting we have described, she had received a letter from another school friend, opening her eyes completely.

She then learned that Ruby had eloped with Bertha Andrus, from the school, nearly three years before, and that his deserted victim had lately been discovered by some former friends, dying in a hospital.

The villain had left her within a month of the elopement, and had since been going downward rapidly in the social scale, until his villainous character was so notorious that he was forced to fly in order to escape the consequences of his misdeeds.

As we have seen, he continued to write to Rosa giving her plausible explanations of his various changes of address; and very soon after she had received her friend's letter, she had also received a last one from him, in which he told a specious tale, that the enemies, of whom he had before spoken to her, had again found him out, and were pursuing him malignantly; that they had already utterly destroyed his worldly prospects, and that he was compelled to fly from their hate.

The treacherous epistle concluded by stating that he should try to reach the neighborhood of her home by a certain date, and implored her to meet him clandestinely, that he might pour out his sorrows in her pitying ears.

Such a request, even if she had loved instead of loathing him, never would have been complied with by Rosa di Negra.

Counting on his former successes too rashly, and supposing that he had won her heart entirely, the villain had overshot his mark, even if his evil character had not been so providentially unfolded to her.

She never meant to grant him an interview of any kind. The date he had set for his coming had not yet arrived, and the meeting of that day had been entirely unforeseen on her part, though not, perhaps, on his.

He had, doubtless, been in the neighborhood for some time, watching to find her alone, and had seized the first opportunity that presented itself.

He had come before her, ragged and way-worn, hoping to excite her pity, and meaning to extort even more by his specious pleading; but the too evident scorn and wrath with which she met him had so astounded and angered him—to find his precious plot of no avail—that he had involuntarily dropped the mask, and shown himself in his true colors the moment he beheld her.

Nearly a year had passed swiftly since the

occurrence of the incident just detailed, and the stirring events of that memorable period in the history of Texas had driven from the minds of Di Negra and Rosa all recollection of Martin Raby, who had never, subsequently, been heard of by either.

The war for independence had begun, and was raging fiercely all along the line of the Rio Grande. At several points the Mexican forces had even penetrated beyond that line into the interior of Texas, and the settlers on the frontier were in a state of continual alarm, many farms having already been ravaged, the families of the proprietors slain, or taken captive, and the stock driven off.

To add the crowning horror to the terrors of that fearful time, Mexican agents were already at work inciting the Indian tribes of Northern and Western Texas to attack the defenseless border settlements, hoping to weaken the patriot army by withdrawing from it those soldiers whose homes were thus exposed to rapine.

Valley Rancho, however, had hitherto escaped all the horrors of the national struggle, nor did it seem likely that the tide of war would ever roll into its immediate vicinity.

Sequestered as it was, far from any large settlement, it appeared probable that the enemy could not possibly be attracted toward it; and Di Negra felt tolerably safe in leaving his home to the protection of Pietro, and his numerous colored servants, when he was summoned to assume the command in the patriot forces to which he had been appointed.

At the time of which we are now about to write, the early Autumn of 1838, Di Negra had been absent several months, and nothing had yet occurred to prove that he was not justified in the course he had adopted.

This course had been to leave his wife and daughters at the rancho, guarded by the old and long-tried steward and the faithful servants, while he was doing his duty to the State. They would be quite as safe there, he argued, as at any other place within reach of the enemies' arms, and it was impossible for him to convey them beyond all danger for want of time and means.

As for the ladies themselves, they felt no fear whatever at remaining. No Mexican detachment would come near them, for the valley was too far from their line of operations; and as to the growing rumors of hostility on the part of the Indians, they believed that the tribes nearest them—the Apaches and Comanches—would prefer to fight on the Texan side, if they fought at all; and in any event, the force at the rancho—consisting of Pietro and thirty-three negroes, all of whom they could positively depend upon—would be quite sufficient to repel any attack from undisciplined savages.

Therefore, when he had seen that his household was fully armed, and had plenty of ammunition and provisions, Giovanni departed with a light heart, happy in the thought that his home and family were better guarded than those of the great majority of his fellow-patriots, who all seemed quite content, nevertheless.

Early in October of that year, however, the rumors of Indian depredations grew more frequent, and at last it was positively ascertained by Pietro that some of the Lipans had been seen on the Nueces River, not many miles away, decorated with their war-paint, and plainly bent on mischief.

From that time, the steward required the negroes to sleep within the stockade (which had been prudentially constructed around the house, by Colonel di Negra, on the first alarm of war), and exercised them daily in the mode of its defense.

These precautions were not without their use,

for, on the night of the 15th of that month they were attacked by the same band of Lipan Indians that had been seen on the river; but owing to Pietro's vigilance, the little garrison was not taken by surprise, and after a desperate fight, that lasted until noon of the next day, repulsed the enemy with considerable loss.

Defended by the stout stockade, the only damage done to the garrison was the infliction of some slight wounds, and the most important result of the fight was the discovery of the fact that the Indians were led by a white man!

The band did not number more than thirty, fortunately for Pietro's command, and the steward believed that they would not have dared to attack the stockade had they been led by one of their own chiefs.

But this renegade white man seemed to be a perfect Napoleon in his way, inducing them to continue the fight long after they would naturally have given it up in despair.

To her horror and surprise, Rosa, from a safe point of espial at one of the upper windows of the house, recognized in this furious leader no other than Martin Raby, and she had no doubt that his sole object was to wreak his revenge by gaining possession of herself.

On communicating this fact to her mother, the

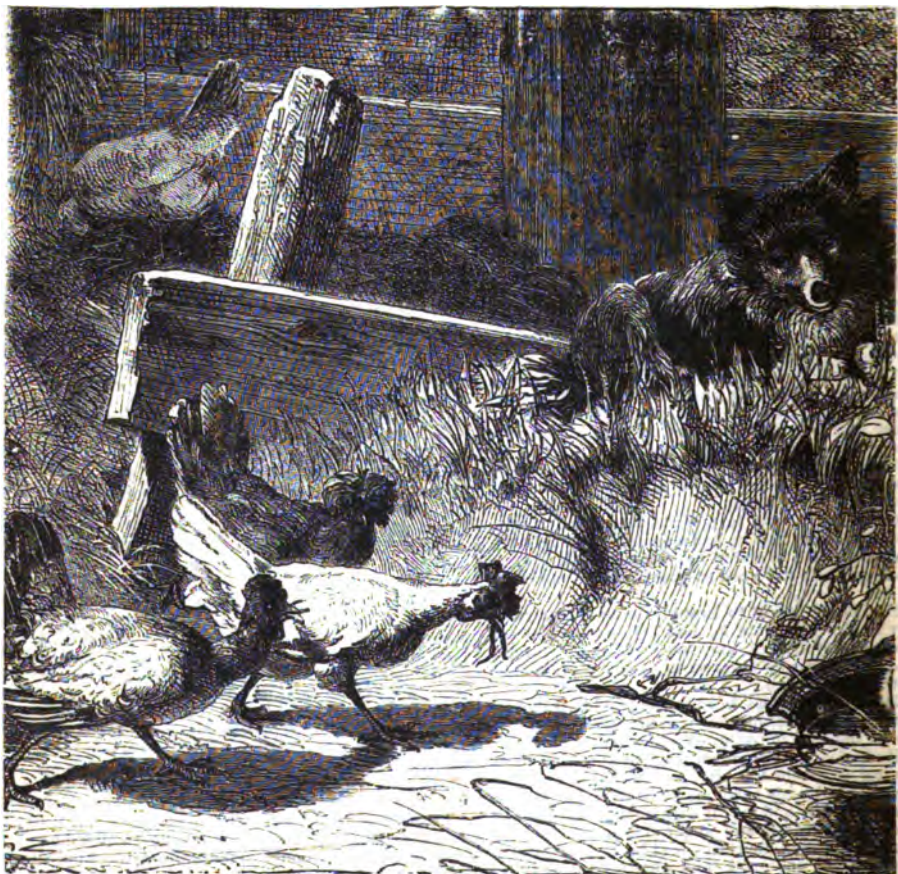
latter decided that an express should be sent off to Colonel di Negra, who was with his regiment at a point on the Rio Grande nearly a hundred miles distant, the knowledge that Raby had leagued himself with the Indians rendering the fact of their attack vastly more important than it had at first appeared.

Accordingly, as soon as it was certain that the savages had retreated, one of the house-servants, a shrewd, courageous and trustworthy mulatto, was dispatched on this grave errand, bearing a letter to the colonel, relating all that had occurred and begging him to send a detachment to their relief as soon as possible.

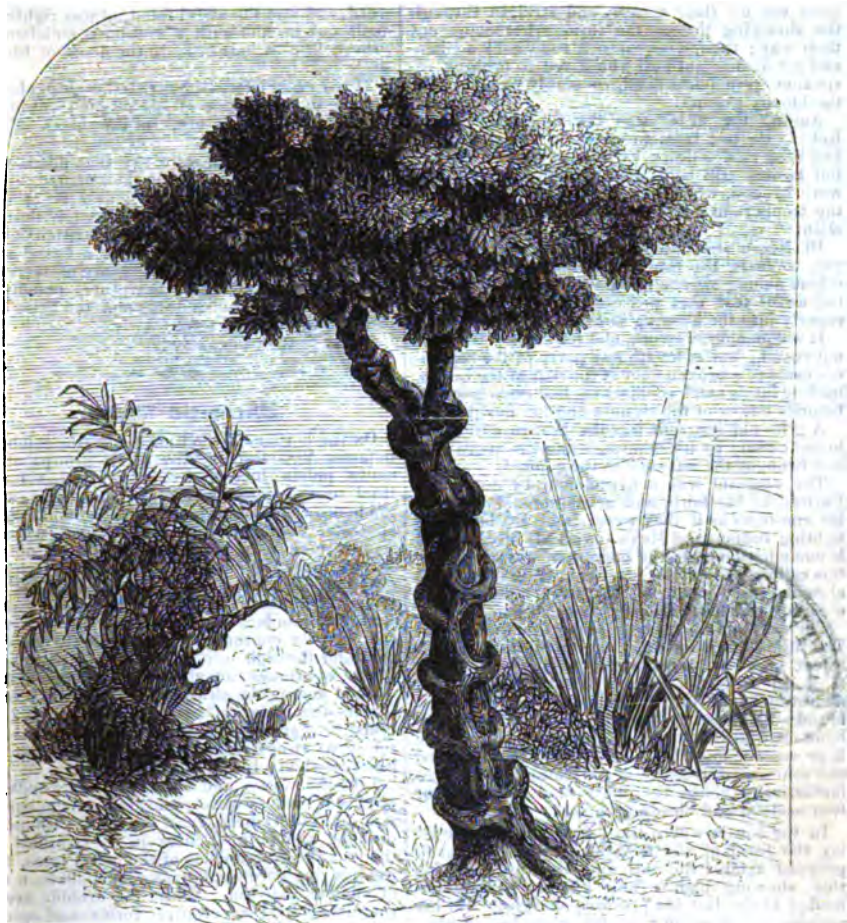
Mounted on the best horse then at the rancho, the messenger lost no time on his journey, and at sunset on the ensuing day, reached his master's headquarters, not far from what is now known as Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande.

Di Negra recognized at once the importance of flying to the defense of his wife and children, for he had already heard of the atrocities committed by this band of Indians under the leadership of a white man—the latter having acquired, by his ruthless deeds, the fearful title of "El Diablo Carn."

Now, that this wretch was identified with Raby, it was plain that Kosalind, at least, was in imminent



THE BARN-YARD.—"SHE HAS NO MERCY ON THE WORM, WHY SHOULD I SPARE THEM?"
QUOTH REYNARD.



SELF-STRANGLING PARASITE.—SEE PAGE 274.

peril, and he felt that he must lose no time in removing all his dear ones from a neighborhood haunted by so pitiless a villain possessing so much power.

But it was impossible for him to leave his command at an instant's notice, and notwithstanding his impatience, it was not until late the next day after the arrival of his wife's message, that he was able to set out, leading an escort of fifty men.

Alas! the escort was useless, for that brief, unavoidable delay had proved fatal to all he held dear! It was on the morning of the second day after leaving camp that the detachment rode up the eastern slope of the hills inclosing the valley, and the colonel came in sight of his once happy home.

The awful spectacle that he beheld struck him dumb and motionless with horror, and for a time he could only stand and stare, with straining, aching eyes, while a silent, agonized prayer for mercy went up to God from his frozen heart!

The homestead was in flames, and all around it swarmed a crowd of yelling fiends, worshipping their Moloch with frenzied shouts of triumph!

The doors and windows of the cottage were broken and torn from their fastenings, and it was plain at a glance that the worst had happened—

that "the bloody devil," Raby, had won the revenge he lusted for, and that Rosalind, her sister and her mother, were dead or in his power!

But the villain was, doubtless, still there, among his savage allies!

The thought acted like a galvanic shock upon Di Negra's paralyzed nerves, and sent the red blood rushing to his face, and lighted a fire in his dark eyes that only swift revenge could quench!

His sword was in his hand so instantly, that it seemed a flash of lightning fallen from heaven into his eager grasp. One loud, hoarse word of command, and down the sloping road the willing horsemen thundered, ready to follow their brave leader to the death—every valiant heart swelling with the righteous wrath that filled his own to bursting.

The beautiful groves, through which the highway wound, hid the advance of the avengers, and the savages, too much occupied with their victory to keep a careful watch, were taken by surprise.

The combat was ended ere it seemed to have begun.

The wretches were, fortunately, crowded together in the flower-garden, the rustic fence of which had been torn down.

The stockade and the burning building behind

them cut off their escape, and straight through the shrieking throng the furious horsemen cut their way; then, wheeled and rode back again—and yet again—until all who dared to prolong resistance were lying dead, or sorely wounded, on the bloody ground.

Among the latter was the renegade, Martin Raby. He had been foremost in the strife, and had been ridden down by the steed of Di Negra; but he was still conscious, though both his legs were broken, when, at their colonel's command, the troopers dragged him forth from the heap of slain.

Di Negra staid to see this done, not daring, yet, to learn the fate of his beloved ones; but others among his command were unrestrained by the awful fear that possessed him, and pressed eagerly into the burning house.

It was dangerous work, and for some time without result; but at length one party of the searchers came to a broken door at the rear of the house, leading into a small room which had once been the favorite bower of the signora and her daughters.

A grim old sergeant was the first to enter, followed closely by his comrades and the negro who had brought the message to the colonel.

The sergeant was a Scotchman by descent, a Puritan in his faith, and accustomed to repress his emotions as if they were sins. He had been fighting Indians and Mexicans all his life, and had become hardened to the horrors of war; but even this callous old warrior started back in dread, and clutched his weapon fiercely, while a deep groan of agony welled up from his honest heart.

For *this* was the ghastly scene that he beheld. The little room was a hideous ruin; its tasteful furniture shattered into fragments, save one small table, on which, in mockery as it seemed, stood an antique vase full of lovely flowers. A lighted brand still blazed in one corner where the Indian fiends had thrown it, and the rush-matting on the floor was one mass of glowing flames, that danced and murmured greedily, and wreathed themselves fantastically about the limbs and garments of four scalped and bleeding bodies!

In the corner where the brand still smoldered lay the form of the faithful steward, his back propped against the wall, and his musket by his side, showing plainly how bravely he had defended to the last his precious charges. But his courage had been in vain, for, close beside him, her mangled head upon his knee, rested, in her last, long sleep, Di Negra's eldest daughter, a bullet-wound above her left breast, showing how her life had fled.

At his feet, upon a pile of gory bedding, lay Ro-alind, her beautiful face distorted, and her wild eyes glaring as with an unutterable horror, while in her left hand was clutched the stock of a horseman's pistol, the long barrel of which rested on her shoulder. In her lap, face downward, lay the head of her dead mother, whose left hand was pressed, in an agony that had lasted after death, upon the bleeding surface whence the scalp had been so pitilessly torn.

The floor and walls were hideously stained with crimson patches, and the whole scene was one at sight of which even fiends, other than human, would have stood aghast, and howled with fear.

In what agony the poor victims died, or whether they had suffered more than death, will never be known with certainty till all secrets are laid bare before the judgment-seat of an offended God. Nor can we describe Di Negra's agony and maniac rage when all was known to him.

Not one, even, of his faithful negroes had been left alive by the ruthless foe, and he never ascertained a single detail of the terrible massacre. For when he sat in judgment on the wretch, Martin Raby, that brutal fiend refused to utter one

word, and met the awful fate that was righteously dealt out to him with a stubborn stoicism that proved him callous even to the doom of his own soul.

Three years later, Di Negra fell, fighting bravely for the independence of his adopted country, at the moment of victory, in the battle of San Jacinto.

It is almost needless to say that death was a welcome boon to the heartbroken man.

For many years after the massacre at Valley Rancho, the traveler passing through that now desolate vale might have seen, written by the stern old Puritan sergeant, upon a board nailed fast to a tree above the rude grave of the villain Raby, a sentence from Scripture, equally expressive of the fiendish deeds and the fiend's fate of that abandoned wretch:

"And Satan came, also!"

Parasitic Trees.

On the borders of the Rio Guama, the celebrated botanist Von Martius saw whole groups of *Ma-cauba* palms incased by fig-trees that formed thick tubes round the shafts of the palms, whose noble crowns rose high above them; and a similar spectacle occurs in India and Ceylon, when the Tamils look with increased veneration on their sacred pipul thus united in marriage with the palmyra. After the incarcerated trunk has been stifled and destroyed, the grotesque form of the parasite, tubular, cork-screw like, or otherwise fantastically contorted, and frequently admitting the light through intestines like loopholes in a turret, continues to maintain an independent existence among the straight-stemmed trees of the forest—the image of an eccentric genius in the midst of a group of steady citizens. Sometimes they grow so as to become self-strangling parasites like that shown in the illustration.

Like the mosses and lichens of our woods, epiphytes of endless variety and almost inconceivable size and luxuriance (ferns, bromelias, tillandsias, orchids, and pothos) cover in the tropical zone the trunks and branches of the forest trees, forming hanging gardens, far more splendid than those of ancient Babylon. While the orchids are distinguished by the eccentric forms and splendid coloring of their flowers, sometimes resembling winged insects or birds, the pothos family (*caladium*, *calla*, *arum*, *dracontium*, *pothos*) attract attention by the beauty of their large, thick-veined, generally arrow-shaped, digitated, or elongated leaves, and form a beautiful contrast to the stiff bromelias or the hairy tillandsias that conjointly adorn the knotty stems and branches of the ancient trees.

Indian Hieroglyphics.

Above the Omaha Mission is a lofty escarpment of coarse-grained sandstone, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high; and about halfway up are carved out numerous Indian hieroglyphics, as pipes, canoes, various kinds of animals, rude representations of the Indians themselves, etc.

The question at once arises, Who carved them? The Indians now living cannot account for them, and call the rocks "medicine"—a term which they apply to all things that are mysterious to them. The characters closely resemble those on their robes worn at the present day, and are doubtless emblematical of some important event in Indian history. Similar ones are still to be seen in other localities, especially in the mountains.

A small creek, which flows into the Missouri a few miles below the "Running Water," has an Indian name, which signifies, "Where the dead have worked," from the fact that upon the high chalky walls that form its banks are some of the same mysterious carvings.

These coarse sandstones, or chalky limestones, are well adapted for recording their hieroglyphical history, and for handing down to posterity the deeds of mighty warriors, long since gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

An Old Story.

MAUD, with her wealth of golden hair—
Beautiful Maud, with her cold fair face—
Robed in satins and lacos rare;
Claspeth her gems with a queenly grace;
And "Ah," she said, with exultant smile,
"The sweet the joys of the world to prove,
And splendor, honor and rank are mine,
Who marry for money, and not for love."

May, as fair as her sister Maud—
Her blue eyes filled with a tender light—
Softly wreathes in her shining hair
The flowers plucked by her love last night.
"No other gems do I need," she said;
"The rarest bliss unto woman known
Is hers who, careless of all beside,
Doth marry for love, and love alone."

Ah, Lady Maud, with your weary brow,
The years have taught you a bitter truth;
While Mistress May, in her happy eyes,
Weareth the beautiful soul of youth.
And I, who ponder the matter o'er,
Can read the story so often told—
That maiden only can happy be
Who marries for love, and not for gold.

A Lost Glove.

I AM a younger brother of Robert Barstan, Chief of the Union Detective Force, whose headquarters, in the year 1868, were in Washington. At that time I was employed in my brother's office, and had the working up of that case of Mrs. G——, vague reports of which have been floating in an unformed state in general conversation ever since.

Mrs. G—— is now dead. In the silence of her grave are entombed some parts of my story—some missing details which no lips but hers could supply. But her death breaks the seal of my silence. It is better for me to tell the narrative even as brokenly as I must, than to have these false versions in circulation. A crude truth is better than a polished lie.

I stood at my desk, sorting some papers, when the chief sent for me. He waited till I stood at his side before he noticed me. He had a habit of commencing a sentence, then pausing and falling into a brown study, and finally saying something which apparently bore no resemblance to his first intended speech.

"Cecil, I want you to——"

He had not lifted his eyes from the letter he had in his hand. Still pondering over the manuscript, he subsided into silence. It was a small-sized, thick, cream-laid sheet, destitute of monogram or initial. From its general air of daintiness, I felt sure it was from a lady.

The silence was of so long a duration that I had time to note accessories about us—the pile of unopened letters, the dust that lay thick upon everything, even upon the coat of the Superintendent.

I was smiling at his crumpled collar and disheveled hair, when he spoke again.

"Here's a letter from Mrs. General G——," he said, mustily, "asking me to call or send word,

as she has met with a loss, and needs my services. I think I will turn the business over to you. Yes," he added, more decisively, "you can go. After you have heard what she has to say, you will know what to do as well as any one."

So, I went.

It was a hot July morning. The dust lay thick in the streets, or whirled in phantom shapes after vehicles. The blinding sunlight poured down upon the scorching pavements. The very earth seemed to pulsate with heat, as if liquid fire ran in her subterranean arteries.

General G—— lived on a retired street. As I neared the house, a man came hastily out of the gate, unfastened his waiting horse, and rode quickly away. I caught but a momentary glimpse of him, yet as keen does the faculty of observation become by cultivation, that in that brief interval I obtained a mental photograph of his countenance, and had noted his jaunty zouave cap, his gray suit, and the scarf-pin, which, out of consonance with his quiet, business-like attire, flashed a diamond-like gleam in the sunlight. Mrs. G—— received me in the library. As I entered, she rose, and laid aside her book.

"I expected Mr. Barstan," she said, glancing at my card.

"My name is Bars'an, and I am sent to you by the Chief of the Union Detective Force, of which I am a member."

"You are a relative of the chief?"

"A brother."

"Please to be seated."

As she said these last words, our eyes met for the first time. I had heard of Mrs. G—— as one of the beauties of the capital, and in that moment I confessed to myself that she deserved the reputation. Her complexion was pale, with only a delicate rose bloom upon the lips, and with that bluish tint in the shadows peculiar to blondes. Her hair was soft and abundant, with bright, golden light and bronze-hued shadows, and it curled in little rings and tendrils all around her forehead. To have been in consonance with the general character of her face, her eyes should have been blue or gray. As she lifted them to mine I saw, with a thrill of surprise, that they were the regular hazel eyes—a brown, warmed and vivified by an amber tint.

"Mr. Barstan," she began, "I have sent to your office for help in reference to a loss which has befallen me. Last Sunday evening, at service in the Episcopal Church, I dropped a glove. It may seem a very small matter to you, who are engaged upon cases so much more important; but the gloves were the gift of a dead friend, and as such, I value them highly.

"Have you made any search for it at all, madame?"

"Yes. I inquired of the sexton, who denies all knowledge of it."

"Do you remember the occupants of the pew in front of you?"

"Yes. Two young men occupied it."

"You may have dropped it in the aisle, and they coming after you, may have found it."

"The crowd was too great. They would not have seen it on the floor."

"When did you first miss it?"

She hesitated, and then said, confusedly, that she discovered her loss as she stepped down the aisle.

"There were two young men in the pew in front of me. They sat near each other at the door of the pew. I sat at the extreme end of the pew I occupied. As we rose to leave the church, I must have dropped my glove in the seat in front, and when the young man nearest me in that pew turned to get his hat, which was beside him, he probably saw the glove, and retained it."

"Did you ever see that young man before that night, or have you seen him since?"

"Yes; once since—never before that night. He was in the Consolidation Bank yesterday, getting a check cashed, and I had to wait for him."

"That probably makes it easy to find him; and the other young man—do you know him?"

"I never saw him before or since."

"One more question, if you please. Who occupied the seat with you?"

"Only my husband."

"Evidently," I thought, as I bowed myself out, "madame has formed her own opinion in regard to the finder of the glove, and she is determined that I shall adopt that opinion."

This, then, was the summing up:

Mrs. G—— dropped her glove in church, knowing exactly where it fell, and being convinced in her own mind of the probable finder. She admits to have missed it as she walked down the aisle; but, although she was with her husband, she made no mention of her loss till four days had elapsed. Of the two men who sat in front of her, she remembers but one, and he the supposed finder of the glove. It would appear, therefore, that it was dropped with the intent that he should find it; but that, for some subsequent unexplained reason, Mrs. G—— desired the return of the glove, and so communicated with the police.

Plainly, my first step should be to find the young man who had occupied the seat in front of Mrs. G—— on that eventful Sunday. Accordingly, I made my way to the Consolidation Bank. The paying teller and I were old acquaintances.

"Well, Barstam, what's up?" he asked, his hands pausing in their rapid work.

"I want to know who presented the check which was cashed just before that of Mrs. G—— yesterday morning."

He turned over a book on his desk with the light, quick touch engendered by his vocation, and ran his eye quickly over the day's entries.

"Ah, yes. Here it is. Philip Sherwin—sixty dollars. Check issued by Turner & Co. He works there. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"The check was all right, so far as I know."

"Well, that's a relief. I declare, I dread to see your face since I cashed that forged check for a thousand, and you discovered the forger."

He turned a little pale at the very recollection, and gave a short, uneasy laugh.

"You know this Sherwin, you said."

"Yes, I know him. He is bookkeeper at Turner & Co.'s, stationers."

"Where does he board?"

"Well, that I don't know, but the Directory will show."

I found it in a moment.

"Sherwin, Philip, bkpr Turner & Co., bds 208—St."

I made a memorandum of the address, and went out again into the hot, blinding street. It was too early to seek Mr. Sherwin. If it were true that he had found the glove, it was probably at his boarding-place. I determined, therefore, to wait, and time my visit between his dinner-hour and the time for evening amusements.

I wiled away the long, hot afternoon in a desultory style, and then started for my call on Mr. Sherwin.

Either I was a fast walker, or he a slow eater, for he was still at table when I arrived. The servant showed me into a parlor, dingly furnished with horsehair and mahogany. A few cheap and gaudy chromo-lithographs hung on the walls, and a hideous bust of Douglas surmounted the mantel. Across the hall I heard the clatter of dishes, and the rattle of knives and forks.

Presently the door opened, and a young man came in, accompanied by a young lady. She sat

down to a discordant piano, and they began to practice a new song. They arrived at the middle of the first strain, broke down, and commenced an argument as to the length of the various notes in a certain crescendo passage. In the midst of the dispute the door opened for the second time, and admitted another young man. He bowed, holding my card in his hand, and introduced himself as Mr. Sherwin.

He was young, not more than twenty-one, and so shy that the red blood flew to his face as he spoke.

The musicians were now launched upon the chorus, and I was at liberty to present my business. Such a silly parade over a woman's lost glove! How I wished she had dropped it in the fire!

"If your business is private," he said, noticing my hesitation, "you'd better come up to my room."

"Oh, no! I merely called to inquire if you found a glove at church last Sunday evening."

"You have come about that," he said, in a low voice. His fair face crimsoned and paled. "Indeed, I think you had better come up to my room. This way, if you please!"

The room into which he led me was a second floor front chamber. A bed was pushed back into a recess; there were some book-shelves on the wall, and over the head of the bed hung a violin and bow.

He offered me the only easy-chair the room afforded, and seated himself opposite on the edge of the bed.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you all I know about that confounded glove business. I rent a seat in the Episcopal Church. I went there last Sunday night. After a while the sexton showed a stranger into the pew with me. Just before services I heard a rustle of silk, and perceived a waft of Lubin's bouquet de something or other, and I knew that the pew just back of me was occupied. I thought no more of that until an impression began to form in my mind that I must turn my head, and look at some one back of me. This feeling grew momentarily stronger. At last, under pretense of looking at the choir, I gave one longing, lingering look behind, and my eyes met those of the lady in the pew behind me. It was Mrs. G——, wife of the general. Her husband sat next the door of the pew. I knew them both by sight.

"I was convinced that for some reason Mrs. G—— wished to impress me with a sense of her presence. I never ceased to think of her through church-time. As we rose to leave, I turned to get my hat on the seat beside me, and I met Mrs. G——'s eyes. She looked at me steadily, and then glanced downward. My glance followed hers. Her hand rested on the back of my seat. As I looked, she unclenched it, and a little dark roll fell from it directly into my hat. When I arrived home, I found the ball to be a crumpled, dark-green kid glove. So I stuffed it into my vest-pocket, where it was forgotten and lost."

"Lost!"

"Yes. What matter? It was good for nothing."

"But the sentiment! Consider, when a lady gives you a glove——"

But I could not laugh naturally.

"Oh, well!" he said, blushing, "I wasn't such a fool as to suppose that a lady in Mrs. G——'s station, rich and handsome, wished to open a flirtation with me."

"What did you think?"

"Well, I didn't know what to suppose in the matter."

"How do you think it was lost?"

"I don't know. I don't wear the vest every

had been placed was not worn every day, had not been worn between the eventful Sunday when the glove came into his possession and the no less eventful Wednesday when it was lost. It seemed clear to me that the theft must have been committed by some inmate of the house. Theft! What a term to apply to the purloining of an old glove, with at best a supposititious inclosure!

The inmates of the house consisted of the landlady, three commission merchants, a handsome clerk, Mr. Sherwin, the landlady's inevitable young lady daughter, and the landlady's equally inevitable juvenile son.

The connecting link between the kitchen and the parlor was a poor relation of the landlady, a young unmarried seamstress, who made the house her home. There were but two servants, a cook and a "second girl."

Knowing the innate propensity of women to examine pockets, and the many opportunities afforded them to gratify that desire, I resolved to pass over the gentlemen boarders, and devote my investigations to the feminine portion of the household.

I called at the house ostensibly to engage board, in reality to see the landlady. She was tall and thin, I may say scraggy, with bony hands, and big knuckles. Into Mrs. G—'s glove the landlady could hardly have insinuated the tips of her fingers. The landlady's daughter I had seen. She was the young lady who favored me with some music, when I called on Mr. Sherwin. She had inherited her mother's hands. The next day I called at the kitchen, to exchange chinn for old clothes. The cook was a great fat negress, and the second girl was a late importation from Sweden. No possible object could either of them have for purloining that little dainty glove.

I had repudiated the idea that the glove had been taken from Mr. Sherwin on account of any concealed contents. Had the inclosure been of any size or weight, it could not have escaped Mr. Sherwin's sense of touch.

There now remained as the supposed thief only the seamstress. Whether she took it because of the discovery of an inclosure, or retained it as a mate to one already in her possession, in either case it was necessary that her hand should be small enough to fit the glove. It being necessary to determine this point, I stationed myself in the street, and watched her one morning as she started for her daily toil.

As she turned to shut the gate, I sauntered toward her unnoticed. She wore black lace mitts, and her hands were small and white. I followed her, though without any particular motive. At the corner, she was joined by a young man. He looked like a carpenter, and he held in his hand a measuring square.

From their manner it was evident they were, as their class call it, "keeping company." They walked along, chatting and laughing. As they parted, he said, in a raised voice:

"Well, I'll be round at eight."

"I'll be ready," she answered, with a smile, and a bird-like toss of the head.

I, too, resolved to be ready.

In the meantime, I had another interview with Superintendent Barstian. He had been making some research: into Mrs. G—'s past history. She was Southern born and bred, but had married a Northerner, who afterward rose to the rank of brigadier-general in the Union Volunteer service. Thus, she was suspected of inclinations and opportunities unfavorable to the cause in which her husband was engaged.

But, so far, she had been only suspected—never convicted.

"I have been to see Mr. Sherwin myself," said

the chief, with an egotistical stress on the personal pronouns.

"Well?" said I, for he paused as if waiting to give me time to fortify myself.

He put his hands in his pockets, and threw himself back in his chair.

"I asked Mr. Sherwin to show me his dress he wore that evening. I felt sure it was a case of mistaken identity, and that Sherwin had unconsciously used some signal agreed upon between Mrs. G— and some other party, and it misled her. I talked the matter over with Sherwin. He was very courteous and obliging, and anxious to assist me."

This was a bit at my mismanagement with Mr. Sherwin, but I merely bowed in silence.

"You see that pin?" said the chief, taking one hand out of his pocket, and pushing a small box toward me.

I opened it, and saw lying upon the pink cotton inside, a gentleman's scarf-pin.

It represented a rattlesnake, coiled for attack. The body of the serpent was enameled, to imitate the natural skin of the reptile, and the eyes were small but brilliant diamonds.

"I am convinced that it was that pin which misled Mrs. G—. All the more convinced because I hunted up the jeweler who sold the pin to Mr. Sherwin, and ascertained that he himself manufactured it after the pattern of a pin which was left at his shop to be mended. Now, if I could only find the man who owned that broken pin, I should have found the man for whom Mrs. G— mistook Mr. Sherwin. That serpent-pin was, I am certain, the sign agreed upon as a means of identification by Mrs. G—."

"The man I met coming out of Mrs. G—'s the morning I called had diamonds in his cravat-pin. Otherwise, he was very plainly dressed."

"Ah! well, there are two questions to be solved—for whom was the glove meant? and who has it? I will answer the first, and leave you to unriddle the second."

And so the interview terminated.

Although no one was expecting me, as the seamstress was expecting the young carpenter, still, I was as punctual to the appointment as he. I had been in doubt as to what disguise I should adopt, in case it should be necessary to introduce myself to their notice. I finally decided to appear in the character of an honest mechanic, dressed in his best.

A new shiny black suit, worn with an unaccustomed air; heavy, clumsy, but brilliantly-polished boots; an expanse of white shirt-bosom, surmounted by a magenta necktie, and a black felt hat, was, I flattered myself, an irreproachable outfit for that character. I stained my hands, whitened by a long servitude to gloves, and softened by long exemption from labor.

There was a livery-carriage before the door. Evidently the pretty seamstress had been invited to take a ride. I called a hack, and waited around a corner. When they drove off, I followed at a safe distance. It was a long ride, out into the country to a dance-garden.

I found no difficulty in entering. I waited patiently for my time, and watched the young sewing-girl as she was whirled round the room by various admirers.

She looked very pretty. Exercise and pleasure brought to cheeks and lips a delicate flush, which usurped the place of the wonted paleness. Her soft dark eyes flashed, and brought forth a hundred coquetish wiles, and her smooth black hair shimmered in the light like satin. Her dress, of some green gnuzy material, floated gracefully about her as she circled along, and the full sleeves flew back, and showed an arm which, if not fully rounded, was yet beautifully and naturally white.

At a suitable opportunity, I obtained an introduction to the carpenter's lady-love through one of the floor-managers, and proposed a promenade in the grounds.

In the moonlight Miss Warren was prettier even than when beneath lamplight. I would have given a good round sum to have been able to have finished my complimentary speeches, and left her as happy and gay as when I watched her in the dance.

But, then, the gloves! I saw them when I first entered the hall. They were green, to match her dress. Very well, if such was her taste. But, then, there was a difference in the make; the right, which rested on my arm, being fine French work, while the left-hand one was some inferior specimen of manufacture. Again, there was a slight variation of tint perceptible to so close and interesting an observer as myself. There was no doubt in my mind that she had taken the glove to match one already in her possession. Ah, she was so poor! It was so difficult, almost impossible, to dress daintily on her slender earnings.

I hesitated how to begin upon the subject most interesting to me. The moments flew by. Finding that I could invent no plausible lie, I decided to mildly administer truth.

"Miss Warren," I began, "I came here especially to see you, and ask you one question."

She shot one quick glance at me, and then dropped her eyes. Hopeless of any further sign of encouragement, I stammered on:

"It is a very simple question, and yet I dread to ask it."

"Still no answer."

"Well," said I, in desperation, "I know where you found the glove upon my arm. Tell me now what was in it?"

It was out. She drew her hand from my arm, stared at me for one moment, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, don't!" I entreated. "Pray don't! There is nothing to make you cry."

"You think me a thief," she sobbed.

"Indeed I do not. You found it—the glove, I mean—and kept it. I should have done the same."

"No, I am a thief. The glove was in Mr. Sherwin's vest. I used to mend his clothes. I was looking at the vest, and found the glove in the pocket. 'Oh, what will they do to me?'"

"Don't be silly. There is no harm done. Mr. Sherwin found the glove first. He kept it, too; but the lady who lost the glove wishes it back. I had got her hands from her face, and wiped her tears away with my own handkerchief. 'What was in the glove?'"

"Nothing but a tiny strip of tissue-paper."

"What was written on it?"

"Nothing."

"What else was in the glove?"

"Only a little downy feather."

"What did you do with the paper and the feather?"

"I burned them."

Which was the death-blow of my hopes.

"Well, you will return the glove—will you not?"

She began to tear it hastily from her hand.

"Everybody—Mr. Sherwin, the lady, you—all will think I stole it."

And with fierce pulls at the glove, she began to sob afresh.

"Nobody but myself knows, or will know, the story. Even Mr. Sherwin does not suspect."

And so I took her hand in mine, simply to assist in the ungloving.

"Do not worry or grieve," I said, pocketing

the glove. "No one shall know, and you shall have a new pair in place of this old one."

I still had her hand in mine. Her eyes were lifted to my own, and tear-drops glittered on the long eye-lashes. She looked so very pretty, that, as I said those last words, I stooped and kissed her.

"You villain!" cried a voice just behind us, hoarse with passion and liquor.

I turned. The young carpenter was close upon us. For the moment I was tempted to knock him down, but there were a dozen stout fellows back of him, and it would not do for me to be arrested in a brawl at a dance-house. I turned and fled, and the young carpenter after me. His hand clutched my carriage-door just as the wheels made evolution, and, stupid with drink, he lurched heavily back into the ditch, whence I saw him picked out by his friends, and stand shaking his fist at my receding carriage.

Some hours later I told my story to the Superintendent, omitting certain unimportant little details—the reader can imagine which.

"The tissue slip had probably a message written upon it in invisible ink," said he, contemptuous of the stratagem, "and the gift of a feather is the Oriental style of commanding one to fly. But now for my story," he added, swelling with egotism. "Do you see that picture?"

"Yes; it is that of the man I met coming out of Mrs. G——'s."

"Exactly," increasing in self-importance. "Do you see that pin?"

"I suppose it is the duplicate of Mr. Sherwin's."

"A very shrewd guess," with a grand air.

"Well, sir, while you were poking around, I just went to the bottom of the matter. I telegraphed to the lines, and received the news of the capture and execution of a spy. That is his picture, and that was his scarf-pin. Which finishes Mrs. G——'s little plot very nicely. You'd better take her the glove."

And the chief, endeavoring to hide his self-exaltation under an air of indifference, returned to his morning letters, while I went out to return the glove.

Mrs. G—— received me amid the same surroundings as before.

"Madame," said I, "your glove is found. I have the pleasure of returning it."

"My husband will call at your office to-day," she said, taking the glove from me, but evincing no anxiety in regard to any inclosure.

She waited for me to take my leave, for we had both remained standing.

"Madame, I regret to add that the young lady—a poor sewing-girl—who found your glove, destroyed the little strip of tissue-paper and the feather, which were inclosed."

Her face paled, and then flushed. She rang the bell, and a servant entered, to whom she gave a command. The girl disappeared and returned with a silver *portemonnaie*. Mrs. G—— opened it and extended to me two fifty-dollar bills.

"I am indebted to the young lady," she said. "Please give her these, with my thanks."

The next day I bought the prettiest lilac-tinted number six French gloves I could find, lined each one with a fifty-dollar greenback, and sent them to Miss Warren.

Painted Dogs.

A RECENT traveler in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumanas on a tapir-hunt, says that, besides the hunters, their party was composed nearly of women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. Of the latter he adds: "These dogs were curious

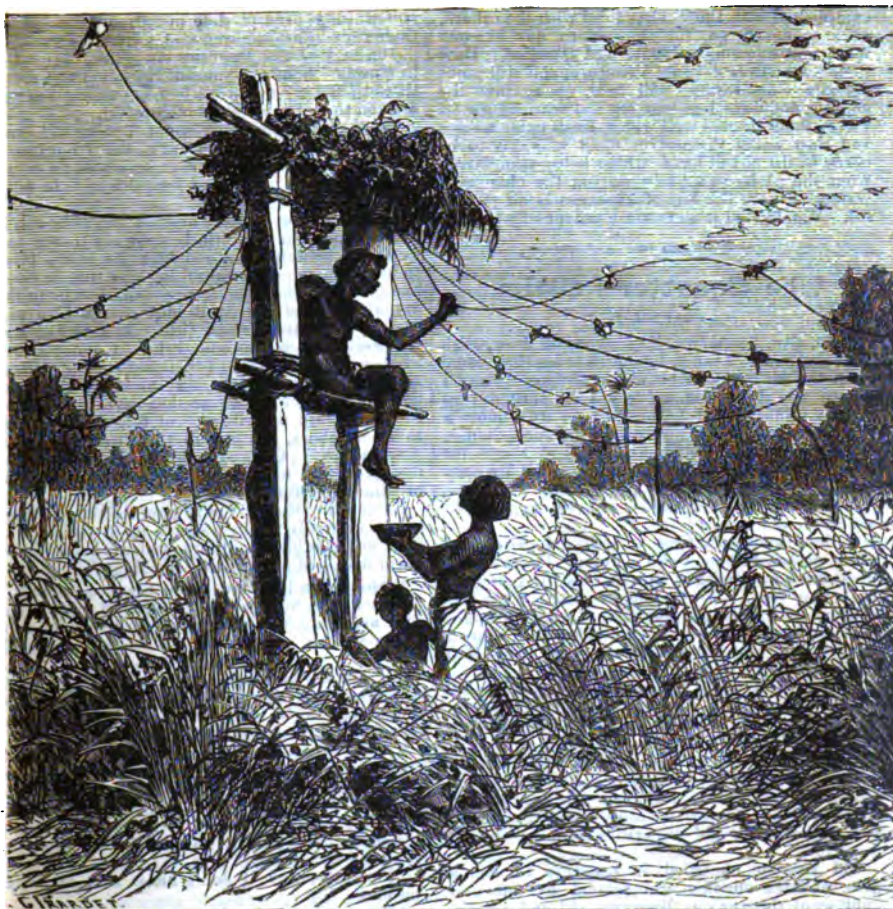
creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were of yellow, others blue, others mottled with a variety of tints. What could it mean? But I know well enough. The dogs had been dyed. Yes, it is a custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coats of their dogs with brilliant colors, obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huiatic, the yellow roca, and the blue of the white indigo. The light gray, often white, hair of these animals favors the staining process, and the effect produced pleases the

eye of their savage masters; on my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned the curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, orange, and purple dogs!

The Prettiest Tyrants.—There is one particular in which all the writers upon the character of women perfectly agree, and that is, their love of away. Tacitus, speaking of the sex, says emphatically, "Their predominant passion is the love of power, and in its exercise they know no bounds." Tacitus is half right, but then we must all confess they do make the prettiest tyrants!



A LOST GLOVE.—"SHE BEGAN TO TEAR IT HASTILY FROM HER HAND. 'YOU VILLAIN! CRIED A VOICE JUST BEHIND US, BUOYED WITH PASSION AND LIQUOR. I TURNED. THE YOUNG CARPENTIER WAS CLOSE UPON US.'—SEE PAGE 275.



HOW THEY PROTECT THE CROPS IN SOUDAN.

How they Protect the Crops in Soudan.

THE cultivated fields in Soudan are not very large, and the agriculture is rude; but, even then, they are not often fully gathered, for the armies of monkeys and the fleets of birds. To protect his crop, the dusky husbandman has recourse to a singular system. He sets up, in the centre of his domain, two or three stout posts, on which a sort of platform is made, with a roof of branches and leaves above. From these posts, to trees and poles on the edge of the field, run a series of cords, with bells, bits of metal, rags, and other objects to flutter or sound. A watchman climbs to the elevated seat, and perched there like a spider in its cell, he shakes these cords from time to time, and by their noise and motion, keeps off the clouds of predatory birds, which, in spite of all, sometimes swoop down on the harvest.

Instinct of Fishes.

I HAVE seen (writes Mr. Kidd, the eminent naturalist) some singular instances, mentioned in various works, of the tameness of birds and beasts, and I well know, from oft-repeated experiments,

what may be done in this way. My object, on the present occasion, is to direct your attention to sundry experiments I have been making with fish. Of minnows I had, two years ago, no fewer than thirteen, ranging about in a large glass globe, and I taught them not only to know me, but to recognize the sound of my voice, whilst I whistled to them some lively air. On such occasions they would all rise to the top of the water, salute me by touching my lips as I bent closely over the bowl, and actually leap up and play with the extremity of my nose! They would, moreover, fondle over me, by rubbing their silvery sides against one of my fingers, which I purposely dipped into their watery habitation—in this particular imitating the fondness of a cat, when she pleasantly purrs, erects her tail, and draws close to your person, to evince her perfect state of happiness. The usual fate, however, peculiar to all pets awaited mine; one by one, as the heat of the weather increased in intensity, they gave up the ghost, and my glass globe was consigned to the silent shelf. A few months since, my eye chanced to rest on the same globe, and there was awakened in me the fondest remembrance of my former tiny friends. You may guess the consequence. I have procured more, confining myself, however, to three only; and I have actually ac-

complished with these what I did with the others, or very nearly so, for they every day become more and more affectionate and attached. How their exquisitely delicate structure, and still more delicate constitution, will bear up against the coming dog-days I cannot say. I fear the worst. I keep them in cold well-water, fresh twice a day; and they suffer themselves most willingly to be taken in the naked hand, whilst being transferred from the globe to a basin, during the change of water. Surely the law of kindness is all powerful. Would that it were more universally tried.

The Squatter's Claim.

CHAPTER I.

"No, dad," said Eph Magraw, as he drew, with his keen bowie, a much longer shaving than usual from the bit of wood he was whittling—"no; I s'pose yer right, and we've got ter shift out of Mundy County; but we needn't go west more'n fifty miles, and I'll show ye just the spot—house, betterments, corn-cribs, and a good range for hogs, right along the river-bank; and we kin only just walk right in and take possession."

"Been by it three times, did ye say, Eph?" asked the old man.

"Yes; and each time it looked lonelier and more deserted than it did before. Pears like it must have had nobo'y into it now for going on nigh two year. More'n one, anyhow. That was critters in the range, first time I went through, and I traded for one of 'em, with an old mare I was ridin'. Got the coit I told ye of I sold that Indiana feller."

"Wall, Eph," said his ugly, cross-eyed, grizzly old robber of a sire, "we've had all the varnin' I want to git out of Mundy. Why didn't ye go into the house?"

"Wall," said Eph, with a grin, that brought out with unpleasant strength his likeness to the old man, "the first two times I didn't go any too nigh the house, for no partikler reason; and the last time I was ridin' the critter I traded the old mare for."

Old Magraw chuckled, in response to Eph's grin, and the chuckle was echoed by one and another of the various Magraws, old and young, with more or less of emphasis, until it was evident that everybody in the low, mean shanty of a home, with one exception, considered the theft of a horse a very good sort of joke.

Besides the old man and Eph, there was "the old woman," as they all called the mother, with her three other sons and two daughters, veritable Magraws, every one of them; and then there was the one exception that did not laugh, but that looked around upon them with an expression of silent disgust in her eyes that the rest were too busy or too dull to note.

Truth to tell, there was very little of the fine lady about Rose Manning, for all her good looks; but there was quite enough of innate refinement, not to speak of honesty and good sense, to make her profoundly discontented with the position in which orphanage and relationship had temporarily placed her. Not but what the Magraws had been decently kind to her, in their rough style, for she was quite able to pay her own way, and was by no means lacking in spirit. The idea of a change of location had nothing in it unpleasant, however, and Rose was quite willing that her very unpopular relatives should consent to "git out of Mundy County."

She had heard before of Eph's proposed new location, and something in the description pleased her, so that, although he did not join in the conversation, she was very well satisfied that it re-

sulted in a prompt determination to break up their rude housekeeping, and start Westward.

The luck of the Magraws since they "squatted in Mundy" had been none of the best; and men's titles to their lands were fast becoming too well defined to suit their ideas of comfort.

It only takes a year or two sometimes to bring a Western county "clean out of the wilderness," and wherever that is done, it becomes necessary for a man to own the land he cultivates, in some form or other.

That was what was the matter, for, although he was not poor, it was utterly contrary to the fundamental principles of old Jack Magraw's being to pay for land, or for anything else that he could avoid. Even the idea of pre-emption was to this extent distasteful, that it implied the idea of a regular hum-drum legal title. And so the frailties were broken that bound this old squatter and his family to the place of their not very prolonged sojourn, and one bright May morning their two tilted wagons, with an accompanying drove, or, rather, "train of critters," of fair respectability as to numbers, set out in the direction of the "State line." Once over that mystic border, and the Magraws would, perhaps, feel easier and breathe freer, for a season.

As for the Mundy County authorities, all they had ever really wanted was a good riddance of their undesirable neighbors, and even the sheriff never dreamed of following the Magraws.

"They're in league with too many, son-ehow," growled that functionary to himself, "and I'm done arresting of 'em for anything less than murder or a clean, sure case of a *hoss stole in Mundy County*."

Perhaps it was a keen appreciation of the popular feeling that sharpened Rose Manning's sense of pleasure as she lashed her pony forward to the very head of the cavalcade.

"Eph," said she to her ill-favored but self-admiring cousin, as he rode up to her side, "how long do you think we'll be in making the trip?"

"Oh, three or four days, with the load, unless the goin's wonderful good. Critters don't go fast on a long pull. But we mean to be all fixed for ye by the time you get thar."

"Fixed?—how? I don't know as I see what you mean."

"Why, me and the old man is gwine on ahead to make sure things are all safe and right. Kind o' take possession, ye know."

"Oh, yes, I understand; but I thought you said the place was dese ted?"

"So I did," said Eph. "Not a soul about it; but thar's ailers a right smart chance of things to do in a new place, and me an' the old man's gwine to see that everything's set to rights."

And so they did; and Eph's pretty, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked cousin would have been very glad to have gone with them, but they had reasons for wishing to be their own company. The tilted wagons, therefore, and the rest of the Magraw "outfit," were left to plod their slow and toilsome way, their utmost speed being measured by that of the heavy-footed oxen.

To a pair of well-mounted horsemen, like Eph and his father, fifty miles, over prairie-roads well known to both of them, was no great matter, only the greater part of their second morning was spent with but little reference to roads of any kind. Even before noon, Eph was able to point out, in a long, irregular line of timber ahead of them, a sort of rift or break that marked, he said, the termination of their journey, "a good ten mile beyond the State line, and as lonely as a wolf-den."

As they drew nearer, it became evident that Eph's various encomiums had been by no means unwarranted. In the middle of the treeless open-

ing; and immediately on the bank of what was there a tolerably deep and narrow river, somebody had built an unusually solid, spacious and comfortable house of hewn logs, with better out-buildings than were common in the prairie country; and, while very little fencing had been deemed necessary, it was evident that a broad expanse of fertile soil in the vicinity had been under cultivation. There was even a well-set orchard of young fruit-trees.

Even the evidences of the outlay of both labor and capital, however, did but heighten the present appearance of utter neglect and abandonment. No hand of man could have been busy there for more than one season, as both the new-comers would have been willing to swear, and there was no other human dwelling visible in any direction.

"How is that, dad?" asked Eph, triumphantly. "Do you mean to say I was lyin' about it?"

"Not much," replied the old man, with a compressed leer. "Whoever they be, they're gone now, for sartin; but who knows when they mought come back?"

"That's a thing we kin take a look at," said Eph. "Mebbe we'll find something in the house we kin make a guess by."

"That's likely. Anyhow, we'll prod our way right in."

The windows, few as they were, were closed with rude but strong blinds, that were fastened on the inside. There was one door in front and one in the rear; and the two explorers soon found that these also were fastened within.

"I'm arred, I reckon," said the old man. "Thar ain't no lock."

"It's mighty like burglary," said Eph; "but we've got to get in."

"That's so, my boy; so, just you fetch a fence-rail."

It took but a moment to do that, and the front door quickly yielded to the oaken lever. As the staple through which the bar had passed was slowly drawn out, and the door began to open, something like hesitation, for the first time, appeared in the faces of the two Magraws.

"None of that, dad," said Eph, reading his father's face by the light of his own feelings. "I'm gwine right in."

And in he went, followed by his gray-headed accomplice.

There was nothing wonderful about the inside of the log house, for it was very plainly furnished. Only two large rooms, of which one was evidently a kitchen. The front room, which they had first entered, was not unpleasant, when once the windows were opened; and that thing was attended to with almost nervous haste; but among other articles of furniture was a large, old-fashioned-looking bed, in one corner.

There is nothing so dreadful about a bed, to be sure; but that bed was evidently occupied. The dust that had gathered everywhere was thick on coverlet and pillow; but, still, in the centre of the latter, there rested the semblance of a human head. The grizzled, tangled hair, however, could not conceal, for more than one quick, shuddering glance, the fact that this head was not a living one.

The mystery of the desertion of the place was solved. The solitary occupant had died, alone, in his own bed, with his house closed around him against all comers, and only his withered and shriveled mummy now remained to protest against the "pre-emption" of the squatters.

These latter had, by this time, made up their minds on all points but one.

"This looks like good luck, Eph," said his father; "but what be we gwine to do with that there corp? I wouldn't tech it for a span of hosses."

"No more wouldn't I," said Eph. "What's that he's got in his hand?"

"Pears like a paper, of some kind. Thar's more on 'em lying by him thar on the bed."

"No good to us, they ain't. I don't take nothin' out of the hand of a corp, now, you bet. How on arth shall we git shut of him? That's what ails me."

The Magraws were evidently fully supplied with the superstitious notions common to their kind the world over; but before they had "studied the matter" very long, a new discovery came to their relief.

"I say, old man!" suddenly exclaimed Eph; "thar's a hatch in't other corner! I reckon thar's some kind of cellar down thar."

And so there was, and in a moment more the "hatch," of heavy, hewn plank, was lifted, and the light of day let into the excavation below. This seemed to be of very fair extent and depth; but neither father nor son appeared to care for any more accurate exploration.

The former even volunteered for the occasion as a sort of meralist.

"Eph, my boy," said he, "we don't keer what's into that cellar. We only want a place to put our heads in with our belongings. We kin just take up the old man, bed and all, and put him down thar. That'll leave us the bedstead, and we kin haul that into this corner, and kiver up the hatch. One of these days we may cook up something smarter, but that's the best out I see any slow for to-day."

"Reckon it is," slowly and solemnly answered Eph. "I'm s're I don't want anything out of the way. He's as well off down thar as he would be anywhars else, and it won't leave any grave 'round yer to account for."

And so, therefore, it was settled, and so it was done, and the bed with its ghastly burden was even carefully deposited on the earthen floor of the cellar. That done, and the "hatch" was replaced, the heavy bedstead hauled over it, with the purpose that it should never be moved, and then the Magraws fairly felt themselves in possession, almost in ownership, of their peculiarly advantageous new location.

We cannot stay with them, however, even to welcome Rose Manning and the remainder of the family, for other feet were preparing to seek out the lonely farmhouse by the river-bank.

CHAPTER II.

In front of a very decent-looking business establishment, in a city not many miles away, a couple of men were standing, one old and the other young, evidently watching some workmen who were busily engaged in taking down an old sign and putting up a new one. They looked on in silence until the job was done, and then, as they turned and walked away, the elder said to the younger:

"Yes, Tom, my boy, you got here just in time to see the end of it. I'm sold out and settled up, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow. I'm glad you've come, rich or poor, but if you'd been a day later you wouldn't have found any uncle here. It's been lonely enough th's good while. I ain't poor, but I'm sick of business, and I want to go for some new place."

"Well, I'm not so very poor myself, Uncle Hugh, even if I failed to make a big fortune in California, and if you've made up your mind to go and hunt up Uncle John, I'm ready. I'd as lief do that as anything else. I've got his letters, and though it's two years since the last one was written, I believe I could ride right straight to the place."

"Well, then, I tell you what you do. I ain't

easy in my mind about John. Don't you wait for me. You strike right off and find him, and tell him I'm a-coming, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow. I won't be more'n a week behind, but it seems as if I wanted you to go right away."

"All right, Uncle Hugh. There's nothing to keep me here or anywhere else that I know of, and I'd be as much at home on Uncle John's prairie farm as anywhere else."

The old gentleman wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and just here he took them off as he turned and looked his nephew full in the face.

"Farm, Tom? Do you know that that farm is as big as all outdoors? I never was on it, but it takes in all the land adjoining, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow."

"I've seen big farms in California, Uncle Hugh, but I'm glad the old gentleman is so well off."

"Yes, Tom, but to think of a man like him living like a blessed old hermit out there in the middle of his confounded prairies, and me here doing business all by myself. I'm glad that musty old sign is down at last, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow."

There had been, and still was, a good deal of a family character for the two relatives to discuss; but they did it up rapidly, and before twenty-four hours were over, Tom Darrow's face was turned westward.

A fine, manly-looking fellow was Tom, with clear brown eyes, and an abundance of dark hair, beard and mustache to match, and there was that about his athletic frame and erect carriage that told of a life spent elsewhere than in a counting-room, or over dry books and papers. He looked the very man for a big farm in the middle of a big prairie, and he had picked his own way over too many doubtful trails to question for a moment his capacity to find what he was now starting out after. Still, it might have been better on some accounts if he had insisted on waiting for the more cautious company of his uncle. If he had, the rest of our story would have been different, for that was the way several things came to pass.

While Uncle Hugh was pushing nervously about in one direction and another, picking up the odds and ends of business left when the old sign came down, and vowing all the while he would not wait another day "sure's my name's Hugh Darrow," and while Tom was taking his western journey leisurely and lazily enough, the Magraws were getting well settled in their new "claim," and already began to experience such a sense of ownership as only a genuine squatter can feel. It is a sort of pre-emption, with a dash of vindictive bitterness in it, arising from a lifelong necessity and readiness for acting on the defensive against evil-disposed rascals who dare present a title with more paper or parchment and less "Magraw" to back it up.

Old and young, the newcomers felt and acted as if they had been born on the bank of that very river, all except Rose Manning. As for her, even the relief from the disagreeable things in Mundy County failed to reconcile her to her new surroundings. The very excellence and completeness of Eph's prize location were a source of trouble to her, and she had an anxious and nervous feeling as to what any day might bring upon them. There was very little for her to do at the house, and she resorted, as she had often done in time past, to long and solitary horseback rides as a relief to her thoughts and fears, until she knew every square mile of the surrounding country. She even, at the risk of injuring her good pony, went and came in one day to and from the county-seat—a pokerish village miles and miles away to the northeast. Even Eph and his brethren admitted that "it was an awful long trip for a gal to make, and go and come on the same boss."

"I tell ye what, Eph," said his father, half confidentially, one dull afternoon when it was too hot in the Magraw opinion, for anything but loafing, "we ain't got many neighbors, but I met a feller over on the prairie yesterday that asked me whar I lived, and who I got my land of, and it wasn't very easy to shake him off. I wish I knowed whose place we've lit on. We must find that out right away."

"That's so," slowly responded Eph.

"Well, then, I can just tell you, if it's any good to you," half doubtfully interrupted Rose.

"Wall, then, out with it if you know so much," snapped old Mrs. Magraw. "You're allers lettin' on to know more'n other folks."

"Well, then, come out here, and look up over the door," said Rose; and when the whole family had curiously followed her into the open air, she added, "There it is, out into the wood."

They all looked, but, beyond a few deep, irregular notches cut in the hewn timber over the top of the doorway, and hardly noticeable among the weather-stains, they could discern nothing, and Eph growled:

"Wall, what of them? You kin read—if thar's any meanin' to 'em, let's have it."

Rose replied by simply interpreting the notches:

"John Darrow, 18—"

"Is that all?" asked Eph.

"Yes; part of the date isn't there, but that's the name of the man that owned this house, wherever he may be now."

Eph and his father looked hard at each other, but the old woman added, in her querulous way: "Yes, I kin understand that. I've seed folks do it. Sometimes thar's use in book-larnin', but it's mighty uncommon out yer, and it's an awful waste of time."

Rose made no answer. She had noticed the faded inscription before, and had wondered and wondered who and what manner of man was John Darrow, and whatever had become of him. She hardly understood that, odd as it might seem, she had furnished her squatter cousins with the materials wherewith to manufacture such plausible lies as they might from time to time find it needful to employ in answering the queries of their "far-away neighbors."

The Magraws were a business concern by themselves, and they had their widespread connections in their peculiar line, and from time to time they acted as "commercial travelers" on their own account, Eph in particular making long and often very successful journeys. He had more than once not only brought home a "likely colt," for which he had "traded," but also the price and proceeds of one or two more, for he could sell as well as "procure."

It came to pass, therefore, that before the squatters had been long settled in their new "claim," the soul of Ephraim was stirred within him to undertake a new enterprise, and he deemed it well to settle some affairs of domestic importance before he went away.

Eph could do almost anything with a horse, and it is possible that from that fact he derived a confidence in his ability to succeed equally well with a woman, as, for instance, with Rose Manning. He did not even pay that high-spirited young lady the compliment of deliberating whether she had better be traded for or stolen outright, but went straight forward as if his "claim," of whatever nature, was already safely established. Rose looked pretty enough on her wiry, swift-footed pony that morning as Eph met her at the place where the river-road entered the timber, and he was conscious of an unusual emotion of admiration as he placed his hand upon her bridle-rein.

"Eph, let go!" said she; "I don't feel like joking. What is it you want?"

"Want? Wall, I don't know's I want anything partikler, only don't work yer pony too hard to-day, for you may need him to-morrow."

"To-morrow? What for?"

"Wall, Rose, you an' I have knowed each other long 'nuff, I reckon, and I was thinkin', as I may be gone some time this trip, I'd kind o' like to leave things all settled behind me. I don't keer much about squires an' ministers and sich, but you just ride on as far as town to-morrow, and we kin be hitched up short order by some of them fellers. 'Twon't cost over five dollars, and you won't mind ridin' home without me, I know; you've done it more'n once."

Rose Manning's bright black eyes had grown brighter and opened wider from first to last of this remarkable "proposal," until, at its close, they fairly blazed, and she almost exploded with:

"Me! Go to town! Marry you! You're mistaken, Eph Magraw. I'm neither a horse nor a land-claim. I reckon you'll learn more of me yet!"

"Crack!" went Rose's whip on the flanks of her astonished pony, and a sharp snap was added on Eph's fingers, and the young man had nothing left him but to stand in a perfect paroxysm of helpless, aimless, but none the less bitter and consuming wrath, as the pony and his fair rider dashed out of view among the oak and walnut-trees. Eph was not the fellow to remain bewildered for any length of time, however, and he turned his feet homeward, swearing as he went, while Rose galloped on along the river-bank.

Mile after mile, on went Rose, with little mercy to her pet pony, and caring less as to the effect upon Eph Magraw of her contemptuous refusal. At last, as she gave the reins a pull, and the gallop was reduced to a walk, she exclaimed, aloud:

"I marry Eph Magraw! What have I done, to be insulted that way? I see! Lived with them! owned them for relatives in all their evil ways! It's all my own fault! I'll—"

Just at this moment, however, Rose became aware that the sound of a horse's hoofs was closely approaching along the primitive roadway ahead, and in a minute or so more, for she cut short her soliloquy, a well-mounted horseman drew his steed to a full halt, almost at her side.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with a polite bow; "but I am an utter stranger, and must ask my way. Can you direct me to the farm of Mr. John Darrow?"

Rose Manning's face did not lose the heightened color of excitement that had rendered it so strikingly handsome in the eyes of the strange rider, but she felt as if she was turning pale inwardly, as she listened to his ominous inquiry.

Rose was a truth-teller, however, and she replied:

"The first you will come to on the river-bank. Mr. Darrow is not there, however."

"Not there! Why, has he moved?"

"I do not know—I don't know anything about him," half stammered poor Rose.

"Beg pardon, again. Didn't mean to be rude," and the strange rider looked as if he feared he had been, and was sorry for it. "The fact is, I am a stranger here, as I said, and Mr. Darrow is my uncle. Perhaps I can learn more at the farm itself."

And with another sweeping bow, and a mutter of thanks, the stranger struck spurs to the splendid horse he rode, and dashed on toward the "squatter-claim" of the Magraws.

As for Rose, she was for some minutes utterly bewildered, for thoughts, suggestions, and even apprehensions, chased one another through her mind in a perfect tumult.

The strange rider had been a handsome man,

but that had nothing to do with the fact that Rose Manning wheeled her pony homeward

CHAPTER III.

ERF MAGRAW had gone home in no very enviable temper, as even the house-dogs were yelpingly compelled to witness, and one of the consequences was, that within an hour he had cleared out of the house everything or person weak enough to submit to kicking. This, however, did not include his father, the old woman, or his next younger brother, Jack, who was even more than himself the image of their father, and whose muscular development exceeded Eph's own. It was only brain and culture such as Eph's that were lacked by Jack Magraw the younger—muscle and meanness he already had in abundance.

To the council composed of these four, therefore, the unreasonable conduct of Rose Manning was submitted, and long was the argument thereon, old Mother Magraw being, as a matter of course, the chief speaker.

Pride, ingratitude, ignorance of her own best interests, were freely charged upon their bright-eyed relative; but Eph's mother concluded the whole matter with:

"Wall, you jest go on with yer trip, and leave Rose to me. She'll be ready for ye by the time you git back, or I'm mistaken."

Just then a chorus of barks and yells from all the four-footed dogs of the Magraws, announced the unusual fact of a strange arrival on the "claim," and the family conference broke up instant. As they poured unceremoniously out at the door, they found that the canine welcome had been given to an apparently tall, youthful and fine-looking man, mounted on a blood-bay horse that made Eph's eyes water with desire to possess him; and this newcomer very politely inquired:

"This is Mr. Darrow's place, I believe. Is he in?"

"What Darrow do you mean?" furtively inquired old Magraw.

"Why, John Darrow, my uncle—the man that owns this farm," was the reply, in a strong, firm voice.

"Your uncle! I don't know ye. Who be you, anyhow?" again parried the old squatter.

"Of course you don't know me; but I'm Mr. Thomas Darrow, and I want to find Mr. John Darrow. Can you tell me anything about him?"

The stranger was a very determined-looking fellow; and even as he spoke, he had sprung lightly from his horse, hitched him, and now stood right down among the squatters, with a smile on his face that seemed to say:

"Don't try to fool me—I'm bound to find out."

The old man had been thinking fast, for he now replied:

"Wall, if he's a relative of your'n, I s'pose it's all right. I ain't heerd of old John Darrow this three year. Not since I got the place of him. He may be dead, for all I know."

"Oh," said the stranger, "you bought the place? Three years ago? And he hasn't been here since? Ah! Well, now, did he sell you all the land, or only a part of it, and the house?"

Even as he spoke, Tom Darrow had stepped carelessly forward, as if invited, and was now actually across the threshold, and in the house. Tom did not know what fear was, but the wrath and fear of the Magraws had been rising in an equal tide, and very rapidly.

"Hullo!" shouted Eph. "What are you doing in there? Out of that, now. Time enough to come when yer asked. What are ye doing in my house?"

"Your house!" coolly responded Tom, as the

squatters came hurrying in around him. "It's a good deal more like my house. You haven't been here any three years. I don't believe John Darrow sold you an acre, and I'm bound to know what's become of him."

A rash fellow was Tom Darrow, but he had been thinking a good deal as he rode on toward the house, after meeting Rose Manning, and his California experience enabled him to understand at a glance the people he was dealing with. He hardly gave a thought to their superior numbers.

He should have done so, however, for his last remark was answered by an oath from Eph, a sort of yell from the old man, and they both made an instantaneous rush at him. Down went the grizzly squatter, like a cross-eyed ninepin, and down went Ephraim's six feet of ugliness, while their sudden fall also upset their worthy mother.

There was clearly a reason for Tom Darrow's self-confidence, and he could have managed the whole family, so long as they were in front of him, but Jack Magraw's brutal and malicious strength had cunningly crept behind him from the very first, and was now put forth with venomous energy. Tom had struck his blows bare-handed, but Jack Magraw had seized a heavy oaken cudgel, and as the dull, hard thud of the blow sounded through the room, Tom's world faded instantly from his sight, and he fell upon the floor like a log of wood.

"By heavens!" shouted old Magraw, "Jack, you've killed him."

"Saved him right, if I have," growled the brute with the club. "Let's see."

The squatters knew what was meant by a blow like that, and they had seen men fall before; not was it long until they were gathered around what they unanimously declared to be the corpse, debating what to do with it, for such a deed as that had danger in it, even in that corner of the prairie.

The old man, for a wonder, spoke last, but he said:

"Thar sin't no time to talk. We four know how to keep a secret. Jack, you and the old woman haul out that bedstead. Eph and I know whar to put him, till we've time to talk it over."

It was quick work, for fear is a terrible spur, and in a few minutes more, the old bedstead was back in its place again; but Tom Darrow's body was lying on the floor of the cellar, not far from the now damp and decaying mattress that contained the mummied remains of the uncle he had so rashly inquired for.

"Old woman," hoarsely whispered the old squatter, "bring a bucket of water and some ashes, and git this blood off the floor, 'fore anybody comes. Quick!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before there was a sound of hoofs in front of the house. Not one of them had had the presence of mind to bar the door, for prairie-dwellers forget that there are such things, and they had no time to think before Rose Manning, her face all flushed with excitement and hard riding, stood among them.

Old Mrs. Magraw paused, with a shovelful of ashes in one hand, and a bucket of water in the other, for she had thought of the blood before her husband had spoken. Jack Magraw made a start for his club, as if to hide it, while Eph put his foot over one of the clots of blood, and the old man said:

"Is that you, Rose?"

"Yes, it's me; and I want to know what this means. Have you murdered him, already?"

"Who? Murdered? What do you mean?" but even Eph Magraw's coarse lips were white while he asked the question, and Rose took in the whole situation at a glance.

"I know it!" she cried. "There's his horse at the door. I believe that is his blood. You

have murdered him, because he came for the land!"

"Now, Rose—" began Mrs. Magraw.

"No! I won't stay an instant in such a place as this. I have been a fool, a wicked fool. I knew you were robbers, and now there is blood!"

Rose Manning's voice had risen with her excitement, and she had rushed toward her pony even while speaking; but the Magraws could not let her go in that way. Strong arms were thrown rudely around her, and this time the door was shut and barred behind her.

Crime is cowardly, and cowardice is cruel; but even the Magraws hesitated at doing harm to their indignant captive. At all events, they decided not to hurt her just then, but they gagged her and bound her and lowered her into the old cellar, even as if she had been a body like the others.

Then, however, the squatters felt that for the present they were safe, and they went out into the open air for a counsel, as soon as the floor had been duly scrubbed.

With their deliberations we have less interest than with poor Rose in her dungeon. At first, she had been too angry to fear; but that had subsided, and now a feeling of dread, that was almost despair, settled heavily upon her spirits. The darkness of the cellar was not so very dense, when her eyes grew accustomed to it, for there were chinks in the floor above, and her position near the wall was such that she could see, more or less dimly, all the objects around her. There were the few boxes and barrels, the bed, with the grizzled head on the pillow, and there was the body of Tom Darrow. She could have no doubt that it was her acquaintance of the morning. It was truly an awful set of circumstances for any young lady to find herself placed in.

Time spun by that may have been hours, and that seemed like centuries, until at last a something took place that at first filled Rose with fear, and then with hope. When Tom Darrow had been put in the cellar, any reasonable man would have voted him dead; but Tom himself had not been consulted, and his skull was a wonderfully hard one.

By slow degrees the sudden paralysis of brain and nerve had relaxed its hold, and sensation had returned, and then it was as if he slowly passed from a deep slumber to a light one, and then at last he awoke.

It was a good while before he attempted to move, or could gather enough of memory and perception to "master the situation;" but a careful examination of his broken head helped him amazingly. He still had his handkerchief, and he used that as a bandage. Then came a careful examination of all the objects in the cellar. Rose Manning saw him turn the faucet of one of the smaller barrels, and heard him mutter:

"Whisky—just the thing!"

And then she saw him bathe his head with it, and drink a little from the hollow of his hand. Then he examined the bed, lighting a wax match from a case in his pocket to do it by, and Tom shook his head, and muttered at a great rate; but he carefully gathered up and secured all the papers on the bed, and in the hands of the mummy. It was not till after this that Tom all but stumbled on the fettered and silenced beauty, and he almost forgot his prudence in a loud exclamation. In a moment more, however, Rose Manning's hands and tongue were at liberty, and she could whisper a solution of all the riddle of the squatters and their cellar, so far as she understood it. Tom thought he could comprehend somewhat more than even Rose could tell him; but he confessed to himself that his strange adventure was beginning to have romance as well as peril in it. Thought he:

"The rascals were in too much of a hurry to search me, and I still have my knife and pistols. I've a notion, too, that being put down here won't turn out so badly for me, after all. I know now what they did with Uncle John; but it's very funny about the papers."

Just then, as he lit another taper and looked around him, his eyes fell on a rusty old spade that leaned against the earthen side of the cellar, as if it was left by the man who dug it, and Tom said in a low voice to Rose:

"I could dig out of this, there by the edge, in twenty minutes, if it wasn't for the dogs."

"But the dogs know me," replied Rosa. "It will be dark before a great while."

"All right," said Tom, "if they don't come down here first. If they do, I shall fight them. Meantime, I'll just scratch away here, as silently as I can."

The soil was a pretty tough and close-grained clay, but it cut cleanly, and Tom soon found that it would be no job at all for an old miner like him to tunnel his way to daylight. Quietly, slowly, like a badger in a hole, he carved away, until finally the evidence of his approach to the outer edge of the log foundation compelled him to pause. He thought, too, that he could hear the dogs snuffing and pawing at the surface. The moment that the excitement of his work was over, however, Tom's head began to feel funny again, and then the cellar became suddenly very dark. He had tilled a little too much with the effects of Jack Magraw's club, and for a while poor Rose Manning was once more in an agony of dread. She did all she could, in the darkening gloom of the cellar, even succeeding in finding the little barrel of whisky. She also sought for Tom's case of matches, and found them; and so it was that when Tom Darrow dimly came to himself, it was to look up, through a strong, lurid light, into a very pretty face that gazed anxiously down into his own.

"Is that you?" asked he. "Did I faint? I must be more careful. Let's see what time it is. It's funny they left my watch. No; that means they're coming down to search me, by-and-by. Hullo! what are those dogs making all that row for? I know that voice! Quick, Rose! help me up—give me the shovel! If we can only get out now!"

"Oh, you will kill yourself!" exclaimed Rose, as she watched his frantic digging; but she, too, could now hear the confused sound of voices above, apparently in front of the house. Poor Rose! In any event, her own position was likely to be bad enough.

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY hour that passed over Uncle Hugh's head, after separating from his nephew, found him more and more fidgety and impatient, until at last he started out with the determination of being as little behind Tom as possible. More cautious than the young Californian, and less accustomed to prairie traveling, Uncle Hugh had first found his way quietly and respectfully to the county-seat, where he picked up such odds and ends of information as made him more and more "uneasy about John, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow."

Uncle Hugh was by no means timid, but he felt better to have the county sheriff, and one or two more of his brother's old friends and acquaintances, along with him on his trip to the farm. They were necessary, more or less, as guides, and they were excellent as company.

Uncle Hugh liked to take his time, even on horseback, and it was nearly sunset before his little squad halted in front of the log farmhouse

by the river-side. Hugh's friends had been commenting enthusiastically on the beauties of the location; but the old gentleman had been silent as they rode up, for he was very busily thinking about his brother and his nephew. It was the old squatter himself who came out of the house to meet them, and behind him were all the other Magraws, male and female.

"Good-day!" said Uncle Hugh, with a bit of hush in his throat. "I want to inquire about John Darrow, that owns this farm. Can you tell me where he is?"

"No, I just can't. I reckon I belong on to this claim myself, about these days. If you're 'round land-huntin', maybe we could dicker; but you'll have to search some other place for John Darrow, I reckon you will."

"How long have you been squatting here?" roughly interrupted the sheriff. "Can't be long, or I'd have heard of it. I thought John was off on a visit East, but if I'd known a lot of Pikes had seized his place, I'd have fixed ye. How long have ye squatted here, say?"

The Magraws' faces were full of wrath and trouble, and they swore and muttered for a moment, looking in each other's countenances for courage, and finding very little.

"And," said Uncle Hugh, "I want to know, too, if you've seen anything of my nephew, Tom Darrow, coming here on the same errand I am. I believe he must have got here. Have you seen him?"

"No such man been in these parts," growled the old squatter; but Eph and Jack were silent, and so were the rest of the family.

"No lying, now! I'm Sheriff Jones," loudly and sternly spoke that functionary. "There won't be any fooling with me, I tell ye. Have you seen Tom Darrow?"

It would be impossible, and very wicked, if possible, to write out the profane emphasis of the old squatter's denial; but before his evil mouth had closed upon it, and while the sheriff and Uncle Hugh and their two friends were dismounting, a light form, that made Eph Magraw's eyes fairly blaze with fear and anger, stepped suddenly around the corner of the house, and the voice of Rose Manning pleaded:

"Oh, sir, here he is! Oh, do come here! He is almost murdered! Do come quick!"

The sheriff was a man of nerve and experience, and had sprung forward instantly; but the wild-beast instincts of Jack Magraw and Eph had been almost too quick for him. A heavy blow from her cousin's fist had sent Rose reeling to the very feet of Uncle Hugh; but she was up like a flash, and following the sheriff. The latter, on turning the corner of the house, saw the body of a man, with a gory, bandaged head, lying on the grass, by what seemed a hole in the ground, close to the wall of the house, and upon this, with a blind, ferocious, destructive, if not half-despairing instinct, the two young squatters were springing forward.

"Halt!" shouted the sheriff, whose revolver was already in his hand. "Halt!" and the last sharp order was followed by the sharper report of the official pistol.

Eph turned savagely upon his pursuer; but Jack Magraw bounded clean over the body of Tom Darrow with a deer-like spring, and fell straight and prone upon the grass.

It is possible that the steady eye, and cool, commanding voice of the sheriff, might have awed Eph Magraw to peace; but there was room for one more passion in his breast, and now Rose Manning darted past him, only to kneel and lift the bloody head of Tom Darrow into her lap, as if to defend it. Eph's knife was out in an instant,



BLAISE DE MONTLUC.—THE ASSAULT ON RABASTEINS.—SEE PAGE 290.

and he forgot all about Sheriff Jones, as the jealous tiger within him bore him on.

"Crack!"

The sheriff did not miss, and Rose was safe; but that had been a bloody day on Darrow farm.

Uncle Hugh and the other two, after a brief struggle at the door, had entered the house, only

to leave it again, and rush out in answer to the pistol-shots and the sheriff's hail. Truth to Hugh Darrow's wits were not shining brightly.

And now there followed a scene of mingled grief and helpless rage, on which no human hand can do more than drop a curtain.



MY CONFESSION.—“‘DON’T, JACK,’ PLEADED THE FAIR GIRL, HOLDING HER FAN UP SO AS PARTIALLY TO CONCEAL HER FACE.”—SEE PAGE 291.

Tom Darrow's second faint was a bad one, but Sheriff Jones insisted on his removal to his own house.

"That poor young woman!" half plaintively remarked Uncle Hugh.

"I'll take her along, and put her under my wife's care. She'd only be murdered here. You'd better come right along with us yourself. I'll leave the others in charge, and send a posse right back."

There could be no doubt of it—the "squatter's claim" had been suddenly extinguished. There was some talk at first of lynching, on account of John Darrow, or Tom's horse, or Rose Manning, or the cellar; but it all blew over, and the remaining Magraws were allowed to migrate westward.

Tom Darrow's head was a hard one, and he got about again in time to attend the funeral that Uncle Hugh got up for his brother John. The old man had been reading over his will, it seemed, when death struck him, and he had not left any of his property "out of the family," as Hugh told his nephew, half confidentially, on their way home, that is, to Sheriff Jones's. The sheriff lived at the county-seat, and when Tom and his uncle got to the front gate, they saw a small trunk at the door, by the side of which a young lady was standing.

"Why, Rose Manning," exclaimed Uncle Hugh, "what is this?"

"Only waiting for the stage, sir; it will soon be here."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Tom; "you are not going away."

"That's so, Tom, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow! Talk to her, Tom."

"Get into the house, Uncle Hugh! Get out of the way."

"Ah—oh—whew—w!" whistled Uncle Hugh, as he disappeared.

Rose Manning stood firmly by her trunk and her intention for a few minutes, but—

Well, when Tom and Uncle Hugh finally took possession of the farm by the river-side, Mrs. Rose Darrow went with them to keep house for her husband.

Blaise de Montluc.

BLAISE DE MONTLUC, Marshal of France, was born in 1501, and died in 1577. He was deeply versed in the science of war, and his "Commentaries," or memoirs of his military life, written at the age of seventy-five, were called by Henry IV. "the soldier's breviary." His whole career was brilliant, though tarnished by deeds of cruelty. The wound which he received at Rabasteins left his face so hideously disfigured, that for the rest of his life he wore a mask.

He thus describes the Assault of Rabasteins: As soon as two o'clock, the hour fixed for the assault, was come, I caused eight or ten bottles of wine to be brought out, which I gave the gentlemen, saying, "Let us drink, comrades; for it must now soon be seen which of us has been nursed with the best milk. God grant that another day we may drink together; but if our last hour be come, we cannot frustrate the decrees of Fate." So soon as they had all drunk and encouraged one another, I made them a short remonstrance in these words, saying, "Friends and companions, we are now ready to fall on to the assault, and every one is to show the best he can do. The men who are in this place, are of those who, with the Count of Montgomery, destroyed your churches, and ruined your houses; you must make them disgorge what they have swallowed of your estates. If we carry the place, and put them all to the sword, you will have a good

bargain of the rest of Béarn. Believe me, they will never dare to stand against you. Go on then, and I will immediately follow." Which being said, I caused the assault to be sounded, and the two captains immediately fell on; where some of their soldiers and ensigns did not behave themselves very well. Then Monsieur de Saintcorens marched up with four ensigns more, and brought them up to the breach, which did no better than the former, for they stopped four or five paces short of the counterscarp, by which means our cannon was nothing hindered from playing into the breach, which made those within duck down behind it. I then presently perceived that somebody else, and other kind of men than the foot, must put their hands to the work; which made me say to the gentlemen these words: "Comrades, nobody knows how to fight but the nobles, and we are to expect no victory but by our own hands; let us go, then—I will lead you the way, and let you see that a good horse is never rusty. Follow boldly, and go on without fear, for we cannot wish for a more honorable death; we defer too long—let us fall on." I then took Monsieur de Goas by the hand, to whom I said, "Monsieur de Goas, I will that you and I fight together. I pray, therefore, let us not part; and if I be killed or wounded, never take notice of me, but leave me there, and push forward, that the victory, however, may remain to the king;" and so we went on as cheerfully as ever I saw men go on to an assault in my life, and looking twice behind me, saw that the gentlemen almost touched one another, they came up so close. There was a great plain of a hundred and fifty paces, or more, all open, over which we were to march to come up to the breach, which, as we passed over, the enemy fired with great fury upon us all the way, and I had six gentlemen shot close by me. There were two little chambers about a pike height or more from the ground, which the enemy so defended both above and below, that not a man of ours could put up his head without being seen; however, our people began to assault them with a great shower of stones which they poured in upon them, and they also shot at us, but ours, throwing downward, had the advantage of this kind of fight.

Now, I had caused three or four ladders to be brought to the edge of the grass; and as I turned about to cause two of them to be brought to me, a harquebuse-shot clapped into my face from the corner of a barricade joining to the tower. In an instant, I was covered with blood, for it gushed out of my mouth, nose and eyes; whereupon, Monsieur de Goas would have caught me in his arms, thinking I would fall; but I said, "Let me alone—I shall not fall. Follow your point." Then almost all the soldiers and gentlemen began to lose courage and to retire, which made me cry out to them, though I could scarcely speak, by reason of the torrent of blood that rushed out at my mouth and nose, "Whether will you go, gentlemen? Whither will you go? Will ye be terrified for me? Do not flinch, nor forsake the fight, for I have no hurt, and let every one return to his place." In the meantime, hiding the blood in the best manner I could, to Monsieur de Goas I said, "Monsieur de Goas, take care, I beseech you, that the soldiers be not discouraged for me, and renew the assault." I could no longer stay there, for I began to faint, and, therefore, said to the gentlemen, "I will go get myself dressed, but if you love me, let no one follow; but avenge me!" which having said, I took a gentleman by the hand—I cannot tell his name, for I could scarce see him—and returned by the same way I came, where, by-the-way, I found a little horse of a soldier's, upon which, by the gentleman's assistance, I mounted as well as I could, and after

that manner was conducted to my lodging; where I found a chirurgéon of Monsieur de Goas, called Master Simon, who dressed me, and with his fingers—so wide were the orifices of the wound—pulled out the bones from my two cheeks, and cut away a great deal of flesh from my face, which was all bruised and torn.

Monsieur de Madailan, my lieutenant, came to see if I was dead, and said, "Sir, cheer up your spirits, and rejoice. We have entered the castle, and the soldiers are laying about them, who put all to the sword, and assure yourself we will avenge your wound." "Praised be God, that I see the victory ours before I die," said I. "I now am not for death. I beseech you, return back; and, as you have ever been my friend, so now do me that act of friendship, not to suffer so much as one man to escape with life."

My Confession.

Mrs. JOLLIE is an affable widow. She is rich, polite, good-looking, not over-sensitive, nor astonishingly intelligent; but to make up for these slight deficiencies of a mental character, she gives good dinner-parties, dances charmingly, plays on the pianoforte with expression, and sings *fortissimo*.

I may add, as if by way of postscript, that she is *au fait* in every dance it is possible to introduce into the German; that her milliner dresses her head with exceeding propriety as to style of hat or cap, and that her mantua-maker, in whose favor she draws rather heavily-burdened checks every three months, makes her a perfect walking model—a sort of gratuitous advertisement to her—of the very latest Parisian, London, and New York, not excluding those worn by the ladies of the imperial court of Japan—*modes* of the hour.

I am particularly fond of Mrs. Jollie's parties; and I am thoroughly convinced that I have a reason for being so.

Before I proceed, however, it is but just to the reader that she should know two—to me, and one other—important secrets. They are these: Mrs. Jollie is childless, and she has the most charming, most lovely, most sweet-tempered niece that Fashion has ever endeavored to change into a cold, callous, heartless woman. And of Amie, I am happy to say that the Goddess of Folly has not yet succeeded in immolating her on the altar of Society.

Now, it happens that while the relict of the late Joshua Jollie, a very respectable merchant tailor in his day, is my aunt by marriage, her niece is only my cousin by courtesy. So you perceive there is just relationship enough all around to make the intercourse between us quite delightful. Amie calls me her "cousin Jack," and Mrs. Jollie always baits me as her "nephew John." And as a matter of convenience, I return the compliment by *cozening* Amie out of an occasional kiss, and my aunt, of invitations to all her parties and all her pleasure-trips.

Further, I beg of the lady who reads this, "My Confession," not to set me down in her book of mental estimates as a lounging, worthless fellow—one who hates every kind of work, and who would rather live on the income of others than on the returns which toil of mind and of body yield.

No; I will not plead guilty to the imputation. Heaven knows how honestly I have striven to get on in the world, and I am persuaded I might or would have succeeded had not my aunt continually interfered.

For example, when I was a clerk in the great banking-house of Snatchem, Squeezem & Company, contented with the not liberal salary I was paid for doing half a dozen men's work, who

should drive up in state one very busy day—her coachman and footman in the newest and most astonishing livery—but my aunt, the handsome and always stylish Widow Jollie.

The members of the firm, marshaled by Snatchem and closed in by Squeezem, were confounded as they marched to the entrance of the main office, under the impression that some wealthy personage had called upon them to transact business, and ever after be entered upon the books among their first-class customers.

She walked deliberately to the middle of the office, and surveyed through her eyeglass every one present, all of whom were at their desks, scratching away with their pens for dear life.

As I happened at this interesting juncture to be in the vault-room, she could not very well see me, unless the glass she held in her right hand could make translucent the thick stone wall that was between us.

"Well," I heard her say—I recognized her voice from where I was—"I am disappointed!"

"Disappointed!" repeated Squeezem, in his dry, harsh voice. "I hope not, madame. It—"

"Disappointed!" echoed Snatchem. "Why, really, madame, we never—"

"It's John I want!" interrupted my aunt. "I want to see my nephew. Why, do you know, although I've sent him a dozen invitations, he hasn't been to a *core-eye dancing*, nor German, nor dinner, nor supper, for a month; and, what's more, Amie's eyes are red with crying, because Jack's neglected her so; and we are two lone women!"

I smiled when I heard all this, and then I felt my heart thump violently within me at my cousin's distress.

The senior of the house at this speech gave a dry, hard cough, and, in his husky way, said:

"Really, ma'am, we are very busy, and have not time to—"

"Listen to such frivolous complaints in business hours," interrogated Mr. Squeezem.

Mrs. Jollie fired up on the instant. She is a woman of spirit.

"Indeed!" she cried. "I'll buy you all out! How much will you take for business, effects and yourselves? Name a good round price!"

Snatchem and Squeezem, with the Company, crestfallen at this unexpected offer, retreated in silence to their private offices, and softly shut the door behind them. Possibly they may have locked it, to keep the rascal from entering and taking immediate possession.

I thought it was high time I should come upon the carpet, and placate the wrath of the widow.

"John!" she exclaimed, as she again, to the very great amazement and astonishment of my fellow-clerks, placed her gold-rimmed magnifiers to her not unhandsome eyes. "Does Jack Jollie," she added, with a little laugh, as if she gloried over the discomfiture of the "house," in the persons of its owners, "sail among your gallant crew?"

Even the grave and self-important cashier, Mr. Smith, could not refrain from smiling upon hearing this successful parody on an opening line of Dr. Dim's song.

"I am here, aunt," I said, coming forward.

"You are—eh? Well, John, I'm glad to hear and see you. What are you doing here, and why haven't you been up to the house? I've wanted you, bad."

"I'm working, aunt," I returned. "I'm striving to earn a living by the sweat of my brow, and I haven't had time to call upon you."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" she replied. "Nephew John, go and get your hat, and come with me. The coach's at the door, and I want to talk to you. There's a fellow, rich as Stewart and Astor, and

Dan Drew and Vanderbilt, all rolled into one big heap—they say he owns half the oil-wells in Pennsylvania; three-fourths of the silver-mines in Colorado; any number of gold-leads in California; a thousand or two acres of the diamond-fields of South Africa; indigo estates in Central America; sugar estates in Cuba; big tree-forests in Maine and in New Brunswick; several thousand shares in the Erie Railroad; one or two coal-pits and iron-mines in England, and fourteen thousand miles of telegraph-wire, here and in Europe—and what do you think?"

"Gracious, aunt," I returned, with considerable trepidation—I noticed that my fellow-clerks had one and all laid their pens softly on their desks, and were looking wisely at each other, and at the charming relict of my uncle—"I—"

"Well, never mind," she resumed, with some impatience in her manner, "what do you think?"

"That the man is rich," I answered, with a show of desperation.

"Fshaw!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous shake of her hat, gotten up in the style of that morning, "you're just like the rest of the fellows, John. How very thick-headed the men are, to be sure! I'll tell you what has fallen out. This rich senior has gotten desperately in love with Amie. What do you think of that—eh?"

Had a giant, or say a Mace or a Coburn, to speak within bounds, struck me a terrific blow in the chest, I do not think, without actually falling, I could have staggered more violently. My head spun around like a top in motion, and had I not by accident my hand on a stout iron rod that was secured to the railing of the desk near which I was standing, I verily believe should have pitched headforemost out of the open window that reached from the flooring almost to the ceiling.

"Bless the boy!" I heard my aunt say, as if from a great distance. "What is the matter with you? Ah, I see! troubled with your heart, just as your uncle before you was."

I made a desperate effort to recover my composure.

In a moment I was myself, and said, but in a low, quivering voice:

"Well, aunt, does Amie care for him?"

"Oh, I haven't talked to her yet. I wanted to have a confab with you first; so, put on your hat, and we'll be off. What do you want to stay here for?"

"That I may no longer be dependent," I answered, slowly.

"See here, nephew," she returned, poking me in the ribs with the handle of her parasol—"see here, John, none of your nonsense. As soon as Amie's off my hands, I intend to divide my fortune with you. There!"

"But I can't accept it," I said. "It wouldn't be fair."

"Wouldn't it?" She laughed as she spoke. "Suppose some nice, middle-aged gentleman should propose to me, and I should accept him, and he should go into some speculation, and spend all my money, how'd you feel?"

"Heaven forbid, aunt," I answered with much fervency of manner.

"Well, then, you'd better leave this place at once, and come with me, and draw on my bankers, or I'll go right off and do it. I wish little Amie was married. She is a good girl, and she is deserving of a husband as wealthy as old Greeses is said to be."

"But my month's not up yet, and I'll lose my salary if I leave now. Besides, it wouldn't be just, as I have accounts to make up."

"Oh, nonsense! I'll pay you the salary three times over."

"No, I won't, aunt. I won't go till I've given due notice."

Mrs. Jollie was becoming indignant at my obstinacy, as she deemed it.

It was necessary to soothe her.

"See here, aunt," I said, "suppose your cook should leave you in the midst of your preparations for a grand dinner-party?"

"It would be mean in him to do so," she answered. "Dear me, I trust such an event will never happen to me. It would be terrible."

"Exactly so," I returned. "Now, if I were to throw up my place here without settling my accounts, and giving the house due notice, they would be very much put out, and would have just reason to complain of my conduct."

My aunt reflected a moment, and then said:

"You are quite right, Jack. Never mind me. I'm impulsive, I know. Yes, do as you would be done by. But, nephew, can't you come up to-night? We are going to have a 'German,' and I want to talk with you about this rich man who's in love with Amie; and the poor girl thinks it's real mean of you that you haven't darkened our doors for over a fortnight."

"I couldn't afford it, aunt."

"Afford it! What nonsense, nephew."

"It isn't, though. You forget that I am poor, and that all your associates are wealthy."

"You're right, John. But I'll fix all that."

"How, aunt? Remember, I will not accept of bounty. I am strong and active, and educated in commercial and financial matters, and I think, with ordinary luck, can make my way in the world."

"I know all that, boy," said my good friend, with much feeling. "But I look upon you as my son, and Amie as my daughter."

I laughed.

"Why, aunt, you are rather a young mother for me. Why, you're not thirty-five yet, and I am hard upon twenty-seven, and Amie is nineteen."

"Fshaw!" said the relict, "you are always reminding me of my youth."

"So much the better for you. You will have a chance to enjoy a fortune, and widows are given to marriage."

"Silence, boy!" she returned, with a smile playing on her pretty lips, as she again poked me with the ferule-end of her sun-shade. "I was at Wallack's the other night, and there saw a play in which a poor secretary flourished, and finally married—"

"Not his aunt!" I interrupted, with a light laugh.

"Fshaw! don't put me out. No, nor his grandmother, either. Well, that gave me a splendid idea, Jack—a magnificent thought."

"Ah!" I cried; "what was it?"

"That I, too, wanted a secretary to do my writing, and whom I might talk to and at. Jack, the place is open. I offer it to you, with boarding included, at a salary of five thousand dollars. There!"

"I'll consider the matter," I said, with business-like gravity. "And the washing?"

"Aggravating fellow," muttered my aunt.

"Anyhow, come to the house this evening. I've ever so much to say to you, and so has Amie, who is going to give you a hauling over the coals. When she's through with you, I'll give you a raking down."

"I promise," I replied. "And will put on triple armor."

The relict, Jollie by name and not less so by nature, bowed to the grave cashier, who returned it with unwonted courtesy, and retired to her carriage.

Her equipage made a sensation as it rolled through the financial centre of the town.

I was subsequently told by a confidential friend

that the stock and gold speculators suspended business for the time being, that they might the better survey the unique and gorgeous livery of the widowed wife of Joshua Jollie.

I was much distressed during the day with the knowledge that a gentleman of so much wealth should seek the hand of my charming putative cousin, and I blamed myself more for not making determined efforts to win her affections. I was guided by my conscience rather than by my heart. I had no home to offer her, and it would have been sheer folly to have said to her that I loved her, but could not ask her to be my wife, as I was a dependent like herself. It was partly because of this beggarly reliance I had on the bounty of my uncle's wife that I declared for personal and pecuniary independence, and sought the position I held, small as was the pittance paid me. But, now that I had a rival in the field, I no longer reasoned upon the matter. My heart dictated, and I blindly followed its behests.

I was early at my aunt's, but was unable to see Amie, until late in the evening, so as to converse uninterruptedly with her. The reunion was brilliant in the extreme. There were present many fair women, who dazzled the eyes of their male acquaintances with the brilliancy of their costumes, the lustre of their diamonds, the beauty of their faces, and the grace of their forms and movements; but to me, Amie, simply, almost unostentatiously attired, outshone them all.

I noticed that she danced several times with an undersized gentleman of quiet aspect, whose skin and hair were dark, as if he had all his life been exposed to the sun within the latitudes of the tropics; and I also perceived that on each occasion she was urged thereto by her impulsive aunt, who, like a jockey with his horse, desired to show her points to advantage.

"Is this the gentleman whom my aunt spoke of as being so wealthy?" I asked myself. "He is certainly accustomed to society; but he is too old for Amie. He must be a man of forty. Even in this artificial light he shows that much. Now, if he be not an impostor, and is a refined and gentle man, he would make an excellent companion for Mrs. Jollie, who is in complexion as much of a blonde as he is the opposite."

Toward midnight, while the guests were preparing to enter the supper-room, I caught Amie's attention, and, by an expression which she doubtless read in my face, rather than by any open signal, told her I desired her to converse with me.

"What is it, Cousin Jack?" she questioned, as she stood by me.

"Pray, Amie, who is that dark-haired, black-eyed, yellow-complexioned, undersized gentleman to whom you have been so devoted all the evening?"

"For shame, sir!" she returned, her face flushing. "How dare you be so peremptory?"

"Amie?"

"Cousin Jack."

"He is rich, I am told, and I am very poor."

"Well, sir?" and the fair girl's eyes lighted up with a glorious expression, while her lips trembled with emotion.

"Do not be angry with me, Amie, if I ask you an impertinent question. Upon your answer will depend my future happiness."

"Don't, Jack," pleaded the fair girl, bolding her fan up so as partially to conceal her face.

I grasped the edge of the table tightly with my gloved hand.

"I must," I persisted. "Do you care for this stranger—this rich man? Will you do as thousands of your sex have done, sell your soul and body—suppressing, smothering the cries of your

rebellious heart—that you may live in luxury, rust amid much gold?"

"Jack!" sobbed the girl, "why do you speak thus to me?"

"Because—because, Amie—I—I love you—and I am poor."

"If you were as wealthy as this man is reputed?" she asked.

"The question is superfluous," I answered.

"Amie, you are not dull of vision, and you can divine, equally with any of your sex, whom you love, and who idolizes you."

"I did think, Jack," she said, hesitatingly, playing with the edge of her fan. "But—but you have acted so strangely of late."

"Yes, I know it," I returned. "My heart went out to you, Amie, but I considered I could not ask you to be the wife of a beggar. My heart bade me cleave unto you. My reason rebuked me, and told me that I must obey my selfish instincts. Now, Amie, you know all. Although no word was uttered by me, you were satisfied of all this before—of my love for you."

"No true woman, dear Jack," whispered the sweet girl, crimsoning to her eyes as she held out a hand to me, "would hesitate to choose between the heart and the pocket. To a woman, the wealth of one true soul is worth more to her than all the gold in the gulches of California, all the silver in the mountains of Montana, all the diamonds that lie concealed in the arid fields of South Africa."

"Darling!" I said. "Oh, how happy I am! and yet, for your sake how I could prize much money."

"Never mind the money," said Amie, standing up, and looking with perfect confidence, with pure trust, in my face. "Take me as I am. I do not own a dollar in the world in my own right, and yet you do not know how much I am worth."

We were married shortly subsequent to the avowal made by me, and with our aunt's full consent.

The Spaniard did not like it. But when he found it was a love-match, he gracefully retired from the field of competition, leaving behind him, as souvenirs of his admiration, several valuable presents. A couple of years ago he invited the widow to change her name; but she laughingly declined, saying she was quite as rich as she cared to be, and would be Jollie all her life. She gives dinners and suppers, and "*sore-eye dancings*," and is as generous as usual, and pays me, with much punctuality, five thousand dollars a year, washing and boarding for Amie and me included, in requital of my services to her as private secretary—a not onerous office.

Playing-Cards.

Few who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have any idea how many centuries these painted bits of card have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history the Chinese, Hindoos, and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to its sister chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of Oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier, and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1130, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. The Crusaders in their turn learned the game of their foes; and from the number of decrees forbidding their use issued by the Church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first authentic mention that occurs

of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Covelluzzo, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1478 the game of cards was introduced at Viterbo, from the land of the Saracens, and which is called by them *na b*."

Nor can we suppose, with some learned critics, that cards were but the amusement of children. St. Bernardine of Sienna and St. Antony of Florence would scarcely have used such strong language against their use had it been so. On the 5th of May, 1423, the former, standing on the steps of the Church of St. Ieronius, spoke to an immense crowd assembled around him, poured forth his fulminations against games of chance, and exercised so much power over his audience that every one ran to fetch his cards, dice, and chess, and having brought them to this public place, burned them with his own hand, in the presence of the chief of the republic. This terrible *auto-da-fé* brought a card-maker, who was ruined by St. Bernardine's sermon, to the holy man, saying, with tears: "Father, I am a manufacturer of cards; I have no other trade by which I can live; by hindering me from doing my work you condemn me to die of hunger." "If you know how to paint," was the reply, "copy this image." And he showed him a sun surrounded by rays of glory, in the centre of which was the monogram of Christ—I.H.S. The card-maker followed his advice, and soon enriched himself by this painting, which St. Bernardine adopted for his symbol.

The first printed cards probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence, engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finguerre or Mantegna, and at any rate belong to this period of Italian art. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the names of the muses, the sciences, the heavenly bodies, and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI. of France, which are now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preserved in the various public collections of Europe. There are but seventeen, painted with all the delicacy of the miniatures in the illuminated manuscripts of the period, on a gold ground and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a ribbon rolled spirally round, done in points. There is the emperor in silver armor, a diadem of *fleur-de-lis* on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the Gospels and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and seated between two cardinals; the crescent moon rises above two astrologers in long furled robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the planets with compasses; the fool, wearing a cap with ass's ears, and a deep-pointed ruff round his neck, while four children are throwing stones at him; Death, mounted on a white horse, is throwing down kings, popes, and bishops; the House of God seems half-devoured by flames; and finally, the last judgment shows us the dead rising from their tombs to the sound of trumpets.

As time passed on the figures on the cards changed with the costume of the time, according to the caprices of the Court or the imagination of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar and the farthingale as that of the queens.

As regards England, though it received the game from a very early period through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any cards were manufactured there before the end of the sixteenth century, since, under the reign of Elizabeth, the

Government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Doctor Stukely in the binding of a book: They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the Eastern game of *naib* long before cards were made at Viterbo; but when the latter were introduced they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play became general; so much so that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the island of Santo Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

The Hair Standing on End.

THERE is a curious passage in the "Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca," in which he describes this phenomenon as occurring to the Head of the Roman Catholic Church. The Cardinal had been placed under arrest by the French General (Miolis), and had sent a messenger to Pius VII., to acquaint him with the outrage. In a few minutes the door of the room was thrown open with extraordinary violence, and the presence of the Holy Father was abruptly announced to the Cardinal, who instantly hurried to meet him, and then, says the Cardinal, "I was an eye-witness of a phenomenon that I had frequently heard of, but had never seen—namely, the hair of a violently excited man standing erect on his forehead; while the excellent Pontiff, blinded, as it were, with anger, notwithstanding I was dressed in the purple *soutane* of a cardinal, did not recognize me, but cried, with a loud voice: 'Who are you? who are you?'"

Upward of forty-three years ago, a man was tried at the York (England) assizes for burglary, which at that time was a capital offense. During the few minutes of suspense, while the jury was returning into court to record their verdict, intense anxiety was depicted in the prisoner's countenance: his eyes looked wild and prominent, and his hair stood up bristling all over his head. Directly he heard the verdict, "Not Guilty," his countenance assumed a calmer aspect, and his hair laid down quite flat on his head; thus proving the expression of "making the hair stand on end" to be not a mere figure of speech.

A Continent Covered with Ice.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice for a mile in thickness, thereby agreeing with Professor Hitchcock, and other eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier-marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow.

In this region, then, the thickness of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are un-

touched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman.

The surface of the rocks were ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite districts, and soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences throughout the Polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of man.

A Snake Story.

It is many, many a year ago, yet I never think of it now but my skin seems all turned to goosehide, and my hair tingles as if it were made of telegraph-wire.

From my earliest childhood I had a horror of snakes. I tried to get over it as I grew up, but it only seemed to grow upon me, and what settled the matter in my constitution for life was a terrible trick played upon me by Tom Camp and some other schoolmates, who put a stuffed snake in my bed. I was so paralyzed by this occurrence that I lost the use of my speech for a month, nor have I ever quite recovered it since, as you can tell by the way I falter while I'm telling you my little story.

I was twenty-three years old before I had ever traveled far from home. Always reading books of travel and adventure, and yearning most of the time to see foreign parts, my mind being chiefly taken with tropical countries and their productions. Letters used to come to me, once in a while, from a cousin living in South America, where he was engaged in the commerce of ornamental woods, and of the various kinds used for dyeing. Encouraged by his example—for he had made a success of his venture—I decided upon joining him, and, having sold out such little property as belonged to me, I started for the great southern continent, where I arrived in due time, without let or mishap.

Never mind how I worked my way up the great rivers, and into the heart of regions abounding in the richest and most fantastic productions of nature. It was near the head-waters of the Pomeroun River that I at last came to anchor. What wonders of vegetation there met the eye at every turn! The trees were embraced by huge binders, that coiled round them like serpents, and traveled in great festoons from stem to stem. In the dense foliage, myriads of gorgeous birds fluttered and screamed, and the chattering and howls of monkeys in endless variety reminded me that where such creatures exist, reptile life is also very exuberant, and this brought my old nervousness about serpents back upon me, though I had not as yet encountered a single specimen in all my rambles.

The half-breed negro who accompanied me spoke with fluency the language of the peculiar tribe of Indians who make their home near the head-waters of the Pomeroun. I had no difficulty, therefore, in trading with the natives, who were a harmless, ingenious tribe, very clever at weaving hammocks and in the manufacture of knick-knacks such as travelers like to take home with them from strange countries. From one of them, for a few pieces of cheap cutlery, I obtained a splendid hammock, which I should have had hanging upon my wall to-day but for a certain circumstance that prevented me from caring much about it, as you shall presently hear.

I learned from the Indians, through my interpreter, that many snakes of a highly dangerous nature haunted the jungles and rocks of these delightful, terrible dells. Here the dumb rattlesnake would often be found coiled at the foot of some lovely, large-flowered shrub. Odious reptile! deadly in its bite as the awful rattlesnake of the northern continent, but far worse than that, because, although it vibrates its vicious tail when disturbed, no warning sound is wafted from it to the ear of the intruder, since this kind of snake is not furnished with rattles.

I was in the region, they told me, of the camoudi and the colokoonaroo—two dreaded varieties of constrictor notable for their audacity and enormous size. In the pools fed by warm springs trickling up from the huge gnarled trees, venomous water-vipers of several kinds were common. The first snake encountered by me in the region was one of these. It was a spotted snake, at least ten feet long, and as it lay stretched out at its full length on great lily-pads every one of which would have made a dining-table for a party of twelve, the old goose-flesh came worse upon me than ever, and I thought that life in the tropical woods was far less cheerful than that in the dear old forests of the North, with three feet of snow on the ground.

For slinging my hammock I selected two squariest of goodly size, and connected with thick, knotty vines, the festoons of which aided my arrangements. The spot was lonely, being in the heart of a thick grove of carana and other trees, and at a considerable distance from the Indian lodges.

I had the work of slinging the hammock all to myself, as I had sent my negro servant to bring a boat up the river from a distant point, and he would not be back before the following day. For the sake of security I slung it very high, cutting steps with my tomahawk in one of the trees, so as to be able to reach it with facility. Scattered through the grove were several wallaba-trees, the thick, resinous gum afforded by which is, as I was assured by the Indians, so hateful to reptiles that none of them will approach such trees. They were all too large and too smooth in the stem to sling a hammock on. Procuring a large quantity of the gum from them, however, I spread it thickly upon the trunks of the trees to which my hammock was lashed, laying it on with a bloom made of a strange-looking shrub to a height of several feet from the ground. This done, I ascended to my roost by the steps, for night had now fallen, and, wrapping myself in a light blanket, lay gently swinging there, and watching the myriads of fire-flies that streamed among the foliage until I fell asleep.

I must have been asleep for some hours when I was awakened by a smart blow on the forehead, which felt as if it had been delivered by a cold, clammy fist. Starting up, I received a still more powerful blow on the same spot—a regular stunner, which knocked me back against the tree.

Then the situation flashed upon me. Oh, horror of horrors! I was the sport of an enormous serpent, whose coils were partly around the limbs of one of the trees, and partly resting in the hammock.

In the gray dawn of the morning I recognized this terrible creature as a colokoonaroo, for I had seen with the Indians a dried skin of the kind of box-constrictor so called. Half fainting, I threw myself back out of the hammock, and essayed to slide down the tree, when all at once I found myself affixed to it, as if fastened there with nails. The confounded wallaba gum with which I had smeared the tree held me fast, so that I could move neither hand nor foot. There I was stuck, with my head just on a level with the hammock,

across which the huge reptile kept darting at me with its nozzle, until at last I became deadly sick from the musky, poisonous odor of its breath, and fainted away.

What next happened to me, I have no recollection of. I found myself in an Indian tent, attended by an aged squaw, while a medicine-man was cooking something over the fire in a brass pot. This, I understood afterward, was a portion of the serpent, which, on a savage homeopathic principle, was to be administered to me as a reviver, but I declined to swallow the odious draught.

The Indians, who by chance came to the grove in which my hammock was slung, killed the oolookmaroo with their lances, before they extricated

me from the tree, which they did with great difficulty, and to the exceeding detriment of my clothing. It was the wallaba-gum, they said, that had saved me from the coils of the constrictor, within whose stomach I should otherwise have been reposing, in the form of a long, unsymmetrical sausage of macerated human flesh.

Down the river, then, I voyaged with all speed; and it was not many days before I left the tropics behind me for ever, and pitched my tent for life in more temperate latitudes.

But you ask how it was that the serpent got up the tree, after all the precautions taken by me with the wallaba-gum? To this I reply that the reptile did not come up the tree, at all—he came *d. wn.*



A SNAKE STORY.—"THERE I WAS STUCK, WITH MY HEAD JUST ON A LEVEL WITH THE HAMMOCK, ACROSS WHICH THE HUGE REPTILE KEPT DARTING AT ME WITH ITS NOZZLE."



AT BAY.—“IN ALL THE GLARE OF THAT NOONDAY SUN LAY THE YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS DEARER TO HIM THAN LIFE. HE TOOK OFF ONE OF HER SLIPPERS, DROPPED AN EGG INTO THE HEEL, AND PUT IT TO HER LIPS.”

At Bay.

“ALLIE! Allie! What’s gone with the girl now, I wonder?” said Mrs. Hewson, as she stood in the door of the farmhouse, shading her eyes with the dish-towel which she held in her hand.

No human voice answered, but if she had understood the notes of the bobolink who, perched upon the topmost bough of the old elm, sang, “Oh, hard heart! oh, hard heart! go to the spring before it is too late, too late, too late,” she would not have rent the Summer air with her shrill tones as she again called, “Allie!”

A horse which stood tethered to the gate-post, raised his head, and looked at her, and the patient

cow, standing up to her knees in the meadow-pond, stretched out her neck, and lowed mournfully. Then bobolink trilled out again, “To the spring, to the spring, before it is too late, too late.”

The woman looked perplexed. She turned and entered the house, saying:

“It beats me, doctor, where the girl can be. I gave her a good talking to last night. You see, Phil Ingles has been waiting on her better than a year, and she won’t have nothing to say to him. Now, Phil is a proper, fine man, and forehanded, and would keep a help, and she would be as happy as sunshine. He stopped in yesterday morning to tell me that, if I would get her consent, he would make me a present of the finest short-horn at

Squire Knowlton's sale. So I agreed to do my best, and when she would not listen, I shamed her, and maybe she has gone away."

"Where would she go? Has she any friends?"

"Not a relative in the wide world that I know of," replied the woman.

The doctor mused for a few moments. Then he fixed his clear gray eye upon her, and asked:

"How did you shame her?"

She lifted the corner of her apron, and began to plait it in her fingers, and, after a moment's hesitation, and a glance at his pale, eager face, she blurted out:

"I don't see that I was to blame so much, either. I didn't know as you set any store by her, and I had found out that you were all the world, and heaven, too, for that matter, to her. So I up and told her, if she did not marry Phil, I would tell you about her foolishness."

"What answer did she make?"

"She said she hoped God would take her first."

"And then? Tell me everything that happened, every word that passed."

"Then she went to milk the cow, and fed the chickens. She ate no supper, and when she cleared away the dishes, she went to bed."

"And this morning?" questioned the doctor.

"She ate no breakfast, and when she had made up the rooms, and brought water from the spring, she sat on the doorstep a while. I never said a word to her, for I wanted to give her time to come round. I have not laid eyes on her since, and I don't know what I am afraid of," and her voice began to tremble, "but I'm awful scared, and all outdoors is as still as preaching."

The doctor took two turns through the room. She could see that he was making a mighty effort at self-control. He went to the door, and glanced up and down the road. He could not bring himself to look at the woman who stood by his side.

"I will walk toward the spring," he said, and passed out, leaving her standing there with a strange fear at her heart.

How painfully still it was. - He understood now what she meant when she said that the quiet was like preaching, and he wondered if that hard-browed woman had a heart softer than granite, or if anything that this earth contained was holy or sacred to her.

"My little wild rose, to think that I should have left it in anybody's power to shame you! Why did I leave without telling you that you were the one flower in the world for me? Please God, I will find you, and defend you."

He paused under a spreading willow, and wiped his heated brow. The insects that fled from his path sought the nearest shadow.

He raised his whip, and struck at a clump of underbrush. A hen flew screaming off her nest. He parted the bushes, and looked in.

"Only six eggs. There is no harm done, little mother. I did not know that you were there. Come back to your nest in peace," and he passed on.

Now he heard the short, quick bark of a dog, and Allie's little spaniel came running to meet him. He stooped to caress it, but it bounded back toward the spring. He followed with long strides, and there, in all the glare of that noonday sun, lay the young girl who was dearer to him than life. One glance at the blue lips and distorted features, another at the bottle, labeled *poison*, at her side, and he sped back to the nest which he had just discovered.

'Twas the work of a moment to transfer the eggs to his hat, and in a few minutes he was kneeling by the prostrate girl. There was neither cup nor shill at the spring. He took off one of her slippers, dropped the white of an egg into the bowl, and put it to her lips.

"Allie, my love! my darling! my little wife! drink this, and pray God to forgive us, and save you!"

She obeyed mechanically. He lifted her into the shade, and she watched him eagerly as he broke egg after egg. When she had taken the last, she raised her eyes to his, and whispered, "Save me."

"With God's help I will," he replied. "Surely 'twas He who guided my hand when I startled the hen from her nest. I will be back with my horse in a minute. I must get you to the house as quickly as possible." He could not speak of it as home to her. God willing, he would teach her some day what home was like.

Mrs. Hewson wondered when she saw him running bareheaded through the sun, and she went forward, with faltering steps, to meet him.

He untied his horse, and called out to her:

"Get the bed ready—have plenty of hot water, and pray God you have not the sin of murder on your soul!" and he was gone.

The woman wrung her hands as she gazed at the cloud of dust in the road, and groaned:

"She has gone and drowned herself. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how vicious girls are!"

But she hastened to do the doctor's bidding, and when he called to her to open the gate, and she saw the drooping form which he was supporting upon the horse, she began to realize that death and life are in the power of the tongue, and a gentler feeling crept into her heart for the misguided child whom she had brought face to face with death. She was no kin to her, only the step-daughter of her husband, and he had been dead three years. She fed and clothed her, and looked after her bodily comfort, acting, as she said, a mother's part. But the child had no mother-heart to lean on, no sympathy, no loving guidance. So the starved soul turned to the All Father, and gave back love for love. And dumb things spoke to her, and inanimate things taught her, and from the grassy bank beneath the swaying willow she watched the Summer clouds, and beyond them caught glimpses of that city whose maker and builder is God.

Then sickness came, with wasting fever and weary days and nights. What wonder that she learned to listen and long for the gentle step that brought ease to her aching body and comfort to her troubled heart!

One night, when the disease had reached its crisis, and the doctor kept watch beside her, she raised her eyes to his anxious face, and whispered:

"I was such a little girl when mamma died, maybe she will not know me at the gate."

Then the strong man's heart stood so still that he heard the fluttering wings of the waiting angels. And he sank on his knees beside her, and prayed that God would give him the victory in this battle with death. The answer came before the morning light.

With returning health came happiness such as she had never known. The grassy bank under the willow was dearer, and heaven was nearer, and all the world was love.

One day the doctor drew rein beside her, and said:

"I am going away for a little while, Allie. Think of me sometimes, and take good care of yourself. Here is another package of books for you. God bless you!" and he was gone.

Now, he would have given all that he was worth in the world if he had only been less fearful, and spoken those few words which would have saved her so much suffering.

And he understood how it was that the trusting child-heart, in its perplexity, had said to itself, in the language of David, when a choice of evils was

set before him, "Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man."

When Mrs. Hewson came out again, with trembling hands she took the saddle-bags and saddle from off the horse, and turned it into the meadow. Well might she tremble and wring her hands as she paused upon the doorstep, and exclaim:

"Oh, why did I not guess what was in her heart as she sat here!"

Of the doctor she stood now in mortal fear. She could not be satisfied that he was doing all that could be done, and when she wanted to go to the village for help, he sternly forbade it, bidding her for her own sake to keep the matter quiet, adding, "If Allie dies, it will be time enough for me to denounce you. But if God in His mercy spares her for all our sakes, I would not wish it known that you drove her to such a deed."

So, from day to day the woman went about her work like an automaton, and when she could find nothing more to do, she would crouch on the floor at the foot of Allie's bed, and watch the doctor's face to see if she could extract therefrom one ray of hope. It was weary waiting and watching. For one week the angel of death hovered over the little form.

Then a morning came when, as the doctor passed through the kitchen, Mrs. Hewson wondered what made his face so bright. Was it the glow from the fire, or a happy heart? She left the chicken to broil itself, and went to look out of the window.

He stood by the gate with head uncovered and bowed. She went out and touched his arm.

"What is it?" she asked.

He answered, "Life."

That one word had more power to move her than all the words she had ever heard.

Ten days after she stood at the gate alone, watching a carriage as it wound down the hillside, for Allie had started with her husband for her new home.

"Well," thought she, "I will be lonesome enough now, and I shall miss her gentle ways; and how she ever came to have them through living along with me is more than I can say. Why, there is a strange cow in the meadow! How ever did she get in, and the bars all up! She wasn't there when I milked Brown Beas this morning, that's certain."

She threw her apron over her head, and went down to the meadow.

"Why!" she exclaimed, as the animal came up to the bars, "it is one of Squire Knowiton's short-horns! Here is a name on the collar. Hewson! Well, I must say this is handsome of the doctor."

Dot.

JOHN BROADWELL put on his peajacket and sou'-wester, and opened his front door with the intention of going down to the beach; John Broadwell's Newfoundland, "Jack," scrambled up from before the fire, stretched himself by detail, ending up with his hind leg, and prepared to follow John Broadwell.

The front door opening rather suddenly, admitted a shower of rain and a gust of wind that made Jack utter a low growl of protest, and look up out of the corner of his eye at his master; but seeing that gentleman only jamming his hat over his eyes more firmly, and evidently without the slightest intention of not going out into the black night, he dropped his tail resignedly, and walked out into the black night himself.

The wind, after a spirited contest with John Broadwell, was finally defeated, and allowed the

door to be closed, taking out its spite by yelling at old Margery, the housekeeper, through the keyhole.

Staggering down to the beach, followed closely by Jack, in a very feathery condition, John Broadwell finally made his way under the lee of a boat turned bottom up on the shingle, and shading his eyes with both hands from the flying sand and spray, looked about him—at least, he attempted to, but his vision being confined to the contemplation of howling darkness, he didn't see much of anything else; and so, with his legs very wide apart, and both hands on his hat, he listened.

Jack, meantime, with his legs very wide apart, had been listening all along, and suddenly giving vent to a short bark of confirmed suspicion, both master and dog reeled off along the beach; Jack, laboring heavily broadside on, with his hind legs showing a decided inclination to take the lead.

A blot of human creatures suddenly made itself visible in the dashing white spray—a number of black forms gathered around something; and Jack apparently knew what that something was, for he lifted up his head, and gave vent to one of those blood-chilling howls which our nurses confidentially inform us mean death. Hearing the howl, one of the black spots lifted itself up, disclosing the fact that it was a little fisherman in a good deal of peacost; and turning around, he saw Mr. John Broadwell.

"Steamer, sir. Outer reef," was all that that gentleman could hear in answer to his silent question, as he and Jack paused at the side of a body lying on the sand, around which the crowd was gathered; a wet, intangible body it was, with seaweed trailing over it. It had just that instant been "fetched," one of the men told him, as though it were a parcel that they had been sent for. "Couldn't find no others," they said.

Picking the body up in his arms with a rapid impatient movement, as though he had wasted time, John Broadwell was surprised to find what a very small, light parcel it was that Death had left on the outer reef to be called for. Merely stopping to tell the men to bring up any others they might find, and refusing all offers of assistance, John Broadwell made the best of his way to his home. Holding his burden with one hand, and opening the door with the other, he at last navigated himself into his library, and placed his weird charge on the rug before the fire. Then bells called to one another from every part of the house, and servants rushed around in a demented manner, and brought things that no one wanted, and did not bring what was wanted, until John Broadwell put them all out, except old Margery, and a pretty young chambermaid who had retained her senses.

Taking off the coverings that shrouded the tiny form, a little white face and pretty curly hair were disclosed, which instantly made their way to the heart of the pretty chambermaid, as with a gentle "Oh! dear," she went on, with nimble fingers, to strip the boy of his wet clothes. Then, while old Margery wrapped him up in warm blankets, and chafed his poor little limbs, the pretty chambermaid held him in her lap, with his head on her bosom, in quite a motherly manner; and John Broadwell wondered, in his sleepy way, what had got into the girl, as he saw her sitting there on the rug, with her head bent over the child, and the firelight glistening on something in her eyes.

They poured brandy between his lips and fussed over him, till at last he could not help opening his eyes with a weary little sigh; shutting them again, though, and slipping off to where he had just come from, in a manner that made the little chambermaid's heart leap. The next time, however, Jack, who had been sitting up very straight, looking from one face to another, with a terrific

display of red tongue and white teeth, and jerking out his breath as though he were a high-pressure engine throughout the whole proceeding, no sooner saw the white eyelids open, than he took the motion for an act of friendly recognition, and returned it promptly by touching the child's face with his cold, black nose, immediately resuming his sitting posture, and starting his engines harder than ever.

And then to see those weary, great blue eyes wander over the room, and finally look up from under their long, curling lashes at Mary's face, so wistfully, too, it was not necessary for the lips to say "Mamma" to make the little maid's heart overflow with pity and love for the motherless boy on her bosom; and so, with her arms tight around him, and her cheek, wet with tears, pressed against his, she soothed him off into sleep.

As for John Broadwell, he looked at them in a puzzled sort of way, much as a gentleman gorilla might be supposed to look on a human baby of which it had unexpectedly become the possessor; shoved his hands deep down in his trousers-pockets, as though looking for a solution of it all in the extreme corners of those much-abused conveniences. Not finding it, however, he took to stepping on particular patterns in the carpet with extreme care and precision. Now, John Broadwell might have made compasses of his legs, and measured the distances between particular patterns of the carpet, and Mary might have sat on the rug, with her cheek on the sleeping boy's curls, and her bright eyes on the fire, for the remainder of all time to come, had not Margery—being a practical old soul, who invariably made herself out to be utterly heartless, and devoid of all human kindness—suggested that Mary had better put the "young un" to bed, instead of glowering at the fire all night.

No one being able to suggest any practical reason for his not being put to bed, the question of where that operation should take place was now discussed, and finally John Broadwell, being consulted by Margery, and wistfully appealed to by the eyes of the young chambermaid, ruled out the numerous offers which poured in from the door, thereby disclosing the fact that the excluded had remained at the door during the resuscitating process, and decided in favor of the young person with the pretty little figure.

Bless you! to see the way in which that young person handled that child, would have done your heart good. Carry it up-stairs! Of course she could carry it up-stairs. My gracious! if she couldn't carry that little weight, would Thomas inform her what she *could* carry? Thomas, the coachman, being completely withered by this sarcasm, was fain to be content with watching her stagger up one stair at a time, and make a pause every three steps, to take breath, under cover of adjusting wrappings, which would come off.

Finally, doors closed more seldom, the discussion in regard to the lost steamer, which had been going on with great vigor in the kitchen, was concluded, after Thomas, who, having once owned a boat, and who was consequently looked upon as an authority in such matters, had gained undying glory for himself by stating it as his opinion that "she had seen nasty weather afore she struck."

Muffled voices and creaking stairs suggested the seeking of bedchambers by the housemaids, while clanging of bolts and closing of shutters told of locking up, until all was silent, save for the low sobbing of the sea, and the mournful wailing of the wind as it wandered around the house where the boy lay, as though remorseful for the work done that night.

John Broadwell remained sitting on the music-stool where he had sunk down an hour ago, with

his thoughts far, far away; with his head resting on his arms, and his arms crossed on the piano, he watched the glowing coals in the grate as they brought up old memories to him one by one—memories of his mother, God bless her! the gentle, aristocratic English lady, who had taught her boy to be like his dead father, and then had lain down herself, well contented; of his green old home, sold at his father's death, and which he had promised his mother, when a boy, to win back for her when he was a man, fully confident of his power to do so—and now it was still in the hands of strangers. He asked himself where was the use of buying back the old place, with himself the last of his race, and alone in the world, and so well known in his adopted country, so comfortably settled; and—yes, there it was, right in the centre of the glowing coals, turn away as he would: it had been there all along—a gentle little face, with the two brown eyes looking up at him, so sad, from under the cloud of golden hair, the whole head as graceful as an angel's thought.

Three years ago, John Broadwell had crushed her image from his soul, false-hearted coquette that she was. Ay, with her truthful eyes and gentle ways, she was false, false as ever woman was! Oh, faith! he knew it. Had he not proof enough? Didn't he even see the notice of her marriage in the papers? And his face grew stern and white, as he thought of his ruined life, and he kept saying to himself that *there could* be no palliation, and she was a fair-faced fiend, who enjoyed breaking men's hearts, and so on, until the face no longer looked at him so sadly, but melted away, and the fire settled down with a click like the last stroke on the nail of the coffin in which John Broadwell had placed all the tender feeling he ever had for this fair patrician face.

And so, with an impatient gesture, he rose, and with head bent and folded arms, he walked up and down, up and down, tramping out this passage of his life, until the gray light came creeping in through the shutters, and some lusty crows exorcised this ghost, and sent him to his bedroom.

Now, the personal interest that Jack took in that washed-up mite of humanity ever since he had startled him back to life by an application of cold nose, was something overwhelming; the airs that he put on when he accompanied the pretty chambermaid—head nurse now—on her walks with the aforesaid mite, the way in which he would dart up a lane in pursuit of an imaginary evil-minded person who had sinister thoughts against that mite's life, demolish him, and then return very much heated, but with a conscience at rest as having performed his duty, was, to say the least, perfectly preposterous.

But the crowning achievement of Jack's life was, his utterly routing and putting to flight a foreign domestic, who had desired to be familiar with our boy one day, as all three were walking on the beach in front of the village; the village consisting of six fishermen's huts scattered over the sand as though they had drifted that way and stranded, an idea further warranted by the fact of their being built of wrecked ships' timbers and barnacles, principally.

Now, the foreign domestic retreated, as I have said, and Mary, looking up to call the dog back, saw a traveling-carriage in front of one of the huts; whereupon, she turned first very red, and then very white, and, finally, picked up the boy, who was clucking his tongue, and vainly endeavoring to snap his chubby little fingers in a laudable endeavor to call the dog back, and actually ran with him without stopping until she was hidden behind some projecting rocks, when she abruptly sat down on a gray old boulder, and commenced to sob and kiss the boy in an insane manner wholly inexplicable to that small person.

In fact, this young chambermaid seemed to have lost her wits entirely that day, for when she got home, she went straight to her room, refusing point-blank to talk with Betty, her ancient colleague, about the marriage of Sally Daggs and Charley Smith down in the village, a matter which had previously interested her, and causing that young lady to go away wroth, and give it as her opinion that, "when some people gets took notice of, they gets so stuck-up you can't suggest prunes to them," though why prunes, I can't say.

Be that as it may, when, in the course of an hour, a carriage drove up to the door, and the foreign domestic, with a cautious tread and weary eye, rang the bell, the little chambermaid was anything but stuck-up; in fact, she was very much cast down, for she had an idea that that foreign domestic had come to take her boy away from her, her darling; and this was what she had dreamed of at night, when she woke up with a start to feel the little arms around her neck, and the warm cheek close to hers. But now it was no dream, and she cried over her boy without any waking up to find it so.

Half an hour passed away, and she began to wonder why they didn't send for her, and what was going on down-stairs; but she wouldn't go down to see.

Jack could have explained the matter, had he

chosen. He had detected that deluded foreign domestic in the act of descending from the carriage, and had bated him for taking a mean advantage in getting up there in the first place, and so had waited for him behind the door, and, moreover, had come very near upsetting Thomas—his sworn ally—in his ardor, as that person entered the library with a card on a salver.

Presently there followed a light figure dressed in black—a little lady, with her face shrouded in a black gauze veil, through which glimmered great masses of golden hair, as only golden hair can glimmer under black gauze; and such a perfect little hand, molded in the cunningest black kid-glove, threw back the veil as John Broadwell advanced with the card in his hand, and two eyes were lifted to his face, and then—John Broadwell broke out in one breathless name, in which all the love and all the agony of a lifetime found vent—"Grace!" And she, she gave a start, and turned very pale as she saw him, and might have fallen, only the next instant she lay crushed in his arms, trembling and sobbing, and too frightened to move.

And so he held her there, false as he knew she was, coquette that he knew her to be—held her! yes, and would have held her so till all things ended apparently; but she suddenly drew herself up, and looking up at him with those eyes for all



MOUNT VESUVIUS IN A STATE OF ERUPTION.—SEE PAGE 302.

the world like the boy's—only his were blue, and these were brown—she said, simply, "Please let me go," just as a queen might have requested a subject to shut the door. And he had no thought of refusing, but with his face set cold and stern, and his lips tight-pressed together, he let her go as though he were parting with his own soul, and died hard, and stood there with icled arms as she spoke.

"Mr. Broadwell, I came here for a child that I was told had been thrown ashore at this place the night the *Undine* was wrecked."

She spoke calmly, though it was as if she cut the words out of stone. And he, standing there, never moved nor spoke. She looked at him, and her eyes filled as she made a little, quick motion with her hands; but the same proud look came back, and she turned to leave the room; but, turning once more, her lips quivered, she hesitated, and, finally, with the tears rolling down her pretty, pale cheeks, she went softly to him, and said, in a low voice, "I forgive you," and so passed from the room.

As the door closed, John Broadwell looked around him, bewildered, as one just woke up, and then his face looked very dark as he crushed the card he had held in his hand, and muttered to himself, "*She forgives me!*" when suddenly he bethought him to look at the card, and there saw "*Grace Howe*," in black and white, as plain as could be.

Of course the papers had lied, and of course gossip had lied, and he was a miserable fool, as he told himself, only he used rather more expressive language. And what did she think, what could she think, but that he was a villain? Yes, she thought him one, although she didn't tell him so a few minutes after. And the way he pleaded for forgiveness, and told her all things, so humbly, and without sparing himself one atom, as he stood before her, the great broad-shouldered fellow, with his suffering showing plainly in his face, who could have helped forgiving him? And "he didn't expect her ever to love him again." No, she was sure she couldn't do that, and—I am sure you won't believe me, but the impudent fellow, on being told that, actually disposed of her in exactly the same manner as he had done once before that day, only this time she didn't ask him to let her go—probably she was so overcome at his assurance, after what she had just told him, that she couldn't speak. And Jack—Jack was so carried away by it all, that he held his tail in suspense, in his excitement, until the moment when that unaccountable folding-up process took place, when he gave a short bark of relief, and knocked double knocks with it on the floor for the rest of the evening. And then the best part of it all was, to see the pretty chambermaid come down-stairs with red eyes, and her boy all dressed to go away, and so open the library-door, and find the comfortable, not to say friendly, understanding at which John Broadwell, Grace, and Jack had arrived, and that the boy was not to go yet, which was the only part she understood thoroughly; in fact, the whole thing was too much for Jack's equilibrium, so he dashed off madly to vent his feelings on the foreign domestic.

Then they all had tea together, and Mary waited on them alone, much to the scandal of old Margery, who was jealous, and pretended she wasn't; and the way that shapely little head with the golden hair looked behind the urn, and the way in which those little white hands rattled cups and saucers, and the way John Broadwell looked, or tried to look, behind the urn, and the way he rattled cups and saucers—ay, and upset them, too, was delightful. And then, after tea, when Grace told in her own simple way how she had come over from England on a visit to some friends in New York,

and on the steamer had met an old schoolmate whom she dearly loved, the mother of this boy, and how they were wrecked, and she and most of the others had been picked up as they were making their way for land in the boats, after being adrift for three days, and how nothing had been heard of the others. So she had come down to Stony Beach to see if she could gain any news of her friend, and had heard of the boy, and came to—The rest was never heard, for John Broadwell, in a very rude manner, appropriated it all to himself, and let her whisper it to a particular button on his coat. What's more, Jack didn't appear to care two straws, for he only laughed, and lay down and went to sleep, and he was the only other listener.

Mount Etna in a State of Eruption.

ETNA is the oldest known volcano, the first of which we have historic records. Pindar calls it the column of heaven, and early mythology made it the prison of the conquered Titans.

The mountain, with its various ridges, volcanic cones, and deep depressions, covers an area some eighty-seven miles in circumference. The highest summit is 10,873 feet.

Dangerous as the district is, towns and villages are clustered around and upon the mountain, the decomposed lava producing abundantly olive, vines and grain.

Above this cultivated tract is the *regime silvosa*, or woody district, where stands the seven famous chestnut trees growing together.

The earliest recorded eruption is one mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, apparently before the Trojan war. Others followed in 565, 475, and 425 B. C. In all, there are about sixty known. Of these, the most important are those of 1669, 1755, 1787, 1792, and 1852.

Our illustration shows that of 1865. Six months then vomited forth volcanic matter, two of them in an isolated cone at the foot of Monte Frumento. The others at the bottom of a vast crater. The detonations were constant at intervals of a few seconds. Clouds of smoke and columns of lava and scoria were hurled forth, and streams of lava poured down the mountain, destroying all in their path.

The Hedgehog.

THE dog trained to aid his master in hunting the feathered fowl is here at fault. This creature seems fair prey, but the fellow has rolled himself up, and the tightness of the skin sets every spine erect and firm. Even a fox is baffled. However, an old practiced dog will find a way. He will cautiously roll the ball on toward a pool or stream, and when poor hedgehog unrolls at his sudden splash, it is all over with him.

The food of the hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice, and snakes. Doctor Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a hedgehog. The hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up, this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish. White has seen it bore down and eat the roots of the plantain, leaving the leaves and stem untouched.

The flesh of the hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gipsies frequently make it a part of their diet, as do the people in some parts of Europe.

During the Winter, it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered, looks like a round mass of leaves, as

it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes.

The hedgehog has been known to throw itself boldly from a considerable height, trusting to the elasticity of the spring for breaking its fall. It will be seen that when the spines are upright, the force of the fall would not tend to drive the end of the quill upon the animal, but merely test the elasticity of the curved portion.

Laying the Ghost.

"MARY! oh, Mary! quick!" called out my husband's voice, entreatingly, after me, just as I was about to enter our own bedroom, having left him but a moment previous, in the parlor below, reading.

I hurriedly retraced my steps.

"Well, dear, what's wanted?" I asked, abruptly opening the parlor-door, and interrupting its occupant in the cool perusal of his morning's newspaper.

I had to speak twice, so deeply engaged was he, before I could gain his attention. I succeeded at last, however, after repeated effort.

"Eh?—what?" he finally and spasmodically ejaculated, with the last word throwing down my "rival" upon the carpet at his feet. "What on earth did I call you for so persistently if I didn't want you? Why, my dear wife, you must have been dreaming. I haven't called you at all!"

I was in a great hurry at the time, I recollect, so, decidedly appeased and muttering a somewhat ungracious apology, I hastily retraced my steps in the direction of the bedroom regions, marveling much at what I heard, however, as I went—and reached there only to be greeted, my foot upon the threshold, by the same voice of agonized entreaty as before:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

For a moment I stood irresolute, transfixed, and, I will now own, paralyzed, literally, with something that was not *all* amazement, remembering well that the house was a detached building, standing apart in its own garden, and that, with the exception of a deaf old Scotchwoman, as cook and laundress in the kitchen, my husband and myself, with a non-talkative baby of six months, were its sole occupants. Yes, I will own that, for an instant, my cheek actually blanched with terror. As quickly, however, the color returned—sent thither in a torrent of red-blooded indignation by a sudden thought. "I'll teach him!" I said to myself, audibly, as I sprang to the banisters, and leaned wrathfully over them.

"Henry!" I shrieked, in anything but dulcet tones, "be good enough to come to that door for an instant!"

In the prescribed "instant" I heard his footsteps, obedient to the certainly rather unwisely, or, more properly, "*Caudle-ish*" summons," start for the direction designated, and a moment after, he appeared, paper in hand, in the open doorway.

"Upon my word, sir—" I began, bravely, but at that distance in my "lecture" I stopped suddenly, interrupted as before—my innocent husband in full view of me—by that fearful voice again, entreatingly:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

My husband heard it, too, this time, and with the blankest species of astonishment depicted upon his countenance, his eyes met my own now thoroughly alarmed ones, as with a sudden bound he cleared the stairs, and stood by my side.

"Who, who on earth was that calling you, my dear?" he very naturally asked, on reaching it.

"Upon my word, it is certainly *now* a complete mystery!" I quite as naturally answered. "Until

its third repetition—but an instant since, the one you just heard—I certainly thought it was you, dear, playing off some incomprehensible joke. That is why I called you so wrathfully."

My husband half smiled at the remembrance of my moment's tone of menace, but, as well as myself, still looked strangely puzzled.

Together, his arm about my waist, we entered our sleeping-room, and looked carefully about it. Its investigation proved nothing, however; for, save the living fact of our sleeping boy, of the tender age above specified, cradled and cozily nestled away in his healthful little pink slumber by the mantelpiece, no living object rewarded our search or gaze.

It was evident that absolute and grave perplexity was fast taking the place of the first annoying but rather amused wonderment which had till now been the dominant thought of my husband's mind; a literal chilling fear, I don't hesitate to own, had for some time past obtained thorough mastery of mine.

"Is it possible that this young gentleman can have been indulging in imaginary exclamations, or colloquial rejoinders, in his dreams?" his father finally asked, jocosely, crossing over to the foot of our unawakened darling, and bending fondly over him. "You know, Mary, he is a remarkably bright boy—the veritable 'eighth wonder' of Babydom!"

"His father in miniature, I own," I added, complimentarily, and with as much lightness of tone as I could possibly assume for the moment; "but scarcely equal yet to the marvelous mastery of the English tongue complete in one lesson, or—"

"The audacity of calling his maternal parent by her Christian name!" he added, laughingly.

"Just what I was about to say," I succeeded in articulating in reply, and might have added a few words further, when, instead, I foolishly fell fainting to the floor, in absolute unconsciousness, on a *fourth* repetition of this terrible voice, seemingly in the very baseless air beside us, and in the stereotyped words of entreaty:

"Mary! oh, Mary! quick!"

Not to drag my story, I will skip details, and inform my reader at once that for six weeks subsequent to its first hearing, that fearful phrase above-quoted became the terror of my life, and, indeed, of all our lives in that cottage.

Strangers in the then small town of Detroit, Ill., we had but lately moved from the East and settled here, my husband as a lawyer, and I, with what encouragement I might, as a teacher both of French and German to as many would-be experts in those languages as Providence would kindly permit to be served with "*verbes*" to order, in the matter of a trifling addition to a rather slender present income. We were doing well. For a year or more we had managed, outside of our moderate expenditure, to save a sufficient sum in this; the second year only, of our Western residence, and but six months subsequent to our precious baby's birth, to enter upon a married woman's dream of heaven in earnest—housekeeping, and at home, alone with her husband and baby—or as near it as the facilities of earth permit.

Three days after our entering into the pretty *ménage* which we had chosen and arranged out from all our present world—rather rude surroundings—our cruel awakening came, in the manner above narrated.

Yes, the house was haunted, verily haunted! or had that reputation. Being strangers, in the interest of the property the fact had not been told us. The house had lain vacant over three years or more, during which time it had had no less than seven tenants, none of whom had staid beyond the first month's occupancy.

As yet, in the course of a residency extending to a period of a little over six weeks, we had heard nothing worse than the same plaintive adjuration with which my story commences, never seen anything, and, in fact, heard that only in our own bedroom, or, rather, in our bedroom that was; for, in order to calm my nervous fears, which I no longer hesitated to own, my indulgent husband had moved our bedroom to the one opposite, and as yet the change had seemed an auspicious one, for, up to this time, &—the voice—had never obtruded itself across the hall in that direction.

I shall never forget the night it followed me there!

My husband picked me up, he told me after-

ward, senseless, at the foot of the baby's cradle. No need to ask what caused the swoon.

By one messenger—our only one, deaf Barbara aforesaid—he sent off at once for both the doctor and the land agent from whom he had purchased the property.

In an hour both had come and gone. The opinion of the former in relation to your humble servant evidently was (but internally), that she was a weak, nervous fool, who unnecessarily threw the household into alarm because of her foolish, groundless whims; (but aloud), that of a "lady in an extremely delicate state of the nervous system, who required the utmost attention and devotion, on the parts both of her husband and attendant physician, in order to bring about a



THE HEDGEHOG.—SEE PAGE 301.



LAYING THE GHOST.—“HE FOUND US BOTH—MY HUSBAND AND MYSELF—DOWN ON OUR KNEES BEFORE THE GRATE, BLOWING WITH ALL OUR MIGHT, IN ALTERNATE TRIALS, AT THE DRY KINDLING-WOOD.”

rapid toning,” and having been safely delivered of said professional apophthegm, the doctor bowed and departed, leaving me a dozen of tiny white powders, to be dissolved each into a “gallon of Lake Michigan,” as my husband said, and taken hourly throughout the night.

Well, I took them, but must confess that, on the whole, I felt no better for my homeopathic dosing.

From the land agent we learned that which bore more directly upon my special case—viz., that a lady—the wife of a sea-captain who had been drowned at sea but a few months after their marriage—had formerly occupied our house; and, furthermore, after much questioning, both direct and roundabout, we came into possession of the knowledge that the lady aforesaid, whom he described as “a sweet, gentle soul,” finally died there—all alone, but for one servant.

“I will wager anything,” I whispered to my husband, in a loud *sotto voce*, “that the poor lady’s name was Mary. Ask the gentleman, dear, if he knows.”

At my instigation, my husband did so, and, by reference to his memorandum-book, the agent

informed us that it was, showing us, in confirmation, a written leaf therein, on which was inscribed, “Mrs. Mary Dayton, April 23d, 1849.”

The agent finally took his departure, leaving me, in my thoroughly aroused nervous state, more abnormally disturbed in fancy than ever, for now I insisted that the house was haunted by the spirit of the deceased captain, who walked “to and fro, up and down,” restless as his sable majesty in the book of Job, calling for ever entreatingly upon the name of his lost dead wife, “Mary, oh, Mary! quick!”

My husband tried in vain to soothe me, but it was of no avail. By this time I was really ill, and there’s no knowing to what lengths my absurdity might not finally have led me, when, fortunately for me and all the members of that entire haunted household, it was abruptly put to flight by the diversion, incident upon the arrival—sudden and totally unexpected arrival—of my husband’s elder brother from Calcutta.

Said brother being our favorite one, and a great traveler and learned *vacant* as well, great was our joy at this sudden meeting, and hearty the welcome accorded him, after a long separation caused

by his past three years' sojourn in the Orient, by his anxious relatives of the Western Hemisphere.

Of course the topic of the house and hour was soon touched up, and dwelt upon as well to some length. My brother promised to give the matter his full attention, and, somehow, so great was my veneration for his judgment, and so absolute my confidence in his skill, that I really began to mend, both in health and spirits, from the moment of his welcome arrival among us. And at the end of three days, I, at least, was scarcely surprised by his statement, that he was now "fully prepared to lay that ghost at once and for ever, or gallantly perish in the attempt."

His stipulation being, however, that we must do exactly as he said, or, in other words, that he must have matters, for the nonce, all his own way, of course we consented, and after turning us out of our original bedroom, to which we had in disgust returned, he invited us up again, an hour afterward, to a grand incantation scene, which, with the utmost solemnity of manner, he insisted upon going through; and—to shorten a rather lengthy story—the incense he burned, and the gibberish he chanted, in "Pigeon English," the which dwells in my memory yet.

The incantation lasted about an hour, during which time the incense burned incessantly. At the end of that time, our brother gravely informed us that the performances were over, and we had better open the windows, and let out the vapors; also, light a little fire in the grate, to purify the air, and on his word of honor as "a man and a brother" veritable, we would never again be troubled by the ghost.

We carried out his instructions literally, even to the matter of lighting a fire in the grate.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, the high priest dropped in again in *propria persona*, to see how matters were progressing. He found us both—my husband and myself (old Barbara being down with a severe attack of the rheumatism at the time)—down on our knees before the grate, blowing with all our might in alternate turns at the dry pine kindling-wood which, instead of politely bursting into a bright blaze beneath our united efforts, insisted on puffing whiffs of thick blue smoke out into our already inflamed eyes. It was no use, and we presently so pronounced it.

Clearly, there was some obstruction in the chimney. My husband and brother went up-stairs in the garret, and on top of the house, to personally examine into the state of the chimney. They had been gone but a few moments, when I, still on my knees in front of the grate, was surprised by the sound of something falling down the chimney; and the instant afterward, almost on my very nose, tumbled the huge feathery body of a dead macaw!

At the same moment my two tormentors entered the room. A smile of triumph simultaneously lit both mustached lips. With the appearance of the dead parrot, I began to smell "a small mice."

"Well, Mary, how about the incantation, now? Am I or am I not a true Isaiah, Jr.?" greeted my brother, banteringly.

"Shall I answer a fool according to his folly?" I replied, discourteously, but relevantly as well.

Whereat they both laughed, and I made haste to heal my brother's wounded vanity by an opposite quotation fully as complimentary as was the other ruder.

"Expect no incense at my hands, brother mine," I added, gayly. "You see, I burn none under your or my nose, though you treat me with as less consideration. In this parrot, then, I recognize your 'ghost,' and your incantation—"

"Was to smoke her parrotship out of her snug

quarters in the chimney," he interrupted, with a smile.

"But how did you know it was there? We have never seen it before, husband?"

My husband shook his head in negation.

"And, oh!" I resumed, in sudden recollection of the cruelty of the procedure, "how could you smoke it to death?"

"One question at a time, my indignant sister," my brother replied, amusedly, drawing me to a seat between himself and my husband, on the sofa. "First, How did I know of its existence? I saw it, my dear—saw it, late the other night, from the carriage-window, as I drove up from the boat. Naturally attracted by the strange phenomenon of a large white bird fluttering about the chimney-tops, I next day mounted the roof, to investigate. I found it, without much difficulty, crouched away out of sight in one of the chimneys. I saw at a glance that it could not live long, being very old and feeble—certainly not a day less than thirty years of age—and concluded it would be a mercy to put it out of its sufferings; for, eventually, when it got too feeble to fly in and out, or leave its chimney, it would necessarily die of starvation. While upon the roof, and yet unseen by it, I heard it utter the identical phrase which has so troubled you, viz.: 'Mary! oh, Mary! quick!'"

"Satisfied, then, in my own mind, I yet kept it a secret from you both, intent upon carrying out the little harmless practical joke you have just witnessed. So, still intrusting my discovery to no one, I suddenly conceived the experiment of the incantation, which you must both own has been a complete success. As for what you are pleased, woman-like, to designate the extreme cruelty of the procedure, I must beg leave to 'deny the soft impeachment,' as I purposely used plenty of chloroform in the incense, in order to make the old macaw's death as utterly painless as possible!

"Poor old Polly!" he added, turning over the old gray parrot's carcass with his foot. "She was doubtless a brave old bit of snappish Cayenne, in her day. Doubtless she belonged to the lady who used to occupy this house, whose name was 'Mary,' you recollect; and, in all probability, was a present from her sea-captain husband. Ever since her death, the bird must have lived all alone in its own chimney corner, supplying itself in some inexplicable manner with food, but unmolested by the inmates of the house."

"Yes; doubtless," I made answer. "And playing ghost, meanwhile, to its heart's content." "Doubtless, doubtless!" he replied, laughingly; "but, of a surety, you must own that I've honorably won my spurs; and that, in the encounter of flesh *versus* devil, I claim, for ever and for aye, to have laid your ghost!"

The Romance of Olozaga Manor.

SPAIN, under the rule of her suspicious queen, was overrun with spies. Daily, in every town and city, citizens were accused of rebellious speech and acts, their property was confiscated, and they themselves were either turned into the streets, to wander homeless, or were thrown into prison.

Among the people, terror, inactivity and poverty prevailed; while the unprincipled few of the nobility amassed wealth, and led lawless lives.

Still, a fire slumbered in the hearts of the people—a fire that tyranny served to feed, and which was already bursting forth, here and there, into uncontrollable speech and acts, and was

developing its intensity secretly in republican organization and conspiracy.

Among the women in some quarters there prevailed an intense scorn for the unprincipled queen who occupied the throne; and in few was this scorn more manifest than in Isabella Dulce, a girl of nineteen years, who kept a little furnishing-shop, inherited from her parents, in the city of Cadiz.

She was wont to speak out her mind openly and defiantly in the presence of her customers. Among these was a young man, a stranger to her, who, for two or three months, had almost daily frequented her shop, sometimes to make purchases, and always to converse with her. A sort of intimacy had sprung up between the two—an intimacy never forward, always respectful, and at last, though not declared on either side, passionately strong.

At least, so it seemed. Words were not spoken save those of a business-like or general character; but there passed between them the silent communication of such looks as tell the secrets of the heart. Whether these signs betokened dissembling on his part or not, she was sincere; and daily she would watch for his coming with the unreasoning longing which belongs to love.

One day he entered just as she was uttering her sentiments freely to some patrons concerning the queen.

"Her name is Isabella!" she exclaimed, and her dark eyes flashed as she spoke, "and so is mine. But rather than have this denote a relationship between us, either by blood or as women, I would lose my life!"

The young man stepped forward to her quickly. A disturbance, occasioned by an arrest—a common event at that time—attracted the citizens to the street.

"Hush!" said he, and as he spoke, the eyes of the two met.

It was the only word he uttered for the moment; and her eyes were filled with a light that betokened wonder and respect, as well as fearless outspokenness. She obeyed him instinctively.

Though he was not richly clad, he wore the air of refinement which belongs to scholarship, and which carries with it that indefinable aristocracy of bearing which keeps vulgarity at a distance, and at the same time disregards occupation and station in the choice of associates, caring only for a refinement of mind and manner in sympathy with its own.

"Would senorita lose her little store?" he said; "be deprived of all her means; be turned into the street, and, perhaps, be put into prison?"

She sighed involuntarily, and let her eyes droop. She played with the ribbon which surrounded her waist. The blood rushed into her face.

The young man now spoke passionately.

"Senorita, you do not know me; but I know you—have known you long. I have known you, I say; studied you—seen the beauty of your character, so correspondent with the beauty of your person. Pardon me if I speak boldly. That is in my blood, and you inspire me. Senorita, if you knew me, you would respect me, while I talk thus to you. I have tried to keep away from here, but have been drawn hither by an attraction irresistible. Is it fatal? Tell me, am I drawn only to be destroyed? I have heard you speak your noble sentiments, with your virtuous feelings of abhorrence for our most unvirtuous queen, and I do homage to you, Isabella—you, the queen who rules me! Am I rushing to destruction? Tell me, Isabella! tell me! For if you will not bid me hope, I shall despair!"

She had drawn back a few steps during his

passionate talk, and now she stood, astonished, looking at him.

"The senor talks to a shop-girl," she said.

"By heavens! I talk to a woman! Have I not considered your occupation, and broken through all social barriers, and come and talked with you—my spirit with your spirit? Is not this an evidence which heaven smiles on, and admits within its courts? Let me whisper. I am leagued with others in hate against the throne. I can trust you. Prim is coming hither. The fleet will turn, and take the town. We shall rise, and follow Prim, to the overthrow of this licentious despotism. Do you think I'm poor? Believe it. Then we may stand together under heaven free and equal, in a land where titles shall be a sham, and the man and woman only noble."

She drew near. She held out her hand. He grasped it.

"I must have your love," he said. "Isabella, without that, Spain, freed, will still be Spain, my prison."

"You have it, senor," she said, in a tone so rich and musical that it rung through him like the voice of an organ. "Do you think that I have not known you? The drawing has been mutual. And I am too full of joy to speak of it."

"Come to my residence, just outside the city!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "We will be married forthwith, and then we shall be partners in life's struggle, for the struggle is coming on. Or let us be married here, and then shall you go with me. My house may be small and obscure, but love will make us happy. Call in a priest—some good father, that you know. Come; these ties of spirit do not bear any postponement of the sacred tie of ceremony."

"What shall I call you? I trust you, and yet I do not know your name."

"Francisco de Sales—an old, noble name; but a family deprived of its estates."

"Oh! I will go at once. Father Leonardo lives next door. He shall come in."

And in a few moments more, they weremarried

Had Isabella Dulce loved Francisco de Sales less, she would now probably have sunk under a revulsion of feeling produced by reflection upon the suddenness of her act in marrying him. But she had loved the stranger long, and her secret love had grown into an unmanageable passion, so that when he declared his love for her, she was suddenly overcome, especially since he proposed marriage on the spot, thus removing all suspicion of his sincerity.

The Father Leonardo was also a comparative stranger to her, having but recently come to the locality; yet, during the short time in which she had known him, she had learned to confide in him.

Immediately upon the consummation of the marriage ceremony, Francisco, after passionately kissing her, left her to attend, as he whispered, a secret meeting of the revolutionary society. He was to return for her ere the day was gone, to take her to his home; and with a face beaming with joy, he took his departure.

Dusk set in, and he did not come; night, and still he did not make his appearance. Anxiety began to arise in Isabella's heart. Her fears grew, until she cried. And then she dried her tears, only to weep again afresh. Where was he? Could he have been seized—the conspiracy discovered?

The night wore on, and fancy depicted terrors which tormented her till the morning broke, without Francisco coming to her.

It was a glorious morning, with the sun shining over the city, and a cool, bracing atmosphere, bringing health to some, but not to her.

"Oh! where is he?"

The cry broke from her, and just then the door was opened, and a man stepped in.

"Is Senorita Isabella Dulce in?" he asked, and he removed his hat, when she sprang to him, almost breathless, exclaiming:

"Yes, yes!—why?—what?"

"I have a letter for her," said he, handing to her a letter, which she seized.

It was addressed to her. Tearing it open, she read as follows:

"DEAREST WIFE: Most unavoidably have I been kept from you. When I see you, you shall know all, and will pardon me for not coming. Mean while, come to my residence, under the conduct of the messenger who brings this letter. Come!

"Your husband, FRANCISCO."

Thrilled with joy, she stepped into the carriage at the door, and was driven rapidly away.

She saw that she was taken by a road, into the suburbs, that led through avenues of trees and past beautiful mansions, the residences of the nobility. The whole locality seemed to be occupied by the wealthy. Strange! Could it be that Francisco's residence was among these? He was poor.

And while such thoughts were passing through her mind, the carriage turned from the road and drove through a grand, open gateway, into grounds inclosed by a high fence. A lawn stretched up to some scattered trees. Thither the road lay, and presently the carriage stopped before a large and splendid mansion. Wonderingly she looked at it from the carriage-window. The driver jumped from his seat, and opened the door, and stood waiting for her to get out.

What did all this mean? Could it be that her husband was the proprietor of this place, and that he had kept her ignorant of his position, for the double purpose of testing her love, and of producing a charming surprise?

She put a part of her questioning into language.

"Is this Senor Francisco de Sales's residence?" she asked of the man.

"Yes," he replied; and she alighted from the carriage, and ascended the broad steps that led to the grand entrance of the mansion.

The door was swung open by a man in a servant's livery, and within the hall stood three waiting-maids, who advanced to conduct her upstairs to her apartment.

The hall was large and splendid, and the broad staircase was laid with a sumptuous carpet. An exquisite fragrance pervaded the air. She was introduced to a room furnished with all that was convenient and beautiful. The maids brought to her garments of rich silk, telling her that the master had left the request that she should select the ones most fitting to her taste, and allow herself to be dressed therein. This she did, and then the maids brought jewelry, and encircled her neck and arms with diamonds and pearls.

Fascinated, exhilarated, bewildered, Isabella submitted without a word to the attentions of the maids, and finally dismissed them, in order that she might collect her scattered thoughts, and reflect upon her situation. All seemed like a dream—the declaration of love; the hasty marriage; the long and terrible absence of Francisco in Cadiz; the letter she had received from him; the ride and arrival hither; the marvelous grandeur and splendor of her reception; the surprise to find that Francisco was a grandee; the exquisite magnificence of her present surroundings, and still the absence of Francisco.

Rising to her feet again, she wandered through the palace, until her vision wearied with looking on the beauties which everywhere met her eyes. Then she stepped out into the grounds, where

beauties hardly less exquisite, though more directly from the hand of Nature, opened up from lawn and grove, and dale and hill, and from lakelet and brook.

Still she walked as one in a dream. She rubbed her eyes, to assure herself that all things were real. And all the while a dark fear concerning Francisco's safety, a tormenting solicitude as to his welfare, a troubled apprehension in view of his absence, was on her mind.

She wandered by a pathway that led her to a rustic Summer-house, overshadowed with trees on all sides save in front, whence a lawn opened that stretched away to a grove through which the high fence that inclosed the domain was visible. She entered, and seated herself. She had not slept for a whole night, and now her excitement yielded to the need, and she fell asleep.

Hours must have passed ere she awoke, for the shadows were now slanting from the west. She awoke, dreaming that Francisco had come back, and was coming in to greet her; and she sprang to her feet to give him the joyous welcome with which her heart was full.

She awoke to find that she was in the arbor, and not alone. An elegantly dressed gentleman sat opposite to her, smoking a cigar. He looked at her, and laughed. She stood, half awake, and gazed at him.

He was a man of middle age, with a full beard, rather grizzled and bristling. His eyes were rather bold in their expression, and his look was so steady, that it grew into a stare. Besides, there was in them an expression from which she shrank. His posture was careless and easy, as though he was accustomed to society, and he wore the unmistakable air that marked the nobility.

"Senorita has been dreaming, I opine," said he, taking his cigar from his mouth, and coolly puffing the smoke.

"Where is Francisco?" she asked.

"He is far away," said he, smiling.

"Oh, where is he?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Does senorita, then, desire to see Francisco de Sales?" he asked, in a tone of banter.

"Where is he? Oh, do tell me!"

"He is on my busin. ss," was the reply.

"Is not this place his?"

"No, senorita; it is mine."

She recoiled from him, and then stood looking at him, as though trying to divine his sphinx-like face.

"How came I here?" she next asked, in a whisper that was almost breathless.

"He sent you here. Did you not receive his letter?"

"I did."

"He sent you here at my order."

"At your order? Francisco?"

"Sit down, senorita. Compose yourself. There is time to talk."

"Tell me where Francisco is?"

"He is in Cadiz."

"Why has he sent me here? Why does he not come to me?"

"He sent you here by my order. He does not come to you, because he sent you to me. He is in my service. The poor fellow must make a livelihood, and his culture, and his handsome appearance, and manners, are his capital. I paid him well for bringing you to me. I have known of you a long while. He first spoke to me of your beauty, and I took the pains once to look at you. You did not see me. You have seen him often enough. Did he declare his love for you, the shrewd fellow? And you thought Father Leonardo was a genuine priest. He, too, serves me."

Isabella stood before him while he spoke, with her face white, and her eyes fixed. She drew her

hand across her brow. She tottered a little. And then she confronted him with the whisper, almost fierce:

"It is false!"

He looked up at her, and laughed sardonically. "This is my manor, and you are mine," he said; and then he went on talking coolly, as though there existed between him and her a thorough understanding. "Yes," said he, "this is mine, and you are mine. I have loved you, and have taken this means to get you. My name is Olozaga. I belong to the queen's court. It is a wonder you did not know of my manor. This is Olozaga Manor, known in all the region roundabout. The queen gave the manor to me originally, and she lets me do about as I please. You were reported to her. You have spoken pretty freely. She was about to have you put into prison; but I prevailed upon her to let me have you, and bring you to this pretty place. A fine place, is it not? You will enjoy yourself here with me. You must not mind if you cannot scale the high fence, and go abroad, or if you are well attended. Francisco is an excellent detective, and I thank him. I wish you a happy time with me."

She stood a few moments agast. She turned to leave the arbor, and tottered out upon the lawn.

"You wish to take a walk?" said Olozaga. "Very well; I am too indolent just now to accompany you. José," he called, and a stout man sprang from some shrubbery at the side of the arbor, and, with a few strides, reached Isabella's side.

Things swam around her, and she fell to the ground.

With returning consciousness, she opened her eyes in darkness. She was lying down, and, reaching out her hand, found that she was on a couch. Then her hand struck what seemed to be a curtain. This she raised, and then a dim light was perceptible. It was the light of day, for no lamp was burning.

She sprang to the floor, and found herself in the same room to which she had been conducted on first entering the mansion. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and groaned. But the instinct that prompted her to exertions to save herself from a worse fate than any that could else befall her, prompted her to attempt an escape, and she tried to open the door. It did not yield to her efforts. She was locked in. She ran to the windows, trying one after another. All were fastened. She looked out. The gray light of morning was beginning to reveal the landscape dimly.

The circumstances of her situation whirled before her mind's eye, and, amidst all, her faith would not let Francisco go. In spite of all, she trusted him. And this faith was all that kept her sane. She believed in him against belief, and hoped against hope, and reasoned with herself that she was the victim of some horrible mistake. What the consequences of the mistake would be—that was the consideration which drove her to despair. She flung herself upon the floor, and buried her face in her hands. And the sun rose, and ascended high upon his course, and still she lay there as though insensible.

A slight noise at the door startled her. She sat up, and listened, her heart thumping in her breast. What horror might be now approaching!

The door was opened softly, but suddenly, and she sprang to her feet. Olozaga entered. With the frenzy of desperation, she darted to the door. But he caught her, pushed her back, closed the door, and locked it.

She straightened herself before him in all her maidenly virtue and pride, and her eyes flamed upon him, as she demanded

"How is it that you dare to enter my chamber? Leave it, this instant."

"The morals of our court permit it," he said, coolly. "Seat yourself, Isabella, and be composed. I have only taken the liberty to make you a friendly call. Let me conduct you to a seat."

"Keep off your hand!" she cried. "Touch me, and you die."

"With what will you slay me, Isabella? I do not see that you have any weapon."

"Justice shall slay you!"

"Justice? Ha, ha, ha! There's no such thing in Spain. But, just or unjust, I must kiss those lips."

He moved toward her suddenly, as though to catch her, and she sprang away. What avail, though, was her effort to escape? But a crashing noise at the great gate at the moment arrested his attention, and he stepped to the window.

It was kept up. The sound was as though mighty hands were wielding axes there. A shout sounded in the air, followed by a far-off murmur, as though from a multitude of men.

Olozaga uttered a curse, and sprang to the door, and, unlocking it, went out, and locked it on the other side.

Isabella stood at the window. The gate was in view. And still the sound of axes crashed on the ear.

She heard Olozaga's voice below in the tone of command, and soon she saw a company of men, armed with muskets, file under the window, and draw up near the gate, and take aim, as though ready to fire the moment the breach was made, and the assailants were visible.

Had Prim arrived? Had the town been taken? Had the people risen?

And still the noise at the gate. And then a great crash.

She saw men rush in. There was a struggle, and she saw muskets and swords gleam amidst the smoke, and men rush upon each other in the rage of battle.

Then there was a struggling movement of the swaying mass toward the house, and she saw one sword glitter again and again in the air—the sword of the leader—and she heard his voice above all the voices, sending thrill after thrill through her.

Bodies were left strewn upon the pathway, and still the furious mass drew nearer. And then there was a fight, the assailants pursuing. And still the sword of the leader glittered in the air, as he cut here and there, and cried out to his men.

And then a sudden rush up the very steps of the house. She heard swords clash on the staircase. The sound drew nearer. Now it was just outside the door. And the panting of the antagonists could be heard. The door was burst open, and Olozaga rushed in, like a savage beast, covered with blood. And the leader came on with a vengeful pant, thrusting at his adversary with a look of hate.

Olozaga made a thrust at Isabella. It was his last. It fell short, and that instant the leader's sword was buried in Olozaga's body to the hilt. The next, and Isabella was clasped in Francisco's arms.

When Francisco had left Isabella in Cadiz, he had been apprised in the streets of a meeting of the Republican League of the city, in which he was a leading officer. Urgent business prevented his return in person. He wrote the letter which Isabella had received, and put in his pocket, to await an opportunity to dispatch it properly.

Suddenly the meeting was surprised by a body of the Queen's Guard, under the command of Olozaga. Francisco was seized; his person was searched, the letter was taken from him, and he

was cast into prison. Olozaga had used the letter to suit his own purposes.

Meanwhile, Prim had arrived off Cadiz, and, inspired by his presence, the fleet had turned upon the city, and taken it. The people had risen *en masse* to support the Republican cause. The prison doors were thrown open. Francisco, being set free, at once placed himself at the head of a body of men, and marched to the Olozaga Manor, expecting to find Isabella there, and bent on destroying the queen's tyrannical emissary.

After rescuing Isabella, and placing her in a safe retreat, he entered, heart and soul, into the revolutionary movement, which, in so few days, accomplished its purpose, in driving the wicked queen from the throne and from Spain, and in establishing a government based on freedom.

His services were eminent, and he received an eminent reward. The Olozaga Manor was bestowed upon him, and, in a short time, he was established therein, with Isabella, his wife.

Earthquake Waves.

THE writer was in Australia when the great Chilean earthquake occurred, in 1868. The wave-breaking phenomena, as regards Australasia, occurred only at New Zealand, and even there it was confined to one or two places noted for their susceptibility to earthquake disturbance. At Sydney, one thousand two hundred miles distant, the sea merely ebbd and flowed in rather quick succession, and for very short periods. At Newcastle (N. S. W.), eighty miles north of Sydney, the waters of the River Hunter were so strangely disturbed by electricity as to cause the iron steamboats to swing broadside on to the tide, besides which, as at Sydney, the tide rose and fell. At Adelaide and King George's Sound the tide also ebbd and flowed in like manner, whilst Melbourne was totally unaffected by oceanic disturbance. The wave broke on the shores of Japan with a height and force second only to what occurred at Callao. The same phenomena, but on a very small scale, also occurred in a few islands in the South Pacific and at the Chincha Islands, off the Peruvian coast.

It will be noticed that the localities where the wave broke on the shores are notoriously subject to earthquake disturbance, Japan being only second on the list after Chile, and New Zealand next. Now, these remarkable exceptions would point to a susceptible subterranean connection with the present great focus of earthquake disturbance on the Peruvian seaboard. If this view be adopted, it is only reasonable to assume that a subterranean disturbance took place at Japan, New Zealand, and other islands to which the Chilean earth-throes penetrated, and there caused that mysterious prior recession of the sea from the shores in each locality where the great sea-waves subsequently broke. Now, it appears to the writer that the philosophic nut to crack is, what agency caused the prior recession of the sea which took place at all the places where the great waves broke on the shore?

To suppose that the great earth-throes on the South American coast possessed the power to project a wave across the vast Pacific Ocean to a maximum distance of ten thousand five hundred miles, and that such a wave traveled at the rate of from two hundred and ninety-five to three hundred and ninety-four miles per hour, is only preposterous, in a second degree, to suppose that a wave could exist on the ocean, or that a wave has progressive motion until it reaches a shore, when it becomes a wave of translation. It is directly against hydrostatic laws to assert that a single wave can exist on the ocean, much less can it progress forward.

If this were possible it would be within the power of the engines of a ship to drive her as fast as a locomotive on rails; whereas we find that nearly all a ship's motive power is absorbed in clearing the particles of water apart to admit the bow, and it is due to those retarding particles clinging with tenacious grip to the vessel, and which to the last grip fast to counter and stern until torn away.

I am really at a loss to conceive how any scientific man should have propagated the idea, and propagated it as a fact, that any of the forces of nature are capable of creating waves on the ocean unless the initial force be constant.

Let us suppose ourselves on board ship in a hurricane of twelve. If the wind (the initial force) abates to ten, the sea soon falls in altitude, and so on down the scale to naught, a dead, glassy calm. Thus an earthquake may, by a sudden upheaval, cause (not one, but many) waves; yet, owing to the cessation of the initial force, such waves would not be observed by vessels at a distance of ten miles, much less ten thousand! It is true that waves will be transmitted by hydrostatic undulation to great distances, and so fast as to outrun the storm that gave them birth; but they owe their power of transmission to the sustained initial force, as when that ceased, the power of transmission would also cease.

The diurnal flow of the great tidal wave is sustained by the continued action of the moon and sun, but when those planets cease to exert that power, the tidal waters seek their normal level in the ocean.

There are people who have a fixed idea that ocean waves possess progressive motion, which is a mistake. Let us suppose that they have the power of progression. What would be the consequence when a hurricane was blowing on to a shore? The waters of each wave would be impelled on to the beach in quick succession, so as to bond back the waters of rivers and creeks, lowlands would be flooded, and its attendant ruin to the inhabitants would follow.

Gas.

THE history of illuminating gas has been often recounted. From the most authentic descriptions of its rise and progress, it is evident that its manufacture was suggested by the experiments made with natural gas issuing from the earth in close proximity to coal-seams. In the writing of ancient authors, mention is made of perpetual fires which were burned on altars consecrated to the worship of mythological deities. Strabo and Plutarch refer to these mysterious fires; while Herodotus, Vitruvius, and other early historians allude to the bituminous wells of the island of Zante, whence issued streams of inflammable vapor, which were used to inspire the multitudes of worshippers with profound reverence for sacerdotal authority. In India and China, these wells have been known from remote antiquity; and, in the latter country, the gas thus naturally exuding from the ground has for a long time been conveyed in pipes made of bamboo, and used for boiling salt. Gas-wells of this description abound in various parts of the world; one of which, in England, was probably the means of suggesting the artificial production of gas, and its utilization as an illuminating agent. In America, several wells of more than ordinary interest have been discovered, yielding large volumes of gas of considerable illuminating power. Among them may be mentioned those in the town of Fredonia, where two companies furnish light to a village of three thousand inhabitants, produced solely by burning the natural gas as it rises from the ground.

In alluding to the history of this important branch of industry, we cannot pass over the observation of Doctor Watson that coal-gas is unaltered by being passed through tubes immersed in water; or, in other words, that the condensation of some of its constituents does not impair its illuminating properties. This fact is noted in the "Chemical Essays" of this gentleman, published in 1767. Other experiments of this nature continued to be performed by various persons, but with little or no practical results. In 1781, Lord Dundonald secured a patent for making coal-tar—or, more properly speaking, coal-oil, for this was the substance he desired to produce. In condensing this product, the gaseous body eliminated by the distillation of coal was collected for amusement and curiosity; and no other purpose than that of the entertainment of his friends seemed to inspire his exertions. These investigations, however, were not without their fruit. A countryman of his lordship (Scotch), by the name of Murdoch, then living at Redruth, in Cornwall, who had read of the experiments above described, was led to investigate the nature of the products of distillation, and extended his researches to the volatile bodies obtained from peat, coal, wood, and other combustibles. These investigations were pursued with some degree of system, and it was ascertained that, by properly regulating the processes of carbonization and condensation, a uniform product of high illuminating power might be obtained. The practical mind of Murdoch soon appropriated the idea, that by constructing receptacles for the gas, and conveying it through pipes, it might be manufactured, and utilized on a large scale. He lighted his own house in this manner, conveying the gas in pipes about seventy feet from his miniature gas-works, and likewise constructed a portable gas-lantern, which he carried with him at night, much to the discomfiture of the superstitious peasantry of his neighborhood, who strongly suspected him of witchcraft.

In 1798, Murdoch erected gas-works at Messrs. Boulton and Watt's Soho Foundry, and having entered into the employment of that firm, he personally superintended the operation, and gradually perfected the details of the manufacture. That gas illumination, as illustrated by its employment at this factory, was a success cannot be doubted; and yet several years elapsed before it was generally adopted. In 1802, at the illumination in honor of the peace of Amiens, the superiority of the display produced at the Soho Foundry was so marked, that general attention was attracted to the new method of illumination, and its use gradually extended. A number of large cotton-mills were lighted by gas about the year 1805. The Lyceum Theatre, of London, was the first place of amusement which employed it; and in a short time, its advantages having become better appreciated, its use became more general.

But notwithstanding the fact that these advantages obtained a wider recognition, some opposition was manifested to its introduction. Grave predictions of danger were uttered, and no little ridicule was cast upon the project. When Napoleon was informed of the subject, he remarked, "It is a splendid folly." Sir Walter Scott was no less incredulous, and said that he feared London would be on fire from it, from Hackney Gate to Tyburn; while Lord Brougham declared that "the idea was worthy of the philosopher who proposed to extract sunbeams from cucumbers"—a remark, by-the-way, which, though uttered in a spirit of irony, in the light of modern scientific opinions contains elements of sober reality. Even Sir Humphrey Davy considered the idea of utilizing gas so ridiculous, that he contemptuously asked "if it were intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?"

As soon as gaslight became firmly established in England, its merits claimed recognition on the other side of the Atlantic; and in 1820, the first American gaslight company was chartered to light the city of Baltimore. Six years later, in 1822, Boston adopted the new method of illumination; while the New York Gaslight Company was chartered in 1824. From this date, gasworks multiplied with rapidity; and as the superiority of the new light became evident, cities and towns in all parts of the United States were soon supplied with it. The Baltimore gasworks were originally constructed to make gas from coal-tar; but this plan proved a total failure, as might have been predicted. After this unsuccessful experiment, the works were reconstructed by an English engineer; but, this change not proving satisfactory, they were again remodeled, and gas was made from bituminous coal. In Boston, a mixture of coal and resin was used; while, by the two New York companies, resin alone was employed. All of these works were deemed more or less defective, and when, in January, 1833, the question of erecting gasworks in Philadelphia was brought before the council, it was resolved to send an engineer to Europe for the purpose of investigating the best gasworks there in operation. This was done; and, on the 10th of February, 1836, Philadelphia was lighted with gas, made entirely on the English principle, which thenceforth became generally adopted in all the towns of the United States.

Bad Air.

AIR, the breath of life, is the first want of the human being, and it is also the last. At every pulsation during life we need this life-sustaining element. Yet one would suppose, by the bad ventilation of houses, churches and theatres, that it was a matter of indifference whether he had much or little, or whether it was good or bad. We read in the papers of the death of persons from suffocation in wells, mines, or by escaping gas, and are startled, wondering why people will be so careless; yet thousands of people die by inches, or only half live, in consequence of the impurity of the air which they breathe. If one is shut up in a small room without any admission of fresh air, the air contained within the room soon becomes impure by having been breathed over and over, and very great lassitude or depression of life and spirits is the consequence. The blood requires to be revitalized constantly within the lungs by coming in contact with atmospheric air. Indeed, that is the whole office of the lungs, to aerate or revitalize the blood—which is there met by the atmospheric air—and change it from dark, venous blood to bright scarlet, arterial blood, thus preparing it to carry life to every part and tissue of the system. In the lungs the blood loses many of its impurities, and takes on the life-giving oxygen from the air; and in proportion as the air is abundant and pure which we breathe, in that proportion we have the glow of health and the enthusiasm of living which comes from well-vitalized blood.

A Fakir at Baroda, India, Bearing Relics.

A HINDOO traveler at Baroda sketches this fakir bearing on his carrying-pole, covered with rich cloth and decorated, several relics or objects hallowed by association with some Mohammedan saint. The Guicowar or prince protects and favors alike the fakir of the Prophet and the Hindoo gossain, clothing them richly in the style of the country.

Among other curious incidents, he tells the following of this prince: The Guicowar had been spending money very lavishly, and found, to his alarm, that the exchequer was nearly empty. He was a kind-hearted man, and did not wish to crush his people down with new taxes. To raise money was the question. He struck upon a plan, new but efficacious. Corruption among office-holders is as well established in India as it is among us; in fact, it is almost openly recognized—men with trifling salaries being, in a few years, able to roll in wealth.

The prince considered that the immense sums extorted from the people should be considered as taken from himself. He accordingly issued, through all the departments of the civil service,

this proclamation: "His Highness sees, with regret, that corruption has crept into the administration of affairs, but hopes that it will cease promptly. He advises office-holders who have been led astray within the last ten years to pay into the royal treasury the sums thus received. His Highness, considering this restitution as a full reparation, will forget the past; but if any office-holder neglects to refund, he will be compelled to use severity." This edict was a thunder-clap in the regions of red tape; loud and long were the cries and protestations, but there was no avoiding. The edict had to be executed, and in a fortnight, more than twenty-seven lacs of rupees—that is, a million and a quarter of dollars—were paid into the treasury.



A FAKIR AT BARODA, INDIA, BEARING RELICS.



GEORGE.—"Say, uncle, if a thing is smooth, is it level?"

UNCLE.—"Y-e, Ge rye."

GEORGE.—"Well, your head is as smooth as it can be; but the other day Cousin Muggie said it wasn't level."

A WISCONSIN paper advertises for sale "a cow that gives milk five years old."

CALIFORNIA housewives describe soda as "that 'ere stuff which you put in bisquits to make 'em get up and Grecian bend themselves."

A GENTLE HINT.—*Fashionable Waiter in old Gent*: "If you should miss your pocket-book before you get home, sir, remember that you didn't draw it out here."

SQUIRE GRIMES looks at his old woman, who is scolding away at a fearful rate, and then turns sadly to his only son, and whispers in his ear: "Oh, Georgie, if I hadn't married your mother, mightn't we two be having a glorious time now?"

LITTLE Johnny, who rode in the steam-cars for the first time in his life, the other day, began crying piteously when he saw the conductor approaching him with his ticket-punch. "Don't cry," the conductor said; "I shan't hurt you." "O (boo-hoo) that's what all the dentists say (boo-hoo), when they want to pull my teeth." It took that little boy's dad five minutes to allay the fears of his tender offspring.

WHAT is the use of going to see one's bachelor friend who has lately "popped the question?" Whenever you call he is sure to be engaged.

A BAR-ROOM orator, expatiating upon a political opponent, said that he was mean enough to steal ashes from his neighbor's garbage-box to sprinkle his own door-steps with.

"SAY, Bill, tell me what makes you squander all your money in such a reckless manner, and go about in tatters and rags?" "I don't need any money; I have two houses." "Two houses! How so?" "Why, the poor-house and the station-house, haven't I?"

AT common law, dogs are not property, but Judge Humphreys, in the District of Columbia, has decided that they are, and that as such they may be taxed, but cannot be licensed. The authorities have no power to license a nuisance, and then fine if a dog be a nuisance; he may be suppressed, notwithstanding he has been licensed. Whether a cog who barks in the night may be induced to go away by a boot-jack thrown from the window is a nice point, upon which the Washington judge was not called to pass.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.

FORMED with Creation's earliest bud,
Borne on the waters of the flood,
When earth became dry land again,
I helped to form vale, mountain, plain.

Since then, down to this very hour,
I've exercised the highest power:
Earth, water, air, all own my aid,
But fire alone I must evade.

I love to dwell in realms of peace,
Where strife's unknown, where troubles cease,
On mountains wild—true Nature's scene—
'Midst valleys with their smiling green.

And though so strange it may appear,
When quarrels rise, I'm ever near;
E'en in the awful scourge of war,
Where rifles crack, and cannons roar.

In this foul work I take a part—
No outside rank—the very heart—
But, stay! I paint myself too black,
For though I aid man's self-attack,

I ever serve the noble mind,
Am found in peace and trade, and find
My powers thus aimed bring forth to view—
All that is gentle, kind, and true.

2.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The firsts, seconds, and lasts of the following words name three famous Greek poets.

1. A large schooner-rigged boat, having two masts.

2. A meteoric stone, curtailed.

3. A fictitious name, curtailed.

4. A sea-fish having a smooth, beautiful skin.

5. An order of insects having two pair of wings of uniform substance throughout.

6. An instrument for measuring the distance it passes over by marking the revolutions of its wheel.

3.—SQUARE WORDS.

A Hebrew measure; a fruit; distance; to happen; to mount precious stones again.

4.—DECAPITATIONS.

Decapitate sleep, and leave wood; decapitate again, and leave a pigment.

5.

Decapitate an exclamation of abhorrence, and leave to boast; behead again, and leave a relation.

6.—DINNER CHARADES.

Invite my second to dinner, give them my whole, and even then some will be so impolite as to take my first.

7.

My first is always in season; my second can never rise above his station; and my whole must not be upset for good luck.

8.—CHARADES.

My first, although of small account,
Will stand for any man;

My next a greeting does express,
As known by many a clan.

My third all men and women have,
They cannot do without it;

And though they all desire my whole,
They seldom think about it.

9.

My first the patient seamstress forms,
As the busy needle she plies;

My second fasten, if aught you wish
Concealed from prying eyes;

My whole did drink in days gone by
One wise and good who wished death nigh.

10.

I'm large, small, black, white,
King, queen, emperor, knight,
Man, woman, husband, wife—
Sometimes, when the latter, the plague of
your life.

11.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Crooked; a small useful article; a sphere; to add to; a naval officer; a judicial court of inquiry; power of understanding; rebellious soldiers in India; an artist; a cold country, and an animal belonging to it; a kind of dropsy; a lawyer; a rogue; an Autumn month; a young lady; a song; crooked as at first. Centrals down and across name a celebrated painter.

12.—LOGOGRIPE.

Change my head, and I become a noise, a hillock, a weight, a spring, a dog, and what you will say when you get it.

13.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

UHQ WPI-BSIOQ.—Diydqn.

Uhq frqy astioqi, whqn hq hqpio fsm pfpi
Uhq oairghuly uitmaquo pnd uhq ohstuo sf wpi,
Aircko ta hro qpjo, pnd uqimblng wruh dqbrghu,
Ohrfuo alpeq, pnd apwo, pnd hsaqo uhq aismroqd
frghiu;

Sn hro irghu ohstldqf hro nhrek mpnq iqelnqd,
Itllqo pu oaqd, pnd dpncqo rn uhq wrnd.
Qpgqi hq oupndo—uhqn, ouplurg wruh p bstnd,
Hq utino uhq utif, pnd obpkqo uhq osldr gisind;
Frig fsm hro qpjo, elatdo fsm hro nsouirfo flaw,
Hq bqpio hro irdgt hqpdlng sn uhq fsq.

14.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Primals, finals, and thirds read down,

Three modern poets name,
Whose works, as well as they themselves,
Are widely known to fame.

A part of the body is named by this; (1)
To woman, most sacred of all it is.

Affix a vowel to a kind of boat, (2)

And this is what it then will note.

A city in South America behold; (3)

'Twill greatly help this puzzle to unfold.

A person who to horses gives his care—(4)

Their cleaning, stabling, and their fare.

Her beauties nothing can equal or exceed; (5)

'Tis God's own work in every line we read.

15.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

One thousand and nine will specify

What cooks with ingredients do

When making a pudding, cake, or pie;

One thousand and one subdue,

You will find ten remains;

Restore again, five hundred add,

But place before the gains

A point or dot: 'twill give, bedad!

The ultimatum of the term.

How strange it should effect

Such alteration in the germ

Of this one verb elect!

But no more strange than it is true,

By the specified addition,

What before was something left to do

Becomes a preterition.

16.—DRAMATIC ACROSTIC.

A tragedy by Shakespeare; a play by Sheridan;
a tragedy by Shakespeare; an extravaganza by W.
Brough, Esq.; a burletta by Mark Lemon; a
character in "Othello;" a drama by T. Archer,
Esq. The initials, read downward, name a female
character in "Hamlet."

17.—SIX HIDDEN TOWNS.

The ratepayers were pleased and gratified with my speech at Hamburg, for I gave nice lyric quotations at intervals.

18.—SQUARE WORDS.

A covering for extremities; one afflicted with a terrible disease; a musical drama; parts of speech; to efface.

19.

A nobleman; a kind of brick; dresses; a collection of sticks.

20.—ART REBUS.

1. A Venetian painter. 2. An Italian painter. 3. A Florentine painter. 4. A Danish painter. 5. A French painter. 6. A British painter. 7. A Flemish painter. The initials, read downward, will name the "Prince of Painters" in the Italian school.

21.—SQUARE WORDS.

One of the sirens; in early life; to lead; Greek "within;" acting.

22.

One of the muses; a bolt of metal; French "before;" time; a kind of weasel.

23.

A lyric poet of Methymna; a row; ancient kings of Peru; goats (transposed); birds' beds.

24.—ANAGRAMS.

1. I am, I'll from the enemy shift great power. 2. Join; oh, he's an able, a bright minister ruled. 3. Celebrating his big name, mother. 4. N. B.—Why rend revered teacher here? 5. Tell when words won thee path of glory. 6. See! never do th' grand old preacher sun.

25.—ASTRAL ABETHMOREM.

Peru, 551 and she; a nurse and 501; roan and 1,000; request, double you and soup, and 152; besot and nothing; Ada, 1,500, and Nere; oar and 600; sun and 501; gen and 1,002; as 50 and quen. The initials, names of constellations of stars, name a star of the first magnitude.

26.—LATIN-ENGLISH CHARADE.

My first is a Latin preposition;
My third complies with the same condition,
And so my fifth does, too.
You'll find my fourth is the same (but English),
My second an adverb; and now I wish
This puzzle may not whole you.

27.—PUZZLE LOVE LETTER.

2 drown mi sorro b 4 I go mi luv I thro
U when have prov'd untrue
No joy can memry Borro
2 4 Ward Miss I fain wood kiss
A Way thi tears and poutings
2 far
My faithful luv
R plac'd thi fears and dowtings.

28.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If downward the primals are read aright,
A famous musician will come to sight.
And if upward the finals are properly read,
You'll see one of his works. There's no more to be said.

1. From one of Shakespeare's tragedies a character take.
2. I'm a style of architecture, if I do not mistake.
3. The man that lends money at very high interest.
4. I'm Spanish for a saw, it must be confessed.
5. You'll find me if for a man's name you look.
6. I'm a fine river of Italy, no mean little brook.

7. I'm known as a swimming bird in natural history.

8. I'm in the Greek alphabet; there's no great mystery.

9. I'm a town in Turkey, near the Black Sea I'm placed.

10. Curtail her who made to fall the human race.

11. A town, I am sure, in the north of Italy.

12. A name the ancient Greeks often went by.

13. Behead an animal whose flesh we eat; and then

I think you have all I've to write with my pen.

29.—LOGOGRIPE.

Whole, I am to remember; if you change my head, I am a mighty agent that often works destruction; my second, I am to repair; my third, I am a gentle temperament; and if my fourth, I am the original source of all nominal wealth.

30.—DECAPITATION.

Stirred by a gentle breeze, my whole like ocean waves appear.

I've long and handsome legs, and ears without the power to hear;

But then, oh, dear! what shall I do? they use me very cruelly;

And when my tortures reach their pitch, I'm baked and ate most coolly.

They cut me, beat and grind me; then, to crown my wrongs,

The rascals, when my legs they cut, will show their joy in songs.

Behead me, and a mighty power is seen that softens gold,

That comes in sultry June, and is welcomed in December cold.

Once more, my friends, chop off my head (a letter folks neglect),

And see, I am, to do which many love, I do suspect.

Again behead, a preposition now I am, you'll say,

Composed of food for man and beast; now tell the answer, pray.

31.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A hump; a species of fungi; a kind of ink; a fop.

Primals and finals show a beautiful and fragrant flower.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN APRIL NUMBER.

1. Candle (candy). 2. Acerb, oeder, educe, races, Brest. 3. Trust, rider, Udine, Senne, trees. 4. Lathe, arras, truss, haste, Essex. 5. Bologna, Salerno, thus—Barnacles, Omega, Lolli, Olive, Galvanometer, Nomination, AMBO. 6. Socrates, thus—Shalmanezzer, Orodes, Cambysea, Rhampsinitus, Alexander, Theseus, Esarhaddon, Saosduchimus. 7. Car-tillage (cartilage). 8. Even Song. 9. Wheat, heat, eat, at, T (tea). 10. Honesty (honesty). 11.—(1) Because High men (Hymen) lived there; (2) Because there can be no puzzle without it; (3) Because he is sure of a sound beating; (4) Because it makes ale pale—pale ale; (5) Because she's an ice person (a nice person); (6) Because he's a child in arms. 12. Livid. 13. Prince Albert Edward, thus—PotAtoE, RuLeD, ImBoW, AgamEmnoN, ChaRgeR, EmbaTtleD. 14. Gold. 15. Temper. 16. Bucephalus, Copenhagen, thus—Baltic, Ugolino, CamP, EvE, PeN, Health, Anathema, LoG, UndinE, SoloN. 17. Turby, uvula, ruler, bleed, yards. 18. Omagh, Maria, Arian, giant, Hants. 19. Burgh, usury, rupee, green, hyena.

AN ARTIST'S DEPROOF.—A jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as the knight of the brush painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said: "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

NONE OF YOUR FOREIGN-KEEING TRICKS HERE.—*Old Genl.*: "Hi, Mo:sool you've taken up my changol!" *Sharper*: "'Av I? So I 'avi Vat a funny mistakel! (But it was no mistake at all; and he was no more a Mossos than you are.)"



SO EASY.

EGOTISTICAL ARTIST.—"I knock off one of these pictures a day; it's so easy—"
SATIRICAL VISITOR.—"Oh, yes! But isn't it hard on the buyer?"

AN IRISH HOUSEMAID boasting of her industrial habits, said, quite innocently, that she rose at four in the morning, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds "before a single soul was up in the house."

EPIGRAMMATIC.—*Elder Brother*: "You don't know grammar, Charley!"
Charley: "Yes, me do know Gramma—we went to see her on Christmas Day!"

"HUMPH!" said an Englishman to a Scotchman, as they were walking over the fields, "oats are very well in their way, but in England we feed our horses with them, while here they are food for men."

"And just see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men we have in Scotland."

A PAPER makes this startling discovery: "In one day recently we saw notices in our exchange papers of no less than five persons in different parts of the country who had died suddenly while sitting in their chairs." The obvious deduction is—don't sit in chairs.

THE WOMAN QUESTION—Is he married?

A GOOD story is told of a lady whose husband died far away from home, and it took so long for his remains to reach her that his relief had quite recovered from her grief, and was giving a large lunch party when they finally arrived. A wagon drove up to the door and a large box was handed out. Curiosity ran high among the ladies at the window, and with one accord they exclaimed:

"Why, Mrs. Jones, what can that be?"
Up went Mrs. Jones's eye-glasses, and after a glance, she coolly said:

"Why, it must be Jones come home. Charley, run down and open the door for your father."



QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

TEACHER.—"Why have you made a greater mistake than your brother?"

PUPIL.—"I suppose because I'm much bigger than he is."

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT BREAKING OXEN.—Somebody wrote to the editor of a village paper to ask how he would "break an ox." The editor replied as follows:

"If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him, by means of a long chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground, then hoist him, by a rope tied to his horns, to another pole. Then descend on his back a five-ton pile-driver, and if that don't break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscription. One of the two ways will do it sure."

A Jew was observed looking very intently at a prodigious fine ham.

"What are you saying to that ham, Mr. Jacobs?"

"I was saying to it, 'Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

THE editor of the Providence *Herald* talks about the number of ill-balanced youth in New York who have not recovered from the electric influence of Pauline Markham's pedals, and says there must be a good deal of lunacy at large in this city. That is true. Fortunately for Providence theirs is all concentrated in one person.

WHY are coals the most contradictory articles known to commerce? Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, they go to the cellar.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.—*Wife* (pointing to a portrait of her deceased husband): "Oh, if you only knew the difference between you, brute, and my poor, dead and gone husband." *Husband No. 2*: "I do know the difference. He is happy now that he has got rid of you, and I was happy before I got hold of you."



STANDING DEBT.

HENRY.—"Do you see that fellow standing there—
—he owes for everything he's got on!"
FRANK.—"Oh! a 'standing debt,' hey?"

A NEWPORT man has married his mother-in-law. He was bound to get rid of her somehow.

"Boy, come here!" a clerk exclaimed, to a small-sized specimen of humanity, in the street, the other day. "Go and fetch me a pound of crackers!" "Oh, sir, I haven't time, I'm waitin' for somebody." "Well, hurry, a half-pound will do." "All right, sir, I guess I'll have time for a half pound."

SCENE: A country inn: "How comes it, Mother Jones, that you charge so much for your butter?" "Wal, you see, sir, we have only one keow; all the others are oxen."

A GRUFFY old bachelor in Congress proposes to levy a tax of twenty-five per cent. on corsets, whereupon a Down-East paper remarks: "Since there is no tax on men getting 'legit,' why should not ladies have the same privilege?"

OWEN you to reckon a dog's worth by what he will fetch, or by what he will bring?

THE reason assigned for so many American ladies learning to play the violin of late years is, that the idea of having four strings to their bow is irresistible.

TAILOR'S AFFECTION: "Here, sir, is your new coat; Mas'er sends his compliments."

Gent: (examining coat): "There's a button-hole wanted; how about that?"

Boy: "Oh, Master will be here with the bill this evening; I guess he'll bring the button-hole with him."

"MAMMA, a brooklet means a little brook, doesn't it? and an eaglet a little eagle?" "Yes, my darling." "Then, ma, does an eyelet mean a little eye, and a hamlet a little ham?"



THE WAY TO HEAVEN DIRECT.

MURDERER.—"I hope you will meet me in Paradise, sir!"

GENT (from country).—"I declare I'd rather meet you there than in a dark alley!"

"Oh, Mr. Butcher, what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had from you!" said a lady, very indignantly.

"Was there, mum? But, howsoever, the very fust fat bullock I kill without any bone, I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

THE man who was hungry, and told to bolt the door, said he would much rather bar it.

A WESTERN editor says of a neighbor with a quivering eyelid, that he "stutters in the left eye!"

SOME close observer, commenting on the idleness with which workmen left their labors at the stroke of twelve, remarked:

"I have seen a man who had a pick in the air knock off work and leave it there, rather than waste the time to put it down after twelve struck."

BOUND to shine—The sun.

A SEA-SIW—The sword-fish.

NAUTICAL mourning—Sea-weeds.

A ROOM nobody wants—Salt-rh-rum.

VEGETABLE philosophy—Sage advice.

A COWARDLY ASSAULT—To break a retreat.

THE best place for the blind—The sea-side.

A MAN ought to keep out of trade if he can't get 'tin."

WHEN is a race-horse not a whole horse? When he is ahead.

If a woman were to change her sex, she would be a he (a) then.

An early spring—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will be required to make a doubt?

A SECRET has been defined as "anything made known to everybody in a whisper."

MARRIAGE—An altar on which a man lays his pocket-book, and a woman her love-letters.

BROOKLYN has street-beggars able to give change back for a ten-dollar bill, taking out five cents.

An Indiana woman laments that her husband hadn't better sense than to take the best sheet to hang himself.

A MAN who works for a living should marry a woman taller than himself. "The laborer is worthy of his *higher*."

A PHILOSOPHER says that for a period of a month before marriage, and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

ROUSING.—A shrill old lady, whenever she loses her scissors, rouses the whole family with: "Where's them shears appeared to?"

THE most careful of buyers must needs make a mess over a purchase of new boots, for the first one he tries on he is sure to put his foot in it.

"WANTED, by a hearty boy of fourteen, a situation in an eating-house. He understands the business." That is a well-worded advertisement.

An Indiana young lady died recently, but while they were preparing her body for the coffin, revived long enough to tell them to crimp her hair.

A young lawyer recently offered a resolution in a Sunday-school.—"That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath-school."

A CRUEL man described his mother-in-law's eyes in the following outrageous manner: "She is so cross-eyed that whenever she cries, her tears flow cross-ways over her back."

LITERARY NAMES.—They call the opening of dead letters in the General Post-office *post-mortem* examinations, and the officer at the head of that department is known as the coroner.

Too WEAK.—"Are you not afraid that whisky will get up into your head?" asked a stranger of a man he saw drinking at a bar.

"No," said the toper; "this liquor is too weak to climb."

GOING alone—Old maids.

A BRIDAL-COUPLE—Two horses.

CUSTOM House duties—Receiving calls.

PICK-IT duty in the cotton field is about over.

WHEN is a baby like March? When it brings squalls.

THE surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

POPULAR SAYINGS.—"Tub-be, or not tub-be?" as the man said to his shower-bath.

ADVICE TO CRITICS.—Fling not dirt at new discoveries, lest hereafter you may have to eat it.

If you let the cat out of the bag, never try to cram it back again; it only makes matters worse.

KANSAS is the most fertile State in the Union. One potato hill recently turned out a half bushel of rattlesnakes.

Fun, commenting on the proverb, "Peace hath her victories," says: "Just so; more men fall in love than in war." Sure enough.

SWEDENBORG gives a dreary account of the highest heaven. He says women up there are just like they are down here. Don't believe it.

THERE are two reasons why people don't mind their business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

The reason assigned for so many American ladies learning to play the violin of late years is, that the idea of having four strings to their bow, is irresistible.

A SCOTCH lady has this year destroyed \$2,000 worth of wine in her cellar, on principle, but a great many persons with no principle at all have destroyed more than that.

THE DIFFICULTY.—A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty be experiences is to live without an income.

A GOOD sort of a man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for a church. "Now, what is the use of a chandelier? When you get the darned thing, nobody can play on it!"

"JOHN," said a master to his apprentice, as he was about starting on a journey, "you must occupy my place while I am absent."

"Thank you, sir," replied John; "I'd rather sleep with the boys."

SINKING WELLS.—A man named Wells having stepped upon a quicksand, he instantly sank out of sight; whereupon one of his companions remarked:

"That's a new way of sinking Wells."

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his wife, "do not wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly, "I'll come for you!" To prevent difficulty, the gentleman managed it so as to be home precisely at 10 o'clock.

SMART YOUTH.—"Jack," said a farmer to his boy, who was toasting cheese, "I don't allow that."

"More fool you!" said Jack:

"Why?" asked his master.

"Cause you could eat as much again if you did," was the reply of the clever boy.

Loose Habits—Dressing-gowns.

WANTED.—A slipper for the foot of a hill.

WHEN is a woman not a woman? When she is a *belle*.

If three miles make a league, how many make a conference?

The phoenix was raised in a hot bed, and that's what makes him soar.

Do not imagine an individual is going to spin a yarn because he knits his brow.

How do you know a house is often hungry? Because we see the chimney swallow flies.

"MAN is a mystery," said a young lady to her beau. "Yes, dear," said he, "and girl is a mystery."

A St. Louis paper says: "Half a dozen murderers are in this city, awaiting the tedious formality of acquittal."

What is the difference between a good conscience and a brawler? One feels in the right, and the other reels in the fight.

A WELL-KNOWN writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer that such coats cover a multitude of sinners.

NOTICES have been placed on the outside of the street cars in Pittsburg, to the effect that the car will not wait for young ladies to kiss "good-by."

A YELLOW that has actually tried says that, although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

A YOUNG Connecticut lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her and read a declaration of love which he had nicely written off.

A DOCTOR went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing.

"That's the consequence of having neglected your business," said his wife.

A CHICAGO alderman, who went out to Sioux City for a few days' sport, made a very good beginning by putting three charges into his gun and bringing himself down at the first fire.

AN Irishman, after enjoying a watermelon for the first time in this country, passed a field of pumpkins, and remarked, "If they were so good when green, how much better they must be when ripe."

TOM TIT remarked that the Ohio River had a remarkably long face.

"How so?" inquired one.

"Why, it is twelve hundred miles from its head to its mouth."

PILGRIMS.—A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion:

"How many weary pilgrims lie?"

We give it up, but experience has taught us there are a good many.

PROPER WARNING.—A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

A BRIDGE WANTED.—A Dutchman in San Francisco, in trying to reach the ferryboat, fell into the water. His first exclamation on being hauled out was:

"Mine Got, let's have a pride!"

WHY are old maids odd? Because they are unmatched.

WHEN is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it's muggy.

THE feast of imagination—Having no dinner, but reading a cookery book.

A **BLACKSMITH** can not only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

THE ebasm that swallows up enjoyment, and sometimes engulfs friendship, is *sar-casm*.

It's a way with tailors to recommend things which are much worn when you want to buy new.

EARLY SPRING—It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

A **FEMALE** infant, aged seventeen, advertises "to be adopted—a comfortable home only required, and no salary."

SOME tradesmen not only take pleasure in what they serve you *in*, but are always glad to serve you *out* with their little account afterward.

In order to keep up with the progress of the age, Time is said to have abandoned the scythe and hour-glass, and purchased a mowing-machine and a watch.

SWITCHY.—The following is an Irish advertisement *verbatim*: "To be sold, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail."

A **NEW INVENTION**.—The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

SOME modern philosopher has said: "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow, for in the meanwhile something may occur which will render it unnecessary to be done at all."

THE hair on a camel weighs about ten pounds, and sells for more than one hundred dollars, which shows that it was not only in the days of Mohammed that the animal bore a great prophet.

PAINFUL NECESSITY.—During the long drought of the Summer, a country paper says, water became so scarce in a parish, that the farmers' wives were obliged to send the milk to town genuine.

J. SMYTHE JONES (to rural belle): "Aw, Miss, may I ask what is that bewtiful pwefume on yonah hawkerchief?"

Rural Belle: "S ew, that's nothin'. It's them dratted cinnamon drops, I s'pose."

OLD SCOTCH LADY: "Take a snuff, sir?"

Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, indignantly): "Do I look like a snuffer?"

Old Lady: "Well, I canna jist say you do, though I maun say ye hae grand accommodations."

BILKINS, getting worsted in a dispute, grow abusive.

"Enough, sir," said he, loftily, "I can't argue with a fool!"

"You underrate your powers," replied Stinger; "you are just up to that."

A **PRACTICAL** joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barrister hired a Jew boy to go and ask him if he had any old clo' to sell.

"No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor; "they are all new suits!"



A SIGNIFICANT HINT.

CHARLOTTE.—“How cold it is, Cousin George! I could almost wish I were packed in with others in an opera box.”

GEORGE.—“Yes! quite cold.” (Aside)—“Bang it, what does she mean?”

A FELLOW, speaking of his mother-in-law, said: “She is so crossed that her tears stream crosswise down her back.”

A POET asks: “Where are the dead, the vanquished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread? If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the right answer.

A WOMAN once called on Alderman Binns in great haste, and being quite indignant at an expression used to her, addressed him thus:

“Alderman, my next door neighbor called me a thief. Can’t I make her prove it?”

“Well,” said the alderman, after a moment’s deliberation, “you can, but you had better not.”

PEDIGREES don’t count for much in pushing, practical Chicago. A merchant of that city, on being requested to take an Eastern clerk into his employ—a young man of excellent parentage, whose father was a distinguished man—made answer:

“That is of no account to us. There is less daddysm here than in any part of the United States. What is he himself?”

A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.—*Herr Professor*: “Is it not a schtrainsch ting, ladies, dat de Latin Race cannot aquire de English Bronnony-ation? I haf choost dis moment bardet from an Idalian chendleman (a grade vrent of mine ant a ferry glesfer man) who has liffed in Lonton almoste as long as I ha’—Dvrendy-vife eeeerrr—ant foot you pelief it? He shbeegs Enkliah vit a kvite shdrong Voreign ind-nation! How to you agound vor a so eggshdra-orrinary zeergoomshdaus as tat?”

A POOR fellow was brought before a judge, recently, accused of stealing a watch: “Do you recognize his watch?” the judge asked, pointing to the object in question, which had been found in the fellow’s trunk. “No, sir,” the accused replied. “Officer!” the judge exclaimed, “take this man down stairs, and keep him under lock and key until he confesses.” On the following day, the man was summoned by the judge, and again asked: “Do you know this watch?” “Yes, sir,” was the reply. “I am glad to see that your memory has improved,” the judge continued. “Why shouldn’t I know the watch now, yer honor, after having been introduced to it yesterday?” asked the accused, as a bland smile illumined his countenance.



A LIFE'S MISTAKE.—"WITH THE AID OF A SHAWL WHICH HE CARRIED, RANDOLPH ARRANGED A SEAT FOR HER, AND THEN LOOKED WITH WINDFUL TENDERNESS INTO THE PALE FACE."

A Life's Mistake.

"And you won't come, Randolph?"

"Thanks, Gordon—you are very kind; but I really cannot."

"Cannot! Confound 'cannots'! They either mean something or nothing—and this, I suspect, means nothing. Why can't you?"

Randolph frowned a little. There are few things more trying to the patience of a not particularly patient person than the tone in which some people are fond of "pish-ing" and "pshawing" away objections, of whose weight they know literally nothing.

"I can't come, because I am too busy," he answered. "I have declined all invitations for a month past, and I don't think I shall go into society again this Winter."

"You will really work yourself to death."

"Hardly, I think."

"Don't you remember the story about—about—what was the name of the fellow?—and the bow? You had better give yourself some relaxation."

"I don't stand in need of it—much obliged."

"And I'm to tell the *madre* that you simply won't come?"

"Tell her I'll look in some evening, when she

isn't at home to five hundred friends, and make my apologies in person."

There was silence for a few minutes after this. Gordon Leigh—a handsome, debonaire specimen of the best portion of a class by no means entitled to overmuch esteem as a class, i.e., young men of fashion—looked at his friend with some little irritation, while the friend in question leaned back in his chair, and smiled at him with a provoking degree of blandness.

"Why do you want me to come, Gordon?" he asked, at last. "I know you must have some special reason, or else you wouldn't hammer away like this."

"I have got a special reason," the other returned, while something like a flush came over his face. Then, after a pause: "You haven't been going into society lately, you say; but surely you must have heard of Miss Vaughn?"

Randolph nodded, and hid a significant smile under a cloud of blue smoke from his meerschaum. "The murder's out now!" he thought. Then aloud:

"To be sure, I've heard of Miss Vaughn. What about her?"

"Well, only this about her: that I was anxious for you to see her, and I thought to-night would be as good a time as any. She's a very fascinat-

ing woman, Randolph, and I—think you'd like her."

"I'll accept your verdict on her," said Randolph, lazily. "You usually have very good taste."

"Nevertheless, I should like for you to see her, and tell me frankly what you think of her," said the other, a little impatiently. "Hang it! Randolph, I never took an important step in my life without your advice, and I don't feel inclined to begin now."

"An important step!" Randolph opened his eyes quite widely. "On my honor, you astound me! I really had no idea—well," with a suppressed smile, "I really can't go with you to-night, for a case comes off in the courts to-morrow for which I am not entirely prepared; but I can give you any amount of advice all the same. Is Miss Vaughn all that she should be in the way of family, and position, and the like? I'm not a 'bloated aristocrat' in my ideas; but still, I I needn't tell you that a gentleman ought to look to these things."

"She is irreproachable on all these points. Her father was General Vaughn, who—"

"Lived, died, and was buried, in a satisfactory manner—that's all right. As for herself, she certainly is handsome, and looks as if she might be clever."

"She is perfectly beautiful!" cried Gordon, enthusiastically; "and as for clever—she's the cleverest woman you ever knew. She's a good deal too clever for me," said the young fellow, with a slight grimace; "but *you* would come in with her exactly."

Randolph took his pipe from his mouth, and laughed.

"What a modest fellow you are, Hal!" he said—this being the name which, in affectionate remembrance of Prince Hal, he had long since bestowed on his friend. "I don't believe that for real, genuine modesty, your equal is to be found among the sons of men. I can believe all that you say of Miss Vaughn's cleverness, if she has sense enough to appreciate you," he went on, rising and laying one hand on Gordon's shoulder. "If, by any chance, she should not have that degree of sense, refer her to me for your character, and I think I can make her change her mind in five minutes. It's an insult to her taste to suppose she'll hesitate for an instant, however; and as for me, it isn't at this late day that I need to wish you God-speed in wooing or marrying, or anything else upon which you set your heart."

"No, by Jove!" responded the other, heartily; and little given to demonstration, as Anglo-Saxon men usually are, the two right hands of these men somehow found each other out. "It *would* be rather late in the day for that, Randolph, when you have been the best friend I ever had since I can remember. And so"—changing the subject abruptly—"notwithstanding Miss Vaughn, you are obstinately bent upon not coming?"

"I can't, my dear fellow, or else I would. You ought to know me well enough to be sure of that."

So Gordon reluctantly yielded the point, and took his departure, leaving his friend to the musty law-books and mustier law-papers, which he preferred to those "sounds of revelry," which anticipated the newspapers in announcing to the world in general, and her neighbors in particular, that "one of the most elegant entertainments of the season was given at Mrs. Harvey Leigh's, No. 108 Mulberry Square."

The lady who attracted most attention on this occasion was a young stranger, who had lately taken society by storm. It was the fashion to rave over Helen Vaughn's pale, magnetic face, her dark, *olalique* eyes, and singularly perfect manner; but to-night she achieved even more

than her usual triumph. To-night, in her white dress and rose-colored azalias, she looked like some fair picture, stepped from its canvas to walk the earth in flesh and blood—or like some dream-picture of the mind, some embodiment of the fancies stirred by Shakespeare and by Schiller. Yet, there was something about her which did not impress the spectator as the look or bearing of a happy woman. Under that pale, proud face, some people—keen enough to look below the polished outer surface—thought they could mark the restless wear and tear of a fevered nature; within the splendor of those dark eyes lurked a strange, wistful sadness—a shadow of weariness, which sometimes deepened into positive melancholy.

It had deepened into that when, as the evening wore on, she sat alone in the library with Gordon Leigh, and heard him ask her to marry him. She was framed in a deep armchair before him, and he never forgot the exquisite picture she made, nor the look on her face when she turned it toward him, after his passionate declaration of love, saying, calmly, in her sweet, low, even voice:

"But, my friend, you know me very little, to be willing to put your life into my hands like this."

The young man was standing before her, leaning one arm on the carved mantel. He was pale, from excess of eagerness, and he made answer in the same passionate tone in which he had spoken before.

"I believe I know you as well as any one ever will know you—perhaps even a little better than you know yourself; but if I did not know you at all, I should still love you, and, loving you, I should still think this poor life of mine—which, God knows, has been a very worthless life heretofore—only valuable as far as you may take it into your hands."

She smiled a little sadly. The lamplight, shining on her pale, clearly-cut face, showed something very pathetic about the delicate mouth and the deep-set eyes.

"A little better than I know myself!" she repeated. "Ah! how very little that is. Nobody in the world could know anything less than I know myself."

"But at least you know whether you do—whether you will—whether you *can*—love me?"

Her eyes did not droop at all under the passionate gaze of his, nor did any flush rise to her cheeks.

"You are mistaken," she said, slowly. "I don't know that."

"But you *will* know it. Helen"—he took both of the cold, slender hands into his eager grasp—"don't you know that you are everything to me? Don't you know that every gift of fortune, every blessing of God, is worthless to me without you—i; worth something only in so far as you give it value? Helen, is it nothing to be raised to such a height as this—to be as necessary even to one life as you are to mine?"

"Yes," she answered, gently, and she made no motion to withdraw her hands; "it is a great deal."

"And, therefore, I think that after a while, as the perception of all this came to you, you might, perhaps, learn to love me. I should not think so if you loved any one else; but—but I am sure you do not."

"No," she answered, with the same unmoved gravity; "I do not."

"And since your heart is free, I think—ah! surely I should have strength for such an effort as this—I think that I could win it. Helen, may I try?"

"It is so hopeless—it seems so useless," said Helen, in her evenly modulated voice—voice that had never thrilled with an accent of passion. "My friend, I love you well enough to wish you

the best fate in the world—that of forgetting me.”

“But why?”

“Because I am a restless, dissatisfied woman, who could never make you happy. Don’t you see how weary and cynical I am growing, despite all my efforts—how weary of this great little world and all its empty frivolities; how cynical and distrustful of all the paste and veneer that pass current for reality; the sham love, sham friendship, sham everything—except sham! Oh! how tired I am of it all!” she said, with a ring of infinite weariness in her voice; “and how tired I am even of myself—myself, who seem to have neither heart nor soul worthy of the name; only an infinite power of being disgusted!”

“With me, Helen?”

“No!” cried she, with a sudden revulsion—a sudden tone of tenderness. “When I doubt everything, I look at you, and learn to believe a little. You are so true, so frank, so worthy of all love, that heaven only knows why I don’t love you. I wonder sometimes if I have no heart like other women,” she ended, with a short, quick sigh.

“You have a heart, but it has never been wakened,” said he. “Give me leave to try and see if I cannot break the spell you have laid upon it—for, after all, I believe that your own obstinate will is the only spell. You have been determined not to love like other women.”

“You are wrong,” she answered. “My life for years has been so lonely, that I would have given anything to love and be loved, like many women I see around me. But I could not. You say the fault was in myself—and it may be so. But I am not like other women—I have no capability for making an idol, and then worshipping it. I am too clear-sighted—I see too much. There is none of the happy, unquestioning blindness of passion for me. Perhaps I am too old for it. Such a thing should come when one is very young, or else it will never come at all. With me, I do not think it will ever come.”

“Yes, it will come,” said he, resolutely. “I am sure of that. As for you being too old—that is absurd.”

“I am twenty-four in years, and forty-eight in experience. You know what my life has been?”

“Yes, I know. But trust me, Helen, only trust me, and all this weariness shall be at an end.”

But Helen only shook her head, and smiled—in the same half-pathetic manner. In truth, her hesitation was not strange, for when a woman has reached her years—and she was right in saying that experience had almost doubled these years—with eyes undazzled by any gleam of passion, it is hard for Love to place his bandage over them, hard for her to forget the dear-bought knowledge of many days, and learn to trust like any school-girl to whom the world is Fairyland, and her first commonplace lover a hero of romance. As she had said, she was so weary! Life had begun much earlier with her than with most women, and had been singularly varied in scene and experience. Her mother had died in her childhood, and she had been the companion of her father in a series of aimless, purposeless wanderings over the whole of the civilized world. His wealth, which was great, had been a passport to society everywhere; and, young as she was, Helen had gone all over, known everybody, and seen everything, in simply exhaustive degree. When he died, and his daughter returned to America, all her relations bled eagerly for the distinction of “protecting” her; but Miss Vaughn, who was tolerably independent, preferred protecting herself, and spent much of her time with a favorite cousin in the city of X. Here she met Gordon Leigh, and here it was that he made the rash promise recorded above.

“No,” she said, in answer, “it would not be at an end. I know myself better than you know me, better than you ever will know me. Now, at least, I am passively content; but if I accepted you, I should not be so. I should feel an obligation to love you, and I should be miserable if I did not succeed. If I *did* succeed, I might be still more miserable—who can tell? No, no; everything is best as it is.”

But, naturally enough, Gordon being very much in love, did not accept such an answer as final. This was in March. By the end of May everybody was congratulating him upon his engagement to Miss Vaughn—this engagement having become an accomplished fact.

Among the most sincere of the congratulators was Arnold Randolph.

“Everybody can be wrong, my dear fellow,” he said, “and everybody says you have found a pearl beyond price. Of course, I need not say how glad I am to hear such a good account of you, or, rather, of the important person who is to be your *alter ego*.”

“Thanks,” said Leigh, shaking the hand which the other warmly extended. “Your congratulations would be better worth having,” he went on, “if you hadn’t been so obstinate about shutting yourself up this past season. If you had been in society, you would have met Miss Vaughn, and would, therefore, be able to bear testimony yourself to my extraordinary good fortune.”

“And to a broken heart, perhaps—who knows?” returned the other. “I have heard that Miss Vaughn is very fascinating, and I can believe it, since she has worked the miracle of making you constant. By-the-by, somebody says you are going to Europe—is it so?”

“Yes,” answered Gordon, with something of a grimace. “My sister is in dreadful health, and since her husband cannot take her abroad, I must, for abroad all the doctors declare that she must go. We sail the 1st of June.”

“And does Miss Vaughn sail with you?”

“Helen? Oh, no. She goes to spend the Summer with some of her relations in Virginia; and, by-the-by, Arnold, if you make your usual Summer rustrication in the mountains, don’t neglect to see her. She will spend a month at the White Sulphur; and I know you are fond of going there.”

“I think I shall cut that, too,” said Arnold, upon whom the working fever was at that time very strong, indeed.

He did not cut it, however. When the burning heat of July came down upon the city streets, when animals died and men sickened under the fearful glare, when there was rest for the weary neither by night nor day, and when mental labor had become a thing almost impossible even under the sternest pressure of necessity, then Randolph’s thoughts began to turn with wistful longing toward those fair Virginia valleys, and blue Virginia mountains, which no one having once seen will ever fail to see again. And so it was that the first week of August found him at the far-famed “Greenbrier White Sulphur.”

He had entirely forgotten Gordon’s having said that Miss Vaughn might probably be there, until the fact was recalled to his mind on the morning following his arrival. Sauntering into the parlor after breakfast, and having been welcomed by a dozen or more people, he came to anchor at last by the side of a pretty married lady who had been a belle of the preceding season.

“And now,” said he, after all due congratulations and compliments had been paid, “tell me something of the ‘stars.’ Who is making a success, and who a failure? I fancy most of the usual *habitués* are here. I see a great many familiar faces in all directions.”

"Yes, a great many, with the general sprinkling of newcomers," answered she. "As for the 'stars'—well, of course the regulation belles are in the field, and equally, of course, each one claims to be the success of the season, or her admirers claim it for her, which amounts to the same thing. Then there are two or three new planets, or comets, or whatever else you may choose to call them, of uncommon lustre—"she ran over several names, ending with—"and one who might be a greater belle than any of them, if she chose to take the trouble—I mean Miss Vaughn."

"Miss Vaughn!" said he, with a start. "What! is she here? Oh, yes, I remember!" Then, eagerly: "Can you point her out to me? Where is she?"

"Dear me, what interest!" said his companion, laughing. "Certainly I can point her out to you. Let me see!" An eyeglass was adjusted on a very pretty nose, and a critical survey of the room taken. "Yonder she is, Mr. Randolph—look! The slender girl in black, standing by the door, drawing on her gloves, and talking to the man with a nose in the air."

Mr. Randolph looked at the person indicated, and saw— not very much, certainly. Helen Vaughn was not a woman to strike any one at first sight—indeed, it is to be doubted whether the best kind of beauty ever does. The charm of her face was far from being patent to every careless observer who chanced to let his eye rest upon her. On the contrary, any one who wished to know it (any one who was able to appreciate the personal magnetism in which it abounded), was forced to study it, to watch it, to master its little tricks of expression and secret signs before its subtle loveliness could be appreciated; but the fascination of this pursuit after knowledge was one which many a beautiful face might well have bartered all its milk and roses to gain.

Yet, even at first sight, there was much to attract the eye; there was a stately grace, and an exquisite refinement, which were in themselves a seal of distinction; and there was a sweetness about the lips when they smiled, a softness about the large dark eyes, which might well have atoned for any defect or coloring. Still, with all the attraction of the face, Randolph's first thought was one of surprise. He had fancied Gordon's choice some fair, dainty girl, not a pale, stately woman like this.

"Do you think her handsome?" asked Mrs. Travis, as her companion remained silent for some time.

"Handsome!" he repeated. "Yes, singularly handsome and distinguished-looking. I should also think very attractive."

"Very attractive," said the lady, "but too proud—too cold. As I have said, she might be *the* belle of the Springs if she chose (for, besides her fascinating qualities, she is a great heiress, you know); but she doesn't choose. There are certain elements of popularity necessary for a belle, and these Miss Vaughn is too indolent or too proud to cultivate. If you want an introduction, Mr. Randolph, you had better say so at once, for I think she is preparing to go to walk."

"I won't detain her," said Randolph, who felt uncomfortable and indolent. "To-night will do very well for my introduction."

It was a case of retributive justice, perhaps, that at night he had some difficulty in finding the lady. He searched ballroom and parlor vainly for her. Finally, she was discovered with a group on the piazza, sitting a little apart from the others, talking to a gentleman, who rose, when Randolph was presented, and obligingly drifted away. Randolph took the vacant seat, and in the second's pause which ensued, could not help feeling a little uncertain what to say. In truth, Miss Vaughn's

manner was rather discouraging to conversational effort. She was leaning back, waiting for him to speak, and did not even lift her eyes; her face was absolutely immobile, her manner absolutely indifferent.

Now, women did not usually look in this manner when Arnold Randolph was presented to them, and he—a little amused and a little puzzled—wondered for a moment what form of address would be most likely to rouse her. Surprised by such unusual silence, Miss Vaughn at last looked up; and, even in the shadowy darkness, he felt a sort of thrill from those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I think I have heard your name before, Mr. Randolph," she said, breaking the silence. "Are you not a friend—a very particular friend—of Gordon Leigh's?"

"I was just asking myself if I might venture to advance that claim upon your regard," answered he, taking advantage of the excuse thus afforded his hesitation. "I am glad you have anticipated me. Gordon and myself have always been very intimate friends, and I always rejoice at his good fortune as if it were my own."

"May I venture to take that as a personal compliment?" asked she, smiling. "May I hope that you regard me in the light of a good fortune to Mr. Leigh?"

"Who could regard you otherwise?" said he, with very evident sincerity. "I congratulated Gordon when I saw him last," he went on; "won't you let me congratulate you now? I have known him so long and so well, that I feel as if no one had a better right to tell you what a very good fellow, what a true-hearted gentleman, you have won."

"Thank you," said she, gratefully. "It is kind of you to speak so warmly; and, of course, I am very happy to hear it. Now that Gordon is away, I think I appreciate him better than when he was with me," she added.

"Doesn't absence always have that effect?" asked Randolph, smiling, yet wondering what manner of woman this was, who spoke of her lover as if he had been her brother or her pet dog, without the least shade of hesitation.

"Does it?" asked Helen. "I don't know, for, really, my experience is very limited. I never parted from any one I cared for before. I feared, however, that absence might make me forget, or, at least, alter me somewhat. I am glad to find that it does not; that I care as much for Gordon—perhaps, indeed, a little more—than when he was with me."

"What is the rule?" he asked, amused and pleased by her frankness. "Isn't there a rule for everything, and doesn't it say in this instance that absence strengthens a real passion, and only weakens a false one?"

"Then, absence might be used with advantage as a test for love?"

"Judging from my own experience, I should certainly say so. A sea-voyage would cure many a fever-fit which is suffered to run a successful course at home. If I were a legislator," pursued he, gravely, "I would make an absence of six months absolutely necessary between all people who had the temerity to think of binding themselves together for life."

Helen laughed.

"Don't think me impertinent," she said, "but I can't help wondering if you ever found the remedy efficacious in your own case."

"It saved me once," he answered. "I shudder to think what sort of a Benedict I should be at this moment, if Providence had not interfered in my behalf, and if I had not been sent in a profoundly miserable condition to find forgetfulness on the other side of the globe."

"You make me uneasy," said she, smiling.

"Suppose Gordon should find the same fountain of Lethe in the course of his travels?"

"I will answer for Gordon," said her companion, smiling, also. "I have never seen any one more alive to the sense of his own good fortune than he, when I saw him last."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Vaughn, as if she were thinking aloud. Indeed, it was evident that the words escaped her unconsciously, for she started and colored a moment later. "But how about yourself?" she went on, hastily. "Do you mean to try your prescription of absence over again, when next you fall in love?"

"Does a man go on falling in love *ad infinitum*?" asked he, with a laugh. "I trust my days of sentiment are long since over; but, then, I am a philosopher, and I make no rash resolutions. We know what we are, but no man is wise enough to know what he may be."

"That is my philosophy, also," she said. "It is a species of fatalism, people tell me; but, at least, it is, or seems to be, thrust upon us after we have lived long enough to know the world. I wonder if ignorance is bliss!" she went on, abruptly. "For my part, I prefer the fruit of the tree of knowledge. I would rather suffer with my eyes open, than be happy with them shut. Like Eve, I would freely purchase the knowledge of good and evil, even at the price of expulsion from Paradise. Don't look so shocked, Mr. Randolph. My heterodox ideas can't matter, you know, for it was only Eve who had her choice. The rest of us take what is given, and try to be content."

This conversation served to break the ice between these two. They did not talk very long, for it was late when Randolph was presented, and Miss Vaughn's party soon retired. But when they met next morning, it was with the feeling and bearing of old friends. In fact, Gordon Leigh was a strong link between them—he had talked so often of Helen to Randolph, and of Randolph to Helen, that they could not feel strange or new to each other. Their very loyalty to him was the first attraction which drew them together—the knowledge of each other which they had derived from him, the first means of making them more than acquaintances.

Soon, however, they began to find how much more than this, how much more than Gordon's love and friendship, they owned in common. Thoughts, feelings, sympathies, tastes—was it only the glamour of imagination, or did they, during those golden Summer days, find that they owned all these, and more besides?

Circumstance seemed to take pleasure in throwing them together.

Miss Vaughn seldom danced, and Randolph, like most sensible and not very young men, disliked the amusement; so, there were the long evenings for conversation, which ranged over every imaginable topic, and in which each felt that entire absence of restraint, that entire sense of congeniality, which is the greatest pleasure that earth—not rich in pleasures—can afford.

"Something which differs, in order to correspond," was Coleridge's definition of the word "counterpart," and it is a quotation most aptly suggested, when attempting to describe these two. Their minds and characters were essentially different; but it was a harmonious difference—a difference that corresponded—a difference in which there was not one harsh note or jarring chord.

And to each there was a singular fascination in the other. Reasons sufficient—reasons amply logical and metaphysical—could be given to account for this fascination; but, after all, are these reasons a whit more satisfactory or a whit more necessary than the old statement that they looked into each other's eyes, and there found love?

For that word must be written sooner or later, and why not at once? As has been often the case before, too great security, instead of being the best, proved the worst possible safeguard against that fatal passion which came to them, as it comes to many of earth's luckless children, too late. Yet, it is astonishing with what ease self-deception can be practiced, how readily the eyes can be blinded, how resolutely the mind can be closed against even the faintest glimmer of an unwelcome truth.

All through those August days, neither Helen nor Randolph indulged much in self-analysis. It was enough for them that everything breathed an aroma of enchantment—that earth, air and sky were lapsed into a golden charm in which they walked as much alone as Adam and Eve in that first Paradise of our race.

Helen's rash desire had been granted, the fruit of the tree of knowledge was hers, the ignorance that had been in a measure passive bliss was for ever dissipated, and the day was not far distant when, like Eve, she would stand face to face with the flaming sword which would warn her for ever from the Eden where she had lingered.

Did she ever pause to think? It is doubtful. When people are in a whirl of feeling, they rarely find time for sober thought. Indeed, something of the happy unconsciousness of a girl's first passion had come to this weary woman of the world. She did not ask herself from whence came the sunshine which made earth so lovely with its divine glory, she only basked in it with a fullness of enjoyment which comes but once in life, and thought, like one of the old Attic Epicureans, "Let what will come to-morrow—to-day I am happy!"

As for Randolph, it may be supposed he knew a little better where he was drifting; but this, at least, can be said for him: he feared nothing for Helen—arguing justly, yet, as it chanced, from false premises, that the woman who loved Gordon Leigh could never find anything to love in a man so unlike Leigh as himself—and with regard to this self, he was reckless.

"You will pay in keen suffering for every hour of dear-bought happiness," common sense said; but the man laughed common sense to scorn. He, too, for the time, was what Browning calls "deified;" he, too, stood face to face with good and evil; and he, too, made his choice.

"To be wise and love, exceeds man's strength," said he of the golden tongue, three hundred years ago; and the tide of human passion has not waxed less impetuous since Shakespeare's day. It still exceeds man's strength to remember wisdom when this sweet, fierce fever fills his veins, when this divine folly intoxicates his brain; it sometimes exceeds it even to remember honor, and so, Randolph was, perhaps, more to be pitied than blamed, as days glided by, and he still tarried in the magic Paradise that had opened for him out of the rugged earth.

The awakening was near at hand, however, and before long it came—rudely enough, as most awakenings do come.

One day a party was formed to ascend a certain famous mountain near the Springs, and of this party Miss Vaughn was one. Naturally, Randolph was her companion, and naturally, also, they lingered somewhat behind the others, when the descent began.

The majority of the party had been hurried from the summit sooner than they intended, by the impatience of one or two ladies, with regard to their evening toilets.

"We shall have no time to dress for the ball, if we do not go back," they said; and to such unanswerable logic there was no reply.

The people who came to see the sunset meekly

went back without witnessing that phenomenon, and only Helen and Randolph remained.

"You don't care for the ball," he said. "Let us stay. It was hardly worth while to have made the ascent, if we are to turn and go back now."

"No, I don't care for the ball," she answered. "Let us stay, by all means."

So they staid.

The gay voices and laughter of the homeward-bound party floated back now and then, as they wound along the road below them, but soon the last faint cadence had ceased to wake the echoes, and they had all the great calm of nature to themselves.

What a calm it was, there are no words to tell! Surely if there ever is a moment when we leave the petty things of earth behind us, when we mount into a purer realm of feeling, and a higher range of thought, it is when we stand on some grand mountain crest, with the fresh, cool air coming like an elixir of vitality to our brows, the world and the beauty thereof spread below our feet, the impressive silence of the mountains around us, and the boundless ocean of ether above our heads.

Earth seems so distant—heaven so near! If the thoughts which throng upon us at such a time could only find expression in words, we might be poets, or, better yet, divinely inspired oracles of that abiding reverence, and tender love of nature, which leads slowly, perhaps, but surely, to the love of God.

After they had agreed to remain, neither Helen nor Randolph spoke for some time. They were standing side by side on the verge of the mountain, and so watched in silence the panorama before them—the green valleys far below, the mountain-range stretching away on either side, until the more distant peaks were wrapped in blue haze, the sun sinking to his rest in a bed of glory, the whole majestic grandeur of a scene in which man had not left one trace of his invading presence! At last Randolph spoke—quite abruptly.

"Do you remember a poem of Owen Meredith's, called 'A Quiet Moment'? I am not partial to poetry in general, nor to that poet in particular; but somehow those lines lingered in my memory, and were recalled to me by this"—his hand indicated the boundless wealth of beauty spread beneath them—"and still more by your attitude as you stand there now."

"I don't remember the poem," she answered, without removing her eyes from the glowing western sky. "I never shared the general fancy for Owen Meredith—perhaps because he is so very sentimental—but these lines must be good if you remember them. Can't you repeat a verse or two?"

"I can try."

And so he began the poem of which he had spoken—certainly one of the most simple and unaffected efforts of a poet whose greatest fault is his affectation—and as he proceeded, his voice, despite himself, made the story his own—tinged with the hues of his own passion that scene which is painted with an almost pre-Raphaelite fidelity of detail. To quote, as he did, *in extenso*, would be impossible, and perhaps unnecessary; but it is safe to say that few things have ever suited an occasion foreign to that for which it was intended, better than these lines of the English poet suited the two unconscious actors, and the grand framework of nature, around them, on that Virginia mountain. The subdued coloring, the restrained passion, which throbs like an undertone throughout the whole, the exquisite pathos, the spirit so recklessly, yet so quietly defiant of fate, seemed to Randolph as the voice of his own

heart. The sun had long since gone, the clouds were fading, and the veil of twilight was beginning to steal over the scene when he repeated the last verses—

"So, while you stand, a fragile form,
With that close shawl around you drawn,
And Eve's last ardors fading warm
Adown the mountain lawn,

"Tis sweet although we part to-morrow,
And ne'er the same shall meet again,
A while from old, habitu I sorrow
To cease; to cease from pain—

"To feel that, ages past, the soul
Hath lived—and ages hence will live;
And taste, in hours like this, the whole
Of all the years can give.

"Then, Lady, yet one moment stay,
While your sweet face makes all things sweet,
For, ah, the charm will pass away,
Before again we meet!"

He did not know how much passion had filled his voice as he uttered these words—words of another, yet, for the moment, as much his own as if no other had ever spoken them—until he saw that Helen had grown very pale, and that the hand which held a light scarf around her was trembling visibly. The sight of her agitation seemed in a moment to give him strength with which to fight his own. This was more easy, since there had come to him no new revelation of his own feelings. He knew the worst that could be known; but not so Helen. A strange, new fear—a strange, wild instinct was knocking at her heart, and he saw plainly that he had startled her too soon. So he tried, with a moderate degree of success, to speak lightly.

"That scene was painted for Switzerland," he said. "Is it not strange how appropriate it is to this? No single touch is out of harmony, save, perhaps, the 'village spires upthrust' from a plain which I do not think would be improved by their introduction."

Partly his manner, partly the pride which is ever a woman's best ally, quieted her. He almost thought he had been mistaken—that he had fancied an agitation which did not exist, when she turned her face from the sunset, and looked at him with her usual sweet smile and half-pathetic gaze.

"Yes, it is very appropriate," she said. "Thank you, for having repeated it so well—I did not know you were such a good elocutionist. Switzerland!" she repeated, half musingly; "that is where Gordon is now—when I heard from him last, he was in a fever of anticipation about the ascent of Mont Blanc. Will it repay him as much as our more moderate ascent has repaid us, do you think?"

"I don't know," said Randolph, in a constrained voice.

Human nature is only human nature, after all; and at that moment such a fierce, sudden jealousy—such an overpowering hatred flamed up in his heart against Gordon, that unconsciously he clenched his hands together, as, from the mere brute instinct, he would have liked to clench them on the throat of his innocent rival far away. He struggled for a moment; then the leash in which he held himself gave way, and the tide of passion broke forth.

"Why need you mention *him*?" he cried, bitterly. "Why could you not let me enjoy one hour in happy forgetfulness of his existence?" Then, wistfully, "We are so much alone—the world seems so distant. Can you not forgive me for saying what I must forget to-morrow—that I love you—love you as, God knows, I never thought to love any woman, or, having loved her so, to feel that it is in vain?"

Sheer amazement first, then a wild, sudden rapture—a rapture that thought nothing, asked nothing, cared nothing for the future—came over Helen's soul. Of course, we all know what she should have done. Of course, we all agree that she ought to have taken refuge in our raged dignity, to have remembered how solemnly she was bound to another man, and to have asked this man if he knew that his words of love were simply words of insult to his friend's betrothed. But how easy it is to say what should be done—how hard sometimes to do it! To lips that had thirsted long, a draught of love's divine elixir was pressed, and let him who has never yielded to temptation wonder that they could not turn away. Yet, Helen was well traized in self-control. She drew one deep breath, and quivered from head to foot, but that was all. Randolph, watching her, saw no other sign of emotion, and, after waiting for some time, he spoke, almost humbly:

"Won't you give me one word, Miss Vaughn? Have I offended you so very deeply? Ah, if you only knew—if you could only tell what a fight it has been before this fit of utter madness overtook me, I think—I almost think you might forgive me."

"No," said Helen, and although she kept her face steadily turned from him, he heard the passionate quiver running through her voice—"no, I will never forgive you! It was unworthy of you to keep me here to hear this! It is unworthy of Gordon's friend to forget Gordon's claim upon me! You are not what I thought you," said she, suddenly facing round upon him with flooding eyes; "and for this last bitter disappointment in human nature, I—I will never forgive you!"

Randolph bit his lip almost savagely. The man who loves is blind; and these significant tones told him nothing. He made one quick step to her side, and seized almost roughly the hand she extended to keep him back.

"You know I did not keep you here to listen to the story of my folly," he said. "You know, or you ought to know, that I never meant for you to hear it as long as we two lived; for, how could I venture to hope that it would interest Gordon Leigh's future wife? But flesh and blood are weak, and for once mine escaped control. Do I need to tell you that it shall never do so again? Do I need to tell you that your disappointment in me can matter nothing either to you or me, since, after to-night, I shall never see your face again? But, oh, Helen—" his voice all in a moment changed from anger to tenderness—"the man whom you are to marry will never love you as I do, and the bitterness with me lies in thinking that, if I had met you a little earlier, you might have been mine, instead of his."

"You have no right to say so," she answered, haughtily, drawing her hand from his grasp.

But as he released it, something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her—a wild torrent of love and longing rushed over her. Was it for this that she had borne all the years of weariness and waiting, only that, when the golden gift of life came at last, her hands should be fettered from accepting it—only that she might dumbly watch it pass from her for ever, leaving one blank expanse of gray and hopeless misery behind?

Once again it must be said that human nature is only human nature, and that saints and heroes—common enough in novels—are sadly uncommon in real life. Unconsciously she uttered a cry, a yearning, pitiful cry, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Arnold," she said, with a gasp, "I cannot bear this! Have pity on me—help me against myself!"

His answer was to take the slight, swaying form into his arms. For a minute, nothing was said.

The world was not only distant, but forgotten. In that one moment they seemed to take up the whole of life, and live it; the whole of love, and utter it—albeit without words. One such moment is enough to transfigure a lifetime! One such moment is enough to make us grateful for the very burden of life itself!

The next morning Helen did not appear at breakfast, and to the anxious inquiries of various friends, her chaperon replied that she was suffering from a severe headache, but would probably make her appearance during the day.

Randolph received this information in common with others; but, sharing in that rooted distrust of women's headaches which Mr. Charles Reade declares to be a masculine peculiarity, he did not rest content with it. On the contrary, he sent quite a formidable letter to Miss Vaughn, receiving in reply a note of three lines.

In consequence of these three lines, he soon took his way to the cottage of the young lady. She must have been looking for him, for, when he ascended the steps, she issued, ready equipped for walking, from the door. Only a few words were exchanged, and then they took their way toward the woods. Avoiding the regulation walks, where such a thing as privacy is impossible, they crossed a hill, and, before long, found themselves in a sufficiently lonely and very beautiful dell. Here Helen paused.

"I think I will sit down," she said. "I do not feel very strong, and what I have to say might as well be said at once."

With the aid of a shawl which he carried, Randolph arranged a seat for her, and then looked with wistful tenderness into the pale face from which she threw back her veil.

"You have suffered—you are suffering," he said. "Oh, my love! why cannot you trust everything to me, and rest content that I will do the best for you?"

"How can you ask me!" she answered, sadly. "It is like a man to do so; and yet, what would even you think of me, if I suffered nothing in considering what I have done—what I must do? Oh, Arnold—" her voice had a ring of absolute anguish in it—"I never thought to act such a pitiful part—I never thought to sink low enough to play fast-and-loose with my own honor and a man's honest love, like this. I have spent the night in trying to see what I should do," she went on, wearily, "and I cannot see yet. Everything is dark to me."

"Everything dark to you?" he repeated, and his tone had something of astonished reproach in it. "You can say that, Helen, to me? Then, indeed, you must have mistaken your own heart—then, indeed, the love of which you spoke up there—" he glanced at the grand mountain, looking serenely down upon them—"must have been fancy, and not truth."

"I don't deserve this," said Helen, and her voice quivered a little despite herself. "You—you for whom I have broken faith—you are the last person in the world who should reproach me for feeling acutely what I have done."

"But this is folly!" said he, almost sternly. "You are making yourself wretched over a mere chimera of conscience. Lacking patience to wait, and strength to trust, do we not all make mistakes? But earth would be hell, indeed, if we were forced to abide by them."

She answered nothing. Her hands were tightly clasped together in her lap, her eyes gazed far away into the distance, and her delicate lips had a certain set look about them which Randolph did not quite understand.

"Tell me," he went on, more earnestly, "are you willing to wreck your own life and mine that Gordon may be made half-way happy? Remem-

ber, there could be no real happiness for him with a woman who did not love him; and in spite of your utmost efforts, the acted he would be detected."

She heard him mutely, perfectly conscious that he spoke the truth, that she stood, indeed, between two alternatives, either of which was fatal to that proud sense of honor which she had cherished until it had grown into a passion.

"Why do you remind me of this?" she cried, after a while, with sudden vehemence. "I see it—I feel it! You don't know what a bitter thing it is to forfeit self-respect!" she went on, looking at him with a pathos which touched his heart. "Last night I was madly happy—until you left me! Then I began to think, and if you could imagine one-hundredth part of what I suffered, you would pity instead of blaming me."

"Blame you!" he said. "I have not blamed you—I could not, if I tried. But, after all, what have you done? Only made a mistake, which men and women make every day, and from which they retreat without incurring a shade of that reproach which the world is quick enough to cast on a dishonourable action."

"But it was a mistake which scarcely merited the name," she said, with almost feverish impatience. "I knew I did not love Gordon as I had dreamed of loving, and one day hoped to love; but I was weary of waiting for what never came, and so—I took him. I told him that I could not promise him excessive affection, but that I *could* promise him—" no words can describe the passionate pain of her voice here—"a faith which should never fail, a constancy which should never falter. And now—"

"You have learned how rash it was to make such a promise to a man whom you did not love."

"But should I not abide by it—all the more because I did not even fancy myself in love with him? Arnold, decide for me—I cannot decide for myself. Remember, you are his friend, and try not to think, even of me. Look at the matter impartially, and tell me what I must do."

It did not cost Randolph many minutes of reflection to tell her. Holding her fragile hands in his eager grasp, he answered with firm yet passionate decision:

"You must come to me. And in saying this, I



DOCTOR JOHN.—"AT THAT HORRIBLE MOMENT A FORM APPEARED: I WAS DRAGGED FROM MY BED; THERE WAS A LOUD CRASH; I REMEMBER NO MORE!"—SEE PAGE 88'.



SCENE ON THE RAMBLA, AT BARCELONA, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 332.

speaking from no prompting of selfishness, but from insight, which love has given me into your nature. Some women—many women—might bear the life to which you would sentence yourself, but you could not. I do not believe you could have borne it, if you had never met me. I believe you overrated your strength when you agreed to bear it. I put myself entirely aside when I say that you must come to me. I understand you thoroughly; I appreciate you as much as any man ever could appreciate you; I love you as no man ever did or ever will love you, and, then—*you love me*. These arguments are unanswerable; and so I repeat—you must break a faith which could only be an acted falsehood."

She could not gainsay him, she could not refute a single word he had uttered, and so—although her head drooped forward with a burst of tears—he knew that the battle was fought and won.

Having surrendered judgment into Randolph's hands, Helen was not a woman to fight against the decision given; and for a day—one single day—she was thoroughly, yet feverishly happy. Afterward, in looking back, it seemed to her as if it must have been a day of Paradise, although the sharp sting of conscience marred the perfection of its golden trance. And then, some instinct was upon her that it could not last. As children often say, and as children of an older growth

often feel, it was "too good to be true"—it was far, far too bright not to end soon, and leave life darker than before. She felt this with a perversity which reason could not dissipate, and which events soon justified.

It was the next morning that the blow fell. Having agreed to walk with Randolph, she was waiting for him in the parlor after breakfast, and as she waited, chanced in very idleness to take up a paper, which lay on the table near her. Glancing absently down the crowded columns, the words "Mont Blanc" and "accident," coupled together, arrested her attention.

There was no one at hand to warn—no one to break the truth mercifully. In such a scene as this, and at such a moment, she read, with breathless and half-incredulous horror, an account of one of the annual accidents which occur on Mont Blanc. A rope had broken at the most perilous part of the perilous ascent, and several of the tourists, with one of the guides, had been dashed to death on the glaciers far below. The names of these tourists were given; three were from England, and one was from America. The name of the latter was Gordon Leigh.

When Helen looked up, speechless with horror, she saw Randolph approaching her; and one glance at his face was enough to ratify all that she had read. He, on his part, saw that he came too late—that the truth was already known—so

he only stepped to her side, and drew her hand under his arm.

"Come," he said, gently, "I will take you to your cottage."

She asked no questions, but quietly went with him. Once in the open air, however, she paused.

"Is there no doubt of it?" she asked, in a voice which he could scarcely recognize as her own. "Is it certainly true?"

"I cannot give you false hope," he answered, sadly. "I fear it is true."

Not another word was uttered. Comfort her in this, as he would have comforted her in anything else, Randolph could not; and she, on her side, seemed to shrink from him. So, leaving her in the hands of the pitying friends, who had, by this time, heard the news, he turned from the cottage, and went back to the hotel.

When he reached the office, he found a telegram awaiting him—a cable telegram, as a single glance assured him. With one wild throb of hope and anxiety, he tore it open, and this was what he read, dated Chamounix:

"Reassure Helen with regard to my safety. Tell her I am alive, but break the news gently that I am crippled for life. Come for me, if you can. I am helpless. GORDON LEIGH."

Will any one think the worse of Randolph and of his friendship for Gordon Leigh, that when he read these words, he buried his face in his hands, and groined aloud? He had said "Thank God!" as eagerly and passionately as if there had been no cause of rivalry between himself and that distant friend when he read the words, "Tell her I am alive;" but the fatal "I am crippled for life," came to him like a mortal blow.

It may be forgiven that, at such a moment, he had scarcely a thought for Gordon—that he thought only of the happiness which was escaping from his own grasp. He knew Helen so well, that he felt at once what her resolution would be; and he felt also that it would be a resolution against which he might fight vainly.

Deeply grounded in her nature was that power of self-sacrifice which women possess far more than men, and which, with her, had always needed only the occasion to assert itself. Instinctively Randolph felt that here was the occasion, and when at last he rose to seek her, Gordon himself was not saying farewell to the brightness of life more mournfully than he.

The interview which ensued was one that neither of them ever forgot to their dying day. As Randolph had feared, Helen took the decision of her life into her own hands, and said, with a firmness which he felt to be unalterable, that her duty was to him to whom she was betrothed.

"I might have nerved myself to tell him the truth when he was full of health and strength, with the world all before him," she said; "but I can never do it now. Would I ever know a happy moment again if I left him at such a time as this, to live my own life, and be happy with you?"

"I see you think nothing of me," said Randolph, bitterly. "Am I to be sacrificed to this folly? Is my life to be wrecked only that you may make yourself miserable with him?"

"Sacrifice you!" she repeated, with a quiver of unutterable sadness in her voice. "It seems to me that of the two, my life will be the most dreary—that I shall be the least likely to forget what it will only be pain to remember. Do you think it costs me nothing to make this resolution? Do you know me so little as that? Oh! surely you feel that I am right! Surely even you would cease to love or respect a woman who could forsake in his hour of bitter extremity the man whose only fault was the fault of having loved her too deeply, and trusted her too well!"

"You are wrong—utterly and morbidly wrong!" was all that he could say—sure in his inmost heart that she was right, yet sore and wrathful, as a man cannot be to be over the loss of that which to him embodies the whole meaning of life.

She shook her head.

"You do not think so," she said. "No, Arnold; the fever is over, and, thank God! my eyes are clear enough to see what must be done—thank God! I have strength enough to do it. I have made my mistake—a life's mistake—and I must abide by it. Yet, oh! love—" her hands were on his shoulder now, and her soft eyes raised to his—"I do not think it can wrong poor Gordon to tell you just once more how dearly I love you, and how much—how very much—your love has been to me."

With a sort of dry sob, he caught her in his arms. There was so little of love's rapture in this last sorrowful embrace, that even Gordon, as she had said, was scarcely wronged by it—Gordon, lying then in bitter pain, far away among the Swiss mountains, and uttering Helen's name, as if his voice could summon her.

Ah! it is all a fiction that hearts ever break. Who has not survived some parting that seemed to rend the very soul asunder, and to which, looking back, we smile sadly and think, "I can live through anything, since I lived through that?"

Fortune for once, however, was kind to Helen. Feeling her form grow heavy on his arm, Randolph looked in the pale face, and saw that she had fainted. Laying her gently down, he left one last passionate kiss on the sweet lips, and then went forth—to see her face never more!

Gordon Leigh was brought home, and although the accident on Mont Blanc had made him a cripple for life, people did not wonder that Miss Vaughn kept her engagement with him. Indeed, scores of sentimental young ladies would have liked nothing better than to take the place of comforter to the handsome and interesting young invalid, over whom society went wild; and his wife's exceeding devotion to him seemed only the most natural and fitting thing in the world. Whether or not she found happiness in this devotion, there was no one near enough that haughty heart to ask; but it is not often that duty, patiently and steadily fulfilled, does not bring its own reward, in peace at least—and of one thing we may be sure, whether her life be long or short, the great mistake of it is one for which Helen Leigh has striven nobly to atone, and which at last may prove (since life was not given us for happiness alone) no mistake, after all, when viewed in the clear light of eternity.

Arnold Randolph left X. immediately after he brought Gordon back there. Plausible excuse for this step was not wanting.

"There is said to be a good field for an ambitious lawyer in Texas," he said.

And so to those "happy hunting-grounds" he went. Whatever of future love his life may hold, it is scarcely probable that he will ever cease to feel that—

"'Tis somewhat to have known, albeit in vain,
One woman in this sorrowful, bad earth,
Whose very loss can yet bequeath to pain
New faith in worth."

Women of Bombay.

In private, the native treats the female members of his family with as much regard, kindness, affection and respect, as son, father, husband, as the men of any country, but in public disregards them entirely, as a matter of custom and etiquette. I have seen women stumbling in and out of ferryboats, in danger and discomfort, while their companions strolled quietly forward, with-

out even turning to glance at how matters were. I have seen men riding journeymen, and women trudging behind them; men smoking, women grinding the corn; a Beloochee girl holding the stirrups for her lover, as he mounted for a foray; a Kujjuok wife pitching her husband's tent of black goat's skin. Such things are common, create no surprise, elicit no remark; but the reverse of the picture was altogether so new, so unexpected, that when I one day saw a man of rank sheltering a native woman with an umbrella, my start of surprise at the novelty of the action was very great.

I met the woman often afterward; for she was a neighbor, and accustomed to stroll toward the Bombay sands for air and exercise. She smiled when we met, and her dress being rather peculiar, as she was a Madrassee, I took a sketch of her one afternoon, in her pretty violet-colored silk saree, while she was good-humoredly nursing and playing with a little rosy English baby, that the ayah had brought down for the benefit also of a fresh sea-breeze.

These sands, on fine evenings, are a favorite resort of the Hindoo women in the neighborhood, who walk down with their servants and children to enjoy the cool refreshment; leaving their delicate little footprints on the damp sands, to the envy of all the female shoe-wearers who may be present—for Cinderella's slipper would soon have found a wearer, had the trial been made on Oriental beauties. The bright, clear colors of their sarees, too, are admirable; and the glossy braids of their fine hair, decorated with rich gold ornaments, or fragrant blossoms; and the figures of the younger women are so slight, graceful and elastic, so much like those we see cut on the canons of old Rome, or on the fresco-painted wall of beautiful Pompeii—and the saree, stirred by the evening breeze, floats in such graceful resemblance to the draperies with which the ancients loved to adorn their nymphs and graces, that when the chill air causes the rich crimson cashmere shawl to be cast around the head and form, one cannot but regret that so much natural grace must be concealed, however admirable in itself is the fabric that enfolds it. Many of the women of the Purvoo caste, whom I have met here, are very handsome, with an expression of intelligence, also, on their fine countenances greater than is usually seen in the face of a native woman, where softness and amiability are generally more apparent than intellect. These women, however, have a brightness of eye, a smile that sympathizes with it, and a general lighting of the countenance, when engaged in conversation with each other, pleased, or amused in any way, that is very attractive; and we forget the beauties of costume, the brightness of color, the richness of the ornament, and the brilliancy of contrasts, while gazing on countenances often so expressive and so charming as those of the Purvoo women of Bombay.

Doctor John.

Pride had been the ruling passion of my life, strong almost unto death, for only on the verge of the river which separates time from eternity was my soul released from its bondage!

Let me tell my story.

"Do you ever intend to marry?" my uncle asked, lightly, one morning. "I have sent at least a dozen swains away, and yet you are, apparently, no nearer being pleased than at first. Tell me your ideal, that I may recognize him on sight."

"My ideal!" I repeated, in a gay tone. "It is hard to paint him. He must be perfect in face

and form, cultivated, traveled, of a good family, and wealthy. A poet, with his poems unwritten; an artist, with his soul-fancies *not* glowing on canvas; a musician, with his songs unsung; one of those beings whose souls are attuned to everything grand and beautiful. In fact, a man very much resembling my dear uncle."

He laughed a clear, silvery laugh, and called me "little flatterer;" but, from across the table, a pair of gray eyes looked at me sadly, almost reproachfully. They belonged to Doctor John. He was, in my mind, as near the reverse of the picture I had drawn as Beauty and the Beast.

Not that Doctor John was coarse, or lacking the attributes of a gentleman, but he was plain, *very* plain in personal appearance, grave, awkward, and poor. He was my uncle's ward, whose inheritance had scarcely defrayed his expenses while studying a profession.

He was kind to me, but he never bestowed upon me any of the flattering which I, being young, educated, *not* plain, and the reported heiress of my uncle's wealth, received elsewhere.

But, despite it all, little by little I learned that Doctor John loved me, and that I was not indifferent to him. But I would not marry him. Pride came to my rescue, as I thought then. I could not tie myself down to a poor physician, who had not even a long, aristocratic line of ancestors to fall back upon. He was plain John Grey, and I could never become Mrs. Grey.

At that time, when love and pride were at war, a stranger entered our circle. He was all my fancy had painted the future partner of my destiny to be. He selected me from the "thousand," and paid assiduous attention. But, though I listened to his rich, mellow voice as he went into raptures over the beauties of nature, or related little events which had occurred during his prolonged tour in Europe, I did not, could not, love him. Still I was flattered, and received the congratulations of my "dear five hundred" friends with equanimity, when our acquaintance had ripened into an engagement. My uncle gave his consent to a speedy union, although he appeared grave and concerned. I knew he was thinking of Doctor John.

The days flew past. I was not happy, but I hid my aching heart beneath the mantle of pride.

One night I retired rather earlier than usual. I woke with a strange feeling of suffocation. I wondered what it meant. I gasped for breath, I struggled to arise, or to scream, but my strength was gone, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I heard a crackling sound; I saw a broad glare of light! A sheet of flame burst into the room; it crept nearer and nearer my bed. At that horrible moment a form appeared; I was dragged from my bed; there was a loud crash; I remember no more!

One morning I awoke to consciousness. Everything looked strange to my eyes. I could not move; my hands were helpless, my face was stiff; where was I? what did it mean?

Doctor John came in, and, with noiseless steps, approached me.

"Where am I?" I questioned.

"With your friends," he returned. "You must not talk, you must go to sleep, dear."

When I awoke again I was stronger, and my memory had returned.

Doctor John was still beside me.

"Did the house burn down?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did you save me?" He bowed.

"What ails me now? Was I burned?"

"The hot flames scorched you," he said, kindly, "and you have been very ill, so that you must not try to think or talk now."

"Ill; my uncle, where is he? where is he?" I

asked, as he made no response. Then the truth burst upon my mind in all its awful horror.

"He is dead," I almost shrieked, "burned to death while I escaped!"

It was long weeks after that before I recovered from that shock. Then I began to revive slowly. It was true—my uncle was dead, perished in the burning building, which fell as John had sprung out of the window with me in his arms. Uncle was dead—my dear, kind uncle, and I was left a mere wreck of my former self. My face was scarred, my head was destitute of hair, the long golden locks I had been so proud of had fallen off; I was a pitiful wreck. Then my mind reverted to my lover. *This* was the day I was to have been married, and where was he?

"Where is Mr. Hunter?" I asked John, faithful John, who hovered near me every moment he had to spare from his other patients. He made a stammering response; his meaning flashed upon me.

"I know what his absence discloses," I said, calmly. "He has deserted me. I know I am a fright, John. He could not love me, and—and—I did not love him!"

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "The fear that you would suffer has been worse than the pangs of death."

I smiled—a strange smile, I know, at the falseness of the one I thought was my ideal—though ideals never desert in affliction.

"Is that why the nurse seems so compassionate, John," I inquired, "or is there something else? The fire could not have consumed all of my poor uncle's wealth."

"No," he said, slowly, and his face turned colorless.

"What is it, then?"

"Relations have stepped forward; there was no will," he returned.

"But I am the nearest relative," I said. "The rest are only his cousins."

His hand trembled as he drew my head down to his bosom.

"Poor little one," he said, "how can I tell you the truth? Your dear, good uncle was no relation—he was—was—you were his adopted child, the darling of his heart!"

A great cry burst from my lips.

"That man—that old Luke Varley—was my father," I shrieked. John bowed his head.

"You knew it?"

"I knew it," he returned.

I was almost frenzied. My pride arose in revolt at the very thought. Luke Varley! an old criminal, a drunkard, a man I despised without knowing why; a man as to whom I had over and over again questioned my uncle, longing to know why he allowed him to come to his house, as he would sometimes do, and actually force himself upon him. "Put out the vile old drunkard," I had said once, and my uncle sighed. And *this* man was my father! *This* was the ancestry of which I had been so proud! Of all blows, this was the hardest for me to bear! I bowed my head and wept, and dear Doctor John tried to soothe me.

"Why did I not die?" I cried, passionately. "Why did you try to save me?"

"Because I loved you," he returned, softly. "I have always loved you, darling. Come to me, and let me make the rest of your life happy. I know I am not worthy—I am not your ideal—I—"

"Hush! hush! you madden me. It is I that am not worthy. You shall not take a poor, broken, degraded wreck, the daughter of a criminal, who passed you by when she believed herself the daughter of a gentleman, the heiress of a million. No, no, John Grey, I love you, but

I'm not crazed. The world shall never say that I married you because that other deserted, and reverses came!"

"Will your pride never bend?" he asked. "What do we care what the world says?"

I listened; my love conquered my pride. And now I wonder how I looked past John for my ideal. His life is the unwritten poem, the unpainted picture, the unsung song; but they all three are combined in his soul, and John, dear John, is mine!

Scene on the Rambla, at Barcelona, Spain.

BARCELONA, once the rival of Venice, and still the chief seaport of Spain, seems to be a bright, clean, prosperous city.

It has little of the character of a Spanish city—the Catalan being more French than Spanish in temperament.

The Rambla, a wide street running from the port to the Martorell railroad station, and well shaded, is the favorite promenade, and in the warm Summer evenings is frequented by great numbers of the people. The better classes select the Rambla de Capuchinos; but the spot to see the picturesque national groups is the Bacqueria. The Catalan, in his red or violet gorra or pointed cap; the Valentian, with a handkerchief tied around his head, and his blue and white manta over his shoulder; the Majorcan, in his tunnel-shaped hat; the priest, with his shovel hat; the fine Castilian lady, in her black lace mantilla; the young Barcelona girl, in one of richly-worked white lace, form a scene as picturesque as it is easy to conceive.

Never Tempt a Man.

THE late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegana. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed its sway, and he reflected, seriously:

"How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? Ay—I will drink no more!"

And he solemnly resolved that, henceforth, he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way, to stop and dine with the governor.

John, the governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board, occurred a scene which we will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day, the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me.

"John," said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, *never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution!*'

"Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich, on lands now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and above his mouldering remains, repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."

The Unsealed Letter.

"I am bound by a promise to the dead!"

Evelyn White's face was very pale as she spoke these last words, but her tone proved that she would not be moved from the promise of which she spoke.

Gwynne Elliot made an impatient movement, and his voice was harsher than was justifiable in a lover, as he answered:

"It is folly—perfect folly! I have consulted with Doctor Morrison, who assures me there would be no cruelty in putting Hannah in a good asylum!"

"No cruelty!" Evelyn's voice broke now, and her soft blue eyes filled with tears. "How can he judge of the heart of that poor afflicted child. From the time I was ten years old, and Hannah aïx, she has been my constant charge. I have cared for her in every way, and no child ever gave a parent fonder love than she has given me."

"She will forget. An idiot's memory must be short."

"Hannah can scarcely be called an idiot, Gwynne. God has clouded her intellect, it is true, and denied her strong mental power; but her heart is untouched—warm, loving and tender. When my mother and father died, I promised each that I would never part from Hannah."

"But, Evelyn, darling," and Gwynne's voice was now loving and tender, "it is for yourself I am now pleading. In your quiet country home, away from all society, with your garden, your calm country walks, the sympathy of your neighbors, the care of your afflicted sister is an easy labor of love. It will be far different in the city, amid your cares and duties as the wife of a wealthy man. Society will have a claim upon you, and you will find it far from easy to spare time for Hannah. Trust me, dear—I am the best judge."

"Gwynne," Evelyn said, earnestly, "when you asked me to be your wife, three months ago, I told you I was not the woman you should have chosen. You are wealthy, talented, handsome, fond of society, and a favorite there. You see, Aunt Grace has spoken of you to me many times. I am poor, unused entirely to city life, and tied down by duties and promises to my parents."

"You wish to dismiss me?" cried her lover, hotly.

"I fear it must be so," was the sad, low answer.

"This is your constancy!"

"Nay, Gwynne; I told you from the first that any house of mine must also shelter my sister. You said then it should be as I wished."

"But she ties you hand and foot. I did not realize then what a slave you were to the girl."

"And now that you do realize it, you see I was right."

"Be it as you wish, then," was the angry reply. "I will leave Hope to-day, and trouble you no more."

"Gwynne! not in anger! Do not leave me in anger."

But before the words were spoken, Gwynne was beyond the reach of the sweet voice, striding across the little garden, and upon the road, and soon out of sight of Evelyn's eyes, misty with fast-gathering tears.

This was the end, then, she thought, of her love-dream. She was very young, not twenty, and Gwynne had won her whole heart. He had come to Hope in the early Spring, to spend a few months with an old friend there, and his artist eye had soon singled out Evelyn in the little village church, as the loveliest girl he had ever gazed upon. Beauties, at home and abroad, he had seen by dozens, but this face was alone in its purity and sweetness. Not only in form and feature was the girl rarely beautiful, but she had the greater charm of expression.

Inquiry soon told the stranger Evelyn's simple history. She was the orphan daughter of the clergyman of Hope, who had died nearly two years before, following his wife to the grave after only a few weeks of separation.

He had saved enough to leave to his children the little cottage where they lived, and an income sufficient, with economy, to feed and clothe them.

The younger sister, the gossip told Gwynne, was foolish, and Evelyn was her unwearied nurse and companion, for she was a poor sickly thing—a great care and trouble.

"There is an old servant lives with them," was added; "but she only takes care of the house, and does the cooking. All the care of Hannah falls upon Evelyn."

It was easy enough, in the primitive little village, for Gwynne to meet Evelyn, and form her acquaintance. Every meeting added to his admiration. It was a treat to him to find such guileless, winning manners, such a gentle voice, such a pure mind, after his sojourn in cities for a life of nearly thirty years. There was a winning grace in the girl he had not expected to find.

It was evident that she had been most carefully educated, and her knowledge of languages and music was surprising, in her secluded life.

"All I know, papa and my mother taught me," she told Gwynne one day. "It is very little, but I keep up my study and music now, because I am often lonely."

Was it strange that the lonely heart should be quickly won by Gwynne's handsome face, and fiery, impetuous courting? To the simple girl, he was a compound of every hero of whom she had ever heard or read; and apart from the glamour of her love and inexperience, he was a man it was no shame to love—a man of brilliant intellect, traveled, courtly and graceful, and one whose name stood high for moral as well as social position.

That he was hot-tempered, selfish and exacting, Evelyn discovered, without any diminution of her love. But she gave her affections blindly, and not until her mother's sister came down, for a month of rest from city pleasures, did the girl read the secret of her own heart.

From Mrs. Maxwell she learned much of Gwynne's life, his popularity, his means, and standing.

"And it is evident he loves you," Mrs. Maxwell said, on one occasion. "As his wife, you could have the position your mother sacrificed to become the wife of a country parson. I don't mean any disrespect to your father, Evelyn, for I both loved and honored him; but your grandfather was a statesman of world-wide fame, and it was rather a disappointment to him that my sister did not make a more brilliant match. You might be as much of a belle as she was, Evelyn, if you would listen to me."

"Leave Hannah?"

"Yes. Margaret could take care of her during the Winter, while you came to me."

"She is always sick in the Winter, Aunt Grace."

"I know it is of no use to urge you," answered the lady. "I have tried that too often; but I hope Gwynne Elliot will woo more successfully."

And in the Summer, after Aunt Grace had fitted Saratoga-ward, Gwynne told his love, and won Evelyn's heart. Humble and timid, the girl had scarcely dared to believe her own happiness, and had urged her own unworthiness upon her lover, only to be answered by caresses and protestations of undying love.

Not until he was an accepted suitor did Gwynne find himself often thrown into the society of his lady-love's feeble-minded sister. It required all his love for Evelyn, all his chivalry, all his patience, to endure the presence of the awkward, uncouth girl, whose very affection for his betrothed was repulsive to him. Day by day the idea of having his wife tied down by this heavy care grew more distasteful to him, till, finally, a consultation with the village doctor resulted in the conversation recorded.

Gwynne returned to town in hot anger, and Evelyn tried to crush down her heartache in new duties. The sudden rupture of her engagement would have probably been more bitter to her had she not anticipated it from the first. Her love was not selfish, and she knew well how trying all her sister's peculiarities must be to a stranger. A timid distrust of her own powers of retaining the love she had gained was also added, and it was with no feeling of surprise that she accepted the fact of Gwynne's faithlessness.

None the less, however, she missed the companionship that had been so dear to her, the devoted attentions, the tender care, which her Summer-day wooer had given her.

As the Autumn days grew colder, and exercise out-doors was less frequent, Evelyn found pressing upon her the duty which every succeeding Winter had rendered more onerous, that of nursing her sister in illness. The feeble mind of the poor girl was in as feeble a body, and cold weather invariably brought on a weakness of the lungs and throat, which required great care and patience in nursing. Unreasonably exacting in all her demands upon Evelyn in health, she became still more so when ill. Like a peevish child, she had to be coaxed and petted into using remedies and precautions, and was cunning in evading the rules necessary for her own well-being. The task of the elder sister left her little time for idle repining, but the very soreness of her own heart added to her gentle patience.

As cold weather fairly set in, Hannah drooped more and more, the doctor began to look grave, and use more active treatment, and Evelyn found no rest by night or day. If the sick girl woke from sleep, and missed her patient nurse, she would cry piteously, till Evelyn's soft hand caressed her; if pitying neighbors took the place of the weary watcher for a few hours, Hannah would sob and fret till her sister was again beside her.

It soon became evident to all around her that

this Winter would end the sufferings of the feeble invalid, and release Evelyn from her long loving care. She herself was informed of Hannah's danger by the physician, and fervently thanked heaven that she had not put away her charge to die in an asylum amongst strangers. She could meet her parents in another world conscious that, in spirit and letter, she had faithfully kept her promise.

As the end of life approached nearer and nearer, Hannah grew more patient and submissive, seeming in a vague way to understand that she was to see her parents again, though but dimly realizing the idea of death.

Carefully Evelyn kept from her all the earthly pains of leaving this world, trying to convey to her mind some idea of the glories beyond the grave. It comforted her own heart to endeavor to make the last days of her charge happy in a higher sense than the mere childish amusements she had so often shared with her, and her reward at the last was, hearing from the pale, dying lips:

"If I see mother and father, Evelyn, I will tell them how good you were to me."

The end came in a peaceful sleep, and Evelyn was free.

It was not natural for her to sorrow for the feeble life she hoped was perfected in a higher world; yet, the house was lonely, the occupation of a lifetime taken from her, and she felt depressed and listless. It rested her to sit beside the pale, cold figure she had tended from childhood, and she spent much of her time before the funeral praying quietly for help and guidance in her future lonely life.

Even that comfort was taken away as she returned from the funeral, and went to her own room. The care of her servant had brightened and freshened it, and a cheerful coal-fire burned in the open grate. Sitting in the grateful warmth, there came into the girl's heart a feeling of hope and rest, to which it had been long a stranger. She thought of Gwynne, and wondered if he would return to her, now that the poor girl to whom her life had been devoted was taken from her care. She was not high-spirited, not proud, and in her humility had never resented her lover's desertion in a "proper spirit," feeling that it was natural he should object to sharing her painful charge, and accepting it as only a natural result that he should weary of the prospect.

But she loved him very deeply and tenderly, in the devoted, unselfish manner natural to some women—willing to give all, asking little in return. Musing in the firelight, the memory of her lover was very vivid in her mind, and she knew if he returned to her she would give him a cordial welcome.

Her reverie was broken by the entrance of a neighbor.

"I can't stop a minute," said the intruder. "Joe found two letters in the post-office for you, and I am over to give them to you. I'll come in again, by-and-by, but I'm in the midst of a baking."

Two letters! Evelyn looked eagerly at the envelopes. One from her Aunt Grace, and the other—how her heart bounded!—the other was from Gwynne. She well knew the bold handwriting, for her name was inscribed in many of her books in the same characters. He loved her still!

With a childish idea of deferring a great pleasure, Evelyn opened her aunt's letter first, finding within a warm invitation to make her home with her for the future: urging her to sell the house in Hope, and at once accept her aunt's offer of a home.

The second letter was opened carefully. Inside, a smaller envelope, directed in a delicate hand, con-

tained two cards fastened together with a tiny white satin bow. One bore the name of Gwynne Elliot; the other, that of Miss Helen Dearborn.

As their full significance, their declaration of a wedding, fell upon Evelyn's heart, they slipped from her nerveless fingers, and she fell from her chair, unconscious.

Gwynne Elliot, leaving Hope in his first burst of unreasonable anger, found awaiting him in his boarding-house a note of invitation from his college chum and warm friend, Ray Dearborn, begging him to come to Dearborn for October shooting.

Glad of any occupation to aid him in forgetting Evelyn, he hastily scrawled an acceptance, and in due time presented himself at Dearborn. It had been one of the enigmas of society for the past five years that Gwynne Elliot and Helen Dearborn had not "made a match."

"Where," Mrs. Grundy inquired, "could you find a couple so admirably suited to each other? Family, wealth, education—suitable in all points; the intimacy of the brother throwing the sister frequently into the society of the friend, and the lady 'fancy free.'" They were kind enough to give color to the reports of Mrs. Grundy, by a sort of mild flirtation, apasmodic and irregular—never very violent, never quarrelsome.

In her heart of hearts, Helen Dearborn had appropriated Gwynne Elliot entirely. It was but an affair of time, she argued to herself, a reluctance to relinquish bachelor freedom, and submit to the restraints of matrimony. The idea of a rival never occurred to the lady, and she looked forward to a month's visit as certainly destined to end this prolonged and cool courtship.

"Yes," she said, as she arranged her dress for dinner, on the day of Gwynne's arrival, "it is quite time Gwynne and I came to an understanding. I am twenty-five, he is thirty. Surely, if we do not know our own minds now, we never will. We must go to Europe in the Spring!"

And so on, through a long castle-building, as the white jeweled hands added dainty touches to her rich dress.

Involuntarily, as Gwynne bent with courtly complacency to this glowing beauty, there rose before him Evelyn's pure pale face, and deep mourning dress. A greater contrast could scarcely be found than the tall, Juno-like woman, whose dress was of the richest description.

With an impatient, petulant anger against the fair woman whose heart he had won, who, he angrily argued, loved an idiot better than himself, Gwynne paid more attention than ever to Helen Dearborn, letting week glide into week, and still remaining Ray's guest. But in his heart was a sore void, an aching unrest, a longing for the gentle girl he had deserted.

In Helen's most winning moods, when she was most fascinating in her rich, warm beauty, Gwynne would find his thoughts straying to Evelyn's soft blue eyes and golden curls. When Helen's voice rang out in song, wonderful in compass, brilliant in elaborate execution of musical difficulties, there fell upon Gwynne's ears the echo of some simple ballad he had heard Evelyn sing, in her pure, clear voice.

The longing for reconciliation grew stronger as Helen impatiently exerted every art and fascination to hasten the expected declaration. In absence, the selfishness of his love became very apparent to his heart, and plans for arranging for Hannah's presence in his future home grew feasible, and even desirable.

"I will write to my darling, and ask her to forgive me," he determined, one snowy morning in December. "If she will allow it, I will spend Christmas in Hope, at her feet."

The pen once upon the paper, the letter lengthened itself into a most tender, loving epistle, craving forgiveness for his hasty departure, and promises of loving care for Hannah. "Write me but one line, Evelyn," he pleaded, "and I will be in Hope by the next train. If I do not hear from you, I shall know I have offended beyond pardon."

The letter was directed and sealed, just as Ray Dearborn rushed into the room, to find a companion for a sleigh-ride.

"A letter!" he cried. "John is just going to the office. Shall I take this down while you get ready for the ride?"

"Thanks!" said Gwynne, and Ray ran downstairs.

Helen was alone in the drawing-room as he came in.

"Where is John?"

"Just gone!"

"Provoking! Gwynne wants this letter posted, and we are going in a different direction."

"Leave it here, and I will send John back when he returns. There is plenty of time before the mail closes."

Ray tossed the letter upon the table, and returned to his friend. It was nearly an hour later, when, looking up from her embroidery, Helen saw John coming up the walk, and remembered the letter. She took it up carelessly, and looked at the direction. In an instant the blood receded from her face, and her whole frame grew rigid. Miss Evelyn White! The name was new to her; but the fact of Gwynne being in correspondence with any lady roused every jealous throb of her heart.

With every sense sharpened by suspicion, Helen read Gwynne's recent conduct in a new light.

She recalled his fits of abstraction, his forced gaiety, his alternations of devotion and coldness toward herself. As she turned the letter angrily in her hands, the hastily closed envelope opened. She would never have broken the seal, but the imperfect closing gave her the letter open to inspection. The temptation was too strong for a jealous woman to resist, and in a few moments more Gwynne's penitence and love were scanned by eyes flashing with the most revengeful and bitter feelings. It was so full of confession, that Helen needed no further key to the whole story, and in a moment her resolve was taken. Never should this girl have the power to recall Gwynne to her side; the quarrel must be final. Once the lover persuaded that his pleas were despised, his love rejected, Helen felt assured his heart would return to what she persuaded herself was his first allegiance.

But how to effect this! Should she hold the letter back entirely, the girl herself might write. There was not much time for reflection, but a sudden inspiration flashed across Helen's mind. Hastily taking one of Gwynne's cards from the basket before her, the girl tied it with white ribbon to one of her own, put both in a snowy envelope, directed it and put it into Gwynne's envelope. In five minutes more the missive was on its way to the post-office, securely sealed, and the letter that would have made Evelyn happy was a smoldering pile of ashes.

"At last!" Mrs. Maxwell cried, as she came into a brightly lighted room where a young girl was laughingly challenging inspection, as she stood before a long mirror. "At last you are mine, Evelyn. Do you realize how I missed you? How angry I was when you accepted your uncle's invitation to spend a year in Europe!"

"It was best, Aunt Grace! I was not very good company last year, I assure you, and I really needed some change for health's sake. Besides,

you see, I have a Parisian dress for your party to-night."

"Oh, I forgive you. Do you know how you have altered? I never dreamed your pale, Madonna-like face could brighten into such beauty, and blondes are in fashion, too. Your dress is exquisite. I especially admire white lace over rose-colored silk, and those flowers fairly bloom. I wonder if Gwynne Elliot will know you."

"Gwynne Elliot! I thought he was in Germany!"

"Just returned."

"Is Mrs. Elliot with him?"

"Never heard of such an individual."

"He sent me his wedding-cards two years ago."

"Gwynne Elliot's wedding-cards! You must have dreamed it."

"I will show them to you."

Mrs. Maxwell may be excused for a very eager curiosity, as she opened the double envelope Evelyn placed in her hand.

"Gwynne's handwriting, surely," she said, closely examining the envelope, "and—Miss Helen Dearborn! The mystery deepens. Miss Dearborn is Miss Dearborn still, to my certain knowledge. She will be here to-night! You may flirt with Ray, her brother, Evelyn. He is a great favorite of mine, though I never admired his sister."

"But, Aunt Grace, there must have been something to prevent the marriage. Surely, Gwynne would never have sent me those cards if he had not been engaged to the lady."

"It is very odd. I never heard of an engagement. But we have no time, now, for further speculation. Come!"

Just two hours later, in the cool conservatory, two figures stood by a little splashing fountain. One, bearded and bronzed by travel, and a softened gravity upon his face; the other, radiantly lovely, with an easy grace of manner replacing the old timidity.

"Believe me," Gwynne was saying, earnestly, "I never saw the cards your aunt tells me about. I wrote to you from Dearborn, telling you my deep regret for our estrangement, and when no answer came to my appeal, I left my country, to try to forget my pain, in travel. I wanted to forget you, Evelyn, to tear your memory from my heart and life, but I could not. I love you, as I never loved you in the past—with a deeper, truer love, that will never again find fault with you for a noble self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty. Come to my home, Evelyn, be my wife, and Hannah will never find me anything but a kind and patient brother."

The low, sweet voice he loved answered him: "In the past, Gwynne, I doubted my power to make you happy, but since your love is unaltered, why should I doubt the strength of my own? Hannah died two years ago, but I shall never forget your willingness to accept her for a sister."

Helen Dearborn never knew how much Gwynne knew or suspected of her treachery. She attended the wedding, offered her smiling congratulations, and attends Mrs. Gwynne Elliot's receptions and parties, as one of her "dearest five hundred friends."

Jasper and Bloodstone.

JASPER, one of the many varieties of quartz, is very compact, and is found of various colors—dark green, red, brown, yellow, grayish, and sometimes bluish and black. It is very hard, and takes a fine polish. Occasionally it is found banded, or in stripes of different colors, when it is termed ribbon-jasper; the stripes are usually red and green alternating. Jasper alone is infusible before

the blow-pipe, but it will melt with the addition of carbonate of soda. It is sometimes found imbedded in trap rock, but more frequently in pebbles in the beds of rivers.

The yellow jasper is found near the Bay of Smyrna, in Greece, and other places; the red, in the plains of Argos; the variety known as ribbon-jasper comes from Siberia and Saxony; and another kind, termed Egyptian jasper, is found on the banks of the Nile. This latter is of a fine brown on the interior, and clouded with brown of various shades, frequently spotted with black, the markings in this variety occasionally resembling natural objects. A specimen in the British Museum is thought to exhibit a likeness of the poet Chaucer. The yellow variety is used in Florentine mosaic-work called *pietra dura*. The ancients were well acquainted with this stone, and prized it most highly. Onomakritos, five hundred years before the Christian era, speaks of the "grass-green jasper, which rejoices the eye of man, and is looked on with pleasure by the immortals."

The emeralds spoken of by Roman and Greek authors were most probably green jasper, as we hear of pillars of temples cut out of one piece. Pliny, who describes no less than ten kinds of jasper, relates that it was worn by the natives of the East as an amulet, or charm.

This stone was much used for cameos; many specimens are extant, having several layers, and the objects represented are cut deep or shallow, so as to bring the colors into contrast; for instance, in some specimens may be seen the head of a warrior in red jasper, the helmet green, and the breastplate yellow. In the collection of the Vatican are two marvelous vases of this substance, one of red jasper with white stripes, the other of black jasper with yellow stripes. This stone is cut on copper wheels, with fine sand and emery, and polished on wooden or metal wheels with pumice and Tripoli.

The jasper, according to the authorized version of the Scriptures, was the twelfth stone in the breastplate of the High Priest; and as the Hebrew name is *yaspheh*, which is strikingly similar to jasper, and almost all the translations agree, there can be little doubt as to its identity. Galen, among other sage advice, relates that if a jasper be hung about the neck, it will strengthen the stomach.

The bloodstone is another jasper variety of quartz, of a dark green color, and having those minute blood-red specks disseminated throughout which give it its name. The word *heliotrope*, from *helios*, the sun, and *trope*, a turning, is derived from the notion that when immersed in water it changed the image of the sun into blood-red. Pliny relates that the sun could be viewed in it as in a mirror, and that it made visible its eclipses. It is found in large quantities in India, Bokhara, Siberia, and Tartary, and also in the Isle of Rum in the Hebrides, occurring generally in masses of considerable size. It is translucent and susceptible of a beautiful polish. Its commercial value, as in the case of other stones, varies with quality of the specimen. The bloodstone is used for the same purposes as agate and onyx. There is a tradition that at the crucifixion the blood which followed the spear-thrust fell upon a dark green jasper lying at the foot of the cross, and from this circumstance sprang the variety. In the Middle Ages the red specks alluded to were supposed to represent the blood of Christ; and this stone was thought to possess the same virtues as jasper.

With the sweets of patience we season the bitterness of adversity.



MY SISTER-IN-LAW.—“NEVER BEFORE DID HEART THROB SO WILDLY AND PAINFULLY BENEATH THE SOMBRE APPAREL OF A NUN.”

My Sister-in-Law.

“ANOTHER blessing in store for us!” said Helen, as she came into the room where I was sitting, holding a letter in her hand.

“*Qu'est-ce que c'est ?*” asked I, without looking up.

“Richard is going to be married.”

“To whom?” and I looked up this time.

“Here, read his letter. I have no patience with him. I am sick and tired of sisters-in-law, and I wish they were all in the bottom of the Red Sea, along with Pharaoh and his host.”

And Helen grumbled on while I skimmed over

Richard's letter. Having a hint of what he was writing about, I managed to make out the greater part of its contents, although his scrawl was quite as execrable as usual.

He wrote to mamma that he was to be married on the 20th to one of old Jim Thornton's girls; thought mamma had better not try to attend the wedding, as the hotel accommodations were infamous; perhaps one, or both of the girls, had better come; Tom, perhaps, would escort them, if Estelle would permit it; would bring Mrs. Richard Elmore to see his relatives as soon as practicable; thought she would give satisfaction; and no more at present, from, etc., etc.

"What do you think of it?" asked I, as I folded the letter. "Shall we go?" "Go!" exclaimed Helen. "No, no—of course not!"

"Why not? People might talk, if none of Dick's family lent their countenance to his matrimonial venture."

"Let people talk. They have been talking about our family ever since our family came into existence, and they may keep on talking, for anything I care."

"Well, we are a cranky set, take us all in all," said I, "and I am not surprised at the natives opening their eyes at us. But what is your objection to Dick's getting married?"

"Haven't I already said that I hate sisters-in-law? There is Tom's wife, for instance. Could there well be a more objectionable person than she is?"

"No; I give up Estelle to you. But there is John's wife. She is a very good sort of little woman."

"John's wife is a fool, and you know it."

"Perhaps so. But still, she is not hateful."

"No; but she's a bore, and that's almost as bad."

Here mamma came in, and told us that she was writing a note to Tom, giving him Dick's news, and asked if she should tell him that we should desire his services on the 20th."

"No," said Helen, "I have no manner of use for them on that day."

"And what say you, Eleanor?" asked mamma.

"I think I had better go," said I.

"Why, child, you must surely be crazy!" exclaimed Helen.

"She is perfectly right," said mamma. "I wish all you children could be persuaded to act more like other people."

And off she went to finish her note, leaving me intensely gratified by her approbation, but exceedingly nervous as regarded the approaching wedding. I was timid by nature, and quite unused to going among strangers. I had never been among the Thorntons before, and, for all I knew, the family of my future sister-in-law might be eccentric and hard to get along with, like ourselves. However, I was bent on doing the correct thing for once, and when mamma answered Dick's letter, she told him of my resolve.

Shortly afterward she received a few lines in reply, bidding her tell me to come supplied with white tarlatan and blue ribbons, as I had been appointed to the post of second bridesmaid, and inclosing a stiffly written note from Mrs. Thornton, inviting me to come directly to her house, instead of stopping at the hotel, as I had intended.

I had hoped that Helen would relent before the time came, and accompany me to the wedding; but, although she sorely coveted my wedding garments, she showed no other symptoms of yielding; and, when the dreaded 19th came, I set off alone with Tom.

There was considerable sickness in our neighborhood at that time, and John's professional duties kept him at home.

The town of Whartonville, where Richard was practicing law, was about a hundred miles from our nearest station; and, as we left home in the afternoon, it was nearly dark when the conductor announced to us that we were at our journey's end, and the gas was lighted in the hall of Mr. Thornton's when we drove up to the door.

"Let's go to the hotel," exclaimed I, nervously clutching Tom's arm. "I shall die of fright if I go into that house without anybody to introduce me."

"Don't be a fool," was Tom's affectionate rejoinder, as he helped me up the steps. "Nobody is going to bite you."

And he gave the bell-handle such a vigorous pull, that the door was opened in a jiffy. Upon giving our names, we were ushered into a stately, sombre parlor, where we were met by a pale, black-haired little lady, who introduced herself as Miss Jennie Thornton, and who received us very politely, but without any particular *empressment*.

After a few minutes' interchange of small talk, Tom took leave, and Miss Thornton conducted me to my room.

Was she or was she not my future sister-in-law? Richard had not given us the first name of his intended, and I knew there were ever so many young ladies in the family.

"How in the world am I to find out?" thought I.

Here let it be said that Tom and I had driven to Richard's lodgings before going to Mr. Thornton's, intending to take him with us there, but had found him absent.

I had a great mind to ask Miss Thornton if she was the lady who was going to marry Richard, but while I was trying to think of a delicate way of putting the question, my hostess left me to make my toilet, promising to return to take me down to tea.

Of course, the first thing I did upon being left alone was to look at myself in the glass, and I was shocked to see how pale and way-worn I was looking. However, when I had curled my hair, given my cheeks a vigorous pinching, and donned my blue cashmere, I felt much more presentable.

When Miss Thornton came back, she had a bouquet of white roses.

"Your brother has just given them to me," said she, "and I have come to divide with you."

So saying, she detached several of the buds, and twined them in my hair.

"So, you are the lady," thought I. "I dare say we shall get to be very good friends in time." Then I took her little white hand, kissed it, and looked into her face. There was no particular beauty about it, but there was nothing very much amiss, and her expression was decidedly a sweet one.

We went down-stairs together to the sitting-room, where the family was assembled, including Richard, who seemed very much at home, and I was introduced to a legion of Miss Thorntons and Mr. Thorntons *ad infinitum*.

Richard greeted me a great deal more cordially than he would have done if we had been at home. We Elmores were not a demonstrative family, and I was by no means a favorite sister. He exchanged a few words with me, and then he and his lady-love seemed by some magic or other to be transported to the recess of a distant window, and I was left to the tender mercies of the rest of the family.

They were very polite to me, but, somehow or other, we all seemed to have swallowed pokers; this state of affairs lasted until the door opened, and in came another brother, a Mr. Harry Thornton; then there was a great improvement in our sociability.

The new-comer seated himself by me, and before I knew, he had led me into an animated discussion of—nothing at all.

If ever man possessed fine conversational powers, Harry Thornton was that fortunate individual, and he suited me exactly, as I always required a vast amount of drawing out before I became sociable.

And I was very glad to learn during the course of the evening that he was to act as second groomsman the next night.

But I am needlessly spinning out my story. The wedding came off in due time, and Jennie really looked quite pretty after she was dressed in her white silk and lace veil. Richard was always superlatively handsome, and it may be imagined

that he was not less so than usual on this particular occasion. The bridesmaids were pretty, with the exception of a scraggy old cousin of Jennie's, and the groomsmen looked well, especially my partner, Mr. Harry, who was almost as handsome as Richard.

When the ceremony was over, and the happy pair had been duly kissed and shaken hands with, Mr. Thornton drew me out on a side piazza, over which the Madeira vines grew so thickly as to almost shut off the rays of the full moon.

"It is so warm and crowded within doors," said he, "that I think we shall do a great deal better out here."

"But you will be in demand, to take care of the young ladies," suggested I, although I was delighted at the idea of a *l'été-à-tête*.

"I am taking care of a young lady," said he. This was unanswerable, and we remained *l'été-à-tête* on the piazza till nearly supper-time, setting old Mrs. Grundy completely at defiance; and, I dare say, the old lady, in return, railed at us with all her might and main. However, we were young and happy and in love, and we didn't care what she said.

When we at length returned to the parlor, we found ourselves the observed of all observers.

"Who is she?" was audibly whispered, in several parts of the room. "Miss Elmore," "The bridegroom's sister," "Harry Thornton's ninety-ninth sweetheart," were the various replies.

I complained of thirst, and Harry, leaving me esconced in the depths of a huge easy-chair, went off to procure me a glass of ice-water. When he was gone, two persons standing near, not aware of my proximity, began discussing the marriage.

"Who is this Elmore, anyway?" asked one of them. "Where does he come from, and what are his antecedents? Does he belong to the Elmores of Washington County?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" was the reply. "He comes from Jefferson, and belongs to the craziest family that ever were inflicted on a peaceful neighborhood. His brother, who is here to-night, is the only sane member of the family, except the old lady. I was in college with John Elmore, another brother, and if ever there was a fellow who ought to have been born with a strait-waistcoat on him, he was the man. It is said that Tom would be as bad as any of them, if it were not for his wife, who wears the unmentionables, and never lets him have his own way in anything. And there is a sister, I hear, who everybody thinks ought to be in the lunatic asylum!"

"Net the one that is here to-night?" said the other.

"No; this one, I believe, is considered only moderately eccentric. It is a younger sister who is the *ruckus*."

At this juncture, Harry returned with the water, and was much surprised to find me in tears.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked he.

"Nothing," said I, with a fresh burst of weeping.

"This won't begin to do!" exclaimed he; and he again drew me out on the piazza, and at last made me tell what was the matter.

Then he began confounding all meddlesome, tattling, tale-bearing persons, and offered to go immediately and shoot the man who had been so free in his descriptions of the members of my family. This offer being declined, he began consoling me to the best of his ability, and he succeeded so well, that, somehow or other, before the evening was over, I had promised to become his wife.

"Oh, how silly we both are!" exclaimed I, as he bade me good-night. "Just think, two days ago we were strangers to each other!"

"No," was the reply; "we only hadn't found each other. This was arranged up there many an age ago;" and Harry pointed to the sky, which was glowing with myriads of scintillating stars, and he looked so much in earnest, and so handsome, that I fully believed what he said.

The next day Richard and his wife set off on his bridal tour, and Tom and I went home. The Thorntons asked us to remain longer, and we should have enjoyed doing so, but Estelle had ordered Tom to come home that day and her laws were like those of the Medes and Persians.

Harry attended me to the cars, and when he bade us good-by, he presented me with a bouquet of roses, at which, very much to Tom's mortification, I burst into tears in the presence of a whole carload of people.

"What the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed he, gazing at me in angry astonishment.

But if I had had an answer for him, my tears would have rendered it inaudible, so I only pulled my veil down over my face, and cried in silence.

When we reached home, we found mamma absent, nursing John's wife, who was laid up with her favorite nervous prostration, and Helen received us in gloomy majesty.

"I suppose you wish me to tell you all about Dick's wife, for the first thing," said I, as I divested myself of my hat and duster.

"No," replied she, solemnly. "If you cannot talk about anything more interesting than sisters-in-law, you needn't talk at all."

"But I *can* talk about something more interesting," said I. "And now I'm going to tell you a secret that you must not tell anybody. I am engaged."

"Tell that to the marines!" said Helen, contemptuously.

"But it is true," said I; and then I told her all about it, and showed her Harry's photograph that he had given me that morning.

She gradually became interested, and we were planning a most elegant *trousseau* when mamma came in and interrupted us; that small person was not yet to be let into my secret.

After hearing all the news I had to communicate, mamma told us that John was going to take his wife to the White Sulphur Springs, and wished me to accompany them.

"When will they start?" asked I.

"Next Wednesday, if Jane is well enough."

Wednesday was the very day that Harry had appointed to make his first visit to me.

"Why can't Helen go?" asked I.

"Because Helen *won't* go," replied that young lady. "I have no idea of playing waiting-maid for Jane, and being lectured by John for what he calls my absurdities of behavior, as if I hadn't as much right as he has to follow my own inclinations."

I knew from experience there was no use in trying to do anything with Helen, so I went to my room, and wrote to tell Harry not to come. There was no particular use in writing so promptly, but still I thought that for once in my life I would be guided by the copy-book maxim, and not put off till to-morrow what might be done to-day.

I did not look forward with the slightest pleasure to my visit to the Springs, for I knew that John would spend the greater part of his time in the billiard-saloon, and leave his nervous wife to my care; and as for that wife—well, I do not like to use strong expressions myself, but when Helen used to say she was a fool, I was not in the habit of contradicting her.

Strange to say, Jane was well enough to start on the day appointed, and in due time we were landed, bag and baggage, at the White Sulphur Hotel, which we found to be so crowded (John,

of course, had neglected to engage rooms beforehand, that only one unoccupied closet could be found. John and his wife were crammed into that, while I was jammed into a room that was already overflowing with the Miss Montagues—cousins of Jane's. Fortunately for me, I found one or two old schoolmates among these young ladies, and soon all went as merry as a marriage-bell.

Of course there was the usual routine of walking, dining, dressing, dancing, drinking the horrid water, etc. I received plenty of attention, for the Miss Montagues were good-natured enough to introduce me to any number of beaux.

One drawback to my happiness was, that I had never received a reply to my note to Harry, a piece of neglect on his part that was incomprehensible to me.

After I had been several days at the Springs, there was some talk of a fancy ball, and then I remembered with pleasure that I had packed up an old tableau costume (a nun's robe and veil) among my dresses. I took it out and arrayed myself in it one morning, to show my old schoolmate, Kate Montague, how much I could make myself like Sister Victorine, of St. Ruth's memory. It was very becoming to me, and when I looked at myself in the glass, I said, laughing:

"I've a great mind to go down to dinner with it on."

"I would wager my newest bonnet against your old sundown that you would not do such a thing to save your life," remarked one of the Miss Montagues.

"I would wager a hundred million dollars against nothing that I will wear it down to dinner this very day," said I, the demon Bravado taking possession of my soul.

Miss Montague laughed incredulously.

"Please don't do it," said Kate, who knew me of old. It was too late. I had made up my mind.

When I swept into the dining-hall that day, I was for once in my life the observed of all observers. I was, however, nothing daunted by the sensation I created, until I was just about taking my seat at table, and there whom should I see right opposite but—Harry Thornton! I hope that never before did heart throb so wildly and painfully beneath the sombre apparel of a nun.

I only glanced once at my lover, and then I saw, a little to my relief and a great deal to my dismay, that he was not looking at me at all, but talking in low tones to a beautiful woman, in deep mourning, who sat between him and John's wife.

"A new lady-love," thought I; "and that's the reason he did not answer my letter." Then I turned, and commenced a conversation with Mr. Montague (brother to Kate), who sat by my side.

"Do you know who that beautiful woman is?" I asked, in the course of the conversation. "The one that is sitting by Mrs. Elmore."

"She is a Mrs. Harding—a rich young widow," was the reply.

That was enough. I had no further curiosity regarding the woman who had stolen my lover. I managed to keep up a show of animation during dinner, but afterward, feeling in no mood to remain in the company of the lively Montague girls, I concluded to go in Jane's room, and do penance.

That evening, as I was coming up from the spring with Kate Montague and her brother, I encountered my hero, who passed me with a cold and ceremonious bow.

In consequence of that coldness I dressed myself in my best that night, and flirted so furiously with Mr. Montague, that we had half the room watching us in silent amazement.

Harry remained in devoted attendance upon his widow, but he did not look happy.

In the course of the next few days Mr. Thornton and I exchanged a few bows, and then, by tacit agreement, we dropped one another's acquaintance.

Mr. Montague continued to devote himself to me, and I received his attentions with the utmost suavity. May heaven forgive me if I made the poor fellow love me *much*, for he looked dreadfully unhappy when, on the eve of my departure from the Springs, I told him, in answer to an eager question of his, that my heart was a ruin, and I had done with love for ever.

When we returned home, we found Richard and his wife staying with mamma, and I had scarcely entered the house before Helen whispered to me: "We have at last got a sister-in-law worth having."

"I could have told you that weeks ago," returned I, "if you would only have listened to me."

"Why Eleanor," exclaimed Richard, when he saw me, "one would suppose that you had been shut up in a hospital, instead of larking at the Springs. You look like a stewed witch."

"Thank you," said I, wearily. "I dare say I feel like one, too."

"By-the-way, I heard that you dressed like a nun all the time you were at the Springs. That was a caper worthy of Helen."

"Oh, Eleanor! how could you make yourself so ridiculous?" exclaimed mamma.

"This is a land of liberty," replied I, coolly, "and my nun's costume was the most becoming dress I had."

"How people must have stared at you!" observed Richard.

"I don't think any of us need object to *that* compliment," replied I, glancing at the mirror. "I know *you* didn't, Richard, when, in order to win a ten-dollar wagon you rode down Pennsylvania Avenue with your face toward your horse's tail."

"No," said Helen, "nor on that occasion when Uncle George sent him to the Lyceum Hall to dismiss an audience which uncle's sore throat prevented his lecturing, and Mr. Richard, instead of delivering the excuse, treated the company to an *ex tempore* lecture of his own."

"Which same was an exceedingly good one, considering my extreme juvenility at the time," said Dick, laughing. "Well, I suppose we are all more or less *non com*. So we will say no more about it. Of course you met Harry Thornton at the Springs, Eleanor?"

"Yes," said I, looking down, and trying not to blush.

"He promised to join me here on his way home," continued Richard. "Did you hear him say what time he would leave the Springs?"

"No," said I. And then my heart nearly jumped into my mouth at the thought of seeing him again so soon.

"I suppose, of course, he introduced you to Mrs. Harding," said Dick.

"No," replied I. "I hadn't the honor of an introduction to Mrs. Harding, and could only admire her from a distance."

"She is, indeed, a beautiful woman," said Richard, earnestly. Whereupon I glanced at Jennie, to see if she looked jealous, but, on the contrary, she seemed very much pleased. "She approves of her brother's choice, it seems," thought I.

"What is the matter, Eleanor," said Helen, that night, as we were going to bed. "You look as if you had been dead and buried for six weeks, and had lost all your friends into the bargain."

"Then I shall send over, bright and early to-morrow morning, and borrow Estelle's rouge-pot. It is bad enough to know, myself, that I am looking ugly and cadaverous, without having everybody else continually dinnning it into my ears. I hope it isn't a crime to lose one's red cheeks." I

"Well, you needn't get into a passion about it," said Helen. "You are in a tantrum now because you had to leave the society of your lover, and come home to us humdrum folks."

I had not spirit enough to set her right just then. To-morrow would be time enough to let her know that happiness and I had parted company for ever.

"How is it," thought I, "that the poets divine so well the feelings of us women? Byron, for one, showed that he knew us by heart, when he said:

'Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring,
To them but mockeries of the past alone.'

A few days after this, Harry made his appearance among us; but he only staid one night, and I was alone with him but on one occasion, and then only long enough to congratulate him upon having secured so splendid a prize.

"What do you mean?" asked he, coldly. Before I had time to reply, Richard came in, and interrupted us by asking Harry to accompany him and Jennie on a visit to Tom's family.

"You can come, too, Eleanor, if you feel so inclined," said he.

"I don't feel so inclined. I have a headache," replied I.

"You are having a headache all the time now, it seems to me," was Richard's unsympathetic rejoinder. And he and Harry left the room. That afternoon Harry returned home, saying that he could not wait for Dick and Jennie, who were going the following day. That night, after Helen was asleep, I was surprised by a light tap at my door.

"Come in," said I; and Jennie entered.

"What is the matter?" was my abrupt greeting.

"A great deal is the matter," said Jennie, quietly seating herself on the couch, and drawing me down beside her. "What have you been doing to poor Harry?"

"What do you mean?" asked I, coldly.

"I mean that you made him fall in love with you; and then promised to marry him; and then, when he came to make his first visit, according to appointment, he found that you had gone away without sending him any excuse for so doing. Then he followed you to the Springs, and found you so deeply immersed in a flirtation with another, that—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted I. I deny the whole indictment, with the exception of the one point, that I promised to marry him. If he ever loved me, he did it of his own accord. I sent him a letter the very first day I came home, telling him I was obliged to go off with Jane; and that letter he never took the trouble to himself to answer. The day he arrived at the Springs, I had chosen to make myself ridiculous by wearing a fancy dress down to dinner, and, of course, he would not recognize me, but devoted himself to a wealthy and beautiful widow, with whose party he had come.

"His own sister!" murmured Jennie; "but go on."

"His own sister!" echoed I. "Then I have nothing more to say, except that I have been most egregiously deceived."

"Yes," said Jennie, "the beautiful Widow Harding was once Alice Thornton. I am surprised Harry did not tell you."

"Harry did not tell me anything, except 'good-

morning,' the whole time we were at the Springs together," said I.

"I am not surprised at that," returned Jennie, "if, as he said, you were monopolized by another gentleman."

"It was Har—your brother's coldness that drove me into the flirtation with Mr. Montague. I thought at first he did not choose to notice me, on account of my *outré* appearance (although I really made a very good-looking nun), and then I got the ridiculous notion into my head that Mrs. Harding was his *enamora*."

On the strength of this, I burst into tears. Jennie smiled, and told me not to be a goose, and then kissed me good-night, and left the room. After she was gone, it suddenly flashed across my mind that I had forgotten to write either name or address on my letter to Harry. I had often been guilty of such acts of forgetfulness. "What a consummate simpleton I am!" exclaimed I, in so loud a tone as to awaken Helen, who lazily rubbed her eyes, and asked if it had taken me twenty years to make *that* discovery. But I was too depressed and subdued in spirit to enter into a quarrel, so I took refuge in silence, and Helen went to sleep again. The next morning Richard and his wife left us, very much to the distress of Helen and myself, who had learned to love little pale, quiet Jennie just as much as we *didn't* love our other sisters-in-law. Two days afterward, as I was sitting on the floor in the parlor, busily engaged in cutting out a linsey dress for the cook, Harry Thornton came in suddenly upon me, and before I knew what I was doing, he had taken me in his arms and kissed me a dozen times.

"Half of those kisses were sent you by my sweetheart, Mrs. Harding," said he, laughing. "Oh, my darling, what would have become of us two suspicious simpletons if Jennie had not quietly taken the matter in hand?"

"Bless her little soul!" replied I. "Until I became acquainted with her, I used to think sisters-in-law a very poor institution, but now I have changed my mind—"

"And for one Gheber's sake, I'll weep for all."

Oh, Harry, I was so much afraid that your love, which had been so quick to come, had vanished all as suddenly."

"Never!" exclaimed Harry; and he struck an attitude, and continued:

"My heart, I bid thee tell me,
How are love's marvels wrought?—
Two hearts with one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought."

"And tell me how love cometh—
It comes, unsought, unsent.
And tell me how love goeth—
It was not love that went!"

Lone Tree Knob; or, The Dwarf's Reward.

CHAPTER I.

THE wagons of the emigrant-train had stopped for their noonday rest, by the side of a miserable, muddy wreck of a river, that sluggishly dragged its remaining waters along from pool to pool, although it was yet but June. A few weeks later, and there would be left but a dry channel across the plains, until some fresher came down from the mountains. No fires were built, for even "buffalo chips" were not to be had for fuel, and the lunch would have to be a cold one.

There was water, though, such as it was, and that was a good deal.

A tall, dark-haired girl, not beautiful precisely,

but fine-looking, and with more than a little decision of character in the resolute lines of her expressive face, had dismounted from the horse she had been riding, and stood by one of the wagons, looking wearily out on the desolate plains, with the far-away mountains rising low and cloudlike in the horizon.

"Well, Hannah," said a deep clear voice behind her, "this can hardly be the paradise that Eph Gridley has been promising us."

"No, Harvey More, I should say not; but I am glad to see those white-capped ridges yonder."

"So should I, perhaps," was the reply, "if these others did not see them at the same time."

"Hush, they may hear you."

"I had almost said I did not care. It is getting more horribly unendurable every day. I must speak plainly, Hannah Ford. This cannot go on for ever. I am here because you are here. You are here because your brother is. But what if anything should happen to him or me? It is not unlikely—"

"Harvey More!"

"No, I am not saying too much, and I have thought of you alone on the plains, or among the mountains, with such as they."

And as he spoke, he motioned with his hand to a group on the river-bank, not twenty paces distant.

Hannah turned and looked. There were nearly a dozen men, shaded down from the gentleman loafer to the full-fledged ruffian, and half as many women, of an outward semblance worthy of their company. Harvey's lip curled, as he looked, and he added:

"What a settlement they will make!"

"But what shall I do?" asked Hannah.

"Go. Fly!" said Harvey.

"And leave my brother to his fate? Even if I would, I could not."

"Hannah Ford, your brother's fate, as you call it, is the evil life he has chosen, and his wretched infatuation with Eph Gridley and his gang. It is not your duty to make such a sacrifice of yourself in following him, no, not a step further. As for how you are to get away, if you dare to make the trial with me, I am ready."

"Ready? Yes, but do not I know what a flight means? Not only to leave my brother, but to be pursued, perhaps to be overtaken."

"I would dare that," said Harvey.

"It means hunger, thirst, almost certain death—"

"I do not think so; but I would rather face that," firmly interrupted her zealous friend.

Hitherto Hannah Ford's pale face had worn only the wearied expression with which she had gazed upon the landscape, but now it warmed into a look of gratitude, and even admiration.

"You are only too kind," she said.

"Kind? Why, Hannah, my life belongs to you, and you might as well have it in one shape as another, since you value it so slightly."

"Harvey!"

"No, Hannah, I do not wish to speak bitterly, much less to embarrass your decision, but fly you must, before worse evil happens."

"We will see," she replied; "but here comes Murray and Eph Gridley."

Harvey More was a splendid specimen of stalwart Saxon manhood, with a bronze, soldierly cast of countenance, and in all this he was a strong contrast with the two men who were now approaching. As for Murray Ford, Hannah's brother, he could hardly be called a man. Not only was he barely of "voting age," but his irresolute mouth and uncertain gray eyes spoke of boyish infirmity of purpose, even more than certain other lines of his face did of coarse tastes and untimely dissipation.

Eph Gridley, on the other hand, was by no means lacking in muscular proportions, and his face indicated more than a little mental acumen, but his force of character was almost exclusively of the kind that had already gained him an evil prominence as a leader among the violent, the vicious, and the degraded. Much of his true nature he had concealed while among the settlements, even as he had the true object, direction, and destiny of his present expedition, or else, perhaps, even her obstinate love for her brother would have been insufficient to have entrapped Hannah Ford as one of its members. Among the things, however, which Eph Gridley made no attempt to conceal, was his bold-eyed, insolent admiration of Hannah herself. And poor Murray Ford was so lost to self-respect and manly honor, as to consider the admiration of such a man a compliment, if not indeed a flattery.

Even before the new-comers had spoken a word, Hannah turned away from them, in her almost uncontrollable repulsion, and again looked out upon the open prairie.

"Mr. More," she suddenly exclaimed, "what is that, yonder? Somebody is coming into the camp."

"It's a human being of some kind," said Harvey. "I wonder he managed to get so close in without being seen."

The others had now had their attention similarly arrested, and a chorus of remarks arose from all parts of the little camp. The object, human or otherwise, had continued to advance rapidly, as if aiming directly for the wagons by which Hannah and her friend were standing. It might have been a man, but it was so very small. It was dressed like a man, in a weird and unique sort of half Indian way, and it carried an appearance of a rifle, but this latter was an army carbine, and the figure's head would not have risen above its muzzle, when standing on the level ground.

"It is a man!" said Hannah.

"Of course it is," said Harvey.

"It's a dwarf," said Murray Ford, in his drawling, uncertain voice.

"It's a Digger Indian," growled Eph Gridley, "and we won't have any of them around *this* camp."

Even as he spoke, Eph had jerked his rifle to his shoulder, as if to draw a bead on the stranger. Whether or not he meant to fire, Hannah Ford sprang lightly forward and exclaimed, as she fiercely pushed the barrel of the weapon upward:

"For shame, Eph Gridley—"

But as the last words left her lips, the weapon exploded, sending its leaden messenger harmlessly into the air, and she added: "It would have been murder!"

"I guess not—not to shoot a Digger," half angrily laughed Eph, as he lowered his piece.

"Hallo, here he comes, eend over eend."

Sure enough, the diminutive stranger had made the remainder of his way into camp by a series of quick, cat-like bounds, whose marvelous agility had brought him almost within reaching distance of Hannah Ford. He was now standing erect, with a very pleasant smile on his tawny face, and as he held out a tiny and odd-looking hand, he said in excellent English:

"No, no, don't shoot; I'm only Dwarf Dick. I don't mean to hurt you."

The whole camp was around the stranger now, and he was vigorously plied with questions, but all that could be learned was that had been on a mining or prospecting tour among the mountains, and was now on his return, but that he had lost his mule, with his tools and provisions, and had come into their camp to look for some.

"I don't want to beg," he said; "I can pay for what little I get."

Eph Gridley had been watching the dwarfish stranger narrowly for some minutes, and the keen, animal outlines of his face had rapidly undergone a change, from a contemptuous indifference and heartless mockery to an intense and almost feverish interest. Much to the surprise of Hannah Ford, if not of the whole camp, Eph said, with a great appearance of heartiness:

"We don't sell provisions in this camp. You can have just all you want. Reckon 'twon't be a very big pack. Here, you, Lize, Jim, get the little fellow as good a dinner as you can, and a big drink of whisky."

"No," said the stranger, "no whisky. I never drink any."

"You don't say so!" said Eph. "Well, that beats me. You're the first chap of your sort that didn't drink, that ever I saw."

"My sort? Why, what do you mean?" asked Dwarf Dick.

"What do I mean? Why, if you ain't a Digger, you're a half-blood; you can't fool me on that sort of thing. Where on airth did you ever pick up your English?"

"Born with me, just as yours was," growled the dwarf, and Eph could see that he had given offense.

The provisions had now been brought, and Hannah contributed sundry delicacies out of her own stock, for she had taken a degree of interest in the odd-looking stranger which she was unable either to define or account for.

Although it was readily to have been seen by any one that there was none too much goodwill between Eph and Harvey More, the latter were standing so closely together, as they watched their dwarf-guest eat his dinner, that something like conversation was unavoidable.

"Eph," said Harvey, "I can hardly account for your sudden interest and politeness."

"Well, if you can't, I can," was the rejoinder. "If we're going into the mountains, as we talk of, that fellow's worth his weight in gold to us, if we can get him to go along. I'll bet he knows more mines than you could shake a stick at, if you could only get him to show them."

"But what will you do with him?"

"Keep him," said Eph.

"How?" asked Harvey.

"I'll show you, and him too," said Eph, as he walked away to where the dwarf was sitting. It was evident to Harvey More, however, that a feeling very nearly akin to superstition mingled with Eph Gridley's notions concerning the dwarf's value as a mining prospector. He had some sort of idea that, either because he was a Digger, or was a dwarf, he had occult faculties of discerning the whereabouts of the hidden depositions of the precious metals.

As for the dwarf himself, though now he had nearly completed his dinner, he seemed by no means desirous of talking, but was busied, even while his small jaws also were at work, with making as compact a mass as possible of some bacon and other items of provisions which had been furnished him.

He had straps with him, ready for his pack, and in a few moments more he rose quickly to his feet, slinging his burden over his shoulders, and buckling it firmly. Eph had already addressed him quite earnestly on the subject of remaining with the train, and he had seemed to be considering the matter; but now he said:

"No, I reckon I won't. I'll just go on after my mule. Maybe I can find him."

"Oh, we'll send a fellow with you to help hunt!" said Eph, "if you'll come back, and go with us."

"Don't want any man with me," said the dwarf. "I'm always better alone."

"I know that," angrily replied Eph, "and I swear you shan't go. We've got ye this time, and we mean to have ye show us some of them mines."

As he spoke, he made a fierce motion toward the dwarf, as if to seize him; but "Dick" dodged, with a motion like that of a conjurer's fingers, and placed himself for the moment behind Hannah, as if appealing to her for protection.

"Indeed, you shall not hurt him, Mr. Gridley," said Hannah.

"Who wants to hurt him?" said Eph. "I only mean to tie him up for a while, till we've made out to get some good of him."

"You've no right to tie him up, no right to touch him."

"I'll show him what right I have. Come out here, you—"

"Eph Gridley!" energetically exclaimed Hannah, "I know you, and you shall not keep that poor creature in your power. He'd better be somewhere else than in this camp."

"Come out!" roared Eph, with more semblance of passion than the occasion seemed to call for.

Hannah had retreated somewhat toward a wagon which had halted by a bunch of sage bushes, and, for the moment, Dwarf Dick had been entirely concealed from the sight of everybody. Now, however, Eph brushed somewhat rudely past her, and peered under the wagon, loudly repeating his command; but, to his astonishment, no dwarf whatever made his appearance.

The sage bushes were pulled over, one by one, the inside of the wagon thoroughly examined, but all to no purpose, and Eph Gridley felt a thrill of superstition dive at his heart that might have been spared him if he had seen the dwarf winding his way with such marvelous swiftness under cover of the river-bank, and now nearly half a mile away. The only mystery had been in his own lightning-like movements, and his presence of mind. It may be, however, that Eph's superstition tended to temper his wrath at Hannah Ford for her interference.

CHAPTER II.

It would have been a beautiful day anywhere else than on those dreary plains; but the floods of warm June sunshine failed to bestow anything of beauty on this wearisome expanse. The mountains in the horizon were too distant, and the stunted wild sage bushes and scrubby mesquit trees were too sparsely scattered, and too insignificant, to break the dull uniformity of the landscape.

It was an hour after noon, and not a living thing was visible—yes, there was one, a mere dot, yet an animated, moving, talking dot, that plied its way onward over the heated plain, growling to itself in half a dozen or more distinct languages, not to speak of dialects. English, Spanish, German, French, might have been detected, and the deep, harsh gutturals of Indian tongues, but we can only render one of them all.

"Thanks to that young woman, the brute didn't put a ball through me, or tie me up either. I'll pay her for that yet, and him, too, or my name isn't Dwarf Dick. I hate that, too, but I've got to wear it till I get through with this body. Tie me up? The villain! If he'd have tied me up for three hours, I'd have been too late. Maybe I'm too late now? I guess not. Loaded mules don't travel so very fast. Stolen gold is a heavy load, too, even for stolen mules. I wonder what they want of the Lone Tree? They can't steal it. Why didn't I shoot them, when I could so easy? I don't know. I'm odd at times. It makes me feel odd to think of that young woman. They



LONE TREE KNOB.

call her Hannah. Well, she didn't stand up for Dwarf Dick for nothing, or I'm mistaken."

All this while the dwarf had been pressing his way forward, and making wonderful rapid headway, if his size and length of limb should be taken into consideration. No one who looked at him could long question the correctness of Eph Gridley's surmise as to his parentage, and his features wore other remarkable characteristics besides their show of Indian blood. His aquiline nose and ears were large and prominent, his keen, glittering black eyes were deeply sunken, and his mouth, though almost constantly smiling, had a quick, nervous quiver of the lip that indicated anything but a heavy or stolid nature.

A very remarkable personage was Dwarf Dick, the half-breed Digger, for even that fact had not prevented him from being a traveler, a student, and a man of education in his own queer way.

At about the same time of the day, the emigrant-train, under the leadership of Eph Gridley, was getting slowly underway again, and its direction across the plain seemed to have hardly a more definite purpose than to reach the foot of the mountain-range.

Hannah Ford and Harvey More were riding on side by side, and their subject of conversation, when they did speak, seemed to divide itself between their unpleasant position as members of that company, and the curious incident of their meeting with Dwarf Dick.

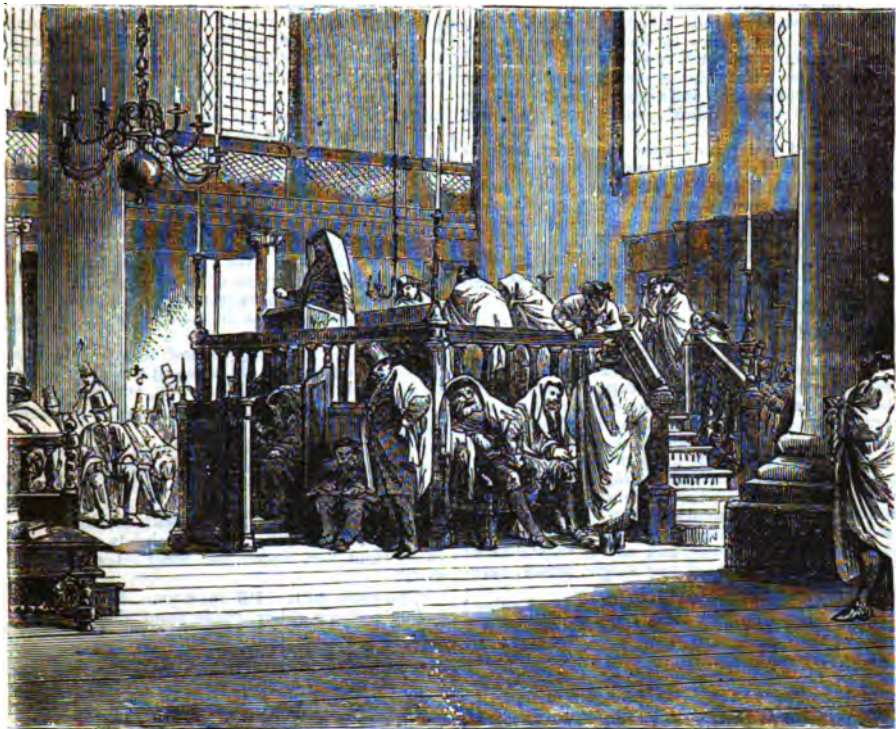
"There was something almost comical about him, after all," said Hannah, "and it was actually a pleasure to look on a new face. Except for our presence, this prairie country seems to me to be a perfect solitude."

"No, not quite," said Harvey. "I can see others even now."

"Where?" asked Hannah.

"Away off there to the right. Don't point. I don't want any more of Eph Gridley's men going off, to be gone all night, and come in again in the morning with extra horses. Maybe these two men will get by without being seen, unless they are fools enough to come in."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed



THE SYNAGOGUE AT AMSTERDAM.—FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BRANDON.—SEE PAGE 350.

Hannah. "We are indeed a caravan of Ishmaelites."

No eyes less keen than those of Harvey More would have detected the presence of those two men, so far were they, and so completely were they blinded most of the time with the inequalities of the plains.

They, on their part, however, had seen the wagons, almost at the same time; and so far from manifesting any disposition to "come in," they at once began to urge their jaded animals in a different direction.

Each was mounted on one mule and leading another, and all four animals were evidently packed and burdened to the extent of their ability.

"I say, Sandy," said one, "it's a good thing these yer mules haven't a great deal furdur to go. They're e'en a'most played—they are."

"Pretty much used up, that's a fact, Bill; but, I reckon, they can stan' it for about an hour and a half longer."

"Is that all?" said Bill.

"That's all," said Sandy; "an' then we'll have the safest kind of a *cache*, an' a tiptop landmark."

"But, Sandy, sometimes I can't help thinking we'd have been about as safe somewhar among the mountains."

"Bill, my boy, it's harder to find any place among them rocks than it is out in the open. Besides that—an' I don't mean to be a fool, neither—you know that dwarf. I wouldn't feel safe burying anything he had a claim onto up among the hills. It's his own ground thar, ye know. You just couldn't help his knowin' whar it was buried. I'd have felt all the while I was

digging as if them ginlet eyes of his'n were onto me from somewhar. Now, out yer, we're all right, for we're plainamen, an' no Digger medicine dwarf's of any account. Mebbe you think I'm a fool—"

"No, I don't, Sandy," said Bill. "I know some folks laughs at sich, and says it's nonsense; but don't you and I know better? Didn't that little big-eared cuss take us right straight to whar we could shovel the stuff right up? An' ain't we goin' thar again, soon's we've got the cargo safe landed?"

"I don't know 'bout that, Bill," said his friend, as he stirred up the lagging mules. "I'd like to go, if we'd make the dwarf all safe; but as long as he's above ground—I tell ye what, Bill, it was bad luck our missing of him."

"Wasn't we goin' to shoot him that night soon as ever he come in, and, then, he never *ded* come in! The varmint! We ain't neglected nothing that we had a fair chance to do, an' we ain't one bit to blame, as I see. I'm for goin' back again." Bill was evidently very much in earnest, and now he added: "How long before we can begin to see this tree o' yours?"

"Not a great while," said Sandy. "But, then, you don't see it so very far off. All the better for that, you know."

"Is the Knob much of a peak?" asked Bill.

"No, only a bit of a low down little hill; but it looks a'most as if it was made by humans; and this yer tree is right on the top of it, all alone like."

"Well, Sandy, I must say it's a queer trick for a mesquit to grow to that bigness in such an out-o'-the-way place as that, and mebbe it *will* be a good mark for a *cache*."

"You bet it will," said Sandy.

And so the two rode steadily onward, urging their over-tired mules to their very uttermost, and, by some good luck as seems often to attend men of their kidney for a season, no other eyes than those of Harvey and Hannah caught sight of them from Eph Gridley's somewhat dangerous caravan.

Both Bill and Sandy were impatient, little as they showed it externally, and both were visibly relieved when, at last, the latter rose slowly in his stirrups, and pointed with his long arm toward the eastward, exclaiming:

"And that's Lone Tree Knob!"

Bill looked and looked, and could but just discern something that rose above the level, and replied:

"What! is that it?"

"Wait a bit," said Sandy; "when we've cleared this rise, it'll look a heap bigger."

Differences of elevation on the plains are exceedingly treacherous and deceptive to the eye; but Bill knew that, and so he was not at all surprised that a few minutes' riding brought him out on the brow of a high knoll, or roll, from which the plain swept swiftly away to a lower country, and from which the entire singularity of Lone Tree Knob was strikingly visible.

It was a round, smooth, earthy elevation, hardly a hundred feet in height, and less than quarter of a mile in circumference, and on its very summit and centre there stood one single, lonely, desolate-looking tree.

It was no wonder that such an object had gained itself a name and fame among the keen-eyed rovers of the American Desert.

The very mules seemed to have an idea that the end of their labor was approaching, and the remaining distance was briskly hurried over.

The ascent of Lone Tree Knob was by no means difficult, for either wild animals or tame had kept a path well worn along the side of the declivity. This, too, might have been a wonder; but when Sandy and Bill had reached the summit, the former again raised his arm, and pointed.

"That's the spring, Bill, over yon, to the left of the tree; an' it's allers full, an' it never runs over, an' it's as clear as crystal all the year round. That's what brings the deer and buffalo up yer, and the Injuns, too. Brutes and humans, everybody onto these yer plains, knows all about Lone Tree Knob."

"Mebbe 'twon't be so good a place for a cache," said Bill, "after all."

"Yes, it will," said Sandy, "because, you kn w, no one'd ever dream of any feller hiding anything up on top of Lone Tree Knob. Besides, that thar dwarf can't be a watchin' of us up yer, like he might a'most anywhar else, an' we can keep the best kind of a lookout over all the prairie, for ever so many miles."

Bill was compelled to admit that his friend was right, and so they halted their mules at last, under the Lone Tree itself.

It was a very miracle of a mesquit, and an exception to all its kind. For fifteen feet, the gnarled and knotty trunk arose without a limb. Then the closely matted, thorny, woven branches spread out with an all but impenetrable shade on every side, while the total height of the tree could not have been less than forty feet.

It must have been a tree of great age, and strange things, beyond all doubt, had passed under the spreading shadow which it cast.

"We mustn't waste any time, Bill," said Sandy. "Lone Tree Knob isn't a safe place to camp on, nohow."

"Well, then," said Bill, "let's get to work as soon as we can."

They were a brawny, sun-burned, ill-kempt,

ragged-looking pair, of the lower and more reckless grade of miners, with faces that had long since ceased to indicate much for other passions than the greed of gold, and the lusts to which that greed for ever panders.

They were well able to attend to the business in hand, however, and in a few moments the mules had all been relieved of their burdens.

None of the packages were large. On the contrary, most of them were quite small, but very heavy.

No wonder the poor brutes grew weary under them, for those banded sacks of skin, close drawn and carefully secured, contained no other merchandise than gold. Gold in dust, in nuggets, in scales, in bars, in bricks of bullion—all that those four mules could journey under, of that dangerous metal, whose lust is the root of all earthly evil.

There it all lay, bagged and strapped, in one little pile, under the old mesquit tree, and as he looked at it, Bill turned to Sandy, and said:

Now, if we only had shot the dwarf, it would have been all right."

"May be," replied Sandy, "we'll come across him somehow, an' have another chance yet."

"If we do!" growled Bill, with a meaning, menacing nod.

"You bet!" replied Sandy, with another.

"I say," said Bill, "b: we goin' to make our cache right yer, under the tree? I don't like that."

"No more do I. I'll show ye. I reckon the spring's about thirty yards from the tree, an' thar's nothin' round it but them willers."

"Yes," said Bill—"only the willers."

"Well, then," said Sandy, "thirty paces beyond the spring, we'll dig the cache. That's the mark we'll find it by. Don't ye see?"

Bill had dug caches enough in his day to understand very well, and in a few minutes more they were at work.

The only very large pack, from the mules, turned out, among other things, a miner's pick and spade, and the two friends were expert enough in the use of them.

In a marvelously short space of time a hole was dug, wide enough and deep enough to have held a much larger matter than that pile of buckskin bags; but the men knew what they were about, for, after the treasure had been spread as flat and thin as possible over the bottom of the hole, the light and porous soil was so packed and trodden down above it, that, when the last shovel-full had been thrown back, and the last sod replaced, there was no visible variation on the surface of the ground. After that, the most minute and skillful attention was paid to the restoration of the natural and undisturbed appearance of everything, so that when, at last, Sandy pronounced their job complete, he declared that in a week more they themselves would be compelled to measure by the tree and the spring, in order to find their own cache.

"And you see, Bill," said he, "nobody but you and me knows the measure."

"Let's take it over again," said Bill; "now we've got it all done. It ought to be just sixty paces from yer to the tree."

"Well, Bill, tell ye what ye do," said Sandy. "Stand whar ye are, an' fire a slug right into the centre of the tree, an' then pace straight ahead, an' count till ye put yer finger on to the bullet-hole."

Bill slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder, took a long a careful sight, and blazed away; and, as he lowered his piece, he promptly strode off toward the tree, counting carefully as he went. He had done a great deal of counting in his day.

had Bill, but never any paces so fearfully important to him as were those.

Sandy had watched his "mate" start away from over the *cacoe*, with eyes in which a strange glitter was swiftly rising; and, as Bill's measuring footsteps neared the tree, Sandy also drew himself to his full height, and his rifle arose with mechanical precision to his shoulder. Even now he was superstitious, for, as Bill reached out his searching forefinger for the bullet-mark, Sandy exclaimed:

"Yes, left foot first, and left hand touching. It's his fate!" and, as Bill turned his head toward the *cacoe*, exclaiming, loudly, "Sixty-one!" the flame leaped from the muzzle of Sandy's rifle, and Bill sank heavily back at the foot of the Lone Tree, with a ragged hole in his forehead.

CHAPTER III.

No blood at the foot of the Lone Tree, only that stiffening corpse, with the blue hole in its forehead, and the brawny, ragged form of Sandy, standing over and looking down upon it.

"It was a rough thing to do," he muttered to himself; "but somehow I mistrusted Bill. He wasn't a very good one, nohow, an' I reckon it's just as well that only one of us knows the measure of that *cacoe*, or can get back to dig it out. Now," he added, with a bitter oath, "if I could only git to draw a bead on that thar dwarf! I'd feel a heap easier if that feller was clean wiped out. Next time I meet him I'll do, but I'd kind o' like to make one job o' him and Bill yer."

As he said this, he started suddenly and looked up, as if he heard some unaccountable noise among the shadows of the Lone Tree. Perhaps he did, and perhaps not; but out from among the matted branches came a sound that Sandy never heard, for the bullet travels faster than the report, and the miner staggered back across the body of his murdered mate, with precisely the same terrible sign in his forehead.

There was only this difference in the two wounds, that Sandy's head was more crushed and broken, for the ball went clear through, and came out at the back. There they lay—the two dead miners—and the four mules stood gazing at them, with staring eyes and distended nostrils, straining at their lariats as if ready for a stampede.

A moment more, and the mystery of the Lone Tree was solved; for, down from among its gloomy recesses writhed and twisted the agile, sinewy, diminutive body of Dwarf Dick. He did not climb down the trunk, but dropped lightly from the lower limb, alighting catlike on his feet.

"They'd surely have shot me," he growled, "and it was a necessary thing to do. The gold's mine, too, the half of it, and now they're dead, the other half, too. But what'll I do with them, or it? The mules could pack the gold; but where could I take it to without provisions? Those two knew what they were about when they hid it, an' I reckon I'll let it stay for the present. Hullo! What's that?"

The dwarf turned his large, keen ears to listen, as an animal might have done, and in a moment more the sound which had startled him came once again pealing up the side of Lone Tree Knob.

Was it a human halloo?

Yes, it was a signal-whoop of some red man.

"I don't think it's anybody that will hurt me," said Dwarf Dick. "Not unless there happen to be white men along. Anyhow, I'd better take to cover till I know who he is. Here goes for safety."

Up the gnarled trunk he went with the easy activity of a monkey, and in a moment more he was altogether hidden. Then followed minutes of silence and waiting, and the mules once more

began to nip away at the scanty herbage, and then, rapidly filing along the slanting path on the declivity of the Knob, came the gayly caparisoned horses of a strong war party of Indian braves.

"Sioux," muttered Dwarf Dick, from his perch in the tree; "but I'll wait till I know what band they are, and what their errand is."

The prairie warriors had seen, at a glance, that others were before them on the Knob; but their numbers—for there were threescore of them—prevented their caring who or what the strangers might be, and they were quickly gathered around the Lone Tree, chattering and gesticulating, as only Indians can, in spite of their "show day" taciturnity.

The mules, the two dead miners, the nature of their wounds, the bullet-mark in the tree—not the minutest particular escaped them, and their conclusions were sagacious, if erroneous. Dwarf Dick understood every word that was uttered, and he found that the Sioux had decided that a *duel* had been fought by the two miners, both of their rifles having evidently been just fired; that one had fallen in the duel, and the other afterward by some third party, whose foot-tracks they had discovered on the ground under the tree. Just then a tall, stately-looking savage came for the first time within Dick's line of vision, and the dwarf chirped to himself:

"All right, Santanta! But then there must be mischief brewing when he is out on the warpath with such a party as this. And now I don't want them to know I've been up in the tree, if I can help it."

And he did help it, somehow, by watching his chance to drop unseen from the branches; for, in a few minutes more, Dwarf Dick suddenly stepped out from behind a mule, right in front of Santanta, holding out his right hand with a strange, wavering sign of peace and recognition, speaking, at the same time, some few words in the Sioux tongue.

Even the iron-nerved Indian warriors were startled at the strange and sudden apparition. Not that Dwarf Dick was a stranger to most of them, but they had long regarded him as "big medicine," and this sort of "coming in from nowhere" was decidedly in keeping with that idea. Perhaps they were none the less prepared to receive him with amity and respect, for a red-skin is as superstitious as a Congo.

Still, Santanta asked Dick very freely about the story of Sandy and Bill, and was pleased to be informed that his own sagacity had already discovered the truth. Dick added that, not knowing that the new-comers were his friends, he had deemed it necessary to "disappear" on the approach of Santanta and his warriors. Now, however, he would take his four mules and go onward.

Some of the warriors looked a little cloudy at the claim put in for the mules, but Santanta was on the warpath, and he was anxious to have such a tremendous amount of "medicine" go along with him. So earnestly did he plead with Dick on this subject, hinting, at the same time, pretty distinctly that the mules depended on it, that the dwarf allowed himself to be over-persuaded, and, after a sufficient rest and refreshment, the whole band, accompanied by their new ally, once more sprang into the saddle, and descended the grassy side of Lone Tree Knob.

The bodies of the two miners, stripped of all that was useful or valuable, lay at a distance from the tree, dragged away by Santanta's orders, for the Lone Tree also was "big medicine," and not one of the careering warriors had for a moment suspected the existence of the fatal *cacoe* and its heap of hidden treasure.

They had not ridden far before Dick was made aware of the special errand of Santanta, and that a *white* prey was before them.

CHAPTER IV.

EVER and anon, that day, as Harvey More and Hannah Ford had ridden onward, side by side, they could detect the bitterness and hatred of the glances cast upon them by the rest of that evil company, and only a fear of the former's strong arm, and the known influence of the latter over Eph Gridley, if not her misguided brother, prevented the sly and muttered slurs from assuming the tone of open ribaldry.

Still, they were compelled to admit to one another that this state of things could not endure for ever, and that, sooner or later, an open collision must come.

"There is nothing else for it, Hannah," said Harvey; "we must fly."

"You must, if you value life."

"And you, if you value more than life," he fiercely whispered.

"But my brother?"

"He is utterly unworthy of your unselfish devotion. He has lost his manhood, if he ever had any, or he would himself be first to protest against your remaining."

"How can I leave him?"

"Leave him? Do you suppose that by remaining you can lengthen the space of his forfeited life any more than you can win him back to good?"

"His life forfeited?" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, indeed, even as mine is. He is an obstacle between Eph Gridley and that which Eph has determined on possessing—I mean your brother's own gold, that which you and I retain, and more than that—"

"No more, Harvey—say no more. It is dreadful, but— Please say nothing for a while. I must think."

In a moment more she added:

"See how it is clouding up. It will be a dark night, if not a stormy one."

"Just the night for an escape from the camp," whispered Harvey.

Before long an eligible place for an encampment made its appearance, and as the sun went down, Hannah observed that the mountain-ranges were visibly nearer than they had been at the noonday halt. The same fact had been noted by the others, and it seemed to arouse in them all a perfect fever of mining enthusiasm, with the wildest and greediest visions of golden wealth to come.

"Ah—agh!" exclaimed Eph Gridley, as he was holding forth to an excited group by one of the wagons, while the darkness was fast settling over the camp. "If we only *could* have caught and caged that Digger dwarf. I'd give a good deal to have him along. If I put my hands on him once more, he won't get away, I tell you."

The loud, harsh tones of his voice could be heard all over the camp, and hardly had they ceased to jar on the ears of Hannah Ford, as she stood somewhat apart by her own wagon, when she felt her dress pulled gently, and, on looking down, she was half frightened to discern, peering up almost from the ground itself, the keen visage of Dwarf Dick.

"He will not catch me," hissed the dwarf. "He will himself be caught. I do not care for him, and I could not help him if I would; but you, I must save you, for you were good to me."

"Save me from what?" asked Hannah.

"Why, from being scalped by the Sioux. There won't be a living soul in this camp by daylight." And Dwarf Dick followed up his assertion by ad-

ditional assurances that fairly convinced the reluctant Hannah.

At first she proposed to warn the camp, but Dick objected, as she must have given the source of her information.

"He would rather do it himself," he said; and so he did, for he disappeared in the shadow, and in a few moments more a Sioux war-arrow came hissing through the air into the very midst of the camp, barely missing a lodgment in the capacious form of Eph Gridley himself. That was warning enough for anybody, and the camp was on the alert in a moment.

All the surrounding prairie was searched by the men, as if they expected to catch Sioux warriors in the dark; but when at last they were ordered in by a loud shrill call from Eph Gridley, and each in turn was summoned to report on what he had discovered, the leader called again and again, in vain, for Murray Ford.

"If the fool has gone too far to-night," growled Eph, "he will never bring his scalp into camp again."

A long, hollow, shrill whoop from the surrounding darkness was the only comment on this brutal speech; but while Hannah Ford buried her face in her hands in an agony of apprehension, she again felt a gentle pull on her dress, and almost at the same moment Harvey More came up to her, muttering:

"Hannah, if harm has come to Murray Ford this night, it is not from the hand of any Indian warrior. I believe all this to be a plot. If we would escape, we have no time to lose."

"Time as you live!" replied the low voice of Dwarf Dick from the grass, and the startled youth was rapidly made acquainted with the facts of the case.

"Your wagon is here in the shadow," said Dwarf Dick, "and your horses are picketed behind it. Hurry their saddles and provision-packs onto them, while the rest, over yonder, are fixing the other wagons against Indians."

Harvey rapidly and silently followed the suggestion, while Hannah earnestly questioned her almost invisible friend concerning her brother; but the only reply she received was:

"There was no Indian near enough to hurt him, though there soon will be; but there were white men enough. Eph Gridley was the first man to get back into the camp, and he probably knows why."

Further and further into the now deepening darkness the two horses seemed to be gradually "drifting," rather than being led, and then, as they disappeared altogether, Harvey More laid his hand upon Hannah's arm, saying:

"Come, Hannah, we have no time to lose, and your friend says *hade*."

Hannah lifted her face from her hands, and whispered, hoarsely:

"I will not go until I know what has become of my brother!"

"Come, then, and I will show you," again spoke up from the ground the voice of Dwarf Dick. "Keep in the shadow of the wagon, and make all the haste you can."

If Hannah was yet undecided, Harvey More was not, and he almost carried her along with him by force. Nor were they more than fairly out of reach in the darkness before their absence was discovered by Eph Gridley and the rest, and the chorus of angry threats, shouts and profane exclamations which followed, bore witness to the excitement which it occasioned. Perhaps they would have been pursued, even then, but hardly had they been in the saddle three minutes, guided by the persistent and earnest urging of Dwarf Dick, before all the night that darkened over the

camp seemed suddenly to be vocal with savage and appalling sounds.

The dwarf himself was now, in some mysterious way, provided with a horse.

"On, on!" he exclaimed in low, intense tones. "Haste now, for Santanta and his men are charging on the camp."

"But my brother!" despairingly exclaimed Hannah Ford.

"If the missing man was your brother," said the dwarf, "I am sorry, for you will never see him again. Please ask me no more. Santanta will be sure to avenge him, and that right promptly."

As they looked behind them they could see fierce figures dashing by between them and the dull glare of the camp-fires, and from the twanging sound of bows that was almost as incessant as the yelling, it was evident that the war-arrows were not now falling "one at a time" among the devoted denizens of the little camp.

It was terrible, but it was indeed a place to ride fast away from, and the three pressed rapidly forward, only the dwarf knew whither.

CHAPTER V.

FAR and wide, wherever the English tongue is spoken, has traveled the fame of Santanta, the terrible, eloquent, cruel, unconquerable war-chief of the Sioux, and none would dream of looking for human life in the encampment over which had passed the destroying energy of his band of picked braves. Not even the "Red Cloud" itself, the pride of all his nation, could have left a more perfect devastation. Eph Gridley and his men had struggled desperately for their lives, but they knew little of Indian warfare, and they had been confused, disordered and swept away by the sudden and appalling onset of their red destroyers. It will therefore be of no use for us to return to the encampment for further information. We should only find smoking wrecks of wagons, and yet more ghastly assurances of the perfect workmanship of Santanta and his men.

That night, after once bringing his two charges to what he deemed a safe distance from the camp, Dwarf Dick had led them for some time in what seemed to Harvey More a semicircle, and then, after a brief absence, during which Harvey and Hannah waited anxiously alone in the darkness, he reappeared, leading with him a string of four mules, very lightly laden. Then again he urged them rapidly forward, but all direction they were compelled to yield unhesitatingly to him. All attempts to draw him into conversation were failures, although he frequently and freely expressed his warm admiration of Hannah Ford, and his gratitude

for her kindness and courage on his behalf, the previous day. He seemed to care nothing especial for Harvey More, except as the friend and protector of Hannah Ford, and he was gruff enough, at times.

Before morning dawned, they found themselves slowly clambering along a narrow path, up a somewhat steep declivity, and Harvey asked:

"This is odd; where are we now?"

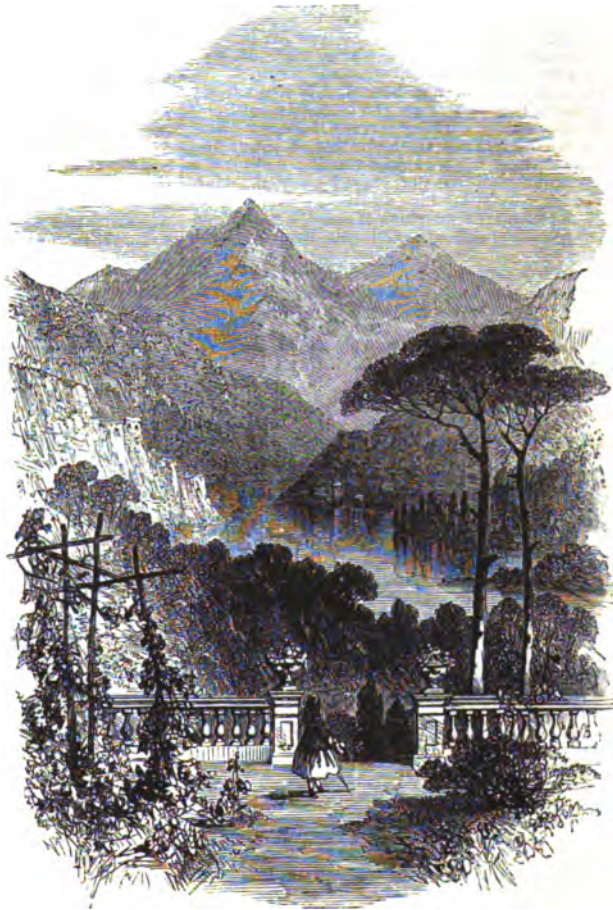
"Never you mind," snapped Dick. "Yes, I don't care if I tell you. You're going up Lone Tree Knob, and I'll tell you what for when we get to the top."

Harvey had already begun to feel something like awe of the strange being to whom he owed so much, and he said no more; but the novelty of their position, with its weird excitement, was fast aiding Hannah to throw off the stupor of grief which the certainty of her brother's fate had occasioned.

A few moments brought them out upon the gently curving plateau of the summit, but the darkness was too great to allow objects to become very sharply defined. Still, as they went forward, Harvey asked their guide:

"Is not that a tree yonder?"

"Yes, it is the Lone Tree of the Knob; but there is blood there, and we must not go near it."



COMO, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 350.

to-night; it would bring us nothing but evil fortune. Come this way."

And so saying, he led them to the spring. As they dismounted, at the dwarf's request, by the stunted willow shrubs, he said to Harvey:

"Now, turn your back to the tree and walk forward thirty steps."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"I will show you," replied Dick, in such a tone, that somehow Harvey at once obeyed.

"Thirty," called he, as he finished it.

Dwarf Dick had been picketing the animals by the spring, and now he went forward to Harvey, bearing two spades and a pick.

"It is all right," said he; "we have hit the spot, for the sods are loose. Now we must dig."

"What for?" again asked Harvey.

"For my fortune and hers. Yours, too, it may be. But we must dig fast, while the mules have a rest."

Strong as Harvey More was, the perspiration rolled freely from him as he labored to keep pace with the weird activity of his strange friend.

Just as the sun was rising, Harvey felt his spade strike on something that rattled strangely, and in a moment more Dwarf Dick began to lift, one after the other, the little bags of skins, that gave a dull, chinking thud as he threw them out upon the grass above, and before the light had grown fairly clear, he sprang out of the hole, exclaiming:

"That is all. Now, Hannah, you go back to the horses, and look at the tree, while Harvey goes a little way with me. Come!"

So complete had now become his ascendancy over both, that he was obeyed without a word.

It was strange work for Harvey More, for Dwarf Dick led him to where the bodies of Sandy and Bill were lying, nor would he vouchsafe any other explanation than that they must be buried. Harvey could not oppose him, so the two dead miners were made to take the place of their ill-gotten and fatal treasure, and the soil was heaped above them.

That duty accomplished, and Dwarf Dick began to separate the bags into two equal heaps, exclaiming, as he tossed each bag on its pile:

"Mine—theirs! mine—theirs!"

"What do you mean now?" asked Hannah, who had again joined them.

"I am making a division with you."

"But it is not ours?"

"It is mine to give, and I give it to you. You are the first, for many a long day, to give a smile and a kind word to Dwarf Dick."

"What is in it—in the bags?"

"Gold," said the dwarf. "Gold enough to make you rich when you get safely home."

"Gold?" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, gold that I dug in the mountains. But, after all, why should I divide. You can use it, and to you it will be pleasure in the using. It could never do any good in my hands. I can neither spend nor keep it. My only pleasure is in finding, and I know where to get more when I want it. Will you not take it all?"

At first both Hannah and her lover positively refused, but the dwarf waxed eloquent in his gush of sudden generosity, and all the time he was busily packing the bags upon the mules. At last he said:

"It's of no use to talk. You have a pocket-compass. Travel due east for two days, and you will strike the overland trail. You will reach good water at noon. Do not pause a moment, for no man knows if Santanta may not come back this way. You are rich, but all the gold in the mountains is mine if I choose to find it. Good-by, and do not forget Dwarf Dick."

In an instant he was in the saddle, and as he

rode by where Hannah Ford was standing, he bent, and caught one light kiss from her cheek, and was off at full speed.

The two stood watching him in breathless astonishment as he disappeared over the declivity, and then they too accepted the full meaning of his friendship and his warning, and pressed forward on their perilous but successful journey homeward.

On that we cannot follow them, but this is only one of the many tales which the miners tell of Lone Tree Knob, while the wonderful exploits of Dwarf Dick, the mysterious half-breed Digger, are the staple of many an evening talk around the prospecting camp-fires of the eastern spurs of the Sierras of Nevada.

The Synagogue at Amsterdam.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BRANDON.

EXACT and truthful, this work of a well-known French painter ably shows us the interior of the synagogue at Amsterdam. The very solidity of the structure, evinced in the grand columns, shows that Holland gave the persecuted house of Jacob a welcome when welcomes were rare. New Yorkers know this, as New Amsterdam had a Jewish element in its population at an early day, New Netherland admitting them as freely as the Old.

The painting ably shows the ideas of our time, in dress, at least, struggling with those of the past. Gentlemen in the garb of the Nineteenth Century, half hidden, indeed, by the scarf, but still evident; others, more conservative, clinging to the hat and dress of two centuries ago, recalling those who first gathered in a synagogue on New York island; others, to whom two centuries ago, or ten, is all too modern, in their long robes and girdles, carry us back to the Land of Promise—the land of Abraham and Isaac—the land where the words were written that are pronounced from the reader's desk.

The change going on in the people, as here shown in costume, forms a contrast with the inflexible that seems to speak from the very walls.

Como, Italy.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
Thy open beauties or thy lone retreats;
The unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales;
The never ending waters of thy vales;
The cots, those dim religious groves embower,
Or under rocks that from the water tower
Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore;
Each with his household-boat beside the door,
Whose faded sails in forms fantastic droop,
Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop;
Thy torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
Thy towns like swallows' nests that cleave on high,
That glimmer hear in eve's last night, decried,
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the ear-forgotten floods,
While evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
Heard by star-spotted bays, beneath the steep;
Thy lake 'mid smoking wood, that blue and gray
Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from morning's ray,
Flow traveling down the western hills to fold
Its green-tinged margin in a bias of gold.

—WORDSWORTH.

Village Lore.

THERE was once upon a time—as old wives used to say—a husband and wife, who had brought up three daughters, respectively named Karen, Maren, and Metty.

They might certainly have been reckoned very pretty, had people not known them to be all three quite as stubborn and contradictory, and desirous of having the last word. Metty was far the most disagreeable. By dint of time, there came two wooers for the two eldest daughters, who finished by marrying.

But it was years before anybody ventured to make up to Metty. At last, however, even she had a sweetheart. It is true that he came from a long distance.

The banns were to be published three times; and on the third day after such publication, which had been fixed at an out-of-the-way hour by the bridegroom, he and Metty met in church in order to be married. When these particulars were settled, the man, who was an odd fellow, at once took his departure.

On the wedding-day, the old parents had made their appearance at church with their daughter. But they had a long time to wait for the bridegroom.

At last he appeared, mounted on an old gray horse, with a musket along across his breast, a pair of worsted gloves on his hands, and a large dog at his heels.

No sooner was the marriage ceremony over, than he said to his bride:

"Jump on to that horse, and place yourself before me, that we may return home."

She did as she was bid, although her father raised a number of objections. He could have wished that the newly made pair had entered his house, first of all, to eat something. But the new husband would not hear of any such thing, and they went their ways.

When they had gone tolerably far, the husband let fall one of his gloves.

"Pick it up," said he, to the dog; but the animal let it lie, for anything he cared.

"Pick it up, instantly!" repeated he; but again the dog did not stir.

After having commanded him a third time to do what he had bid him, but with no better success, and without the dog's seeming to care a cent for his commands, the man took up his gun, and shot him dead on the spot.

They then went their ways, and reached a wood, where the husband had a mind to take some rest. Our travelers, accordingly, got off their horse, and put the bridle on his neck. When the man thought they were sufficiently rested, he called his horse three times; but the animal took no notice of his master's voice, and went on grazing. On seeing this, the husband took up his gun once more, and killed the disobedient horse. On witnessing this sight, the wife felt strangely uneasy; and while continuing her road, determined, come what might, never to contradict her husband.

Shortly after, he took up a green twig, and folded it so that the two ends would meet, and presented it to his wife, bidding her keep it till he asked to have it back. The newly married pair then followed their road on foot, and arrived without further accident at their farmhouse.

Here they lived very happily, for Metty had not forgotten the resolution she had taken in the woods, never to contradict her husband. She always appeared so gentle and docile, that nobody could have suspected that she was the untractable Metty. Now, this is what her husband said to her one day:

"Should we not go and see your father, Metty, to ascertain how he and your good old mother are by this time?"

The wife declared that nothing could please her better; accordingly, the husband ordered the horses to be harnessed, and off they went. Toward evening they had overtaken a flock of storks all journeying together.

"What a quantity of crows!" said the man.

"They are not crows, but storks," said the woman.

"Turn the chaise round, and take us back home," was the order the husband gave his servant.

They accordingly returned from whence they came.

Some time after, the husband again asked his wife if she did not long to see her aged parents.

Of course Metty wished it heartily. On the road they met a flock of sheep.

"What a large flock of wolves!" cried the husband.

"They are not wolves," observed the wife, "but sheep."

"Turn round the cart, and take us home," ordered the husband of the servant. And this was accordingly done.

A third time the farmer asked his wife if she ought not to pay a visit to her old parents, and as she acquiesced eagerly, the horses were once more harnessed. They had gone over a deal of ground, when they met a flock of hens.

"What a quantity of crows!" said the husband.

"Quite true," said the wife.

This time they did not turn back, and when they reached the dwelling of the old folks, there were great rejoicings. Karen and Maren likewise came with her husbands.

The mother took her three daughters into the room, for she was very curious to question Metty as to her mode of living, and to know whether she was satisfied with her husband. During this interval, the father kept filling a large jar full of silver coins, which he placed on the table before his sons-in-law, saying it would belong, with its contents, to the woman who was most obedient.

On hearing this, the eldest began to cry out,

"Karen, my beloved, come hither for a moment—come, my dearest Karen."

But all his appeals were lost upon Karen. Even when he went into their bedroom, and began to urge her, with a kind of gentle violence, he could not make her stir.

The second husband fared no better with his Maren.

It was now the third husband's turn. He merely went to the door, knocked, and said:

"Come here, Metty."

Out she came in a moment, and inquired whether he wanted anything.

He answered:

"Merely the sprig I gave into your keeping, when we were in the wood on our wedding-day."

She gave it him at once, as she always carried it in her pocket. Then the husband showed it to the others, saying,

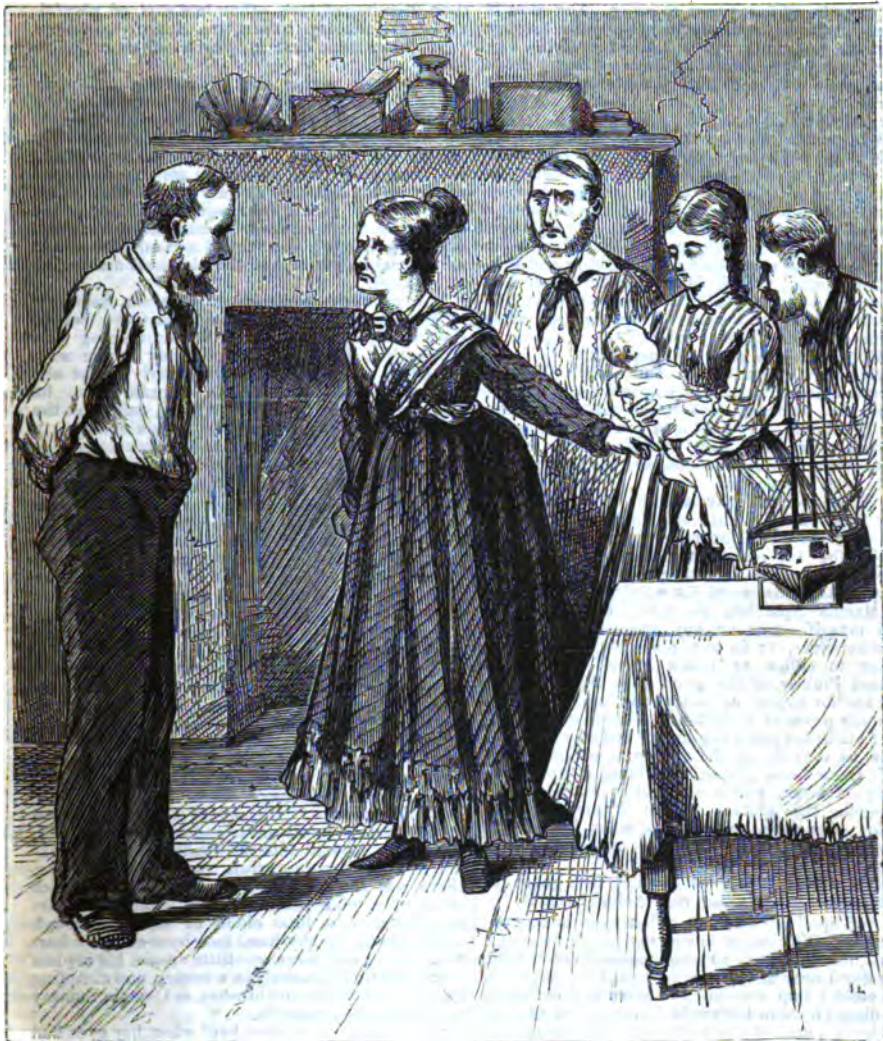
"Behold! I bent this branch while it was still green—you ought to have done the same!"

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please. True; for he who can please nobody must be with persons whom nobody could please, and the fault in that case rests not with him.

Hypochondriac.—There are some people who hate everything that is bright. Had they made the world, the skies would always have been lead color; the flowers always black; the grass a sickly blue; and the sun would have shone but dimly, if at all. This, to be sure, is only a form of insanity; but it none the less operates like a wet blanket upon that healthful cheerfulness which should be the atmosphere of the household. Let us guard against the gradual approaches of this mirth-extinguisher.



PICTURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—"GRANDMAMMA," BY WATSON.



CAPTAIN SAMMY'S ESCAPE.—“‘CAPTAIN PICKLES,’ INTERRUPTED THE VOICE OF MRS. SPAREBIT, ‘IS THAT SKINNY ‘NATOMY TO GET YOUR PROPERTY?’”

Captain Sammy's Escape.

CAPTAIN SAMMY PICKLES couldn't exist without a "breeze," and, when, as he said, he left off "giving the mermaids a chance," and came to permanent anchor at Baypoint, he built him a cottage on the extreme point of a mighty cliff, where all the winds of heaven howled and whistled, and roared and rioted, to his heart's content, and his joy of joys was to parade the tiny veranda, when the surf was dashing over it in huge, detached masses, on the wings of a cutting nor'wester, and imagine himself once again aboard his good ship the *Whale*, with "a bit of a breeze about." He enjoyed it immensely, and when the walls of the cottage rocked at dead of night, and the chimneys waved like plumes, then it was that his heart sang for joy, and that of Mrs. Sparebit, his widowed housekeeper, died within her, as she cowered in

her airy dwelling. The sorrows of the good creature were numerous.

"He's as good a creature as ever drew the breath of life," she would bemoan herself to any gossip adventurous enough to scale the cliff and partake of her hospitality; "but it's a trying thing living in a spot as was meant for galleys" (she meant gulls) "that had a bringing up to it; and the reawced a-banging on the chimblrs; and if you leaves out a wash, and turns your back for a moment, to see it all a-sailin' out to sen, as it's we'll known that fine shirts don't grow on every bush; and so much as a pig isn't safe; and oh, after devoting myself to the creature, and had it as fat as a show, and as knowing, there comes a awful wind in the night, and I hears a horrid yell, and I bounces to the winder in time to see the sty floating off in the moonlight, and the pig screaming !like a Christian; and as for a bit of gar-

den-sass, the cliff's as bare as a egg. I'm sure if poor Sparebit had had the forecast to die the day before the insurance ran out, instead of the day after, I wouldn't live among them yelling gulleys for no man; but he never had no forecast, hadn't Sparebit."

Captain Sammy was not married.

"I like a bit of a breeze," he was wont to remark to his old cronies ament his celibate condition; "but I've no mind to have 'em calling me Sammy and wearing petticoats, and in the very vessel with me as part owner. There was my mother, as good a woman as ever walked, but a real white squall of a temper, and I mind my poor father over and over again, of a washin' and bakin'-day, sayin', 'Well, Sammy, if I'd never had got married there wouldn't be none of this'; so I've always steered clear of them rakish little feminine pirates, and I mean to."

"But about Mrs. Sparebit, cap'en?"

"She can't wag a finger. I'm as safe there as if I was aboard the old craft in mid-sea. Says I, when she came to look after the *settlement*, says I, 'Ma'am, I've no doubt you're a woman of an uncovetous mind, but I'm a single man, and I might get a bit lightheaded, so, ma'am, you've got to take the pledge.'"

"What pledge?" says she.

"This," says I; and I claps on my barnacles, and reads it over for her. There were blank spaces for the names, for Benny had writ it out in his best hand for me afore he went to sea the last time, word for word as I told him: 'I, Martha Sparebit, do solemnly pledge and bind myself never, on any account, under any circumstances, or in any place, to seek, or endeavor to aplice or tackle myself to, Captain Samuel Pickles of the good ship *Whale*, in the holy anchor-chains of matrimony, and this I do solemnly promise, undertake, and bind myself to; and I made her put a big seal of red wax atter her name, as they do in the Government offices. I got it framed and glazed, and hung it up by the kitchen-dresser, and a copy of it in the cuddy alongside the pictur' of the *Whale*, and it's mighty streightening to look at when I feel a bit lonesome, and Mrs. Sparebit is uncommon soft-spoken and obligin'."

"But, cap'en, how about Benny? He's got to get married some day, a fine young chap as he is."

"And spoil the best sailor that ever boxed the compass! No, Benny knows my mind. 'Benny,' says I, the day I gave him command of the *Whale*, 'the day I hear of your marriage, I'll adopt the first child I clap eyes on, and leave it every stick and dime I have in the world; and Cap'en Sammy Pickles is a man of his word, and the young dog knows it.'"

And so Benny was looked at by bright eyes as a destined victim to single life so long as Death should spare the cheery old captain, who, despite his anti-matrimonial prejudices, was the most gallant and urbane misogynist in all Massachusetts, actually daring, behind the invulnerable shield of the "Pledge," to be jocosely and even tender with Mrs. Sparebit herself, whom he was accustomed to speak of as "a trim little craft with a mighty powerful lot of headway."

She kept the Cliff Cottage a shining miracle of cleanliness, from the knocker on the front door to the latch on the back, and under Captain Sammy's directions, learned to make such sea-pie as charmed the hearts of himself and his cronies, a select coterie of stout old gentlemen in dreadnaughts and sou'westers, who believed in the serpent, yet held that scaly monster but as a caterpillar in comparison with that of the fair sex, and who looked on Captain Sammy's "Pledge" as an inspiration for self-defense, almost awful in its grasp and force, and on the strength of which

they encouraged each other in a sort of playfulness and gallantry toward Mrs. Sparebit, under a vague impression that its provisions extended to them.

On stormy nights they gathered in Captain Sammy's parlor, and chanted salt-water ditties, of from fifty to sixty verses a piece, with choruses that made the night hideous, and which generally related the melancholy fate of some susceptible seafaring gentleman, whom the amiable weakness of his nature rendered an easy prey to the "fierce mermaids," as Mr. Tennyson calls them; or the dashing feats of some worthy and chivalrous man, driven by fate to the malignant and misunderstood existence of a pirate, and the wholesale murdering of his kind.

The proudest moments of Captain Sammy's existence were, however, when his eye beheld the stately form of the *Whale* bearing into the harbor, her great sails shining in the sun, the Stars and Stripes fluttering gayly in the air, and when, arm-in-arm with Captain Ben, he swaggered about the little old town, calling at the little brown houses inhabited by his cronies, to display the bronzed visage and stalwart form of the young sailor to their admiring gaze.

Of course, as Captain Abalom Fixer's residence was the first on the row, it was by no means strange that Captain Ben should invariably turn in there first; and, though Captain Sammy wondered secretly why the eyes of his handsome nephew took such an eager flash, and the healthy color deepened in his tanned face, as they entered the golden-sanded parlor, where Captain Abalom was generally to be found, he never suspected the *rea on why*.

There was a little window over the door, on the vine-embroidered sill of which stood two huge, pink-lipped conch-shells, flanking a "long, green box of mignonnette." On opening the gate, it was Captain Ben's habit to look very earnestly in that direction; and it was as habitual for Captain Sammy to remark, "That ain't Fixer's cabin, that's Jessie's;" to which Captain Ben invariably replied, "Oh, indeed!" with a sudden air of extreme carelessness and indifference; and, when they entered into the shady old room, making faint golden footprints on the sanded floor, there was Captain Abalom, in a light Summer toilet of a blue pea-jacket and glazed hat, surrounded with a blue cloud of smoke, through which his mahogany-hued face loomed like a harvest moon; and there was little Jessie, his orphan niece, knitting demurely in a corner, and dimpling into sudden smiles and blushes, as Captain Sammy and his nephew came in.

So surprised, too, bless her! when her eyes had been the very earliest to discover the familiar outline of the *Whale* at rosy dawn, painted dimly against the horizon; though she had kept it a quiet little secret from every one, even Uncle Abalom, who never noticed the fresh blue bow in the bright hair, or the Sunday silk apron tied over the pretty print dress, any more than Captain Sammy took cognizance of the splendors of Captain Ben's raiment, amongst which were conspicuous a pink shirt, ornamented with a chaste design of a blue ship under full sail, chased by a yellow dolphin, and a pin in the shape of a golden anchor, and a very wide Panama hat, set very far on the back of his curly brown head, with a fathom of blue ribbon fluttering from it.

Then Captain Ben had his adventures to tell, and the old salts from the other little brown houses came dropping in to welcome him, and Jessie sat listening with shining eyes.

The sea came murmuring up nearly to the very door, and the vines tapped against the glass, and a soft wind waved the great golden sunflowers along the fence, and sudden cascades of song

burst from the throats of the feathered dwellers in the eaves—and all these sounds sang an old song to little Jessie and Captain Ben, which, certainly, Captain Absalom or Captain Sammy were very unconscious of.

Captain Absalom was remarkable for taking a very sombre view of human life, "which," he was wont to observe, "was blacker to take observations of than a tar-barrel."

"My little girl has no idea of getting spliced," he would observe to Captain Sammy, "and I'm powerful glad of it. She's to get all I have when I am drowned—for drowned I'll be, if not blowed up; and if she gets spliced I'll not give her a bent dime. Matrimony's all a white squall or a dead calm, and she's best out of it."

Now, Captain Sammy secretly resented this.

"An old fool, not to want his gal to marry, and my Ben around!" he meditated; "it's downright nonsense! If it wasn't that I'm dead against such a thing, I'd make the boy marry her to-morrow, just to show him!" And, in the meantime, Ben and Jessie were sitting hand in hand, in a tarry-smelling arbor, formed of an old boat, with a thick vine trained over it, in the back garden, with their curly heads very close together, while the old gentlemen talked within.

There was but one flaw in Captain Sammy's household joy. Captain Ben and Mrs. Sparebit heartily hated each other, and when Captain Ben was departing on his last voyage, he uttered a speech of terrible import.

"You look out, Uncle Sammy. Sparebit means to splice you while I'm away. Take my word for it."

"I don't see it in her eye, Benny," responded Captain Sammy, in alarm; "perhaps if I was to get new barnacles, I'd notice it. It's always plain in the eye, Benny."

"Turn her out," recommended Ben, briefly; but Captain Sammy shook his head.

"There's the Pledge, my boy; I'm as safe as a angel. Why, if she was to marry me, I could sue her on that for breach of promise! Don't you be afeard; it takes Sammy Pickles to fix them rakish little crafts!"

Still, when he found himself on his way to his solitary sear, his heart sank, and he paused in deep thought.

"Yes, I'll do it!" he exclaimed, "now that Jessie's gone to New York to learn sail-making—I mean millinery. Absalom Fixer is alone, and he can batten down the hatches and come aloft to my place; two heads are better than one, and I'll feel a sight safer."

And so, before the Whale had faded into the blue horizon, Captain Absalom might have been seen wending his way to the cliff, laden with various of his Lares and Peneates, from which he could not induce himself to part—viz., an eight-day clock, in the form of a rather corpulent elderly gentleman, and a florid painting, representing the sea-serpent paying a friendly and informal visit to the alarmed crew of a huge clipper-ship, over the mast of which he was looking with an amused smile at the corpulent first mate.

Mrs. Sparebit received Captain Absalom and his cherished works of art rather coldly, and when he winked gloomily upon her with a kind of funeral gallantry, resented it with sniffs, and covert allusions to "desolate old objects," meaning, probably, that his morals were dissolute, and himself no longer in the bloom of youth.

Captain Sammy had serious thoughts of inserting a clause in the "Pledge," which would include his friend; but Captain Absalom said: "No. Human life was fuller of pitfalls than the seas of reefs; but Mrs. Sparebit wasn't the reef that was to sink *his* bark," and Captain Sammy was lost in admiration of his friend's daring and courage.

"But don't leave go of the fact that you ain't *perished*," he remarked, "and steer clear of her grappling-irons."

And so, the two old boys settled cozily down to await the return of the Whale, and her young commander.

A year sped away, and the Whale was daily expected, but, somehow, Captain Sammy did not look out for her vast sails with the same eagerness as on previous occasions.

A cloud sat upon his cheerful face, and there was a droop, expressive of melancholy resignation, even in his mighty shirt-collars. There was, also, an air of sympathetic sadness about Captain Absalom, and both had a habit of gazing silently through clouds of tobacco-smoke at a vacant space on the parlor-wall, where the "Pledge" had once hung, evidently sunk in painful reverie, from which Captain Absalom would rouse himself to remark: "I was afeard on it, Sammy—I was afeard on it," to which Captain Sammy would respond, mournfully: "But who'd have calculated on my becoming a perambulator? That was a sunk reef that wasn't showed on the chart. *That* wasn't," and they would relapse into a profound silence.

In the trim kitchen, Mrs. Sparebit sat like a resolute middle-aged spider, in a black print, grimly smiling, and decorating a neat little cap with white flowers and ribbons.

The cottage was in holiday trim, and in the Buttery there was a frosted pound-cake, all ready cut on a china dish, and a decanter full of Captain Sammy's ruby port, making a florid sunshine in that shady place.

Captain Sammy was also in festive array, and Captain Absalom had dressed himself by taking off his pea-jacket, and appearing in a white shirt, much be-ruffled, and a watch-guard, which might have served as anchor-chain to Cleopatra's gorgeous barge, so ponderous and precious was it.

The sea laughed in the evening sun, the gulls screamed merrily, all nature smiled affably; but a deep gloom hung over the two captains, as they sat gloomily looking out from the parlor-window.

"I wish a rousing breeze would send the Whale spinning in before six," remarked Captain Absalom—"that is, if she ain't sunk, or took by Chinese junks. If Benny wor here, blow me if he'd see his old uncle put upon!"

"He wouldn't be of no use," said Captain Sammy, glancing with loathing at the sleeve of his new coat; "it was all along of getting outside the purvisions of that there Pledge. You see it didn't speak a word of her not taking advantage of perambulators."

"Somnambulists," corrected Captain Absalom. "No more it did. Very fatal, Sammy."

Captain Sammy groaned.

"I'm glad it'll be over afore Benny chanoes in," he said; "and, Absalom, if ever you've got to get a pledge drawn up, don't leave no loopholes."

"For what, Uncle Sammy?" questioned a familiar voice at the door, and there was Captain Ben, handsomer and more bronzed than ever, and leaning on his arm was Captain Absalom's "little gal," holding tenderly a mysterious soft white bundle, from which came a queer soft cooing, and the extraordinary appearance of a pink hand, about the size of a butterfly's wing, vaguely clutching at Jessie's golden curls—pretty Jessie! behind whose bright, lovely face was visible the disturbed countenance of Mrs. Sparebit, glaring ominously at Captain Sammy, at whom she warningly shook her fist.

"I won't back out," said Captain Sammy. "You've got my promise, so avast there, and let me be until six. Oh, Benny, why didn't you steer

clear of this 'ere spot until your old uncle was pitched overboard?"

"Why, uncle," cried Ben, bringing rosy Jessie and the bundle into the room, "what do you mean?"

"Ask *him*," retorted Captain Sammy, nodding toward Captain Absalom, who was regarding his niece with an air of gloomy astonishment; "it's all along of my turning out a perambulator."

"Sommyambulist," corrected Captain Absalom, "which wasn't named in the Pledge. Mrs. Sparebit declared as how your uncle promised to splice her one hot afternoon, when *he* says he was dozing in his armchair, and not even a-dreamin' of such a thing; and *she* says sleep-walking or not, she'll sue him if he don't keep to his word."

"And that I will," remarked Mrs. Sparebit, conclusively.

Ben burst into a mellow roar of laughter that roused the bundle to a faint wail of terror.

"My uncle won't draw back, I know," he said; "but just wait, Mrs. Sparebit, while I introduce my wife and son to their uncles. Uncle Sammy, you know you're sworn to leave everything you have in the world to the first child you see after hearing of my marriage, and here's the infant, sir."

The bundle in Jessie's arms suddenly developed a pink creature, profusely decorated with blue ribbons, and a bubble at its infinitesimal mouth, on which being Jessie and Ben gazed with unassuming pride, while Captain Sammy slowly took off his barnacles, wiped them, and putting them on again, advanced on tip-toe toward the happy little mother.

He touched the mottled pink cheek with an immense brown finger.

"It *is* a baby," he said, slowly; "blessed if it ain't!"

"Mrs. Sparebit," said Captain Absalom, solemnly, "*I'm* blowed, and I think *you're* blowed, too!"

"Oh, Uncle Absalom!" cried Jessie, running up to her uncle, "do forgive me, but I did love Ben so, and when I went up to New York, he brought the Whale there, and married me; and we got home from China last week; and baby is three weeks and six hours old; and ain't he a perfect beauty?"

"Captain Pickles," interrupted the voice of Mrs. Sparebit, "*is* that skinny 'natomy to get your property?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Captain Sammy, retreating toward Ben.

"Well, I give you up, you old fool!" said Mrs. Sparebit, and swooned into Captain Absalom's arms, who instantly dropped her on the floor.

"Carry her out to the pump," said Captain Sammy; "she's fainted."

"Not without witnesses, that's flat!" said Captain Absalom, resolutely. "Here, Benny, lend a hand, and convey us to the pump."

Mrs. Sparebit suddenly revived, and rose to her feet. She drew near, and looked at the pink heir of Captain Sammy.

"He don't look likely to last," she said, acidly. "I wish you joy of him, Captain Pickles, I do!"

"And you won't splice the cap'en?" queried Captain Absalom, with a curious expression of the eye.

"*Certainly* not," returned Mrs. Sparebit.

"Then, listen to me every one!" roared Captain Absalom. "I've hit upon something better than a Pledge."

He raised his huge hand over young Benny as though he had been an altar, and remarked:

"Take witness, that with all my worldly goods I do endow this remarkable pink and soft young creature. Captain Absalom Fixer, my hand and

seal;" and then, in a loud aside, "I guess I'm safe now, Captain Sammy!"

Young Benny grew and flourished, despite Mrs. Sparebit's prophecy, and lives a jolly sailor, and will be a rich one, too; and Jessie is this day a blooming matron, very careful of the comforts of Captain Sammy and Captain Absalom, who reside with her and her husband, very happy and comfortable, like the good people in the fairy tales.

Buffle.

How he came by his name, no one could tell. In the early days of the gold fever there came to California a great many men who did not volunteer their names, and as those about them had been equally reticent on their own advent, they asked few questions of new-comers.

The hotels of the mining regions never kept registers for the accommodation of guests—they were considered well-appointed hotels if they kept water-tight roofs and well-stocked bars.

New-comers were usually designated at first by some peculiarity of physiognomy or dress, and were known by such names as "Broken Nose," "Pink Shirt," "Cross Bars," "Gone Ear," etc.; if, afterward any man developed some peculiarity of character, an observing and original miner would coin and apply a new name, which would afterward be accepted as irrevocably as a name conferred by the holy rite of baptism.

No one wondered that Buffle never divulged his real name, or talked of his past life, for in the mines he had such an unhappy faculty of winning at cards, getting new horses without visible bills of sale, taking drinks beyond ordinary power of computation, stabbing and shooting, that it was only reasonable to suppose that he had acquired these abilities at the sacrifice of the peace of some other community.

He was not vicious—even a strict theologian could hardly have accused him of malice; yet, wherever he went, he was promptly acknowledged chief of that peculiar class which renders law and sheriff's necessary evils.

He was not exactly a beauty—miners seldom were—yet, a connoisseur in manliness could have justly wished there were a dash of the Buffle blood in the well-regulated veins of many irreproachable characters in quieter neighborhoods than Fat Pocket Gulch, where the scene of this story was located.

He was tall, active, prompt and generous, and only those who have these qualities superadded to their own virtues are worthy to throw stones at his memory.

He was brave, too. His bravery had been frequently recorded in lead in the mining regions, and such records were transmitted from place to place with an alacrity which put official zeal to the deepest blush.

At the fashionable hour of two o'clock at night, Mr. Buffle was entertaining some friends at his residence; or, to use the language of the mines, "there was a game up to Buffle's." In a shanty of the composite order of architecture—it having a foundation of stone, succeeded by logs, a gable of coffin misfits and cracker-boxes, and a roof of bark and canvas—Buffle and three other miners were playing "old sledge."

The table was an empty pork-barrel; the seats were, respectively, a block of wood, a stone, and a raisin-box, with a well stuffed knapsack for the tallest man.

On one side of the shanty was a low platform of hewn logs, which constituted the proprietor's couch when he slept, on another was the door, on the third were confusedly piled Buffle's culinary

utensils, and on the fourth was a fireplace, whose defective draft had been the agent of the fine freescoring of soot perceptible on the ceiling. A single candle hung on a wire over the barrel, and afforded light auxiliary to that thrown out by the fireplace.

The game had been going largely in Buffle's favor, as was usually the case, when one of the opposition injudiciously played an ace, which was clearly from another pack of cards, inasmuch as Buffle, who had dealt, had the rightful ace in his own hand. As it was the ace of trumps, Buffle's indignation rose, and so did his person and pistol.

"Hang yer," said he, savagely, "yer don't come that game on me. I've got that ace myself."

An ordinary man would have drawn pistol also, but Buffle's antagonist knew his only safety lay in keeping quiet, so he only stared vacantly at the muzzle of the revolver, that was so precisely aimed at his own head.

The two other players had risen to their feet, and were mentally composing epitaphs for the victim, when there was heard a decided knock on the door.

"Come in!" roared Buffle's partner, who was naturally the least excited of the four. "Come in, hang yer, if yer life's insured."

The door opened slowly, and a woman entered. Now, while there were but few women in the camp, the sight of a single woman was not at all unusual. Yet, as she raised her veil, Buffle's revolver fell from his hands, and the other players laid down their cards; the partner of the guilty man being so overcome as to lay down his hand face upward.

Then they all stared, but not one of them spoke; they wanted to, but none knew how to do it. It was not usually difficult for any of them to address such specimens of the gentler sex as found their way to Fat Pocket Gulch, but they all understood at once that this was a different sort of woman. They looked reprovingly and beseechingly at each other, but the woman, at last, broke the silence by saying:

"I am sorry to disturb you, gentlemen, but I was told I could probably find Mr. Buffle here."

"Here he is, ma'm, and yours truly," said Buffle, removing his hat.

He could afford to. She was not beautiful, but she seemed to be in trouble, and a troubled woman can command, to the death, even worse men than free-and-easy miners. She had a refined, pure face, out of which two great brown eyes looked so tenderly and anxiously, that these men forgot themselves at once. She seemed young, not more than twenty-three or four; she was slightly built, and dressed in a suit of plain black.

"Mr. Buffle," said she, "I was going through by stage to San Francisco, when I overheard the driver say to a man seated by him that you knew more miners than any man in California—that you had been through the whole mining country."

"Well, mum," said Buffle, with a delighted but sheepish look, which would have become a missionary complimented on the number of converts he had made, "I *hev* been around a good deal, that's a fact. I reckon I've staked a claim purty much ev'rywhar in the diggin's."

"So I inferred from what the driver said," she replied, "and I came down here to ask you a question."

Here she looked uneasily at the other players. The man who stole the ace translated it at once, and said:

"We'll git out of yer say so, mum; but yer needn't be afraid to say ennything before us. We know a lady when we see her, an' mebbe some on

us ken give yer a lift; ef we can't, I've only got to say that ef yer let out enny secrets, grizzlies couldn't tear 'em out out uv enny man in this crowd. Hey, fellers?"

"You bet," was the firm response of the remaining two, and Buffle quickly passed a demijohn to the ace-thief, as a sign of forgiveness and approbation.

"Thank you, gentlemen—God bless you," said the woman, earnestly. "My story is soon told. I am looking for mv husband, and I *must* find him. His name is Allan Berryn."

Buffle gazed thoughtfully in the fire, and remarked:

"Names ain't much good in this country, mum—no man kerries visitin'-cards, an' mighty few gits letters. Besides, lots comes here 'cos they're wanted elsewhere, an' they take names that ain't much like what their mothers giv 'em. Mebbe yer could tell us somethin' else to put us on the trail of him?"

"Hez he got both of his eyes an' ears, mum?" inquired one of the men.

"Uv course he hez, you fool!" replied Buffle, savagely. "The lady's husband's a gentleman, an' 'tain't likely he's been chewed or gouged."

"I ax parding, mum," said the offender, in the most abject manner.

"He is of medium height, slightly built, has brown hair and eyes, and wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of his left hand," continued Mrs. Berryn.

"Got all his front teeth, mum?" asked the man Buffle had rebuked; then he turned quickly to Buffle, who was frowning suspiciously, and said, appeasingly, "Yer know, Buffle, thet bein' a gentleman don't keep a feller from losin' his teeth in the natural course of things."

"He had all his front teeth a few months ago," replied Mrs. Berryn. "I do not know how to describe him further—he had no scars, moles, or other peculiarities which might identify him, except," she continued, with a faint blush—a wife's blush, which strongly tempted Buffle to kneel and kiss the ground she stood on—"except a locket I once gave him, with my portrait, and which he always wore over his heart. I can't believe he would take it off," said she, with a sob that was followed by a flood of tears.

The men twisted on their seats, and showed every sign of uneasiness; one stepped outside to cough, another suddenly attacked the fire and poked it savagely, Buffle impolitely turned his back to the company, while the fourth man lost himself in the contemplation of the king of spades, which card ever afterward showed in its centre a blotch which seemed the result of a drop of water. Finally Buffle broke the silence by saying:

"I'd give my last ounce, and my shootin'-iron besides, mum, ef I could put yer on his trail; but I can't remember no such man; ken you, fellers?"

Three melancholy nods replied in the negative. "I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Mrs. Berryn. "I will go back to the crossing and take the next stage. Perhaps, Mr. Buffle, if I send you my address when I reach San Francisco, you will let me know if you ever find any traces of him?"

"Depend upon all of us for that, mum," replied Buffle.

"Thank you," said she, and departed as suddenly as she had entered, leaving the men staring stupidly at each other.

"Wonder how she got here from the crossin'?" finally remarked one.

"Ef she came alone, she's got a black ride back," said another. "It's nigh onto fourteen miles to that crossin'."

"An' she ortent to be travelin' at all," said

little Muggy, the smallest man of the party. "I'm a family man—or I wuz once—an' I tell yer she ort to be where she ken keep quiet, an' wait fur what's comin' soon."

The men glanced at each other significantly, but without any of the levity which usually follows such an announcement in more cultured circles.

"This game's up, boys," said Buffle, rising suddenly. "The stage don't reach the crossin' till noon, an' she is goin' to hev this shanty to stay in till daylight, anyhow. You fellars had better git, right away."

Saying which, Buffle hurried out to look for Mrs. Berryn. He soon overtook her, and awkwardly said:

"Mum!"

She stopped.

"Yer don't need to start till after daylight to reach that stage, mum, an' you'd better come back an' rest yerself in my shanty till mornin'."

"I am very much obliged, sir," she replied, "but—"

"Don't be afeard, mum," said Buffle, hastily. "We're rough, but a lady's as safe here as she'd be among her family. Ye'll hev the cabin all to yerself, an' I'll leave a revolver with yer to make yer feel better."

"You are very kind, sir, but—it will take me some time to get back."

"Horse lame, p'raps?"

"No, sir; the truth is, I walked."

"Good God!" ejaculated Buffle, "I'll kill any scoundrel of a station-agent that'll let a woman take such a walk as this. I'll take you back on a good horse before noon to-morrow, and I'll put a hole through that rascal right before yer eyes, mum."

Mrs. Berryn shuddered, at sight of which Buffle mentally consigned his eyes to a locality boasting a superheated atmosphere, for talking so roughly to a lady.

"Don't harm him, Mr. Buffle," said she. "He knew nothing about it. I asked him the road to Fat Pocket Gulch, and he pointed it out. He did not know but what I had a horse or a carriage. Unfortunately, the stage was robbed the day before yesterday, and all my money was taken, or I should not have walked here, I assure you. My passage is paid to San Francisco, and the driver told me that if I wished to come down here, the next stage would take me through to San Francisco. When I get there, I can soon obtain money from the East."

"Madame," said Buffle, unconsciously taking off his hat, "any lady that'll make that walk by dark is clear gold all the way down to bed-rock. Ef yer husband's in California, I'll find him fur yer, in spite of man or devil—I will, an' I'll be on the trail in half an hour. An' you'd better stay heretill I come back, or send yer word. I don't want to brag, but thar ain't a man in the Gulch that'll dare to molest anythin' aroun' my shanty, an' as thar's plenty of pervisions thar—plain, but good—yer can't suffer. The spring is close by, an' you'll allers find firewood by the door. An' ef yer want help about anythin', ask the fust man yer see, and say I told yer to."

Mrs. Berryn looked earnestly into his face for a moment, and then trusted him.

"Mr. Buffle," she said, "he is the best man that ever I ved. But we were both proud, and we quarreled, and he left me in anger. I accidentally heard he was in California, through an acquaintance who saw him leave New York on the California steamer. If you see him, tell him I was wrong, and that I will die if he does not come back. Tell him—tell him that."

"Never mind, mum," said Buffle, leading her hastily toward the shanty, and talking with unusual rapidity. "I'll bring him back all right ef

I find him; an' find him I will, ef he's off top of the ground."

They entered the cabin, and Buffle was rather astonished at the appearance of his own home. The men were gone, but on the bare logs where Buffle usually reposed they had spread their coats neatly, and covered them with a blanket which little Muggy usually wore.

The cards had disappeared, and in their place lay a very small fragment of looking-glass; the demijohn stood in its accustomed place, but against it leaned a large chip, on which was scrawled, in charcoal, the word "order."

"Good," said Buffle, approvingly. "Now, mum, keep up yer heart. I tell yer I'll fetch him, an' any man at the Gulch ken tell yer thet lyin' ain't my gait."

Buffle slammed the door, called at two or three other shanties, and gave orders in a style befitting a feudal lord, and in ten minutes was on horseback, galloping furiously out on the trail to Green Flat.

The Green Flatites wondered at finding the great man among them, and treated him with the most painful civility. As he neither bung about the saloon, "got up" a game, nor provoked a horse-trade, it was immediately surmised that he was looking for some one, and each man searchingly questioned his trembling memory whether he had ever done Buffle an injury.

All preserved a respectful silence as Buffle walked from claim to claim, carefully scrutinising many, and all breathed freer as they saw him and his horse disappear over the hill on the Sonora trail.

At Sonora he considered it wise to stay over Sunday—not to enjoy religious privileges, but because on Sunday sinners from all the country round flocked into Sonora, to commune with its spirits—infernal rather than celestial.

He made the tour of all the saloons, dashed eagerly at two or three men, with plain gold rings on left forefingers, disgustedly found them the wrong men beyond doubt, cursed them, and invited them to drink. Then he closely catechised all the barkeepers, who were the only reliable directories in that country; they were anxious to oblige him, but none could remember such a man. So Buffle took his horse, and sought his man elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Berryn remained in camp, where she was cared for in a manner which called out her astonishment equally with her gratitude. Buffle was hardly well out of the Gulch when Mrs. Berryn heard a knock at the door; she opened it, and a man handed her a trying-pan, with the remark, "Buffle's is cracked," and hastily disappeared.

In the morning she was awakened by a crash outside the door, and on looking out, discovered a quantity of firewood ready cut; each morning thereafter found in the same place a fresh supply, which was usually decorated with offerings of different degrees of appropriateness—pieces of fresh meat, string of dried ditto, blankets enough for a large hotel, little packages of gold dust, case knives and forks, cans of salt butter, and all sorts of provisions, in quantity.

Each man in camp fondly believed his own particular revolver was better than any other, and, as a natural consequence, the camp became almost peaceful, by reason of the number of pistols that were left in front of Mrs. Berryn's door. But she carefully let them alone, and when this was discovered the boys sorrowfully removed them.

Then old Grif, living up the Gulch, with a horrible bulldog for companion, brought his darling animal down late one dark night, and tied him near the lady's residence, where he discoursed sweet sounds for two hours, until, to Mrs. Berryn's

delight, he broke his chain, and returned to his old home.

Then Sandytop, the ace-thief, suddenly left camp. Many were the surmises and bets on the subject; and on the third day, when two men, one of whom believed he had gone to steal a mule, and the other believing he had rolled into the creek while drunk, were about to refer the whole matter to pistols, they were surprised at seeing Sandytop stagger into camp, under a large, unsightly bundle. The next day Mrs. Berryn ate from crockery instead of tin, and had a china wash-bowl and pitcher.

Little Muggy, who sold out his claim the day after Buffle left, went to San Francisco, but reappeared in camp in a few days, with a large bundle, a handsaw and a plane. Some light was thrown on the contents of the bundle by sundry scraps of linen, cotton, and very soft flannel, that the wind occasionally blew from the direction of Mrs. Berryn's abode; but why Muggy suddenly needed a very large window in the only boarded side of his house; why he never staked another claim and went to "washing;" why his door always had to be unlocked from the inside before any one could get in, instead of being ajar, as was the usual custom with doors at Fat Pocket Gulch; why visitors always found the floor strewn with shavings and blocks, but were told to mind their business if they asked what he was making, and why Upper crust, an aristocratic young reprobate, who had been a doctor in the States, had suddenly taken up his abode with Muggy, were mysteries unsolvable by the united intellects of Fat Pocket Gulch.

It was finally suggested by some one, that, as Muggy had often and fluently cursed the "rockers" used to wash out dirt along the Gulch, it was likely enough he was inventing a new one, and the ex-doctor, who, of course, knew something about chemistry, was helping him to work an amalgamator into it; a careful comparison of bets showed this to be a fairly accepted opinion, and so the matter rested.

Meanwhile, Buffle had been untiring in his search, as his horse, could he have spoken, would have testified. Men wondered what Berryn had done to Buffle, and odds of ten to one that some undertaker would soon have reason to bless Buffle were freely offered, but seldom taken. One night Buffle's horse galloped into Deadlock Ridge, and the rider, hailing the first man he met, inquired the way to the saloon.

"I don't know," replied the man.

"Come no foolin' thar," said Buffle, indignantly.

"I don't know, I tell you—I don't drink."

"Hang yer!" roared Buffle, in honest fury at what seemed to him the most stupendous lie ever told by a miner, "I'll teach yer to lie to me." And out came Buffle's pistol.

The man saw his danger, and, springing at Buffle with the agility of a cat, snatched the pistol and threw it on the ground; in an instant Buffle's hand had firmly grasped the man by his shirt-collar, and, the horse taking fright, Buffle, a second later, found in his hand a torn piece of red flannel, a chain, and a locket, while the man lay on the ground.

"At last!" exclaimed Buffle, convinced that he had found his man; but his emotions were quickly cooled by the man in the road, who, jumping from the ground, picked up Buffle's pistol, cocked and aimed it, and spoke in a grating voice, as if through set teeth:

"Give back that locket this second, or, as God lives, I'll take it out of a dead man's hand."

The rapidity of human thought is never so beautifully illustrated as when the owner of a human mind is serving involuntarily as a target.

"My friend," said Buffle, "ef I've got anything uv yours, yer ken hev it on provin' property. We'll go to whar that fast light is up above—I'll walk the boss slow, an' yer ken keep me covered with the pistol; ain't that fair?"

"Be quick, then," said the man, excitedly; "start."

The trip was not more than two minutes in length, but it seemed a good hour to Buffle, whose acquaintanceship with the delicacy of the trigger of his beloved pistol caused his past life to pass in retrospect before him several times before they reached the light. The light proved to be in the saloon whose locality had provoked the quarrel. The saloon was full, the door was open, and there was a buzz of astonishment, which culminated in a volley of ejaculations, in which strength predominated over elegance, as a large man, followed closely by a small man with a cocked pistol, marched up to the bar.

"Gentlemen," said Buffle, "this feller sez I've got some uv his property, an' he's come here to prove it. Now, feller, wot's yer claim?"

"A chain and locket," said the man; "hang you, I see them in' your hand now."

"Ennybody ken see a chain an' locket in my hand," said Buffle, "but that don't make it yours."

"The locket contains the portrait of a lady, and the inscription 'Frances to Allan'—look quick, or I'll shoot!" said the little man, savagely.

Buffle opened 't, and saw Mrs. Berryn's portrait.

"Mister, yer right," said he; "here's yer property, an' I'll apologize, or drink, or fight—er apologize, an' drink, an' fight, whichever is yer style. Fust, however, ef ye'll drop that pistol, I'll drink myself, considerin'—never mind. Denominate yer pizen, gentlemen," said he, as the audience crowded to the bar.

"Buffle," whispered the bartender, who knew the great man by sight, "he's a littler man than you."

"I know it, boss," replied Buffle, most brazenly. "He rez he don't drink."

"Never saw him *here* before—there, he's goin' out now," said the bartender.

Buffle turned and dashed through the crowd; all who held glasses bitterly laid them down and followed.

"Stand back, the hull crowd uv yer," said Buffle; "this ain't no fight—me an' the gentleman got private bizness." Then he laid his hand on Berryn's shoulder, and said, "What the deuce are yer doin' here, when yer know a lady like that?"

"Suffering hell for abusing heaven," replied Berryn, passionately.

"Then, why don't yer go back?" inquired Buffle.

"Because I've got no money; all luck has failed me ever since I left home—shipwreck, hunger, poverty—"

"Come back a minute," interrupted Buffle. "I forgot to come down with the dust for the drinks. Now I tell yer what—I want yer to go back to my camp—I've got plenty uv gold, an' it's no good to me, only for gamblin' an' drinkin'; yer welcome to enough uv it to git yerself home, an' git on yer feet when yer git thar."

Berryn looked doubtfully at him as they entered the saloon.

"P'raps somebody here ken tell this gentleman my name?" said Buffle.

"Buffle!" said several voices in chorus.

"Bully! Now, p'raps you same fellers ken tell him ef I'm a man uv my word?"

"You bet," responded the same chorus.

"An' now, p'raps some uv yer'll sell me a good boss, pervidin' yer don't want him stole mighty sudden?"

Several men invited attention to their respective animals, tied near the door. Promptly selecting one, paying for it, and settling with the bar-keeper, and mounting his own horse while Berry mounted the new one, the two men galloped away, leaving the bystanders lost in astonishment, from which they only recovered after almost superhuman industry on the part of the barkeeper.

One evening, when the daily labor and household cares of the Pa. Pocket Gulchites had ended, the residents of that quiet village were congregated, as usual, at the saloon. It was too early for gambling or fighting, and the boys chatted peacefully, pausing only a few times to drink "Here's her," which had become the standard toast of the Gulch. Conversation turned on Muggy's invention, and a few bets were exchanged, which showed the boys were not quite sure it was a rocker, after all. Suddenly Sandytop, who had been leaning against the door-frame, and looking in the direction of Buffle's old cabin, ejaculated:

"'Tis a rocker, boys—it's a rocker, but—but not that kind."

The boys poured out the door, and saw an unusual procession approaching Mrs. Berry's cabin; first came Upper crust, the young ex-dكتور, then an Irishwoman from a neighboring settlement, and then Muggy, bearing a baby's cradle, neatly made of pine boards. The doctor and woman went in, and Muggy, dropping the cradle, ran at full speed to the saloon, and up to the bar, the crowd following.

Muggy looked along the line, saw all the glasses were filled and in hand, and then, raising his own, exclaimed, huskily, "Here's ner, boys!" and then went into a fully developed boo-hoo. And he was not alone; for once the boys watered their liquor, and purer water God never made.

It was some moments before shirt-sleeves ceased to officiate as handkerchiefs; but just as the boys commenced to look savagely at each other, as if threatening cold lead if any one suspected undue

tenderness, Sandytop, who had returned to his post at the door to give ease to the stream which his sleeve could not stanch, again startled the crowd by staring earnestly toward the hill over which led the trail, and exclaiming, "Good God!"

There was another rush to the door, and there, galloping down the trail, was Buffle and another man. The boys stared at each other, but said nothing—their gift of swearing was not equal to the occasion.

Steadily they stared at the two men, until Buffle, reining back a little, pointed his pistol threateningly. They took the hint, and after they were all inside, Sandytop closed the door and the shutters of the unglazed windows.

"Thar's my shanty," said Buffle, as they neared it from one side; "that one with two bar's fur a chimney. You jest go right in. I'll be thar ez soon ez I put up the hoases."

As they reached the front, both men started at the sight of the cradle.

"Why, I didn't know you were a married man, Buffle!" said his companion.

"I—well—I—I don't tell everythin'," stammered Buffle; and, catching the bridle of Berry's horse the moment his rider had dismounted, Buffle dashed off to the saloon, and took numerous solitary drinks, at which no one took offense. Then he turned, nodded significantly toward the old shanty, and asked:

"How long since?"

"Not quite yit—yer got him here in time, Buffle!" said Muggy.

"Thank the Lord!" said Buffle. His lips were very familiar with the name of the Lord, but they had never before used it in this sense.

Then, while several men were getting ready to ask Buffle where he found his man—Californians never ask questions in a hurry—there came from the direction of Buffle's shanty the sound of a subdued cry.

"Gentlemen," said the barkeeper, "there's no



BUFFLE.—"THIS BABY'S NAME IS ALLAN BUFFLE BERRY," AND HE RUSHED AT FULL SPEED TO LEAVE THE BABY AT HOME."



"NOW I CAN WASH MYSELF!"

more drinking at this bar to-night until—until I say so."

No one murmured. No one swore. No one suggested a game. An old enemy of Buffle's happened in, but that worthy, instead of feeling for his pistol, quietly left his leaning-post, and bowed his enemy into it.

The boys stood and sat about, studied the cracks

in the floor, the pattern of the shutters, contemplated the insides of their hats, and chewed tobacco as if their lives depended on it.

Buffle made frequent trips to the door, and looked out. Suddenly he closed the door, and 'had barely time to whisper, "No noise now, or I'll shoot," when the doctor walked in. The crowd arose.

"It's all right, gentlemen," said the doctor—"as fine a boy as I ever saw."

"My treat for the rest of the evening, boys," said the barkeeper, hurriedly crowding glasses and bottles on the bar. "Her," "Him," "Him, Junior," "Buffle," "Doc," and "Old Rocker-shop," as some happily inspired miner dubbed little Muggy, were drunk successively.

The door opened again, and in walked Allan Berryn. Glancing quickly about, he soon distinguished Buffle. He grasped his hand, looked him steadily in the eye, and exclaimed:

"Buffle, you—"

He was a Harvard graduate, and a fine talker, was Allan Berryn, but, when he had spoken two words, he somehow forgot the remainder of the speech he had made up on his way over; his silence for two or three seconds seemed of hours to every man who looked on his face, so that it was a relief to all when he gave Buffle a mighty hug, and then precipitately retreated.

Buffle looked sheepish, and shook himself.

"That feller can outlug a grizzly," said he. "Boys," he continued, "that chap's been buckin' agin luck sence he's been in the diggin's, an' is clean busted. But his luck begun to turn this evening, an' here's what goes for keepin' the ball a-rollin'. Here's my ante," sayin' which, he laid his old hat on the bar, took out his buckskin bag of gold-dust, and emptied it into the hat.

Bugs came out of pockets all around, and were either entirely emptied, or had their contents largely diminished by knife-blades, which scooped out the precious dust, and dropped it into the hat.

"There," said Buffle, looking into the hat, "I reckon that'll kerry 'em back to their folks."

For a fortnight the saloon was as quiet as a well-ordered prayer-meeting, and it was solemnly decided that no fight with pistols should take place nearer than The Bend, which was, at least, a mile from where the new resident's cradle was located.

One pleasant, quiet evening, Buffle, who frequently passed an hour with Berryn on the latter's woodpile, was seen approaching the saloon with a very small bundle, which, nevertheless, occupied both his arms and all his attention.

"It, by thunder," said some one. So it was; a wee, pink-faced, blue-eyed, fuzzy-topped little thing, with one hand frantically clutching three hairs of Buffle's beard.

"See the little thing pull," said one.

"Is that all the nose they hev at fust?" asked another.

"Can't yer take them pipes out uv yer mouths when the baby's aroun'?" indignantly demanded another.

Little Muggy edged his way through the crowd, threw away his quid of tobacco, took the baby from Buffle, and kissed it a dozen times.

"I'm goin' home, fellers," said Muggy, finally. "I'm wanted by the lawyers fur cuttin' a man that sassed me while I was shoe-makin'. But I'm a-goin' to see my young uns, even ef all creation wants me."

"An' I'm goin' too," said Buffle. I'm wanted pretty bad by some that's East, but I reckon I'm well enough hid by the bar that's growd sence I wuz a boy, an' dug out from old Vermont. I've had a new taste uv decenov lately, an' I'm goin' to see ef I can't stan' it for a siddy diet. The chap over to the shanty sez he ken git me somethin' to do, an' ennythin's better'n gamblin', drinkin', an' fightin'."

"It's agin the law to kerry shootin'-irons there, Buffle," suggested one.

"Yes, an' they got a new kind uv a law there, to keep a man from takin' his bitters," said another.

"Yes," said Buffle, "all that's mighty tough,

but ef a feller's bound fur bed-rock, he might ez well git that all uv a sudden, ef he ken."

Buffle started toward the door, stopped as if he had something else to say, started again, hesitated, feigned indignation at the baby, dashed the least bit, opened the door, partly closed it again, squeezed himself out, and displaying only the tip of his nose, roared:

"This baby's name is Allan Buffle Berryn—Allan Buffle Berryn," and then rushed at full speed to leave the baby at home, while the boys clinked glasses melodiously.

At the end of another fortnight there was a procession formed at Fat Pocket Gulch; two horses, one wearing a side-saddle, were brought to the door of Buffle's old house, and Mrs. Berryn and her husband mounted them; they were soon joined by Buffle and Muggy.

For months after there was mourning far and wide, among owners of mules and horses, for each Gulchite had been out stealing, that he might ride with the escort which was to see the Berryns safely to the crossing. An advance-guard was sent ahead, and the party were about to start, when Buffle suddenly dismounted, and entered his old cabin; when he reappeared, a cloud of smoke followed him.

"Thar," said he, a moment later, as flames were seen bursting through the roof, "no galoot uv a miner don't live in that shanty after that. Git."

Away galloped the party, the baby in the arms of its father. The crossing was safely reached, the stage had room for the whole party, and, after a hearty hand-shaking all around, the stage started. Sandytop threw one of his only two shoes after it for luck.

As the stage was disappearing around a bend, a little way from the crossing, the back curtain was suddenly thrown up, a baby, backed by a white hat and yellow beard, was seen, and a familiar voice was heard to roar, "Allan Buffle Berryn."

Once Buried and Twice Married.

"How did I lose my eye?"

It happened this way: A neighbor of mine had died from smallpox, shortly after I had gone into business and married your grandmother. As every one feared to approach the body except the undertaker, I volunteered to assist that functionary in preparing it for burial.

The night after the funeral, I fell sick, and the next morning the doctor pronounced my case very critical.

I lay ill for several days, but it is not necessary to describe the sufferings I underwent from the loathsome disease; on the seventh or eighth, the physician very gravely informed me that, as I was beyond recovery, I ought to be prepared for death.

I immediately sent for a clergyman, my junior partner, Mr. Barton, and my wife. To Barton I gave some general directions regarding our firm and my will, which had previously been executed; but my parting with Kate was so painful that I do not care to recall it. At last it was over, and feeling more composed, I resigned myself to the will of Providence.

I must have slept the night through, as I was conscious it was daylight when I was aroused by a loud scream from my nurse.

"He is dead! he is dead!" she exclaimed; and when I tried to assure her of her mistake, I found to my surprise that I could neither speak, move, nor even open my eyes.

My will seemed suspended, as in a dream. The woman's cries brought others into the room, amongst whom were my wife and the doctor. The latter felt my pulse, and unhesitatingly pronounced me dead, whereupon Kate, judging from the noise, fainted.

Then, for a while all was still, till two men entered, and deliberately proceeded to compose my features, array me in my grave-clothes, and, finally, to put me in a coffin, with the lid loosely over it.

During the operation I could hear one of them jocularly remark to the other that, as the "box" had been made in anticipation of the death of a much larger man, I would have plenty of room to turn in it.

It might be supposed that, aware of all that was passing, I must have been terribly frightened. Not at all; I felt perfectly satisfied, and no more concerned than if it had been some person other than myself who was the object of their attention and jokes.

The undertaker's man left me, but soon returned with some others, one of whom I easily recognized by his voice to be the Health Officer, who was explaining to my wife the absolute necessity of speedy burial, as the disease was of so virulent a nature.

On her objecting that the ground was so hard frozen that no grave could be dug, that official stated that I could be put in the receiving-vault; and this being satisfactorily settled, the lid of the coffin was carelessly fastened down, the plate over the face being broken in the operation; it was taken out, put into the hearse, and in less than a quarter of an hour transferred to the cemetery, which was within quite a short distance from the house. The door of the vault was hastily slammed to, the footsteps of the few mourners died away, and I was left to my own musings.

Strange to say, the sensations I experienced, now that all was over, were far from being unpleasant. I felt like one who, having passed through a day of hard mental and physical toil, had at length laid down on his bed to rest, and to make the simile practically applicable, I sank into a deep, untroubled slumber.

How long I remained in that sleep or trance, I could not at the moment of awaking surmise; but the sensations I experienced were excruciatingly painful. A burning thirst predominated, while a racking pain in every limb, and a soreness of the prominent joints, added to my distress.

I opened my eyes, but I could see comparatively nothing; I essayed to rise, but I found myself, as it were, bound down to my uncomfortable couch; I tried to cry out, but my voice was feeble, and my breath rebounded on my face.

"Where was I, what had become of me, was I still alive, or a denizen of the lower world?" were the questions I asked myself, but in vain.

At length, the remembrance of my sickness, supposed death and interment, flashed on my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I was buried alive!

With a wild cry and a superhuman effort, I sprang upward; the badly fastened coffin-lid gave way, and I rolled at full length on the cold floor of the vault.

I presume I swooned, for when I next began to think, I noticed the rays of the moon shining through the openings in the walls and the chinks of the door, which was old and worm-eaten.

My first impulse on rising was to open it, which I did with little trouble; and my next, to endeavor to slake my thirst with handfuls of snow.

Somewhat relieved, I started homeward, with as much speed as my tottering limbs could make, so anxious was I to leave behind me the real dead, and the scene of my sufferings.

The night was cold, and the full moon shone more beautifully than I ever remember to have seen her; but though the distance to my house was short, I had great difficulty in reaching it, from weakness and the pains which still cramped my lower limbs.

At length it was in sight, but as all was dark in the front and side windows, I concluded to go round, and enter by a rear door usually left unbolted. I was fortunate in finding it so on that occasion, and groped my way noiselessly to the dining-room.

Here I found the fire still burning brightly, and by its light discovered the *débris* of what seemed to have been a late supper—bread and cheese, cold meat, a full bottle of wine, and one-half emptied.

I eagerly seized the claret, and filling a glass, drank it down with little difficulty; but when I tried to swallow the solids, I found it almost impossible, notwithstanding my hunger. At first the smallest particle appeared to stick in my throat, and convulse my frame, but by patient degrees, assisted by the wine and water, I at length succeeded in making a tolerably good meal. Worn by the unpleasant struggle, and still very chilly, I drew the lounge near the stove, and lay down to reflect on the best way of acquainting my wife with my unexpected resurrection; but I had scarcely done so when I fell into a profound slumber.

I awoke refreshed, as the gray dawn peeped in the windows, though still cold, for the fire had gone out in the meanwhile.

Recollecting a closet off the room which had sometimes been used as a wardrobe, I opened the door, and had the gratification of finding in one of my trunks, with other articles of clothing, the very suit I wore the day of my friend's funeral. I had no trouble, therefore, in dressing myself, though I had to look two or three times at each article as I put it on, to assure myself that it was mine for all seemed much too large.

It was now clear daylight, and I walked across the floor to adjust my necktie at the pier-glass. I looked in the mirror, and, great heavens! what a sight met my view! Was I awake, or still dreaming, or had I gone actually mad, and had mistaken my own identity? I turned instinctively to see if there was another person in the room, whose reflection I had mistaken for my own. But, no; I was alone, and before me stood the shadow of a man, careworn and emaciated, his face strongly marked by the ravages of the smallpox, the sight of one eye totally destroyed, the beard long and grizzled, and the hair, that had once been short, crisp and curling, now hanging in long tangled masses of gray, nearly white.

Overpowered, I tottered to the lounge, and sank down in utter despair. Covering my face—alas! what a face—with my hands, I was unmanly enough to give way to tears. Oh! how bitterly I realized then that there was something worse than death, and almost cursed the hour that restored me to the world.

A noise overhead, as of some one of the household walking, recalled my scattered senses, and fearful of being discovered, I seized a hat, softly stole from my own home like a guilty thing, and took the road to the city.

The bracing morning air and a brisk walk cooled my fevered head somewhat, so that I had time to collect my thoughts before I reached the principal hotel, at which I proposed to stop and await further developments.

It was open, and I walked in, and called mechanically for a glass of brandy-and-soda. The man who served me, and who had formerly been an errand-boy at the store, looked at me with some curiosity, but exhibited no signs of recognition.



THE PITCHER PLANT (*SARRACENIA PURPUREA*)—A NEW PLANT FOR PARLOR GARDENING.
SEE PAGE 366.

The gong for breakfast sounded, and, after entering on the register a fictitious name, A. Coffin, and having my hair brushed by the barber, I walked into the dining-room.

The guests were already seated, and, though many of them were permanent boarders and well acquainted with me, they took no notice whatever of my appearance.

I ate sparingly, for the pains I spoke of showed unmistakable symptoms of returning. I therefore concluded to call as soon as possible on my doctor. He might know me, but I felt I could depend on his secrecy.

If I escaped his scrutiny, I had determined on the course I would pursue—to remain in the city for some time before discovering myself. Out of evil might come good, and if I had suffered the agonies of death, I resolved to have the satisfaction of knowing what my little world thought and said about me.

Fortunately I had enough money for all my prospective wants, for, in an inner pocket of my vest I found undisturbed, because, probably, unknown, the pocketbook which I had brought with me from New York, with a large amount of bills and some notes and certified checks.

I accordingly wended my way to Doctor Scatton's office, and whatever apprehension I might have had of a discovery was quickly dispelled on the appearance of that gentleman.

He received me with a polite stiff bow, and listened to my statements with formal professional courtesy.

I told him I had suffered from the prevailing epidemic, but that business of a very pressing nature had obliged me to leave home before I was quite recovered, and that I would feel obliged to him for his medical assistance during my stay in the city.

"Just so, just so," reiterated the good doctor—"just so, my dear sir. You have acted very foolishly in leaving home so soon. You are very weak, indeed—very weak and feverish; and your nerves are unstrung, sir—unstrung, and out of

order. Quiet, sir—quiet, and strict attention to my directions are what you require. By-the-way, you are at the—"

"The Columbia House," I interrupted. "And as I may remain there for some weeks, may I hope to have the pleasure of your company there?"

"Ah, 'um! very good—good! I shall call to see you there. In the meantime, here is a prescription, which you will get put up, sir—put up very carefully, at the store in the next corner."

Thanking him for his kindness, I incidentally remarked that I had heard there had been a good deal of sickness in the vicinity.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, I thought rather briskly—"yes, sir, a great deal, thank—no, a great deal, I am sorry to say, sir. Many of our best citizens have been carried off, sir—off; but generally through their own fault. There was the case of young Johnson, about two months ago—George Johnson, firm of Johnson & Barton; perhaps you have heard of him?"

I replied I had.

"Well, sir," he continued, waxing warm with his subject, "fine young man, sir—fine, but very rash; good business, young wife, rich, but too healthy, sir—healthy, and, consequently, fool-hardy; wouldn't take advice from old heads, rushed into danger without any reason but mistaken friendship, got sick, sir, sick, but would have been alive to-day if he had followed my instructions—instructions, sir, that thirty years of practice ought to make valuable. Good-day, sir—good-day."

The appearance of other patients having cut short our conversation, I was not sorry to take my leave, for my self-esteem was somewhat hurt by the physician's remarks.

Whether it was the medicine, or the repose, or both, I know not; but I felt next morning so invigorated in body and mind, that I resolved to go down to the store, and have a talk with Barton, for whom I entertained a genuine liking. But, as on my way I had to pass the office of Lawyer Carter, I concluded to call on him first.

Carter was an old friend, and, though I was many years younger, he and I had spent much of our leisure bachelor days together, fishing and hunting.

His manners were sharp and cynical, sometimes disagreeably so; but if he had a hard head, he had a warm heart for the few who knew him intimately.

On knocking at his door, and hearing his emphatic "Come!" I entered, to find him, as usual, deep in his books and papers.

"Mr. Carter, I presume?" I said, quietly advancing to his desk.

The sound of my voice seemed to affect him like a galvanic shock, for he started perceptibly, raised his head, and for a moment glared at me from under his heavy brows with a startled look. After a pause, he said:

"Excuse me. Yes, sir—that is my name. Pray, take a chair! Do you wish to see me professionally?"

I replied that I did—that I was from a distant part of the State, and had come to the city on business partly connected with the firm of Johnson & Barton. Could he give me any information as to the condition of that house?

He could, he said, but not much. He had been attorney for old Mr. Johnson for several years before his decease, and for the new firm until lately; but since the death of the senior partner, the business had been taken out of his hands, and transferred to Mr. Sharpe.

"Then, you knew the younger Mr. Johnson?" I asked.

"Very well, indeed, from his boyhood, I might

say," he replied, with a slight tremor in his voice; "a very fine fellow, but full of romantic ideas and false notions of life. But, *de mortuis*, etc., you know."

"Unfortunate, perhaps, in his speculations?" I hinted.

"No, not exactly that," said the practical disciple of Blackstone; "no, he was a very excellent business man, but no judge of human nature. He reversed the safe old maxim, and thought every man honest till he proved himself a rogue. I attempted frequently to show him the folly of trusting the professions of every one who spoke him fairly, but he would never heed me. Poor fellow, if he could rise from his grave to-day, he might soon find how far I was right and he wrong. But, excuse me again," he said, looking at his watch; "I have an engagement at ten o'clock, and it now lacks but a few minutes of the time. Do you stay long in the city? You do. Very well, call and see me any afternoon, and we will talk further on this matter."

Without another word he walked out, and left me alone in the office. My chagrin at the not very flattering picture drawn of my want of perception, by an old friend, had given place to an absorbing feeling of alarm, for, though I doubted not Barton's honesty, I was fast beginning to have my confidence in human nature shaken.

To put an end to my misgivings, I proceeded immediately to the store. Everything looked just as I remembered it, and, walking into the office, I found Barton.

My partner was looking as bland and precise as usual, but with a certain air of importance about him that I had not noticed before. I introduced myself as Mr. A. Coffin, a stranger in town, well acquainted with the grocery business, and willing to invest twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars in it, if I found it a profitable speculation. In fact, I wanted to become a partner.

"Profitable!" said Mr. Barton, gently stroking his chin. "Why, my good sir, if I had a good partner last year, we would have made nearly seventy per cent. on our capital clear of all expenses. But, unhappily, I had a thoughtless young man to deal with, to whom the accident of having had a rich father gave a controlling interest in the concern, and were it not for my untiring exertions, we would have been obliged to close our doors, I am afraid."

"Was he, then, so stupid or extravagant?" I asked.

"Not only that," replied the gracious Barton, "but he was irreligious, sir—had no piety whatever—and how can a man expect to prosper who has not religion? I have been a deacon in this city for more than twenty years, and I hope, in my humble way (here the whites of his eyes were turned upward), I have done something in the service of the Lord; and He has, as you see, rewarded me. One of my sons, sir, is a missionary in Africa, and my eldest daughter is a vice-president of a Dorcas society."

Congratulating him on his high-toned morality and his success in life, I resumed the subject of the proposed partnership. In a few weeks, he said, the accounts of the concern would be wound up, and then he would be in a position to accept my offer.

"The widow," I remarked, lightly, "will have a nice sum to her credit, for, I believe, she is his principal legatee?"

"She is," said the deacon, with a sigh; "poor, dear woman, I feel great compassion for her, for I fear very much her hopes will be blasted in respect to this concern. I have no hesitation in telling a gentleman like you, sir, that she will not have a cent coming to her from the copartnership. Mr. Johnson was very extravagant, and spent

lavishly—I fear me much (eyes again elevated) in gaming and other sinful practices; so that, of late, he drew largely on his private account, and made some very bad debts, which he wished to be charged against him individually. The books and papers are now in the hands of a worthy man, Mr. Jacob Sharpe, who states that the widow's case is hopeless."

This was too much, but, fearing if I remained longer I would be obliged to knock the fellow down, I withdrew on the plea of sudden indisposition, promising to call again soon.

I regained my room as quickly as possible, fairly gnashing my teeth with rage, and paced it to and fro for hours, vainly endeavoring to overcome my passion.

A knock at the door aroused me, and, thinking it was the waiter, I called out "Come in," when I walked Carter. I started up unthinkingly, and, advancing to him, exclaimed:

"My dear Carter, I am so glad to see you, old fellow. I have waited impatiently for you half the day."

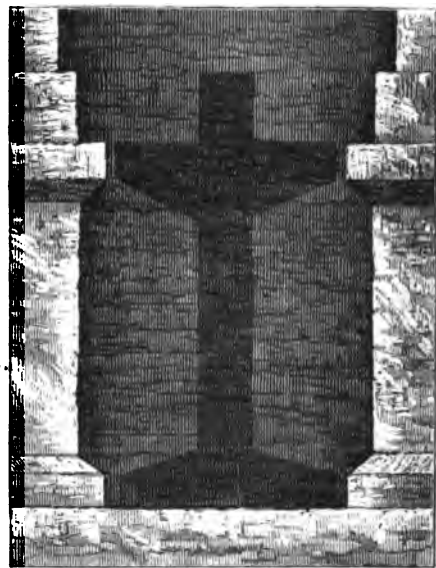
The lawyer's look of utter astonishment would have been irresistibly comic at any other time, as he faltered out:

"In the name of all that's good, who are you?"

Thus adjured, I made him sit down, and related to him all the recent events of my life, or, rather, death, including my interview with Barton. He was filled with wonder at my narrow escape, but not at all surprised at the conduct of my ungrateful partner.

"I not only suspected the honesty of that pious fraud," he replied, "but was pretty certain of it from information obtained from one of your clerks, who was recently discharged; and now I am delighted to have a chance to fool him. But the ingratitude of the fellow is beyond belief. We must be cautious, however, and not give him the least inkling of our designs. Let him go as far as he can, and then checkmate him."

Over a bottle of wine and some cigars we spent the remainder of the evening discussing our future campaign, and when Carter rose to go, all was definitely arranged. I was to preserve my *inco-*



THE SHADOW CROSS.—SEE PAGE 267

nite, and continue negotiations with Barton; while he, after visiting the vault and replacing the coffin, so that no suspicion might be excited, was to ascertain all particulars relating to my wife's condition.

My part of the programme was carefully carried out, if not to my entire satisfaction, at least I obtained positive evidence that my partner was a consummate scoundrel, and, with the assistance of the man Sharpe, had actually counterfeited my name in several instances.

Carter reported that Kate was well, but much depressed in spirits, principally on account of my supposed death, and partly by the presence of a number of needy relations—including her step-mother, also a widow—who, although they had formerly treated her with great unkindness, had, since the news of my demise, flocked to visit her, and persisted in living with her, or on her little property. My house was to let, and the furniture for sale, as my wife, acting under the dictation of the said friends, proposed to return to her birth-place.

This rather startling news, coming to me from time to time, induced me to seek an interview with Kate.

So, accompanied by Carter, I one Spring morning found myself in my own little parlor, where so many pleasant hours of my short matrimonial life had been spent. The first who entered the room to greet us was a stout, middle-aged, overdressed woman, to whom I stated that, as I proposed to rent the cottage, I desired to see the occupant.

"'Tis not at all necessary," replied the lady; "I am her mother, and can make all arrangements required."

"Pardon me," I said, a little pointedly, "I am anxious to speak to Mrs. Johnson herself. If she is engaged or indisposed, I can call some other time."

"'Tis not necessary, I assure you. My daughter rarely sees any person since the death of her unfortunate husband. However, I will see;" and so saying, Mrs. Shepherd quitted the room.

In a little while she returned, bringing in Kate, who looked paler than usual, but, I confess, very pretty in mourning. She shook hands warmly with Carter, but scarcely noticed me. How my heart jumped at the sight of her! During the conversation that ensued, she seemed nervous and timid, scarcely raising her head or speaking a word, except in reply to a direct question. The result of the interview was, that, as soon as the executors were at liberty to act, I was to rent the house and purchase the furniture.

As we rose to leave, and I was pretending to admire a portrait of myself over the mantel, Kate stole a furtive glance at me, and I noticed an intensity of expression in her gaze that almost unmanned me; but, otherwise, she showed no more signs of interest than if I had been an utter stranger.

When we got into the open air, we walked some distance in silence. At length I involuntarily exclaimed:

"Perhaps it is better as it is. I shall leave the country, and she will never know of my miserable existence."

"Yes," said Carter, sarcastically, "of course, be a coward, run away, and let your poor little wife be plundered and browbeaten, and perhaps be driven into an unlawful marriage."

"But," I replied, peevishly, "what else, in the name of heaven, can I do?"

"Marry your widow," was the sententious response.

His serious manner and the absurdity of the proposition so annoyed me, that I fear I was guilty of some ill-tamper, for very few words

passed between us during the remainder of the walk. Still, I could not help thinking it over and over, and many times during the Summer I found myself calling at the cottage under some slight pretense. Kate's manner to me on those occasions was kind, though distant. She spoke little, but seemed never tired of listening, with her head bowed down in constant reverie.

Thus months passed; Barton purposely delayed the settlement of accounts, for which I was not sorry. The Autumn arrived. Kate was on a visit to some friends in the mountains, and, on the suggestion of Carter, he and I proceeded to the same neighborhood on a hunting expedition. Here we saw her often, for her hostess was a cousin of my friend, and we all frequently spent the moonlight evenings together, walking in the fields or by the lake.

It was during one of these rambles that she and I found ourselves alone, and, I know not by what impulse, I proposed to her, and was accepted. I explained that I had recently met with a sad misfortune, and longed for human sympathy; that she was friendless, and I would be to her a faithful protector; and she promised that, though not able to give me her first love, she would endeavor to be a good and affectionate wife.

Carter, who was delighted with the success of his pious so far, insisted on making all the arrangements for the wedding, without even communicating to me the details, and I was too happy to object.

At length the important day arrived. The house was thronged with guests, including Barton, Sharpe, Mrs. Shepherd, and some others, whom Carter, against my wishes, had invited. Kate and I stood up. The clergyman (who, unknown to me, had been let into the secret) opened his book solemnly, and to the amazement of every one present, said, in a full, round voice:

"George Johnson, wilt thou take this woman present for thy wedded wife?"

The scene that ensued baffled description. My dear little wife gave one long look into my face, and fell fainting in my arms, exclaiming:

"My God, I knew it—I knew it! That voice! that voice!"

I looked for Carter, but he had other matters to attend to. Opening the door, he called out, "Mr. Savage, come this way," when in walked a sheriff's officer, and going up to Barton and Sharpe, who, with Mrs. Shepherd, had slunk into a corner, laid a hand on each, merely saying:

"Gentlemen, I arrest you on the charge of forgery."

The prisoners were speedily removed, my wife was restored to happy consciousness, and shared with me the congratulations of our friends; even the doctor was profuse in his attentions, remarking that he always knew I was too healthy to die so young.

How happily I have lived since, I need not tell; for, though I never lost my confidence in human nature, I have endeavored, since that time, to be more prudent in the choice of business friends and confidants. In losing one eye, the power of the other may be said to have been doubled. God does everything for us for the best.

The Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia Purpurea*)—A New Plant for Parlor Gardening.

We cordially recommend everybody who is regretfully searching amid nature's treasure-house for the wherewithal to cheer and enliven a long city Winter, to do as we did last November, and fill a large pot with the common

pitcher-plant. Who does not know it, standing ankle-deep in cool yellow mosses, and holding up to the sun its amphora-shaped leaves of maroon and green, each with its tiny reservoir of pellucid water! It was with doubts and misgivings that we essayed the experiment of transplanting this free forester. "It can but perish if it go," we said, and we took its life in our hands, and turned city-ward. But soon we found that it had no idea of dying; in fact, and the testimony of others confirms the observation, it is the most satisfactory of wood-plants to bring to a fire-and-gas atmosphere. Water it demands, and must have; water at the roots, standing water in its saucer, and a spoonful daily renewed in each cup, but, given that, it is content. Nothing can be prettier or more interesting than to watch the unfolding of the new leaves, from the tiny shoot to the slender spikes of bright green, and finally the full pitcher, with its streaks and mottling of claret red. In some favored hands it has been known to blossom! to blossom in early Spring, three months before its time! And if that is not doing handsomely, and as a vegetable should, we would like to know what is.

This plant, with its name reminding one of Saladin and the Caliphs, is not, however, an exotic. It is an American plant, and owes its name not to the Saracens, but to a man of genius and science in the earlier days in Canada, Michael Sarrasin, King's Physician at Quebec, Councilor to the Superior Council, skillful surgeon, naturalist and botanist; he was one of those who cultivated the natural sciences in the French colony at a time when they were unstudied and untaught in New England. He contributed many papers to learned societies in Europe; analyzed medicinal springs; gave anatomical descriptions of native animals; described many plants and studied their medicinal properties—and among others, the pitcher-plant, to which European botanists in consequence gave his name. This plant is a very curious one, in leaf and flower. The leaves at first lie on the ground, rise up as they grow, and open their mouths to receive the rain. Then from their midst starts up the long, hollow stem, crowned by a curious flower—a star of five petals, hard, thick, reddish; while from the pistil, and subsequently the fruit, emerges a sixth leaf, pentagonal in form, covering the fruit like a cap from below.

The plant is not without its value in medicine, being of great use in the treatment of smallpox as diuretic levers.

~ The Shadow Cross.

There are many instances on record of curious phenomena in the projection of shadows, but none more so, in its perfectness and the striking appropriateness of its situation, than the one which we here present. Neither is it an example of those wonderful instances which are often for too obvious reasons usually located in some distant country. It is a phenomenon which has occurred even in our own city of Brooklyn, and, strange as it may seem, was produced *entirely* by accident. Its locality was that of the Dutch Reformed church of Pierrepont Street. It was projected directly in the centre of a niche on the front of the church, where it could be seen every evening and through the night, for a number of years.

Much genuine superstition was created (among the unenlightened) by its nighty appearance and mysterious origin, as it towered in the niche, spreading its dark sepulchral proportions in this lonely recess.

As may be seen by reference to the engraving, its shape was perfect, and one peculiarity which

rendered it of still deeper interest consisted in the strange outline of the underside of the horizontal extensions, reminding one *very forcibly* of the arms of the figure whom we *always* associate with the form of the cross. Its delusion in this respect was astonishing, and was spoken of by everybody.

Notwithstanding the complexity of its appearance, a little study of the disposition of the lights which cast the shadow explained all. There were two of them, both situated on the opposite side of the street, at equal angles from the plane of the niche. The shadow of the projecting base on the right was thrown to the left of the recess, forming the *left* outline of the cross, while the *left* base projected a shadow at the same angle, constituting the *right* outline: that space where the shadows were thrown upon each other, being in double shadow, presented a darker appearance than the surrounding shade, and constituted this strange and interesting phenomenon. A moment's study of the illustration will enable any one to understand the "*modus operandi*," of the shadows.

It is to be regretted that this curious spectacle some years since disappeared, and no longer exists. Its disappearance was due to the removal and change in position of the street-lights which produced it, and it is needless to remark that, unless those same original conditions are realized, it will never be seen again.

A Gipsy Girl Dancing the V Sevillano.

A PECULIARLY Sevillian dance ordinarily executed by a girl alone, is the *Vito*, a favorite with the *majors* of Seville.

We once saw it danced by one of the most famous *bailadoras*; we happened to get among some *majors* who had assembled one holiday. Breakfast was just over, and there was nothing on the tables but some glasses of red wine.

Encarnacion sprang lightly on the table. At once guitars, castanets, and panderos began to sound, and she began to dance with wonderful grace and ease, without touching a single glass around her. One of the *majors* began to sing, and all joined in the chorus:

"Salero, salero!
Arrimate acá,
us vengo el torito,
Valien e escocada."

Another continued:

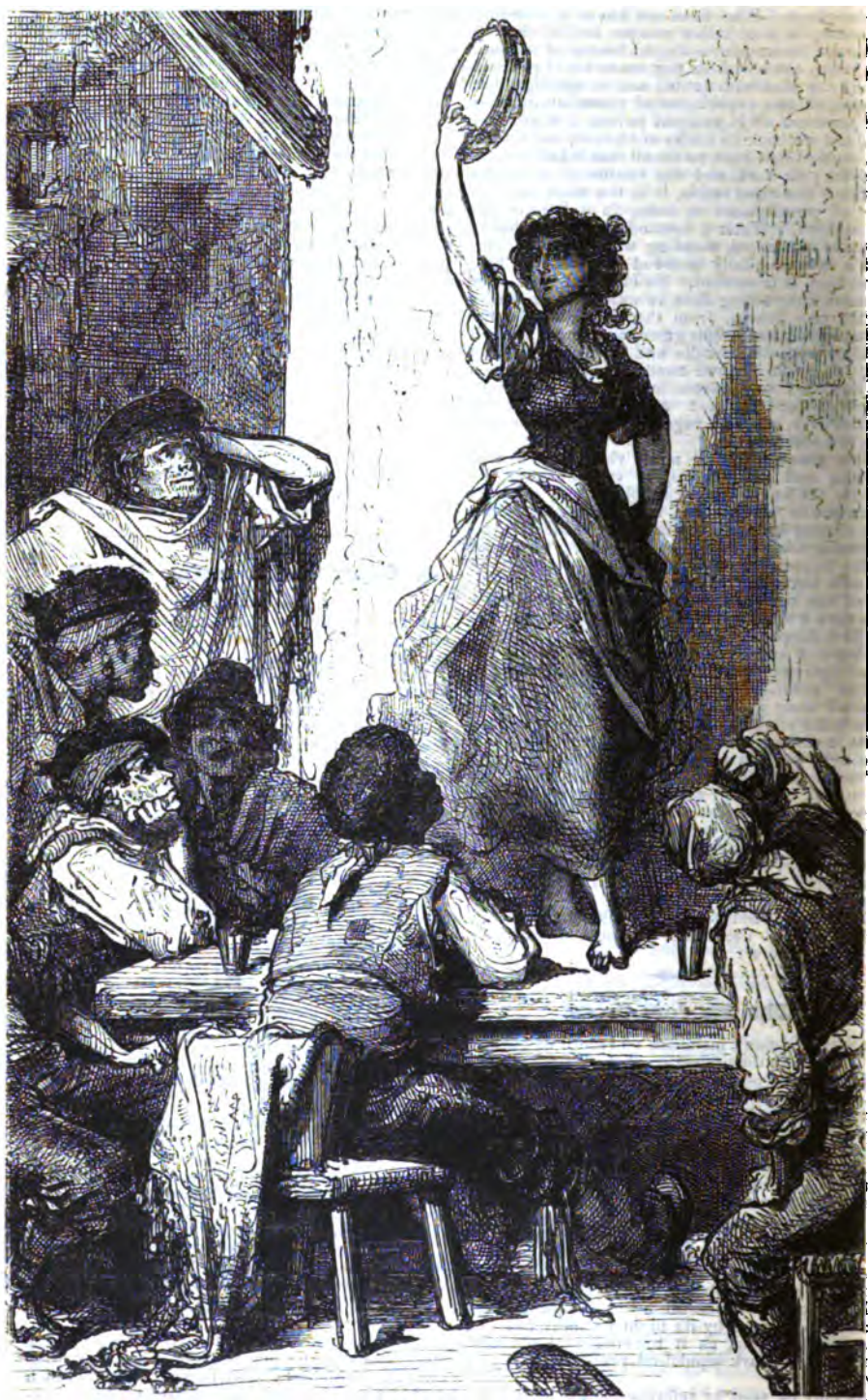
"Las doncellas son de oro,
Las casadas son de plata,
Y las viudas son de cobre,
Y las viejas de hoja de lata."

"Girls are purest gold, you see,
The married but silver be,
Widows copper are so more,
Old women tin plate, and well wore."

The girl continued to move her pretty feet among the glasses, when one cried out, "*¡Tira este la caña!*" This means, "Send the glass!" and is applied to a feat which the dancing-girls are fond of executing during a dance, and consists in throwing, by a rapid movement, the contents of a glass high into the air, and catching it in the mouth.

Encarnacion did the feat wonderfully, without losing a drop, or spilling a drop, and then sprang down as lightly as she had ascended.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck; yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.



A GIPSY GIRL DANCING THE VITO SEVILLANO.—SEE PAGE 341.



A GRANARY FOR INDIAN CORN, NEAR ESSEK, IN SERVIA.

A Granary for Indian Corn, near Essek, in Servia.

THE Danubian provinces, the frontier between civilized Europe and the portion conquered and demoralized by the Turks, is one of the most interesting portions to a traveler. In the long struggle, the people have, of course, lost much—military movements, frequent wars, and all the changes they involve, have made them reckless and unthrifty.

Their chief crop is Indian corn, which, introduced from America, has become naturalized in those eastern parts more readily than in the northern states of Europe, which are in direct communication with our continent. The serfs have recently become free. This leads to clearings in the woods.

A traveler frequently comes on a group of hovels, made with less care than the granaries, on which their subsistence depends. These are elevated from the ground, to preserve them from the depredation of rats and other vermin. They are substantially built, raised on piles, with stout plank flooring and sides made of wattles, while a good roof protects the contents from the weather.

The dress of the women is simply a long chemise, embroidered with open work, or colored

designs, girded by a sash going two or three times around the waist. Over this a loose vest is worn, and a kerchief on the head and shoulders, and a necklace, complete the attire.

The Lost Mine.

CHAPTER I.—A RELIC OF THE AZTECS.

Down through great gaps in the mountain-walls, tearing through dark and gloomy cañons, of startling depth and unknown length, and then winding, or sometimes dying, among arid plains, the branches of the great Rio Colorado find their way to the main stream, and to the stormy waters of the Gulf of California.

A glance at a map of New Mexico, Arizona, and the more northern Territories, will give some faint idea of those unexplored, unsurveyed, yet weird and wonderful regions.

Our story, however, though it will bring us among them, opens on the balcony of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, years ago.

Two young men were conversing in low tones, between the puffs of their Haranas. Both were of robust and powerful frames; but while the blue eyes and brown curls of the one betokened his

Anglo-Saxon lineage, the handsome face of the other was of a fairly Spanish darkness.

"Well, Waring," said the latter, "our intimacy began romantically enough, and it has ripened apace; but, as yet, I believe we have learned very little of each other's history or plans."

"The fact is, Leon," said the blue-eyed man, "my history is not worth telling, and my plans are vague enough. I don't care to follow the beaten track of other explorers, and I have a sort of fever for going into some place where I shall be ahead of all other white men."

"My notion exactly; but where is that?"

"I think we know as little of Arizona as of any other corner of the earth."

Leon gave a slight start, and for a moment did not answer. Then, with a keen scrutiny of his comrade's face, he said:

"You are right, doubtless; but what if I should say that I have been there before?"

"It might interfere with my notion of preceding all white men; but, perhaps, you could act as guide."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Like the grave."

"Swear to me, then, and I will tell you."

Joe Waring was fairly startled by the solemn earnestness of his strange friend, and even more by the fearfully impressive language in which he worded what sounded very much like an oath of secrecy; but he gave all the required assurances, and Leon continued:

"Then I will say that I can be your guide in Arizona; and I am not a white man!"

"Not a white man!" exclaimed Waring, as he almost sprang from his chair. "You are not an Indian?"

"I hardly know what I am. I was twelve years old when the Apaches stole me from the Maricopas, among whom I was brought up, and I was a year older when I was captured from them by some traders. How I was adopted by a miner, who became wealthy, and educated me as his own son, would take too long to tell; but I well remember that my grandfather was a sort of a priest among the tribe, and that he was as unlike the other Indians as I am. Thereby hangs a tale that I will tell you, if we are to go to Arizona together."

"Go? Why, after what you have already told me, I am wild to go. I shall be in a fever until we are fairly on our way. My outfit, as you know, is all ready, and yours cannot take long to gather. All we need, then, is the right men, and then we can run down the coast to Los Angeles."

"We only want half a dozen men—true grit and veteran miners; and I know how to pick them out better than you do. I want some genuine old 'brethren of the mountains,' whom I can trust."

Leon's black eyes were lightening now with a fire which gave almost a sinister cast to his fine countenance; and after a little more conversation, the two friends parted, to press their preparations for their trip.

CHAPTER II.—FAIRLY STARTED ON A MINE-HUNT.

A FEW weeks before this, as Joe Waring was going home to his hotel at a somewhat late hour, long after midnight, he had been attracted by a row of some kind, in a side street, branching off from the main thoroughfare, in which he was walking; and as he saw one man defending himself against three, his natural chivalry prompted him to interfere. His powerful arm was a most timely and acceptable succor, and the result was an intimacy of rapid growth between him and Ferdinand Leon. Both of them were "foot loose," with plenty of money, and, with all the

frankness of youth, they speedily became almost inseparable.

This much is by way of explanation, and we have nothing to do with the dry details of the journey, which carried them by way of Los Angeles, on the coast, and through the passes of the "coast range;" but we will join company with them again on the lower waters of what is now known as "Bill Williams's Fork," on the east side of the Colorado, and with the perilous and unknown wilds of Arizona spreading out before them.

So far as men, animals and equipment went, their "outfit" was unexceptionable, and the half-dozen sturdy "mountain men" who rode behind them would have delighted the very heart of Fremont or Kit Carson.

These latter knew very little, and cared less, as to the precise map of the journey for which they were engaged. They only knew that they were "found" with all necessities, well mounted, well paid, and were to have a share in the result. As to the danger and difficulty of the trip, that was fairly "nuts and honey" to men of their stamp, Comanches and Apaches being expected as a matter of course.

As they rode along, Leon entertained his friend with numberless wild legends of the region around them; of its history during the Spanish occupation; of the wonderful reports of the early Jesuit missionaries; and, more than all, of the times of the ancient Aztec glory, when it was a garden of productiveness, thickly strewn with cities, whose ruins even yet remained to witness for the power and civilization of the vanished race.

In those days, so ran the legends, the numberless mines of silver and gold, with which all that country abounds, had been by no means neglected, but had been kept from the vulgar as a sort of sacred thing, specially appertaining to the priestly caste; and as, by one misfortune after another, the Aztec race was compelled to loosen its hold upon its ancient empire, they had concealed, with superstitious devotion, and the cunning of priestly craft, all traces of the sources of the wealth which had been the foundation of their power.

"It is my belief," said Leon, "that my grandfather was one of the last relics of that ancient caste, and the depository of their secrets, into which, for their preservation, he was trying to initiate me at the time of my capture by the Apaches; and I think I remember quite enough of certain wild midnight excursions in his company, to be of special service to us on this trip of ours. The only thing that bothers me is, that our men will learn as much as we do; and yet we cannot do without them."

"Swear them," said Waring. "I believe any one of them will keep a miner's oath."

"No doubt. That is my notion; but it may not be necessary. Time enough for all that hereafter."

"About how far have we to travel?"

"Three or four days' journey ought to bring us to a good spot for exploration, even if we take it easy."

"Any Indians?"

"Swarms of them; and I am half surprised that we have not yet met any."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before a half-suppressed shout from one of the men, who had ridden somewhat in advance, interrupted their conference. They were just mounting a slight acclivity, and a few bounds forward brought them to its crest.

The meaning of the shout was at once apparent. They themselves were partially hidden by the tall stems and branches of the cactus

plants around them, and but for the shout they might have concealed themselves, had they chosen. The shout, however, low as it was, had attracted the attention of a party of about a score of Indians, who were lazily pledging along in the hollow beyond, and who were clearly bent on learning its meaning. Evidently it puzzled them, for they were out of the range of hostile war-parties; and yet it was not an Apache signal, for Apaches they were at once pronounced by all the mountain men.

"Shall we hide, or fight?" said Waring.

"Neither," said Leon. "We can't hide, for they know that somebody is here; and, to tell the truth, as they are a small party, I don't mind having a chat with them, if only to learn what bands are on the warpath. They are not strong enough to pitch into us off-hand; they will talk with us first."

The Indians were still sitting in seeming irresolution, their mustangs huddled closely together, as they consulted in rapid gutturals, and Leon rode boldly forward toward them. About halfway, he reined in his horse, extending his right hand with the palm up, and the well-known invitation to a parley was promptly accepted by an Apache warrior, who came galloping up to meet him.

Joe Waring could understand by his friend's gestures that he told the chief who were waiting among the cactuses, but he could make out little else, except that the conference was conducted in Mexican Spanish, which most of the tribes of the plains speak, more or less fluently.

In a few minutes the two "ambassadors" seemed to have arranged some sort of a treaty of peace, and, in obedience to their loud summons, both red men and white men rode forward to join them.

The former were, as the mountain men supposed, a band of Apaches, but were not at that time attached to any one of the main divisions of their tribe. They were on an independent hunt for game, scalps, or miscellaneous plunder, and a few horns of fire-water obtained from them a noisy invitation to accompany them to their camp, which, they said, was at no great distance.

There were reasons both for and against an acceptance; but Leon, who was practically "captain" of that expedition, decided to go, and an hour later found our adventurers among the scattered lodges of an Apache camp.

CHAPTER III.—AN APPARITION AND A PURCHASE.

The Plains Indians generally were at that time in the midst of one of their occasional spasms of good behavior, facetiously termed *peacocks*, with the white men; and a few presents of trinkets and fire-water seemed to have put that band in a very conciliatory frame of mind, for they speedily began preparations for some kind of a feast of welcome, making all sorts of protestations of their good-will and their joy at so opportunely meeting their "pale-face brothers."

Ordering their men to keep well together, and have a sharp eye on their horses and mules, and accompanied by the chief first spoken of, whose name the latter translated as "Ragged Hill," Waring and Leon started on a stroll through the little camp, for it was, as yet, hardly midday. All was as familiar to Leon as it was novel and interesting to his friend. One lodge was very much like another, however, for squaws, papooses, dirt and tethered mustangs.

"I can't make them out," said Leon, in English; "they are not exactly a war-party, and yet I can see that they have been on a trail. Most likely down below the Haayampa, among the

Mojave and Maricopa villages. They strike them, whenever they get a chance."

"Not enough of them to have done much harm," said Waring; "but what sort of a lodge is that?"

As he spoke, he pointed to a conical lodge, covered with beautifully-tanned antelope-skins, and much smaller than the rest, which stood somewhat apart, apparently guarded by several lounging old harridans of squaws.

"Big medicine, I reckon!" said Leon; and, without any outward semblance of haste or curiosity, he bent his steps in that direction.

Ragged Hill seemed a trifle uneasy, but made no direct opposition; and the white men paused a few paces distant from the door of the lodge, as if interested in the odd devices on the antelope-skins. The chief had just begun to mumble something in his guttural vernacular, when, suddenly, the robe which fell before the entrance was thrust aside, and a lithe and graceful figure, in a picturesque Indian dress, sprang out, and stood for a moment like a statue in front of the lodge, casting rapid glances in every direction, as if seeking some explanation of the varied sounds which had greeted the arrival of our heroes.

Closely following her, however, was a wrinkled old squaw, whose cracked voice rose to an elfish screech, as, with tongue and gesture, she seemed to demand an instant return to the lodge, whether it might be shelter or prison.

The graceful apparition, however, motioned her aside with a gesture of haughty disdain, for her eyes had fastened upon Leon and Waring, who had stepped forward as if with one motion. The chief himself had begun to address some orders to the other squaws, but it was too late, for Leon had already poken in Spanish to the stranger, and the male and female redskins suspended operations for a moment, as if the occurrence was to them an unforeseen puzzle.

For a moment the lady of the lodge returned no answer. Waring had rapidly scanned her from head to foot, and could hardly conceal his astonishment. Indian—at least, Apache—she certainly was not; for, though her hair was of raven blackness, it was silky, and fell in undulating masses to her waist, and her complexion was a clear brunette, through which the roses in her cheeks blushed with a beauty unknown to the coarse-grained squaws of the Western plains. And yet he could hardly say that she had the look of a Mexican; far less, of an American woman. He turned an inquiring glance to his friend; but Leon's face was as pale as ashes, and there was a look of intense interest in his glowing black eyes, far different from their ordinary dreamy expression.

When Leon spoke again, it was in a tongue Ragged Hill may have imagined to be English, but which neither he nor Waring understood, and, to the further astonishment of the latter, after gazing for a moment in Leon's face, with a look like a startled fawn, the stranger turned, and disappeared as precipitately as she had come, under the drooping curtain of skins.

"Silence!" muttered Leon, in English. "Give no token of curiosity, but move on with me and the chief."

Waring obeyed, though his curiosity was intensely excited. He had a good deal of confidence in his friend, however, and clearly saw the expediency of leaving to him the management of any affairs to which their Apache acquaintances might be parties. He even forced himself to simulate a degree of interest in various lodges, ponies, and implements of Indian warfare, hunting and housekeeping, which left his friend a good deal alone in his further conference with Ragged Hill.

All the conversation between these two was carried on in Spanish, even after they were joined by other of the Apache warriors, though the latter conversed freely among themselves in their own tongue, seeming to have no fear whatever that it could be understood by any pale-face listeners. At last, however, as the time for the feast drew near, Leon excused himself ceremoniously, on the plea of necessary preparation; and he and his friend were once more by themselves, for they drew aside even from their own men.

"Well, Leon," said Waring, "now we have got rid of old What's-his-name and the rest, tell me what is up."

"There's a good deal up," said Leon, "and we are fairly in for it."

"In for what?"

"For the wildest kind of an adventure. Whom do you think we have found in the fair lady of the medicine lodge?"

"Couldn't guess, for my life."

"Nor I, either, at first; but it flashed on me in a moment, when I came to look at her dress. They stole her on this trip, just as they stole me; and now they hardly know what to do with her."

"Why, what is she?"

"One of the old race, just as I am. Some sort of a cousin of mine, I suppose, only I told her not to let them know it; for I have not forgotten my mother-tongue yet, nor Apache, either."

"Can you speak Apache?"

"Not very well, perhaps; but I can understand it when others speak it."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Do? Why, I have done it already! I have bought Ladoga, for that is her name, for you, and a pretty price, in horses and things, I have agreed to pay."

"Why for me? I'll back the price, though, and never mind the figure."

"It seemed better, somehow, and I made a greater bargain than I could for myself, you seemed so tremendously indifferent about the matter."

"It's queer enough, on my word; but it's all right, now you've bought her!"

"No, it ain't."

"Why not? Isn't it a bargain?"

"An Indian bargain—with the worst thieves and liars above-ground! They don't intend we shall carry off our purchase, you bet!"

"How do you know, and how are they going to help it?"

"Know—help it!" said Leon. "Why, I heard them talk it over in their own lingo, which they thought we did not understand. They mean us to keep our confidence in their good faith, so as to be off our guard; and they are to be reinforced by to-morrow night, so that they can sweep Ladoga and her lodge away from us, as they did from her unsuspecting friends, the Maricopas. We will block that game, though, or I am mistaken. Did you notice what a beauty she was?"

"I could paint her picture," said Waring, "and I'm in for a rescue at any expense. I don't need a mine particularly, and such an affair would quite fulfill all my intentions in coming to Arizona. When is our purchase to be delivered?"

"After the big eat this afternoon, and then we must make the tallest kind of tracking right into the wilderness. I'm glad our horses and mules are in tiptop condition."

"Why not go straight back?"

"A delay of six hours at the Colorado Crossing, and we would have the whole tribe around us. So, now for the feast, and then for Ladoga and a night-ride."

The quick blood was warming to fever-heat in the veins of Joe Waring at the sudden conception of an adventure so full of all the romance of

flight and fight, danger and rescued beauty, and, but for a quiet caution from his friend, he would have burst out into a burrah.

"Hist!" said Leon. "Keep up your indifference. We are watched at every turn, and they must only suppose that you are satisfied with the bargain I have made for you. I must go and caution the men about drinking, and tell them to keep well together. We mustn't leave our animals unguarded, either, for it would hardly pay to be left on foot out here."

So saying, the friends separated, and we will leave them for the present to their preparations for the coming "grand feed."

CHAPTER IV.—THE CHASM BRIDGED.

SO MANY pens have described the grotesque and often disgusting features of an Indian feast, with its coarse and swinish gluttony, that we need not linger there, though our heroes were compelled to do so for three long hours.

Meantime, almost unconscious of the yells of the dancers, or the other sounds of rough merriment which came from around the camp-fires, the captive Ladoga sat silently in the tent of antelope-skins, seemingly absorbed in contemplating the hurried changes in her fate. But three days since she had been an object of jealous care and superstitious veneration to the small but important tribe who had been her protectors. Then she had suddenly found herself a prisoner to the worst savages on the plains—spirited away in the night, lodge and all; and now she knew that she had been ransomed, or, rather, purchased, by a pair of utter strangers. She could have wept, but that, to her simple and untutored mind, there was in it all such a world of food for curiosity and excitement. At least she was able to maintain a degree of haughty and unswerving reserve before the wrinkled squaws who had announced to her the fulfillment of the promise which Leon had made during his brief address of that morning, and who now deemed it their privilege to intrude upon her privacy, from time to time, with rude and garrulous prophecies of her probable destiny in the hands of her new owners.

"Her owners?" Masters of her fate they certainly were; but such men! Not at all like the vagabond Mexicans and traders who had been the only so-called "white men" upon whom she had ever set her eyes before. These two, in the glory of their young manhood, seemed to belong to another order of beings—as, indeed, they did. And the one who had spoken to her, she thought, who could be but—for he seemed familiar with the sacred tongue, which no white man could ever have heard. Even the blue eyes and clustering, brown curls of Joe Waring only added to the air at once of mystery and distinction which seemed to invest the two handsome young strangers. At all events, it was decidedly pleasant to think of leaving the camp of the hideous and hated Apaches in such company, and she waited, with more than a little concealed impatience, the hour of her transfer. She had little enough of baggage to prepare, and her simple ideas found nothing to regret in such a circumstance. It is only a high state of "civilization" that calls for "Saratoga trunks."

At last the feast was over, and Leon took advantage of the full-fed good-nature of Ragged Hill and his followers to make a prompt tender of the blankets, trinkets, ammunition, fire-water, and four-footed "considerations" for the transfer of the captive. The Indians, to all appearances, seemed entirely satisfied with their bargain, and the medicine lodge was "struck" for removal without further comment from them. They exchanged a few keen glances among themselves,

when Leon ordered his men to prepare the train for removal, but accepted his explanation that he had chosen a good camp of his own at a short distance, as they had no doubt of their ability to watch his every movement. Ladoga herself, with her small quantum of baggage, was mounted on one of the handsomest of the spare mules, and Joe Waring devoted himself to her service for the present, as Leon, in his capacity of captain, was busy with other affairs.

He now had an excellent opportunity for a closer observation of his new purchase, and most satisfactory were the results of his inspection; for Ladoga was singularly beautiful, with a grace and dignity of manner rare, if not unknown, among the downtrodden females of the ordinary run of "aborigines." She seemed more than a little reserved, though she evidently understood his Spanish very well, and answered his questions and remarks for the most part in monosyllables. He made up his mind that she was under eighteen years of age, though her form was full and rounded, and there was a degree of intelligence in her large, dark eyes, which betokened a mind of more than usual activity. He determined that, come what might, such a being as that should never be again surrendered to the tender mercies of the Apaches. The latter, when their white acquaintances bade farewell to their camp, seemed disposed to accompany them, and did so for some distance, performing uncouth feats of horsemanship, and rending the air with discordant yells as they rode round and round the little cavalcade.

All this, however, was in honor of their guests, and was not continued long, as their gorge of deer-meat, and their sundry potatoes, had hardly tended to prepare them for a long ride.

Leon did not doubt that his place of encampment would be noted, but had little fear of an immediate attack, and he now returned to the side of Ladoga, and, half to Joe Waring's disgust, monopolized her in a prolonged conversation as they rode along.

At first Waring could see clearly enough that his friend was refreshing his knowledge of the region through which they were passing, and with whose leading features the "Lady of the Lodge" was, no doubt, familiar. Many of Leon's queries, too, were made in Spanish, but before long the two relaxed altogether into that strange but not unmusical tongue which formed the bond of mutual confidence and understanding between the interesting relics of the ancient race.

Waring could hardly suppress a twinge of jealousy, and he certainly did wish that he understood Aztec, for the faces of the mysterious pair underwent countless and rapid changes of expression during their discourse. At last he interrupted them.

"Do you know where you are going, Leon?"

"Pretty nearly, thanks to my own good memory and Ladoga's assistance. I am going to show these Apaches something new in the line of getting off safe. When they saw me take this direction, they thought we were running our noses straight into the worst kind of a trap."

"How is that?"

"Why, a couple of miles further on is the deepest kind of a chasm, such as are common in this region, utterly impassable for over thirty miles up and down. It is in the form of a half-moon, and they reckon on its bothering us until the rest of their band comes up, and then they will have us at their mercy."

"But will they?"

"Not much, this time. I'll show you."

Waring was contented to wait for developments, and before sunset they halted near the brink of one of those strange freaks of nature so common there and in Mexico, but almost unknown else-

where. The ravine, or chasm, was wider above and below them, but at that point it was less than twenty feet from edge to edge of the sharply-defined rocks on either side, while the precipice, shelving or perpendicular, descended into a yawning gulf, full two hundred feet in depth.

"That's a sticker," said Waring; "how will we ever get our horses over?"

"It'll be a sticker to the Apaches, but hardly to us," said Leon.

"How so?" asked his friend.

"How so? With eight men, all handy at a job, plenty of tools in the outfit, and no end of the best timber, with horses to haul, I'd agree to bridge a wider chasm than that in an hour. There's no great hurry, either, for they'll let us alone to-night."

The thing certainly did put on a different look, and as for the mountain men, it was quite an old story to them. So, while part of them busied themselves about a camp and "corral," so stationed as to cover the proposed bridge from observation, the rest were leisurely preparing a set of timbers and cross-pieces. Two stout young pines, about eight inches in diameter, other sections of pine, about eight feet long, split in halves, and pinned to the long pieces, a "tackle and fall" rigged to a tree, with a couple of mules to pull, and the thing was done. An army could have crossed on that same bridge.

A keen look out for Indian scouts had been kept up while the work was going on, and the rock was carefully cleared of any traces which might have betrayed them afterward.

Shortly after dark, the animals were blindfolded, to prevent fright, and led over one by one; the camp-fires were replenished, that the Apaches might imagine them still there; and then the adventurers pried the further end of the bridge loose from the rock, and as it tumbled heavily into the abyss, Leon said:

"What do you think now about the Apaches following our trail?"

"Not to-night, they won't," said Waring; "and it will take them some time to catch up with us, if they go around. I reckon we are safe now."

"From that band, but we are likely to meet more of them. Every step is a new danger now," said Leon.

"Where are we going?" asked Waring.

"Only two days further now, and then our trip will be up, and we can go home, successful or not."

"It's a good success thus far, anyhow," said Waring, as he cast a side-glance at Ladoga.

That young lady had seemed to take a deep interest in the bridge, and openly expressed her satisfaction when she saw what a barrier the ingenuity of her white friends had placed between her and her probable pursuers, for she fully understood the reason of so much haste and precaution.

CHAPTER V.—THE MODE OF AZTEC MINING.

WELL pleased with their manoeuvres, the whole party pressed forward, the confident manner with which Leon led the way impressing not only Waring but the mountain men with a strong conviction that he knew very well what he was about, and where he was going. So he did, in a measure; but Ladoga rode close beside him, and the mysterious pair conversed constantly, in low tones, in that strange but musical tongue which few, if any besides themselves, could comprehend.

As for Waring, he was possessed with a deep and almost romantic feeling of interest in his fair "property," and would have been far better satisfied if his friend had not monopolized her so completely. He had his revenge, however, when,

as the gray in the east betokened the approach of morning, they went into camp in the shade of a grove of giant pines, for, from that time forward, Leon seemed possessed by a spirit of silence, though evidently under strong excitement, and Ladoga was turned over entirely to the attention of her blue-eyed guardian.

She seemed not in the least fatigued, and abruptly negatived every idea of sleeping. Nor was it difficult to imagine a part, at least, of her conversation with Leon, for she was full of noise and innocent questions about that unknown world of civilization from which Waring and his friend had come, and of which her own ideas were vague enough. Here Waring was in his element, and exhausted not only Spanish, but the language of signs as well, in endeavoring to give his beautiful friend all the information in his power, all the while filling his brain with strange imaginings—as strange, perhaps, as her own—of what a life might be in reserve for this beautiful relic of a lost race.

And she certainly *was* beautiful—that he could not only see but *feel*, and more than once he experienced a twinge of jealousy as he caught her dark eyes wandering to the now somewhat gloomy face of Leon.

After breakfast, and a few hours spent in resting and feeding the animals, they again pressed forward, with no special fear of pursuit, but with a sharp lookout in front and rear for wandering parties of enemies.

All that day, however, passed without interruption, except a trifle of temporary excitement in killing a couple of deer; and when they went into camp at night, Ladoga's own lodge of antelope-skins was pitched for her.

The next day's march was also pressed forward with all possible expedition, and while it carried them over a not very rough country, and through frequent belts of forest, they were never out of sight of rugged-looking mountains in the distance.

Leon's reticence seemed to increase rather than diminish, and when, as the sun was going down, he at last shouted for a halt, and rode forward, accompanied only by Waring and Ladoga, he seemed another man from the gay lounge on the balcony of the Occidental.

Waring rode with him in silence, but a few moments brought them to the brow of a wooded cliff, from whose edge the horses started back in fear and trembling.

Sheer down before them, full three hundred feet, yawned a chasm, at the bottom of which waved and brawled a torrent, whose noise barely reached them where they stood. They had dismounted, and Waring noted, as he peered over the perilous edge, that the chasm varied greatly in width, the side walls seeming almost to touch each other in places, and that to the northeasterly, or up the stream, the land rose in high hills, which must vastly increase its depth and grandeur.

"Where are we, and what is this?" asked Waring.

"We are not many miles from the cañon of the Dark Spirit," said Leon, in suppressed tones; "and we are at the end of our journey."

"How so?" asked Waring.

"Here is our mine," said Leon.

"I must say that I don't see any signs of a mine hereabouts."

"Why, any miner knows that his most important works are a deep shaft and a good drain, and that's half the expense of mining. Now, the old-time men were keener than we moderns, and in cañons like these they took what Nature had prepared for them. At the surface of that water they struck their veins, hundreds, if not thousands, of feet lower than they could in yonder

hills and mountains, while the river itself is the best drain in the world."

"I see," said Waring, "that's the plainest kind of common sense; but how did they ever get to their mine?"

"That I will show you in the morning, and we will talk it over at the camp to-night. I think I can show you something that you never saw before."

By this time the whole thing, so simple, so truly scientific, and yet so unexpected, began fully to dawn upon the mind of Waring, and he went back to the camp as excited and as silent as Leon himself, for he thought he saw before him a partial revolution in American mining enterprise, whatever might be the fate of their own adventure.

As for Ladoga, she seemed more than a little bewildered at first; but if Waring understood the meaning of her deep-drawn sigh, as she turned away from the brink of the chasm, she had resigned herself to the guidance of her fate and her new friends.

They kindled few fires that night, but the trio of "leaders" sat in council and converse long after the hardy mountain men had sunk into the deep and healthful slumber of the weary.

CHAPTER VI.—THE IDOL OF THE MINE.

WITH the earliest dawn of day the camp was astir, the men being full of curiosity over the novel exploration of which Leon had given them some hints during the previous evening. His first step was to order the construction of several strong rope-ladders, hide lariats forming the "ropes" and two or three light structures of wood, which were either ladders or bridges, as one might choose to call them.

The packages of tools and mining supplies were then opened and repacked in smaller parcels, and at last Leon announced that all was ready, and, leaving but one man as a guard at the camp, the remainder took up their designated burdens and started.

Ladoga herself led the way, following the course of the cañon until they came to the edge of a broad fissure which branched off from the main chasm. Without a moment's hesitation, Leon proceeded to fasten one end of a rope-ladder to the end of a young tree near the brink, and threw the other over. It hung close to the face of the cliff, the lower end resting on a projecting ledge about twenty feet below. It was now a game of "follow my leader," and in a few moments the whole party were huddled on the ledge. The only part of their lading which seemed likely to trouble them was the wooden frame before spoken of, for, when Leon turned around the sharp corner of the ledge, toward the main chasm, they saw before them a steep and ragged path, partly natural, and partly, to all appearances, cut out of the solid rock. Here and there was a semblance of rude stairs, but all were moss-grown and slippery, and it was evident that only the very strongest nerves and the coolest head had any special business to attempt a descent along that narrow and dangerous path incumbered with anything like a burden. All that party, however, were of the requisite steadiness, and they kept on their perilous way without hesitation.

The descent was, for the most part, gradual, though, here and there, a sharp turn in the rock necessitated the utmost caution, especially to the two men who were carrying the wooden frame. The chasm at last seemed to narrow rapidly, until, at a depth of somewhat more than a hundred and fifty feet from the upper surface, a projecting crag on the opposite side reduced the width to about twenty feet. Here Leon again paused, and

held a brief conference with Ladoga. Her gestures were a clear enough explanation, and in a few moments the wooden frame was firmly fixed against the rock, and was gently lowered until it rested on the opposite side. It seemed a fearful sort of bridge to cross on, but Ladoga tripped lightly over it, and fixed it more firmly in its resting-place. The rest followed, not without some stooping and crawling, and then they could see at once that the worst of this adventure was over. No time was lost, however, and a few minutes more found them all, breathless and panting, on a broad platform of rock near the edge of the water. The latter, which Leon explained to be a confluent of "Bill Williams's Fork," was narrow, indeed, but fearfully rapid, and evidently quite deep, hurling its mass of black and gleaming waters downward at a rate which plainly showed the impossibility of any access from below. Here and there, on the jagged rocks at the side, huge masses of driftwood indicated that at some seasons the torrent reached a much higher level.

Neither Leon nor Ladoga manifested any more hesitation here, however, than at any previous stage of their progress, but confidently thrust aside a mass of hanging vines and bushes that hung against the face of the rock, disclosing an opening about three feet wide and six in height, in which, with their wondering followers, they disappeared. At a few paces, however, Leon paused, opened his package, and produced a miner's reflecting-lamp, which, when lighted, threw a strong and steady glare before them. There was now nothing in the nature of the passage at all more singular than in thousands of others, cut in other rocks for similar purposes; but who would have thought the old Aztec priests so cunning in their mining!

The trend was slightly upward, and the rock was of a soft and shaly texture, dripping with moisture and covered with fungi. There could be no danger of foul air in such an "adit," and they moved forward without fear until the passage suddenly opened into a chamber of large size, from whose glittering sides the white quartz here and there reflected the radiance of the lamp. In one corner was a rude sort of table of stone, which might have served as an altar in days gone by, and which Waring would probably have passed without notice, but Leon sprang toward it with a loud exclamation. The direct blaze of the lamp—which was slung upon his breast—revealed a strange, misshapen mass of some dingy substance, standing on the table close against the wall of rock. It was about two feet high, and to a closer scrutiny it assumed a rude and distant resemblance to a man in a sitting posture. Waring in vain attempted to move it, a vague idea beginning to dawn upon him that it was the work of men's hands, and that it had a singular *metallic* feeling. Leon, without a word, rapidly passed a file over one corner of it for a moment, and then bade him look again.

There was no mistaking that deep and magical yellow—the little idol, if idol it was, was of *solid gold*. The mountain men burst out in a perfect yell of delight, for the whole mystery of the expedition was solved as by a flash of lightning. There was little need of any further exploration or explanation, but Leon called his friend's attention to the continuation of the passage through the rock, as well as to the peculiar character of the ore, with fragments of which the floor was thickly strewn. It was a species of semi-decomposed and very porous quartz, and, though no gold was apparent to the naked eye, Waring was astonished with the information that it exceeded in riches the wildest and most extravagant yarns of the miners.

"Something like it is sometimes found in thin

veins near the surface, but here the quantity is almost boundless, and it is the easiest rock for grinding and smelting in the world. We can gather driftwood enough in the cañon to reduce tons and tons of it, and every ton is a fortune. Judging from the dip of the rock, these veins here come out on the other side of the mountain, twenty miles away, and thousands of feet above this. We are at the bottom of the formation, or near it. So much for the wisdom of the old priests."

"Did they always climb down this way?" asked Waring.

"Oh, no; that passage leads to the daylight, but we could never have found the entrance. Besides, this is safer for us."

"How are we ever to move the idol?"

"Cut him up, run him into bars, and remove him piecemeal."

"But suppose the Apaches find our camp?"

"That is our danger, and we must make this trip a brief one. Let us go back, now. We have done enough for one morning."

The excitement sustained them in their climb to the surface, but the reaction came then, and they threw themselves on the grass in utter exhaustion. Nevertheless, Leon insisted on spending the remainder of the day in conveying the rest of their tools and material to the mouth of the mine, to be safe from Indian assaults.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ATTACK IN THE NIGHT.

As THEY lay around the camp-fire that night, after extracting a tremendous oath of secrecy and fidelity from the miners, Leon unfolded as much as was necessary, not only of the history of the mine, but of his own plans and intentions, but we have no room for them in this story. As for Waring, he was hourly becoming more and more infatuated with the melancholy beauty of Ladoga, and the wonder and mystery which surrounded her.

Fatigued with the severe and protracted exertions of the day, it was not long before one after another dropped off into heavy slumber, and at last even the veteran mountaineer who was on guard dozed stuporously at his post.

Well was it for Waring that his own tumultuous thoughts would not allow his fevered brain to sink into unconsciousness, and that, after vainly tossing to and fro for hours, he quietly slipped out of his heavy serape, and silently walked out for a breath of the cool night-air.

He paused a moment by the tent of Ladoga, and was dreamily indulging in thoughts of the fair occupant, when his attention was arrested by what seemed dim and misty figures stealing around the camp in the darkness, at no great distance.

At first, a half-superstitious feeling came over him, as if he was beset by the ghosts of the departed workers in the ancient mine. The next, with a quick sense of coming peril, he was about to sound the alarm, and rush to arouse his comrades, when the air was rent by hideous yells on every side, and a hundred dark figures came bounding forward, sounding the appalling war-whoop of the dreaded Apaches. His next impulse was for Ladoga, but, as he sprang to the door of her lodge, she came bounding forth, comprehending the situation at a glance.

Leon and his men were on their feet in an instant, and shouts and ringing rifle-shots answered the yells of the savages, for such veterans were hardly to be taken utterly by surprise. Still, they were fearfully outnumbered and over-matched, and Waring saw, even while he employed his own weapons with the deadly courage

of despair, that such a struggle could have but one termination.

Ladoga had not uttered a word; but a thrill of admiration went to Waring's heart when he found the brave girl standing undauntedly by his side, plying with rapid dexterity the light bow which she always carried.

"Could there be no escape? If not for the rest of them, for her?"

Just then he heard the voice of Leon ringing out clearly through the darkness and the tumult: "The mine! the mine! Take Ladoga to the mine!"

Ladoga heard it, too, and—for they were nearer



THE LOST MINE.—"THEY WERE WHIRLED AWAY WITH FRIGHTFUL VELOCITY, AND HAD ALL THEY COULD DO TO KEEP THEMSELVES IN THE CENTRE OF THE STREAM; AND TO BE UPSET WAS CERTAIN DEATH."



YOUNG ZULUS OF NATAL IN DANCING COSTUME.—SEE PAGE 378.

the chasm than the rest—they sprang forward into the bushes.

Their way was intercepted by no less than three of the yelling redskins. One of these fell at the first clang of Waring's revolver, a shot that came at random from behind them rid them of another, and the third grappled the young adventurer in a grip of death.

The white man was far the more powerful of the two; but no time was lost in wrestling, for Waring heard the twang of Ladoga's bow behind him, and, as the grasp of the savage suddenly relaxed, she bounded past him, while he slung his late enemy from him, transfixed with an arrow, and followed her.

They paused, as they reached the edge of the

cañon. The sound of firing was growing fainter though the war-whoops continued.

Ladoga held up her hand for silence, and listened breathlessly. One shot—two—three—at intervals of some seconds—then a silence, and then arose a prolonged yell, which could have but one signification—the Apaches were victorious!

Ladoga covered her face with her hands for a moment, and, with all his courage, Waring was fairly overwhelmed by the sudden and crushing nature of his calamity.

The war-whoops again arose, however, and were clearly approaching them. In a moment more the nearest bushes were thrust aside, and one of the miners quickly staggered forward.

"Help me—quick! Run—they are coming!"

"Where are the rest?" gasped Waring.

"Dead—all dead! Quick! here they come!"

As he spoke, he fell forward, for he was evidently badly wounded, and Waring well knew that he could never carry the weight of a man down the rocky path. Ladoga was already at the foot of the ladder, and, as Waring sprang after her, the Apaches came yelling and bounding through the bushes. It was no time for anything but self-preservation, and he cut the rope-ladder behind him as high as he could reach, before he followed his fair companion in misfortune. Thoughts came quickly at such times, and he had already abandoned all hope that any white men were left alive in the camp.

In that dim light the Indians peered over the edge of the cliff in vain, after the scalped corpse of the unfortunate miner had been cast into the abyss; but some of the more daring were already exploring the rope-ladder. Their hesitation saved the fugitives, who pressed with reckless haste their fearful way in the darkness down the narrow and slippery path. It was but a few minutes, yet it seemed an age before they reached the bridge. When they had crossed it, Ladoga was about to cast it loose, but Waring prevented her.

"How shall we get back again?"

"Apaches will follow. Ladoga will show the way."

It was the first time she had spoken, and Waring at once saw the wisdom of obeying her. The bridge fell without noise into the stream below, and the forlorn pair continued their flight.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BEAUTIFUL PILOT.

LADOGA led the way at once into the inner chamber, and a fire of sticks was speedily blazing on the altar, sufficient to light up the room with a smoky glare.

Waring stood, and gazed for a moment in the beautiful face which was turned toward his own, and then held out his hand.

"Ladoga, I will stand by you."

"Ah, senor, this is dreadful!"

"You must be our guide, however; and what shall we do now?"

"It is drawing toward morning. Come, follow me!"

So saying, Ladoga caught up a burning brand, and entered the narrow passage leading upward. It was quite steep, and led in an almost straight line, with here and there a chamber like the one they had left.

Not many minutes brought them into a sort of grotto, and here Ladoga signified that they must wait. While the time crept slowly by, Waring made the best of it in conversing with his companion as to their future course. She explained to him, that from where they were, they could take a survey of a part, at least, of the outside world; and at last faint gleams of light, for their torch had long since gone out, began to find their way in through what seemed to be chinks in the rock. As they grew brighter, Waring peered through one of them, and found that the pile of broken rocks before him filled up a sort of rude entrance, opening, so to speak, in a hillside, looking down upon a broad plain, bounded by low hills.

The sun was just rising, and he strained his vision eagerly in every direction. Ladoga was doing the same beside him, and in a moment she gave a low exclamation. The reason appeared at the same moment to her companion, in the rising smoke from numerous camp-fires at about half a mile distance.

"Apaches!" said Ladoga. "We cannot go this way."

"How, then?" asked Waring.

"Come—Ladoga will show!"

Carefully, through the dark passage, they found their way again to the brink of the water.

"There," said Ladoga, "we must float down!"

All was still a mystery to Waring; but his friend proceeded to open the packages, and selected a couple of large buffalo-robes. After cutting holes at short intervals in the edge of one of the robes, she passed a long hide lariat through them, and when this was drawn up a little, and fastened, the whole assumed the shape of a bowl, with the skin-side out. When this was thoroughly greased, it was evident that a water-tight boat had been constructed. Waring had heard of such things before, but hesitated about trusting such a cockleshell to such a torrent. Not so Ladoga, however, for, when a second boat had been prepared, she gravely fastened them together, selected two long poles from among the driftwood, and signified that all was ready.

"You can never manage them in that current," said Waring.

"Ladoga has done it before," said she. "You and I in one boat; load the other. Safe enough."

It was no time to think of loading themselves, even with gold. Only such necessities as arms and provisions were put in for cargo, and then the two fugitives entered their frail craft, and cut loose from the rock.

They were whirled away with frightful velocity, and had all they could do to keep themselves in the centre of the stream; and to be upset was certain death. They had no intention, however, of trying a land-passage before they reached the Colorado, and, long before they floated out of that river, Joe Waring had made up his mind to paddle for the remainder of his life in company with his beautiful pilot, whether or not he ever again came in search of the lost mine or the golden idol.

Young Zulus in War Costume.

THE ZULUS are lords of the right bank of the Zambesi River, levying tribute not only on the other native tribes, but also on the Portuguese. They come down regularly every year in all their war-paint and finery to receive their dues, and their dances are something which those can admire who have not to pay.

The Zulus, or Ponda Caffres, are the chief type of the Caffre tribes, having its headquarters north of Natal. They are not jet-black, rather inclining to red. In that warm climate dress is less important than ornament, and for this purpose feathers, beads, buttons, and strings are used, while paint is not despised. The tufted tail of an ox is also a favorite adornment; indeed, a person of consequence will sometimes wear several, for they show a man of wealth, as they can be obtained only by owning and killing the animal. Our illustration—from a recent photograph—gives an exact idea of young Zulus braves, and what our forefathers called bravery.

Duty to the Last.

Our frigate—the Columbus—lay in the harbor of Algiers, the broad, blue pennant at the main, with its white stars, showing that the ship contained the commodore (Bainbridge).

One day I went ashore with several of the midshipmen, on liberty—that is to say, we had the day all to ourselves, free of orders, to do what we pleased, provided we were not up to mischief.

The commodore chanced to be ashore at the same time. As we walked along one of the streets we saw him on the other side of the way; a tall,

handsome man, with clear, eagle eyes, and decided countenance.

Coming from an opposite direction, we beheld a youth of seventeen, one of the foremost hands, walking as if intoxicated. Usually, Henry West—such was the name of the boy—was a sober, well-behaved lad, who had never yet been punished for misbehavior.

We divined at once that, for the first time in his life, he had, by older shipmates, been persuaded to drink. He was a delicate youth, who had just recovered from a bad fever, which, for many weeks, had confined him to the "Sick Bay"—an apartment on the berth-deck for the accommodation of the sick. This lad was the son of Tom West—an old boatswain's mate, whom the commodore valued more than any other petty officer in the ship, as he had been with him on several voyages, and had had the honor of piping a whistle aboard the old Constitution, which Bainbridge commanded, during the action with the Java.

Old West almost idolized his son. He had never spoken a cross word to him in his life.

In his turn, the boy would obey his father's slightest wish—never do anything to provoke him.

"Ay, ay, he'll be commodore yet," West would mutter to himself. "Blast his eyes if he won't!"

The commodore, being preoccupied with his own thoughts, on this day, ran slap against the youth, almost knocking him off his feet.

"You big lubber!" exclaimed the boy, pushing Bainbridge with both hands, "why didn't you get out of the way!"

Even as he spoke, the coxswain of our boat came rushing out of a public-house, hard by, and catching the lad by the collar, dragged him off.

"Aboard with him, at once!" said Bainbridge, and, coloring with displeasure, he walked on.

The result of this insult to the commodore was a court-martial, which sentenced the youth to one hundred lashes!

"It'll kill him—it'll kill him!" muttered old West, whose province it was to administer the cat-o'-nine tails.

The old fellow's heart was almost broken. Never before had Henry got intoxicated; he had been a model for all the other sailors until now.

Often, during the night-watches, I would see the old boatswain's mate walking the deck, with tears glistening in his eyes.

It would be his duty to punish the lad—ay, his was the hand which must shower those lashes upon the bare back of the poor boy.

Would he do so? Would not his heart fall him when he lifted those sharp, cutting thongs above the boy, who, little more than a skeleton since his convalescence from fever, was grown yet more thin during his confinement in the brig.

Sometimes I would glance at Bainbridge when he would come up on the spar-deck for his afternoon walk, and wonder if he ever thought of the lad in the brig. Occasionally, it seemed to me, his piercing glance in that direction always softened a little when it rested upon the old boatswain's mate, not far off. I believed he felt more sorrow for the father than for the son.

At length the day fixed for the lad's punishment arrived.

The boatswain sounded a long call on his whistle; then his voice was heard ringing through the ship:

"All hands on deck to witness punishment!"

The grating was already in its place, just forward of the gangway. Thither the master-at-arms led the youth, lashed his feet to the instrument, and his hands, wide apart, to the bulwarks.

The boatswain's mate—old West—came forward, as pale as death.

And, yet, not a tremor shook his frame. He walked up, drawing the "cat" out of its sheath, and straightening the strings.

There was his son, right before him—his poor wasted back showing the protruding bones, which were to shrink beneath the dreadful lashes.

I glanced alternately at old West and the commodore.

The poor boatswain's mate compressed his lips suddenly, and raised a hand to his eyes. When he took it away, I saw two great tears in his sea-blue orbs. I saw his broad breast heave, as if he were striving to keep back the choking sobs that were ready to break forth.

As to the commodore, he showed no emotion that I could perceive. His countenance had the usual look of stern repose; his clear, piercing eyes gleamed unflinchingly.

A moment there was a dead silence; then the voice of the captain was heard:

"Go on, boatswain's mate!"

Up went the dreadful instrument—the cat with its nine strings.

Now, the boatswain's mate staggered as if about to fall, nearly overpowered by his fearful emotion—by the thought of thus punishing the delicate boy to whom he had never spoken a harsh word.

But he must not shrink. Up went the cat, higher and higher. The instrument was about to descend—the boatswain's mate would do his duty.

Hardened old fellows who had often been flogged were seen to shudder—many an eye was moist.

"God forgive me!" muttered West, between his white lips.

There was a rushing sound as the cat whizzed through the air; but it did not touch the poor lad.

Commodore Bainbridge caught the arm of the boatswain's mate in a firm grasp.

"That will do," he said, with a half-smile. "You are a trump, old fellow. I did this only to try you, my man; to see if you would do your duty to the last—flog your own son! I forgive the boy," he added, to the captain. "Send him forward, sir."

He was obeyed.

Not even the strict discipline of a frigate could keep down the men's enthusiasm. Their cheers rolled all over the harbor, and up to the very skies.

"God bless you, sir," began old West, who seemed ready to fall at the commodore's feet. Then, remembering his duty, he saluted, and walked to his place.

Again I glanced at the commodore, and thought I saw in his eyes the half-subdued expression of a joy greater even than that he felt when, with the old Constitution, he won his victory over the Java.

Janetta's Lovers.

CHAPTER I.

MISS JANETTA ARMYTAGE and her cousin Florence occupied the morning-room alone. The former, a magnificent blonde, reclining in a sleepy easy-chair, in superb and lovely idleness; the latter, very piquant, tiny, and gipsy-faced, busied her little brown fingers with some sort of needle-work, and chattered like a magpie whenever the intricate business of counting stitches could be safely suspended.

Miss Janetta was not in the habit of employing her soft hands in more unpleasant work than weaving nets to ensnare men's souls; and as idleness best contributes to the requisite conditions for following that employment with success, idle

Miss Janetta generally was. She did not talk a great deal, either. Her style was that described by somebody, somewhere, as "Silent and sure as the stars within the sky;" and, as there are many more women in the world who talk, and talk well, than there are those who understand the beauty of quietude, Miss Janetta added to her sleepy charms the fascination of singularity. She was a very accomplished coquette, with a well-established reputation therefor, and greatly deplored it—so she said.

Miss Florence, on her part, was very vivacious, and by no means in the habit of permitting concealment of anything to prey long on her damask cheek.

Just now she was pursing up her small red lips in that distracting fashion, which is known to be of great assistance to young ladies when they wish to adjust a crochet-needle through a space several sizes too small for it. Not succeeding, she finally tossed the work upon the table, and looked at her cousin with envious discontent.

"Oh, Janetta!" she exclaimed, presently, in a voice of most dolorous pitch and intensity. "If I were *only* like you! You look like a water-lily, lying asleep on a green leaf in the sunshine; as idle and contented as if there was nothing beneath the sky to be worried about, nor any crocheting to tease one to death. It's the same with everything. Nothing troubles you—nothing excites you. The truth is, you have neither heart nor feeling, and care for nobody, and nothing! It's provoking to see, but it must be charming to feel!"

Finishing, Miss Florence addressed herself again to her task. But she was presently distracted therefrom by an unusual sound. Miss Janetta had sighed. This sigh was not of that dreamy, half-unconscious expression of content sometimes heard from her lips; but it was positive, prolonged, and expressive of feelings less pleasant than powerful. Florence looked up in blank amazement.

"Why, what in the world is the matter with you, Janetta?" she cried; and held her needle suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth.

Miss Janetta's lily hand moved an inch or two forward, and shaded her eyes from inquiry. She sighed again—oh! ever so softly, and murmured in her lucent undertone, that it was "so very hard that she must be always misunderstood."

"Misunderstood!" cried Miss Florence, again. "Why, who is misunderstanding you? You *know* you have no feeling!" But after a moment she added, "Have you, now, dear?" in the tone of one who, though convinced, would not willingly be unjust.

Miss Janetta shook her head slowly, and raised to her eyes a handkerchief, very much belaced indeed, and shook her head again. Now, this conduct in her cousin was so extraordinary, that Miss Florence felt sure that it could only indicate some feeling, or herald some event, as yet unparalleled in her cousin's history. She laid her work down softly, as in the presence of grief, sacred and uncomprehended, and regarded her in sympathetic silence. Finally, she inquired, in the subdued tone fitted to so solemn a question: "Janetta! Are you at last in love?"

"Yes, Florence!" she cried. "You tell me I am heartless—incapable of love, and without feeling. The judgment is not less unjust than it is usual. I *can* love! Witness my grief that I do. And, alas! whom I should not."

Florence remained silent. The whole affair was so surprising, and her cousin's confidence so unexpected and overpowering, that she had no time to arrange her ideas, and feared to stumble blindly,

if she attempted to walk in the dark. But Miss Janetta appeared to need no leading question. After a slight further application of lace and cambric to her undimmed eyes, she proceeded:

"You may think it strange enough, Florence, that I have never confided in you before, or that I should do so now. But I was born to bury in my bosom the emotions whose very existence is scouted by those who surround me, but who are far, far from comprehending me. I *feel*, more than all, that shallower natures bear them for ever upon their lips. But it was not until a storm—yes, a very *tempest* of emotion—had loosened the bonds that nature imposed upon me, that it became possible for me to seek a sympathizing bosom in which to intrust some small portion of the hopeless anguish that consumes my own."

These terrible words fell from Miss Janetta's lips as softly as distant music upon the water; and had she not asserted her feelings in language too vivid to admit a doubt, it is certain that the round, soft outlines of her figure and her peach-bloom cheeks would have been the last things in the world to excite suspicion of such a harrowing state of mind.

Miss Florence was deeply moved. Her sympathetic imagination had already conjured up a tale of woe, and made her cousin the heroine of it. But she was rather at a loss for details. Cruel parent or guardian there was none, to play the rôle of tyrant to her cousin's crushed and lovely heroine, for it was well understood that Miss Janetta ruled with a very potent rod in her own household. And as for heroes, there were so many of them, and all, apparently, as equally indifferent to the fair sufferer, that it was impossible to make a selection. Therefore, she waited as before—thrilling with sympathy, but, through ignorance, quite unable to console. However, she at last ventured to inquire timidly what was his name.

This question seemed to stir the inmost depths of Miss Janetta's stricken heart.

"Do you remember Gervais Custiss?"

"Yes!" said Florence, opening her brown eyes to their extremest width.

"You know my heart, then?" replied Miss Janetta, with pathetic and striking brevity.

Florence considered.

"But, Janetta, what was the matter?" she questioned, timidly, after five minutes' doubtful thought. "Why can you not—I am sure he loves you to distraction! What can be the matter, Janetta?"

Oh, the heavenly pity, the soft-voiced regret of her tone! Here, indeed, was a case for commiseration, when she should discover the cause. Gervais Custiss was, of all men, the ideal hero for a melancholy romance of unhappy love and blighted hope. He was so tall and pale, so dark-eyed, and had such divinely curling hair. He wore such heroic neckties, and distracting imperial, that a thousand poetical possibilities clustered around him. His whole air and attire convinced you at once, in short, that, had occasion served, he would have leaped with Curtius into the grim-lipped chasm; never omitting the last wave of the purple scarf, as the dreadful gulf closed over him; or died, like Hafid, in fire, for love and liberty; or surpassed Regnaud and Saadi; or—have done anything else, in fact, which is quite out of the way of ordinary humanity. Imagine, then, Miss Florence's sentiments, as the picture rose before her of such a hero, and such a heroine, doomed to the miseries of separation! She, too, sighed in her turn, and profoundly. But her curiosity was sufficiently aroused to overcome further reserve, and she did not hesitate to inquire again the unexplained cause of her cousin's unhappiness.

"My father!" murmured Miss Janetta, pathetically, after a moment's consideration. "Gervais—ah, Florence, pity me!—Gervais is poor!" and, at this, Miss Janetta evidently found it impossible to restrain her emotions longer. She buried her face in her handkerchief, and silently shook her head.

"You don't really care, then, for that horrid old Jeremiah Wimbledon?"

"Florence!"

Volumes could not have said so much as that single word. And had the unfortunate Jeremiah only heard it, he would have felt at once that four millions of money, in United States bonds, was a mere bagatelle compared with the brilliant eyes of Gervais Custiss and the incomparable curls of that poetic youth.

"But, is uncle *really* so cruel?" cried Florence.

"Can it be possible, Janetta?"

Janetta rose, with a pallid smile.

"Remember, love, that he is—my father!"

The tone was pathetic—was hopeless. And so was Miss Janetta's expression, as she silently left the room.

CHAPTER II.

MISS FLORENCE was "an angel of a nature human." A guardian angel; a most determined spirit, ever ready to singe her own wings in the cause of another. She passed many little hours in considering what she could possibly do to assist her distracted cousin; and, lying awake that night, the brilliant idea suddenly flashed upon her, that she would go in person to her uncle, and represent the case in such a manner, that human flesh and blood could not resist her. It must be confessed, that when the sober daylight came next morning, the poor child was considerably dismayed at the thought of an interview with such an old tyrant as it suddenly appeared her Uncle Armytage was. But, considering that two fates might be influenced by her action, for time and eternity, she strengthened her heart for the task she had set herself, and took her courage in both hands. She sought her uncle in the library, immediately after dinner, and, in a rather tremulous voice, begged to know if she could have a few minutes' private conversation with him.

I must admit that Mr. Armytage did not look particularly ferocious. A little brown-faced man, with a somewhat comical blue eye, and the easiest smile in the world. A man who, amongst other old-fashioned oddities, adhered to the best-tempered habit in the world—that of taking snuff. He was sitting much at his ease just now, with some precious volume in his hand, as yellow as his face, his feet uplifted upon an ottoman, and an atmosphere of serene content about him that had as much to do with the soupy air of the room as even the mellow radiance that fell, tempered through unflowered ground-glass, from the gasolier above his head.

"Certainly, my dear," said he. "I'm particularly flattered to think you should leave all the handsome young fellows in the parlor for a quiet chat with such a snuffy old owl as I am. I am at your service as long as you like."

Ah, heaven, to think what a heart such a manner as this should cover!

Florence looked at him with flushed face and eager eyes. She clasped her hands tightly together, partly to restrain the impulsive words that thronged to her lips, partly to support her courage with action, and stood there gazing into his face with an appealing, pathetic earnestness that was vastly becoming to her features, but quite unaccountable to the deceitful old tyrant, who was regarding her with considerable surprise now

that she had come further forward into the light, and faced him, trembling a little, but full of courage.

"Why, Flory, my dear," cried the smooth-tongued monster, kindly, "what in the world is the matter with you? What can I do for you, my child?"

Of course Florence had prepared a logical and touching appeal, which would at once convince and soften him. Unfortunately, however, she forgot it. Instead, she cried out impulsively:

"Uncle, *can* it be possible that you are hard-hearted and mercenary? Is it true that you are willing to condemn Janetta to eternal misery for the paltry sum of four millions of dollars? Oh, uncle, consider before you seal her doom for ever! Remember that her tears and agony will haunt you as remorseless and terrible as the ghost of a man you have murdered. They will render your life a torment that death itself cannot end."

Mr. Armytage lifted his bushy eyebrows with comical consideration.

"Why, I had no idea I was such a terrible fellow—upon my soul I hadn't. But you must admit, Flory, that four millions is a pretty good price for Janetta, something that even the ghost of a man I had murdered wouldn't sneeze at," he said, with a very faint idea indeed of what he was talking about.

Miss Florence burst into tears, and her logic and fire disappeared with her self-command.

"Uncle!" she said, pitifully—"dear uncle, please don't talk so. Poor Janetta seems cold, but she is not. Her heart is almost breaking. She cares no more for United States bonds than I do, nor for that wretched, wretched old bear either. Don't—oh, don't imprison her soul and body for life! No dungeon *could* be so horrible as this. Janetta! poor, poor Janetta! And she thinks it right to bear it all in silence."

"Flory, my dear," said Mr. Armytage, soothingly, after a prolonged and somewhat alarmed stare at her, "come here, and sit on the sofa a while. I am going to send James after your kind friend Doctor Adams, to—play chess with me. No, no!" he continued, hastily, as Florence tried to speak, and using the manner appropriated to spoil children who cry for the moon—"no, no! he shall play with you. And aunt shall go and unlock poor Janetta. Yes, my dear, and throw the old key away, too, and kill that wretched bear."

The old tyrant looked at her above his spectacles, afraid to leave her alone, and very anxious indeed for medical aid. He knew that brain fever sometimes announced itself suddenly, and apprehended that this was the incipient stage of some such disease.

Florence rose indignantly from the seat upon which he had placed her. Her eyes sparkled with fire. She outstretched her dainty hand with the gesture of a Siddons.

"Uncle, I am not crazy," she said. "I came to plead for Janetta, and you are pleased to mock us both. It would have been kinder—to me at least—had you stated distinctly that you are determined she shall marry that Jeremiah Wimbledon for money, rather than Gervais Custiss for love. I have done all I could. I do not envy you your conscience."

She stood still there, her blue eyes flashing like steely points, and horror and scorn deforming her dear little face into that of a handsome fury.

Mr. Armytage took off his spectacles, and wiped them slowly, and then resealed himself. He had been beguiled of his alarm, and he was not pleased. In addition, none of us like to be called names without provocation, nor with it, indeed. But in the latter case our inherent sense of the eternal fitness of things confers some sort of philosophy,

and self-love sets us so to bolstering our cause that we have less time for anger.

"I don't interfere with Janetta's matrimonial arrangements," said Mr. Armytage, dryly. "She may marry the devil, so she doesn't trouble me to come to the wedding."

But he repented of his speech when he saw how Flory shrank from the name of the author of evil.

"Who does she want to marry, my dear?" he asked, presently, more pacifically.

"Then, you won't force her to accept Mr. Wimbledon?" cried Flory, with joyful eyes opening wide.

"Not I; unless she wants to, she need never speak to him again."

"And you don't object to Gervais Custiss?"

"Not a whit," said Mr. Armytage, taking snuff, and beginning to look longingly at his dear black-letter. "Mr. Custiss seems to me to be made of rather poor stuff to lean on through life, but if Janetta fancies him, well and good," and Mr. Armytage opened his dusty treasure with a little quaint sort of sigh.

Miss Florence had no words for her joyful astonishment. She expressed it, however. She pounced upon her uncle like a dove militant upon a meek hawk, and kissed him vehemently, and fled the room.

After she was gone, Mr. Armytage sat for at least three minutes in a brown study. He was of opinion privately that women were the embodiment of an inscrutable whim of nature. It was impossible to reason with them, or to predicate anything concerning them.

He had reached the conviction that it was his duty as a father to give his daughter as much money as she wanted, and then commit her unquestioningly into the hands of that Providence which must have seen some use for women, since it had been at the pains of creating them. He did not pretend, however, to fathom its mysteries. "Let heaven take care of its own," he murmured, presently, and, with another little sigh, returned to his book. And shortly he was happy.

So was Florence. She sought her cousin's chamber, and found her standing, white-robed and beautiful, before the mirror, arranging her hair for the evening, while the maid stood by with various accessories. Despite her presence, poor Flory could not contain her joyful emotion.

"Oh, darling Janetta!" she cried, half sobbing, as she threw her arms about her cousin's neck, "you may yet be happy. He has consented at last."

"Who has consented to what, dear?" asked Miss Janetta, ever so little pettishly, withdrawing from her cousin's embrace. "You will spoil my hair, darling, if you put your arms around me so."

"Uncle Armytage," cried Flory, a little subdued by her cousin's manner. "I could not see you suffer, Janetta. I went to him, and pleaded with him, and Gervais has now nothing to fear."

Poor little thing! she looked as pretty as a picture gazing there up into her cousin's face, her own thrilling with disinterested happiness and eager sympathy. The maid stood by, solemn and deaf, seeing nothing in heaven or earth but her mistress's braids. Miss Janetta jerked the last one impatiently.

"Ann, you will kill me! Pull off my head at once, if you please!" she cried. "Well, Florence, I'm sure you are very kind, and I'm very much obliged to you."

"Janetta! are you not happy now?" said Flory, astonished, and half crying.

"Oh, yes! certainly. But I hope you haven't told Gervais, too? I mean, of course, because I should prefer to tell him myself," she added, hastily.

"No," said Florence. "I haven't told Gervais."

When she went to bed that night she cried herself to sleep. She had thought Janetta was going to be so open-hearted and kind. Alas, these superior, self-contained people! It was only a passing impulse, then, that had moved her before. At least, however, she must be happy.

CHAPTER III.

Poor dear little Flory! All her distress returned next day before the pitiless revelations of her cousin. Not in words, indeed, but by means more potent. Miss Janetta's despairing tones, resigned movements of the head, and deadly insinuations, soon convinced Florence that Mr. Armytage's acquiescence was the mere selfish purchase of a peace—a *ruse* to rid himself of her entreaties and of the upbraiding of his own conscience. She was very dejected all that day, and, alas! there was nothing more that she could do. She knew poor Gervais was expected in the evening, and she felt all his agony added to that doubtless endured, but eminently well concealed, by Miss Janetta, who made classic allusions to gnawing foxes, and preserved an anguished calm.

When Gervais was announced, shortly after dinner, Florence would have left the room, but Miss Janetta interfered.

"No," she said, in a sweetly calm aside; "do not expose me to entreaties. I have not strength to resist, nor power to heed."

So Flory sat still, and welcomed Gervais, as if the occasion was a funeral, and she chief mourner.

Mr. Custiss was looking even unusually handsome. His curls appeared longer and blacker, his dark eyes more distractingly tender, and the pallor overpreading his chiseled countenance hinted of his despair, and suggested a possible suicide should it not be shortly removed.

Florence endeavored to "make talk." She did not succeed too well, however, for Janetta did not second her, and Mr. Custiss seemed unequal to anything more than monosyllables. Finally a silence fell.

It was broken by the sweet, sad tones of Mr. Gervais Custiss, who may have been waiting for this favorable opportunity to make his communication with effect.

"I little thought when I saw you last, Miss Janetta," he said, "that my next visit would be a farewell. There were hopes then alive that held me here. They are dead now, and buried. Happiness has left my soul for ever. But I cannot linger near its grave, and recall its old enchantments. I must fly. I leave America to-morrow."

"Can it be possible?" said Miss Janetta, with that calmness of tone and expression which showed how admirably she had trained herself when she could thus derry her heart. "I am sorry—truly sorry to hear it. Shall you be absent long?"

"For ever," said Mr. Custiss, with gloomy distinctness. "Unless," he added, a moment after, in a tender undertone—"unless the angel of my life will pity me, and bid me stay."

Janetta glanced at Florence.

"She knows all," she said; "but do not torture me with entreaties. My duty to my father is first. My heart may break, but that shall be powerful to the last!"

Gervais pressed his slender hand upon his brow. His eyes shone like stars, with the depth and passion of his feeling. He rose, and walked up and down the room with a picturesque, distracted air, that pierced poor Florence to the heart. Once more she would have left them alone, but Miss Janetta's eyes would not permit it; and, remembering how bitter the struggle

must be between love and duty, she remained silent and suffering. But at last Mr. Custiss succumbed to emotion, and gave vent to it in words.

"Miss Armytage!" he cried, pausing in front of the deep purple cushioned chair, upon the back of which, as she reclined, her long light hair floated languidly and bright as a golden glory—"Miss Armytage, do you think you do well to consider duty before the purest, the warmest, the most compelling of earthly emotions? Can you, indeed, relinquish nothing for me, when, for your sake, I would give up all that sanctifies life, and fling away life itself, as I would a worthless rag? I love you!" cried Mr. Custiss, passionately, forgetting, in the intensity of his anguish, that he had another listener than the object of his devotion; "and that means that I would offer up, for your sake, honor and faith, and name and fame—that I would lose my soul to please you, and sell heaven itself for one smile!"

Miss Janetta appeared overcome by these burning words. Incapable of reply, she covered her face with one hand, raising a priceless cobweb to her eyes with the other, and shook her head. Mr. Custiss sank upon the floor at her feet, despairing. With the tears streaming from her tender eyes, Florence came hastily forward.

"Mr. Custiss," she cried, "my cousin has confided all her trouble to me! I shall not annoy you long with my presence; but, before I go, I must offer you what comfort I can. Last night, I went to my uncle, and pleaded with him for you and Janetta," she continued, unheeding Miss Janetta's gesture of silence. "He seemed moved, sir, by what I said; and if you will go to him, and tell all, as you can so much better than I, he may, at last, consent."

Mr. Custiss clasped his hands together.

"I will go!" he cried; "and, if I succeed, my gratitude will be yours for ever!"

But his guard-an angel saved Mr. Custiss the trouble. At this auspicious moment, the door leading into the hall opened, and Mr. Armytage's queer little dried-up figure presented itself at the threshold, his kindly eyes peering with rather curious astonishment at the certainly unusual group gathered in the centre of the room. He would have drawn back; but before he could move, or any one could speak, Florence had flown to him, and grasped him by the arm. She was crying bitterly by this time, and she was passionately determined that her uncle should witness for a few short minutes, at least, the misery he had no scruple to inflict for ever upon the innocent victims of his avarice.

"See!" she cried—"see the anguish of your own daughter! And pity the man who goes from this misery to exile and death, unless you relent! Uncle, have mercy! She loves him, and he loves her. If that is enough for their happiness, cannot you be content with it? Oh, be merciful, as you one day shall need mercy for yourself!"

Mr. Armytage threw a keen glance upon the kneeling figure of his daughter's suitor. But just as he was about to speak, Miss Janetta rose from her chair.

She was very pale—with suffering, no doubt—and she looked as exaltedly sad as might some martyr-saint, who sees the burning pile prepared for his repose.

"Rise, Gervais!" she said, touching his shoulder with one hand, while she laid the other upon her father's arm. "My father's will is mine! I cannot allow him to permit that to my pain which he withheld from my love!"

Mr. Armytage took snuff. His blue-gray eyes twinkled strangely. When he spoke, I may safely venture the assertion that his oldest friend would not have recognized either manner or voice.

"You are a pair of fools," he said, abruptly

turning away, and walking up and down the room with long strides—"a pair of silly fools! You don't know what trouble is. Love! mere magpie chatter! What is *love*, compared with the realities of life? Mere magpie chatter, I say!" he reiterated, fiercely, turning upon his astounded listeners. "I have troubles worth talking about, and I don't care who knows them; they will be in the mouths of everybody before to-morrow, anyhow. Bankrupt! What do you think of *that*, Mr. Gervais Custiss? Bankrupt, sir! What do you think of *that*, sir, I say!" he repeated, pausing for an answer, and his eyes blazing so, it was a wonder his glasses did not melt with the fervent heat.

Mr. Gervais Custiss's lower jaw fell. So did the exalted expression of Miss Janetta's face.

"What do you think of that, sir?" repeated Mr. Armytage.

"It is dreadful, sir—dreadful, indeed!" answered Mr. Custiss, with the utmost truthfulness of eye and accent; and, rising from his knees with haste, not to say precipitation. "Is it for a large amount, sir?"

"Everything—everything, sir, swept away at one blow!" in a voice somewhat choked. "And you speak to me of *love*! But misery softens my heart for even such make-believe grief as yours. Take her, and be happy!"

And Mr. Armytage extended his short arms after the manner of the repentant theatrical parent, and left the room.

The three stood and looked at each other. Florence, with a radiant face, expecting to see them fall into each other's arms, content as heaven with love and bankruptcy. But, ah! she did not comprehend the nobility of these two devoted souls!

A dark flush gathered upon Mr. Custiss's pallid brow, and a moisture might have been observed upon it. He looked doubtfully at Miss Janetta, and said nothing. But Miss Janetta's self-possession and sublime sense of right did not desert her in this trying moment; she spoke at once, from the shadow of the useful cambric:

"Gervais, leave me—leave me for ever! Do not distract me with further pleading. If Duty spoke before, she binds me now with triple chains of steel! I cannot desert my father in his old age and poverty! You will not—cannot ask it!"

A light shone upon Mr. Custiss's classic features. It was—it *must* have been the exalted joy, the light that glorifies the sweet agony of self-sacrifice. He seized her hand ardently, and kissed it a dozen times.

"We must part," he said, tremulously, but distinctly—"we must part, to meet no more on earth! But the agony of separation will be mitigated by the thought that heaven is pleased with the offering! Farewell, bright vision—farewell for ever!"

Poor Florence's shocked exclamation was the last sound that he heard, as he crossed the threshold. And when his footsteps had ceased upon it, Miss Janetta removed her handkerchief from her eyes. They were neither swollen nor red, such, as I have before remarked, was the marvelous texture of her skin.

"Thank heaven, I am well out of it!" she said, sinking back, with superb languor, upon her purple velvet chair.

Florence stared at her, petrified.

"You see, my dear, it really never would have done; particularly if papa is bankrupt! Poor Gervais hasn't a cent, you know; and, pray, what would we have done? I hope he won't shoot himself, though, I'm sure!" she added, after a moment of reflective silence. "One would not like to have one's name connected with such an affair as that."

"Did you not really love him, then?" said Florence.

"Oh, yes, dear—certainly! I'm sure he's very nice, indeed!" said Miss Janetta. "And he amused me, too; you know I had nothing in the world to do. But I must say I'm glad it is over."

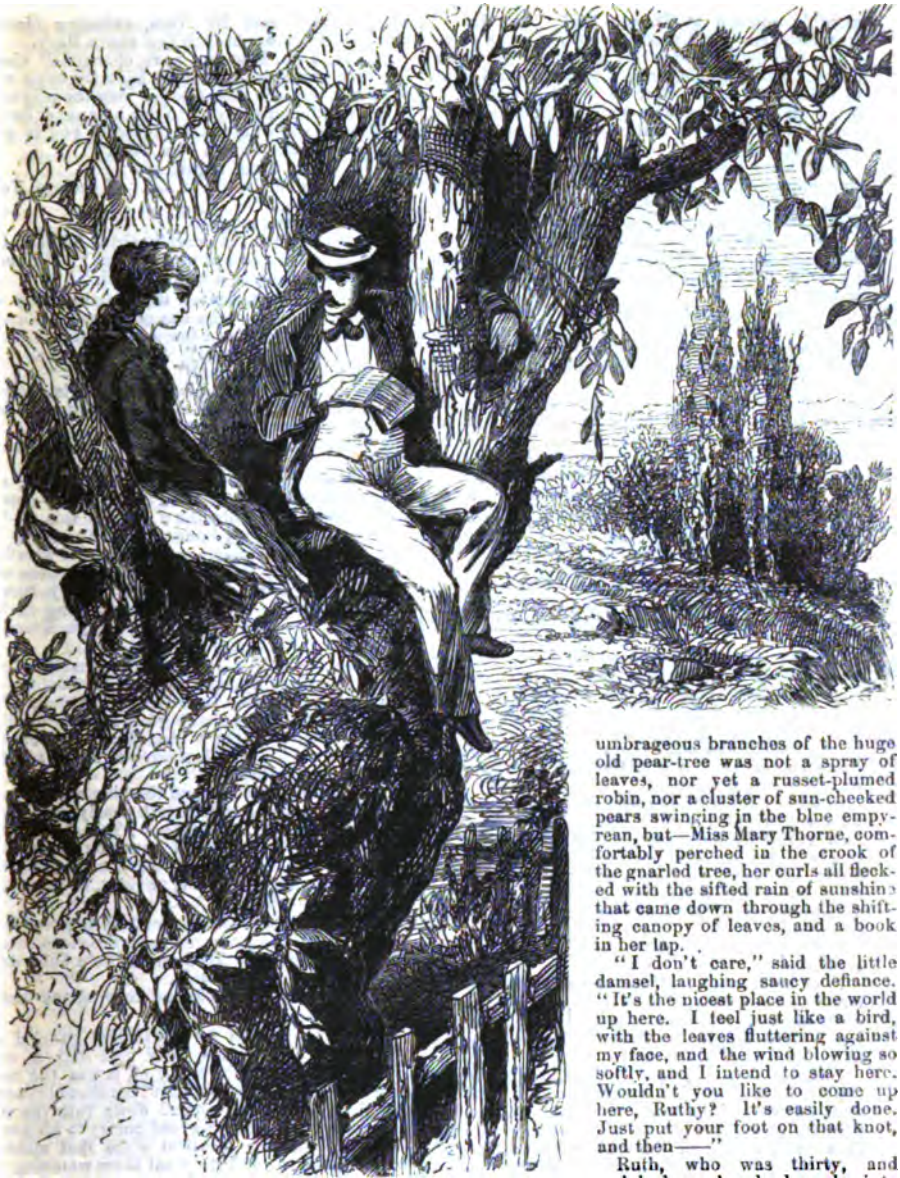
I am happy to say that Mr. Armytage discovered next day that he was mistaken as to his bankruptcy. It may please my lady readers to know, also, that when Miss Janetta became Mrs. Jeremiah Wimbleton, her satin robe had a train six yards in length, and that her veil was Brussels point. She looked very lovely and elegant. And everybody pitied her very much, for all the world

knew how cruelly she had been separated from that dear Mr. Custiss, who loved her passionately, and who was at the wedding, looking so handsome and wretched, that everybody predicted suicide, but were not at all astonished when he married Mr. Wimbleton's maiden sister Asenath, a few months after.

As for poor little Florence, she felt very wise and sad for at least six weeks after the wedding (at which she had looked bewitching as bridesmaid); but she was introduced to Algernon Fletcher about the end of that time, and his strenuous attempts to console, may, perhaps, be successful.



JANETTA'S LOVERS.—"MR. CUSTISS SANK UPON THE FLOOR AT HER FEET, DESPAIRING. AT THIS AUSPICIOUS MOMENT, THE DOOR LEADING INTO THE HALL OPENED, AND MR. ARMYTAGE'S QUEER LITTLE DRIED-UP FIGURE PRESENTED ITSELF AT THE THRESHOLD."



MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.—"WHAT A COSTLY PLACE FOR A CHEAT THAT GNARLED OLD TREE WAS!"

Mary Thorne's Cousin.

"MARY, I am astonished!"

Of course the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth and in fact she lived in a chronic state of amazement, for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clematis shadows of the little south porch, and discovered that yonder moving object half-way up among the

umbrageous branches of the huge old pear-tree was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-cheeked pears swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crook of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.

"I don't care," said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here. I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face, and the wind blowing so softly, and I intend to stay here. Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruthy? It's easily done. Just put your foot on that knot, and then——"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne, are you crazy!"

"Come down this instant!"

"I shan't!" said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.

"But we are all going——"

"Yes, I understand; you are all going in triumphal procession to the depot to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, sagest, and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a

month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. Oh, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide. I hate this paragon of prim precision. I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly, that he won't dream of it. No, I am *not* going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home."

And Mary settled herself so snugly, with one tiny, slippered foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled birds' eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp. I wish you weren't too big to shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed."

"It is a pity, isn't it?" said Mary, demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary. If Cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure to explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind."

"All right," said Mary, dauntless. "I always liked Tom. We used to have grand romps together when we were children."

She sat there in the old pear-tree prettier than any hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up rapt in girlish reverie into the blue sky, as it sparkled down through ever-moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song, that made the very robins themselves put their heads on one side to listen.

The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of the shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church-spire among the far-off woods had chimed out eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in those forked branches of the giant pear-tree.

Suddenly there floated up into her leafy sanctuary a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses, nor the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums—none of these blossoms dispelled that peculiar smell.

"My patience!" said little Mary; "it's a cigar."

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat, and a tall head covered with black wavy curls—stood on the porch-steps quietly smoking, and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden-slopes.

"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself. "Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors, he's mistaken. Tom!" she called out, in a silver accent of imperative summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded. "You dear, stupid Cousin Tom," she ejaculated, "don't stare off toward the cabbage-beds. Look straight up here. You may come up if you please; there's plenty of room for both. You are Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course I am, and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself. Up with you, Tom. Catch hold of this branch—there! Now, shake hands. You saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it, and besides, aren't

we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might better view the playmate of her childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice mustache you've got! I shouldn't have known you, Tom."

"No!" said Tom, roguishly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid!"

The gentleman laughed.

"I could return the compliment if I dared. But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as a haunted hall."

"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Professor La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that professor!"

"Hate him? what for?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure! He is a snuffed, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves, he wears spectacles."

"Nonsense, Mary; why, he is only twenty-six."

"I don't care; I know he is rheumatic, and wears spectacles, for all that. And, Tom—now, if you'll never, never breathe a word of this—"

"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.

"Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—and—" Mary turned away with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks. "It is too bad of you to laugh, Tom! I never, never will marry that man."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," consoled Tom.

"But, Cousin Mary, wait and see the man, before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No," said Mary, shaking her head, and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand."

"What a spiteful little pussy you are!" said her companion, laughing.

"No, Tom, I'm not," and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly, and I love almost everybody. I like you, Tom, but I hate Professor La Place. And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks, or rides, or *été-a-l'air* of any kind—will you?"

Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear-tree upon the steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it; any man of taste would.

"I promise," he said, and they shook hands on it.

What a cozy place for a chat that gnarled old tree was! And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into the network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin, in the deep, musical voice that maidens love to listen to; and Mary sat there watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad, white brow, and the long black lashes almost touched his olive cheek; and she thought how very, very handsome Cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the last ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him last, and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl; somehow, she hoped not.

"Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich, like that horrid Professor La Place, instead of a poor medical student, and—" And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet. "Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I will show you

the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with but-tercups when we were children."

What a tiny, insignificant little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin! And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents, for, somehow, Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wondrously shy. A rumble of wheels; it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered. "Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."

"To my life's end," was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning, much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.

But there was no one in the broughie save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep beside the two cousins.

"Where is the professor?"

"He was not at the depot," said Ruth; "and—"

But Mr. Thorne had sprung from the carriage, and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.

"La Place, is it possible! Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Station."

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Whar-ton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind now, so you are safely here!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Pro-fessor La Place."

Mary had dropped his arm, and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were Cousin Tom!"

"So I am Cousin Tom; that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't take snuff nor wear spectacles. I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am very glad he isn't here. Mary, be just, and don't hate Cousin Tom because his other name happens to be La Place."

He need not have been so apprehensive, for, in their twilight walk beside the sun-dial, that very evening, she confessed that she did not find Pro-fessor La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little Cousin Mary all the better for those pear-tree confidences.

But, no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have two Cousin Toms, and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience, by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship; and, spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs. Pro-fessor La Place. For, it's a solemn fact in this world, that whenever a girl says she *never, never* will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets; and Mary is no exception to the general rule.

The Jewels—A Rabbinical Tradition.

THE celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died, both of them of un-common beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white cover-ing over their bodies. In the evening, the Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly walked round the school, and I did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked:

"Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain pro-pose to thee one question."

"Ask it, then, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate, or be reluctant to restore to every one his own!"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting you therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said:

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was in-trusted to our keeping? See; the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be His name for thy sake, too, for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kind-ness.'"

Ruthless Tartarus.

THE remarkable hero of this story was a well-shaped, middle-sized man, extremely muscular, swarthy, and fierce-looking, though rather hand-some—a sort of Harry Lowrey, although no out-law; with thick, shining blue-black whiskers and mustaches, and a brightly beaming dark eye. When he smiled, the terrors vanished from his face; but in repose, it was too severe to invite familiarity.

One day he went into a strange town, and put up at the tavern of Amos Dove, giving his name as Ruthless Tartarus.

Amos, the landlord, was but five feet high; a pin-feather weight; a little, gray man; master of the house, but not of his wife, who was more than twice his avoirdupois; but in the magnanimity of her flesh, she was not tyrannical.

Tartarus staid three weeks at the tavern—four, five, six, seven; ran up a bill, and then an-nounced that he was unable to pay it. This was such a state of things that Amos Dove at once told his wife of it. Mrs. Dove sighed, for she liked the looks of Ruthless Tartarus, and he was a good-sized man. But she thought of the bill, and encouraged Amos to go and dun his guest once more.

Amos did so. Tartarus eyed him with a savage frown.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am!" he growled. "Of all the bloodiest murderers on the face of the earth, I am the most desperate! But I am alarmed—unless I'm aroused. I should have said that I *have* been the most reckless. I am not at present. I am as harmless as a rabbit.

Sit down, Dove, and let me tell you some of the incidents of my adventurous life."

The landlord glided into a chair, pale as a convalescent ghost. If he ever felt he was a light weight, it was then.

"I have been all over the world," continued Ruthless, "and have committed many a fiendish atrocity, by land and sea. Pirate, assassin, robber, incendiary, poisoner, are all mild names to call me by. Whether my father ever committed murder, I do not know; but I think it likely, for I feel that I am the most remorseless villain that ever went unhung!"

"I should think you would be afraid to confess it," said Dove, timidly.

"Ha, ha! What is fear? I don't know what fear is. Besides, I always took care that nothing could be proved against me. I have been tried for murder in seventeen foreign countries, but I always managed to get acquitted. More than forty of my murders were never heard of. But if the graves of the land and sea, in this country and abroad, could speak, they would all cry out against Ruthless Tartarus. I only wish I had some of the immense treasures which I plundered, or which now lie buried by me in different parts of the world."

"I wish you had," said Amos Dove.

"But one thing I can truly say," continued Tartarus, smiling sweetly; "among all the crimes I ever committed, injuring women was never one. I never harmed a woman."

"That was noble of you. I never harmed a woman, either," said Amos, proudly.

"Many a beautiful woman has fallen in love with me, married and single, although they knew what a bloody monster I had been. They all said they couldn't help it; and so, of course, they were not to blame. I never knew a woman to be to blame for anything. But though they loved me, I never harmed them. It was against my principles. But as for the men—oh, I tell you"—and he smacked his lips, and smiled—"many's the jolly time I've had slaughtering them."

"But you're reformed now, ain't you?" asked the little landlord, shuddering, and wishing him gone.

"I am that. I commenced reforming about six months ago. It was a woman who reformed me. I wish I had a good audience before me; I'd curdle their blood for them."

"You don't mean to say that you would be willing to tell right out before an audience, do you?"

"Of course, I do."

"Then, I'll tell you what I'll do—and you'll draw a crowd, and be able to pay me. I'll hire the town-hall for you."

"Not large enough. Can't you get a church?"

"I might," mused Amos, "if they only knew what a monster you are."

"Will you try?" thundered Ruthless Tartarus.

"I will," said the conciliatory Dove, dreading the wrath which any shortcoming on his part might arouse. "And you can take your own time about paying me, for the present; and if we can get your name up around here as the reformed murderer, you'll make a handsome living out of it."

"Dove, my boy, you're a tulip! I'll stick to you to the last, even if you should want a murder or two done—though I wouldn't do it for myself."

The rumors which were now spread by Mr. and Mrs. Dove about the character of the self-avowed monster drew crowds of the town's people to the tavern to get a peep. Both sexes, all ages and conditions in life, visited the house on one pretense or another, and greatly increased the patronage of the inn.

Mrs. Dove was at first rather shy of Tartarus,

but her interest increased. Her curiosity was excited. His good looks seemed the more remarkable from his bad deeds; and, after all, thought she, "he has been reformed, and he was reformed by a woman; so I don't see now why he isn't as good as anybody else." So gradually she became quite sociable with him.

Young men, taking the cue from the Doves, drank with him, and were proud of appearing intimate with him. Young women, under the countenance of Mrs. Dove, smiled upon the good-looking monster, chatted coquettishly with the blood-stained celebrity, and thought how handsome and romantic the reformed devil was; and the pious old folks, trusting in his change of heart, looked upon him as a brand plucked from the burning, and felt a kind of compassionate attachment for him. "It must be," thought they, "that he has been spared by heaven to work out great good for his fellow-creatures;" and being very proud of his piratical *protege*, Amos Dove urged his interests so ardently, that he did finally manage to get the big church for him to lecture in.

The town had long wanted a sensation, all wished to hear the extraordinary revelations, and some thought that Tartarus might be the means of getting up a revival in religion.

"And, then, he is such a handsome man!" said the young and middle-aged women.

"And such a jolly fellow!" said the young men.

"And the villain has reformed!" said others.

"And we'll get a good price for letting the church!" thought the pew-holders.

"Wouldn't miss hearing him for anything!" was the universal feeling, strengthened from day to day by the significant hints of Ruthless Tartarus himself, who, when the crimes of other notable monsters were mentioned to him, smiled with contempt at their deeds, as being almost virtues compared with his own exploits.

After long and feverish fermentation in that horror-seeking community, the evening came; the church was filled, at a good price for males, half-price for the fair sex, and nothing for old ladies of sixty and upward, of good moral and religious character.

The clothes of Ruthless Tartarus were rusty, and as the landlord's would not fit a man of his size, Mrs. Dove kindly lent him a black suit which had belonged to her dead brother. So Tartarus made a good appearance in the pulpit. He understood dramatic effect, and tied beneath a broad, turn-over collar, a massive, blood-red tippet. Before the pulpit he hung a black flag, of glazed cambric, adorned with a white cotton skull and crossbones, cut out and sewed on by Mrs. Dove herself!

Numerous were the spectacles, spy-glasses, microscopes and burning-glasses used on that great moral occasion. Hearts throbbed wildly, fans fluttered vigorously, and all perspired profusely—and Ruthless Tartarus got up, when, at the suggestion of a deacon, who was completely carried away by the excitement of the hour, and the popularity of the purified sinner, he was greeted with three cheers—a novel sound in a church.

"Sisters and brothers!" said Ruthless, in his deepest and most ruffianly tones, "or, if you will suffer me to call you by a still nearer and more familiar term, messmates!—for I hope to live and die with you—I do not attribute this hearty and affectionate reception so much to my own merits as to your kind feelings toward me, as being one who has made his mark in the world."

"Hurrah! Three more cheers!" cried Dove, in his pew; but he was immediately rebuked by his wife who said he must not interrupt, "as the sermon was begun."

"Your kind cheers recall the bloody hours when, at the head of my gallant band of pirates, I went into action against the helpless on the high seas. We always gave three cheers before we boarded and commenced cutting throats, stabbing, shooting, making prisoners, gagging, maiming, burning alive, throwing overboard, scuttling and sinking, setting on fire, hanging, committing robbery, rapine, and so forth. Many were the happy hours I spent in that kind of work. But, then, you see, I hadn't reformed into my present state of unhappy repentance!"

And he put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Poor fellow!" murmured many.

"Dear man! How he takes on!" said the elderly ladies; "but it will do him good."

"I have no desire to boast, my brother and sister messmates," continued Ruthless; "but when I commenced my career, feeling that I should be hung some time or other, I determined it was as good to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and that, as I must die, I'd leave a good name

behind me; and I am confident that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the piracies done in the last eighteen years were done by me, in different parts of the world. I do not here wish to enter into particulars. I haven't time, and it wouldn't be exactly safe, perhaps; but I will give you a slight outline, which I know will be highly satisfactory to you all. When I was in the slave trade, I transported no less than fourteen thousand niggers, from their peaceful homes in Africa, to Brazil, Cuba, and other foreign shores, besides sending three or four thousand to the bottom, for trying to get free on the passage; but I always spared the females, for I once had a mother."

This produced a great sensation among the feminine part of the admiring audience.

"I have set fire to seventeen vessels, of all classes; scuttled and sunk twenty-seven; blown up three; left seven without a boat, sail, oar, or helm, with all their crews tied, to starve to death, with plenty of food before their eyes, to aggravate their living moments."



"HANG UP HIS HARP! HE'LL WARE NO MORE."—SEE PAGE 391.

Groans and sighs greeted this declaration.

"Upon one occasion I caused a young lady of seventeen—to see several here who closely resemble her—to cut her father's throat, and push her brother overboard. I then crucified her baby, and as she observed that she was a young widow, I took her with me on a voyage around the world, to see some of the most beautiful scenery, perhaps, that I ever saw. It was her desire that I should marry her; but my conscience would not permit me to make her a pirate's wife."

"He was a considerate creature, sartin!" murmured one old lady, disposed to make the best of him.

"I have made myself equally terrible and renowned on land, in various parts of the world. A lady once refused me, and I burnt the house on her wedding-night, with all that were in it, after having called her out, to save her, and locked the doors. I once killed a harmless hermit, who was supposed to have immense hidden treasures, cutting him short, inch after inch, beginning at the toes; but the stubborn fellow would not tell. On another occasion, when I was in Persia, a farmer scowled at me, and I poisoned his whole flock of forty thousand sheep. This was charged to me, but they couldn't prove it; and in revenge I poisoned all the springs of two cities, twelve towns, and sixty-three villages, killing twenty-nine thousand people in all. They all thought it was the cholera—but I knew better. Another of my greatest exploits was poisoning a great general, on the eve of a battle, which would have given freedom to a whole nation; and by killing him, I made them slaves for ever."

"What an enormous creature!" was the universal whisper.

"But I have my chief consolation for these deeds in the assurance of the Bible—which I always studied when I had a fit of goodness, between murders—and which says that it is better for ninety-nine innocent ones to escape than for one guilty to be punished. More than this, messmates, it was a woman—blessings on the sex!—that reformed me; but, alas! she expired before I could marry her. The thought of her overcomes me so, that, with the permission of the ladies, all of whom are mothers, or have had a mother, I will not go on with my story to-night; but I have now the pleasure of announcing that I have made arrangements to open a barber's shop in this town, and there, for nothing, I shall at all times be ready and happy to relate to my customers any of the numerous atrocious incidents of my bloody life. I would also state that I shall soon send to the diamond-fields of Africa for a vast amount of gold and precious stones, which I buried there, and with which I intend to build a church here, and give it to this town."

"That, alone, proves he is reformed."

"Blessings on him!"

"No mistake!"

"Jinerous pirate!"

"Give him three more cheers!"

And Ruthless Tartarus was now honored with three more cheers, after which he came down triumphant from the pulpit, to receive the congratulations of an audience whom he had cheered and electrified by his atrocity, gallantry, generosity and reformation.

Before the assembly dispersed, more than twenty of the townsmen promised to be shaved by nobody but himself, and full as many females sighed to think that they had no beards. But when he assured them that he was also to be a ladies' hair-dresser, their delight was unbounded, and they went home to dote and dream upon him, and determined that they would know more of the atrocities of such a handsome and distinguished man.

The result of his notoriety, thus daringly advertised for, was a flourishing patronage for his barber's shop, which adjoined the tavern of Mr. Amos Dove. His fame grew with every story of horror that he told; and Mrs. Dove evinced such a preference for him that her husband wilted, in less than a year, becoming thinner and lighter, till he died; and, six months after the funeral, Ruthless Tartarus married the handsome property he left, with Mrs. Dove upon it. This marriage proved satisfactory to her, up to her last moments, seven years afterward, when he found her on her death-bed, dropping off with dropsy.

"There is one thing I wish to say to you, my dear wife," said Ruthless, "before you go. It may be some consolation to you, in your last moments, to know that the stories I have told about my committing so many crimes, and being such an eminent pirate, are all humbug."

"What!" shrieked the dying woman.

"I never committed a crime in my life!" declared he, expecting her to look thankful.

"Eh? Never committed murder?" she gasped, looking at him with disgust.

"Never!" he said, decisively.

"Oh! you horrid, deceitful wretch!" cried she, with a scornful kick of the bed-clothes. "Then, I'm glad to get rid of you. Oh! how shamefully I have been deceived! I always had the idea that you were a good, notorious man. Oh! my poor, dear first husband! Amos! Amos Dove! I am coming!"

And averting her dying gaze from the commonplace Ruthless Tartarus, who had never shed a drop of blood after all, she groaned at his and her insignificance, and departed.

Eppendorf and the Emperor.

GOTHELF EPPENDORF, a superannuated soldier who had fought bravely in many battles, was now, with the weight of years upon him, in sore distress. His wife had died, leaving him with six children to feed, and he worked hard, and often far into the night, upon the small patch of ground from which he derived his sustenance. His humble cot was not many miles from Vienna, and once he had the temerity to send a petition for aid to the Emperor Joseph; but he hardly dared to hope for favorable notice. Time passed on, and Gothelf, in his busy and trying state, had almost forgotten that he had ever dared to lift an appeal to the monarch.

One day a horseman, dressed in hunting garb, drew up before Eppendorf's cot; and having dismounted, and thrown his bridle-rein over a stake, he entered without ceremony. The old soldier bade him welcome, and offered him meat and drink.

"How is this?" said the stranger, looking around. "I heard that you had six children; but here I see eight. Have you been ashamed to confess the true number?"

"Nay, not so," replied Gothelf. "These six are my own, left me by my wife. This, the seventh, is the child of a poor widow, who died not long since in a wretched hovel by the Treut-schen. I could not see the poor thing cast out homeless, and I took it in. This, the eighth, is a child left to my care by a brother soldier who died here beneath my roof, where I had given him shelter and nursing. I sought the abodes of those more opulent than myself, and tried to find a home for the poor waif, but without avail; so I keep the little one to myself, providing for it as best I can."

"You must find it very hard," said the stranger, "thus to be forced to give a home to children not your own."

"Not for myself, good sir," replied the old soldier; "but I think of the needs of these poor orphans, which I, in my lowly state, may not properly supply. For them I sometimes regret; but not for myself. It is but a few more hours of work a day on my part, and the knowledge that I am doing good in my humble way is a sufficient recompense. And then the smiles and the gratitude of the little ones! Ah, sir, I have my reward!"

"God bless," said the stranger, "do you not know me?"

The old soldier looked up with a start, and the truth flashed upon him. It was the Emperor Joseph. He remembered the face now, despite the hunter's garb, though it had been years since he had seen it before; and he would have thrown himself upon his knees, but the monarch restrained him.

"Henceforth," said Joseph, "not only these two orphans, but the six children of your own, shall be my pensioners. To-morrow my treasurer shall settle upon each of these little ones a hundred florins a year, and upon yourself he shall settle two hundred florins. Continue to be the tutor of the children, and I will be their father."

The veteran and his little ones threw themselves down before the emperor, and bedewed his feet with their grateful tears; and the monarch himself wept freely.

"I thank God for the favor He hath this day vouchsafed," said Joseph. "He hath led me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity; and such men are jewels in my dominions!"

Hang Up his Harp! He'll Wake No More.

By ELIZA COOK.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep.
Hush, hush! He stirred not—was he dead?
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm; no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber, or in death?

"Reach down his harp!" she wildly cried;
"And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side,'
He'll kindle at the strain."

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall—
It never breathed in vain;
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See, see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er—
No opening eye, no breath!
Hang up his harp. He'll wake no more.
He sleeps the sleep of death!"

The Lion in the Desert.

A BEDOUIN chief, named Hassan Mourad, was on one occasion proceeding to rejoin his tribe, from an excursion to a distant place. He was accompanied by his wife and two children. He himself was mounted on a splendid Arab steed,

of great value, which an Egyptian traveler had given him in return for some signal service during a journey of great peril. His wife was mounted upon a camel. One child reposed in her arms; the elder one rode behind her, clinging to the huge saddle to whose bows hung the large cooking and drinking vessels that were the invariable companions of their migratory movements. The Bedouin divided his praises between the spirit of his horse, the docility and sagacity of his camel, and the beauty of his wife, who belonged to a tribe superior to his own.

The little family continued its way for some time without encountering any danger. They were fortunate in obtaining supplies of water; and unlike the generality of the Bedouins (who, strange to say, never profit by experience), they did not content themselves with a scanty supply of water at each oasis, but filled their skins and vessels to the very mouth. It was on the afternoon of the sixth day of their journey that they merged from a broad unvaried plain of burning sand, upon a hilly district—the mounds and acclivities being here and there covered with stunted shrubs and a few bushes of tamarick. Presently they descried a hillock which seemed to afford an inviting shade, and a convenient refuge for their evening's repast. The children were fatigued; and it was accordingly determined to rest there for an hour.

Toward the mound they accordingly advanced. But suddenly the gallant steed, of purest Godolphin breed, reared in afright, and neighed in a manner that instantly struck terror to the little family. Almost at the same moment the camel emitted a peculiar sound of distress and agony, and fell upon her knees. The mother and her two children were thrown off by this unexpected movement and abrupt stoppage. The Bedouin grasped his rifle—also a present from the traveler above alluded to—and at that instant a terrible roar thundered over the desert, raising the echoes of every hillock and mound within an extensive circuit. Only a few feet in advance of the little party—and in a species of cavern beneath the very hillock whose shade was to have protected them during their meal—an enormous lion was preparing to spring upon his prey.

A terrible scream came from the lips of the affrighted mother; and the children clung to her in breathless alarm. The Bedouin did not, however, lose his presence of mind. Scarcely had he unslung his rifle, when the tremendous animal bounded through the air, and fell upon the camel's back. In an instant—and before the report of the rifle was heard—the sand was dyed with blood—the teeth of the lion were buried in the poor animal's flesh—and a piteous wail, almost resembling that of a human being, came from the throat of the impotent and suffering creature. But the rifle *did* pour forth a cloud of flame and smoke: and almost simultaneously the desert echoed a second time to a roar like that of thunder. The huge lion fell from the neck of the camel, and rolled over on the sand.

To spring from his horse was with the Arab the work of a moment; his quick eye had perceived that the formidable monster was wounded in a vital part; and drawing his long poniard, he sprang on the prostrate monarch of those wilds. The blow was well aimed; had it missed, it might have gone hard with the Bedouin, for the lion was yet possessed of strength enough to inflict serious harm. But the poniard was struck deep between the ribs which covered a vital part; and, with a horrible growl, the monster rolled over and expired. The reader must depict to himself the joy of the affrighted family at this deliverance; but their satisfaction was marred by the loss of their dear camel, for the poor beast, in spite of

all the attention lavished upon it, bled to death—licking its master's hands as life ebbed slowly away! It is only necessary to add that the woman and her two children were now transferred to the horse, whom the Bedouin led over the desert for the remainder of the journey, the end of which was reached in safety at length.

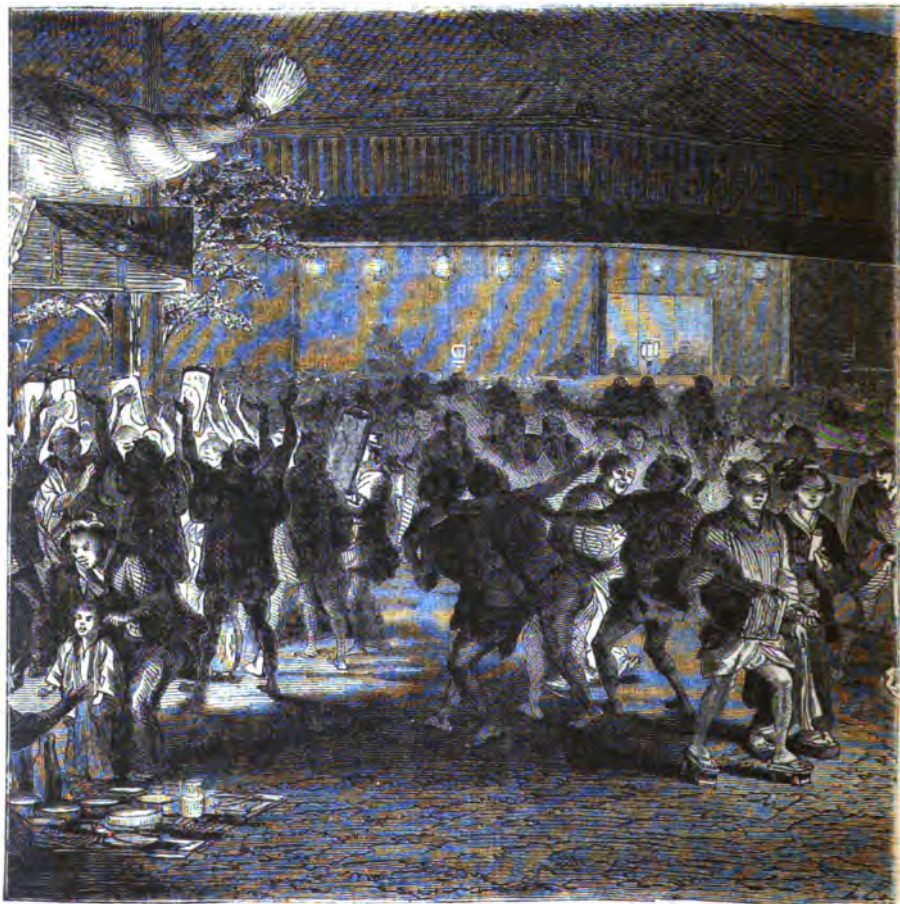
A Scene in Jeddo on the Eve of the Japanese New Year.

A sort of intoxicating atmosphere seemed to envelop all the bay portion of the city. The heavens and the sea reflected a ruddy glare. The tea-houses were lit up like immense transparencies. The very streets seemed long avenues of verdant foliage, garlands, and many-colored lanterns. Crowds everywhere—everywhere sounds of gladness; masks, actors, song, music, and that penetrating odor of aromatic woods with which all Japanese objects seem impregnated.

A narrow square, opening on the Tokaido, was the scene of a night-market. Most of the dealers were ranged against the walls of the houses, some in booths of boards and transparent paper, others squatted on mats, lighting up their goods by candles on long sticks. These fitful lights gave a pic-

turesque glow to the whole scene. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, there were crowds of women and children around the confectionery and toy-stands. Here and there a good woman went attended by a servant bearing a lantern. In all the booths of any pretension was a round table supporting a pyramid of rice-cakes, surmounted by a large lobster, towering amid branches of evergreens. At the end of the square was a large portico, adorned with a double row of round lanterns, with an image of a Kami in niches on either side of the door. At each wing of the edifice were two tall pines hung with lanterns. This door led into a vast court, surrounded by tea and saki shops; but public curiosity centred on a noisy gathering that pressed around the foot of a mysterious construction with a gigantic torch of straw at the top. The pillars of this structure were surrounded by bamboos running to a point like masts; from their tops garlands ran to the central torch, and below, all was covered with inscriptions, arms and decorations.

I asked the meaning of it, and of the cries, and was told that it was the rice-auction. They are closing the auction-sale of some Daimio's rice crop—sometimes one's, sometimes another's, sometimes the Tycoon's.



A SCENE IN JEDDO ON THE EVE OF THE JAPANESE NEW YEAR.



SENSEIBLE JIMMY.

IRATE MA.—“I am going to whip you, sir!”
 SENSEIBLE JIMMY.—“Will you wait till I undress?”
 IRATE MA.—“Yes!”
 SENSEIBLE JIMMY.—“Well, you needn't wait; I can sleep with my things on!”

WHEN is a butterfly like a kiss?—When it alights on tulips (two lips).

WHEN the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband, it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet.

A BUMP-FEELER at Kansas City felt of a gambler's head, under the impression that old faro was a deacon, and he said to him:
 “He is a man of extensalve modesty, large conscientiousness, very sensitive, full of sympathy, and ready to die for the right.”

THE Danbury (Conn.) *News* is responsible for the following: “A rural gentleman, standing over a register in one of our stores, attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife:

“‘Marlar, I guess I'm a-goin' to have a fever; I feel such hot streaks a-runnin' up my legs.’”

A CHINAMAN was summoned as a witness the other day, and, to ascertain his views on the nature of an oath, the judge asked him what would be his punishment if he should swear to lies. “I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York,” was the reply, and he was at once sworn.

LADY (in a drawling, affectionate style): “My dear, correctly speaking, what is a dentist?”

Gentleman (short, sharp and rather cross): “Dentist is derived from *dent*, French for tooth. Dentist is a man who pulls them out.”

Lady (after knitting once round): “My dear, you said that Professor Musty was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin *lingua*, a tongue?”

Gentleman (tartly): “Yes.”

Lady: “Well, then, a linguist is a man who pulls tongues out?”

Gentleman (very decidedly): “No, madame; but I wish to heaven he did!”

Exit lady, in a huff.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A NOVELIST in Britain born,
Whose writings literature adorn,
Initials name.
A work of merit by him penn'd,
Drawn with deep pathos to the end,
Finals proclaim.

1. An instrument much played of old.
2. A metal this, resembling gold.
3. Circle or orb, 'twill surely prove.
4. A bird—symbol of peace and love.
5. Old Priam's son, by serpents slain.
6. An English county, 'tis quite plain.
7. Here British valor won the day.
8. Name this wild animal, I pray.
9. Part of a theatre, in truth.
10. An Indian potentate, forsooth.

2.—SQUARE WORDS.

One of the deadly sins, trips, heathen gods, a girl's name, an attempt.

3.

A precious stone, a position, a great division of the earth, a metal.

4.

A bird, to pierce, metal, dispatched.

5.—SIX SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.

"He has broken the covers of my Shakespeare—the rogue!" said uncle, on Thursday evening, casting his eyes on "baby," who, evidently appreciating the simplicity of the great master, was busily engaged in putting all useless adornments—such as green and gold covers—from interfering with the interior attractions of the work. When uncle stood up, he began a flank movement on "pet;" but the latter was not to be surprised, for he retreated to the kitchen, and flopped the volume, behind Paul, in a tureen of soup.

6.

Scene first: a cleanly-swept, inviting room;
Around the windows honeysuckle creeps;
The air is laden with a sweet perfume,
Where, in a little cot, a baby sleeps,
And smiles across its infant features flit,
A perfect type of innocence it seems,
A moment, and with pain its eyebrows knit,
Half-frowning as it dreams.

Scene second is a school. 'Mid hum and noise
Our hero now has his career begun;
He stands up in the class like other boys,
Eager for praise, yet just as fond of fun.
He studies hard each exercise and rule,
Struggling by starts, but of excelling fond,
His little world contained within the school,
Caring for naught beyond.

Scene third: a village church. The happy pair
Before the altar stand to be made one;
The sweet bell-music floats upon the air,
And through the colored windows gleams the sun.

The world is now before him; gorgeous dreams
Of future greatness in his mind arise;
Wealth colors all his plans; he builds up schemes

To win the golden prize.

Scene fourth: a city parlor, neat and clean.
Dark shadows herald the approach of night,
But not a shadow in that room is seen;
The blazing fire upon the hearth burns bright;
The husband enters at the close of day,
And at the threshold by his wife is met.
How time runs on! Their hair is getting gray—
Their hearts are loving yet.

Scene fifth: a room. The blinds exclude the sun.
A sorrowing train is gathered round his bed,
Where now he lies: his race is almost run,
For soon he will be numbered with the dead.
His wife and children take their last farewell
Ere the Omnipotent his spirit calls;
In half an hour is heard the passing-bell,
And thus the curtain falls.

7.—QUOTATION ACROSTIC.

The authors of these lines you'll please to find.
This done, two letters choose from every name,
Read downward, and, if selected to my mind,
They will name two birds of well-known fame.

1. "In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."
2. "The busy tribes
Of bees, so emulous, are daily fed
With heaven's peculiar manna."
3. "Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebony mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge."
4. "Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all."
5. "The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and
flowers."
6. "The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise."
7. "He snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death."

8.—LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, is being punished; beheaded, place of sale; again, professions; transposed, vermin; again, sailors; again, a planet; curtailed and transposed, incubated; beheaded, a preposition; again, a liquid. Restored, beheaded, and transposed, coal-wagons; beheaded, animals; transposed, a planet; again, portions of the body; second letter elided and transposed, a boy's name; beheaded, two-thirds of a mother; reversed, a parent; curtailed, a liquid. Restored, beheaded, and fourth letter elided, entangles; curtailed, a boy's nickname; reversed and doubled, a Hindoo musical instrument.

9.—MYTHOLOGICAL LOGOGRIPH.

1. Whole, I am the god of fire; beheaded and transposed, I am a Roman poet.
2. Whole, I am a lake in Hades; beheaded and with a consonant elided, I am the goddess of Beauty.
3. Whole, I am the companion goddess to Vulcan; beheaded and transposed, I am a couch; curtailed, I am an ocean.
4. Whole, I am a celebrated enchantress; beheaded and transposed, I am a kind of grain; beheaded once more, I am frozen water.
5. Whole, I am a horrible serpent slain by Hercules; beheaded and transposed, I am a wagon; beheaded again, I am a beam of light.

10.—ANAGRAMS—NAMES OF ISLANDS, COUNTRIES, AND RIVERS.

Gin abase me! A dug up aloe. Oh! can ma rest? Wed old Nan! fun. A negro said, I don't rage. Oh! I let no cabs. A true gold reef. Horror! Edith fervent.

11.—SQUARE WORDS.

An ocean product; a musical performance; rule; to debate; narrow ways.

12.

A boy's name; to turn aside; harmonic measure; a mistake; a part of a ship.

13.

To set out; to cast; to discuss; a road; a famous New York politician.

14.—DECAPITATION.

Cut off my head, and I will sure improve;
Cut off my tail, to prayer I will respond;
Of head and tail bereft, see thousands move.

15.—QUOTATION PUZZLE.

"Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower."

The initials of the birthplaces of the authors of the following quotations give the birthplace of the author of the above.

- "Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death."
- "When fixed to one, love safe at anchor rides,
But dares the fury of the wind and tides."
- "A song for the death of the brave,
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride."
- "No sun—no noon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day."
- "Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair,
If she love me, this believe—
I will die, ere she shall grieve."
- "Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

16.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Gems of nature, sweet reminder,
Of a future yet to come,
And we add the calm rejoinder,
That it is our future home.
Sweet perfumers of our garden,
Best of flowers, white and pure,
Sweeter far than scents of Baden
Is your fragrance, I am sure.

Two fruits which here in plenty grow,
Their names you cannot fail to know—
I'm sure you've eaten them both;
In yonder meadow you may see
The form of fourth lay quietly,
To do this nothing loth.

A color known to you, no doubt:
'Tis blue—have you not found it out?
The housemaid's treasure-trove.
Arrange these words you must aright,
And they will quickly bring to light
What I've described above.

17.—CONUNDRUMS.

Ye famous riddlers of the day,
To solve this simple "con." essay;
The task is easy, you will own,
When the answer you have shown.
No more I will your patience try,
But simply ask the reason why
That thirty minutes, when complete,
Are like a lily, fair and sweet!

18.

Now who will be the first to ken
Why miners are the meanest men,
And why material they produce
Is, in a sense, of little use?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
MAY NUMBER.

- The letter A. 2. Sappho, Hesiod, Pindar, thus—SHalloP, AEroli(te), PSeudoN(y)m, PIlchard, HOmoptorA, ODometer. 3. Hömer, Olive, miles, event, reset. 4. Slumber, lumber, umber. 5. Avaunt, vaunt, aunt. 6. Nap-kin. 7. Salt-cellar. 8. He-ave-n (heaven). 9. Hem-lock. 10. Ruler.

11.—

S
P I N
W O R L D
S U B J O I N
C O M M O D O R E
I N Q U I S I T I O N
C O M P R E H E N S I O N
I N D I A N U T I N E E R S
S I R J O S H U A R E Y N O L D S
L A P L A N D R E I N D E E R
H Y D R O C E P H A L U S
C O N V E Y A N C E R
S O U N D E R L
O O T O B E R
B E L L E
O D M
S

- Sound, mound, pound, bound, hound, found.

13. THE WAR-HORSE.—Dryden.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight;

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind,
Eager he stands—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

a s i o u

Key

p q r s t

- Byron, Scott, Moore, thus—BoSoM, YaChtO, RiO-janeirO, OstTleR, NaTurE. 15. Mix'd. 16. Ophelia—Othello, Pizarro, Hamlet, Endymion, Ladies'-club, Iago, Asmodeus. 17. Herat, Sedan, Chatham, Riga, Venice, Ely. 18. Glove, leper, opera, verbs, erase. 19. Baron, adobe, robes, nests. 20. Raphael, thus—Rosalba, Appiani, Peasellino, Hansen, Auffy, Eddy, Ludens. 21. Lycea, young, guide, endon, agent. 22. Erato, rivet, avant, tense, otter. 23. Arion, range, Incas, ogast (goats), nests. 24.—(1) William the First, Emperor of Germany. (2) The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli. (3) Baron Liebig, the German chemist. (4) The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. (5) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet. (6) The Reverend Charles Haddon Spurgeon. 25. Deneb Adige, thus—Delphinius, Eridanus, Norma, Equuleus-pictorius, Bootes, Andromeda, Draco, Indus, Gemini, Equulus. 26. Ex-as-per-ate (exasperate).

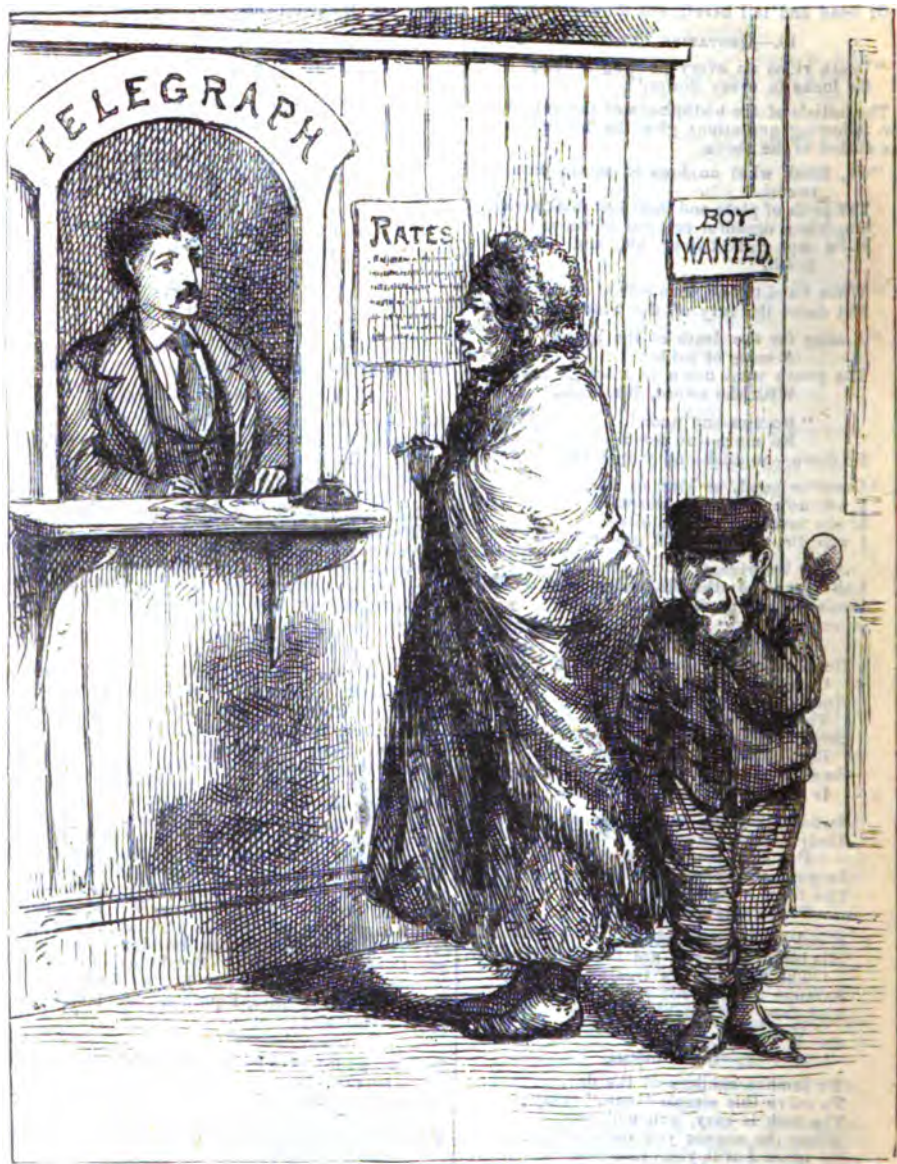
27.

Before I go my love I throw behind to drown my sorrow,
When after you have proved untrue, no joy can memory borrow;
Too forward miss, I fain would kiss away thy tears and poutings,
Too far above my faithful love are placed thy fears and doubtings.

- Giuseppe Verdi; Giovanni D'Arco, thus—GonzagO, IoniC, UsureR, SierrA, Edward, PO, PenguIN, EpailloN, VarnA, EV(e), RavennA, Danal, (p)IG. 29. Mind, wind, mend, mild, mine. 30. Wheat, heat, eat, at (hay and tea). 31. Tube-rose, thus—Tubek, UredO, BlackS, ExquisitE.

A FRENCHMAN'S definition of the word broker: "Ah! I make von discoveret. Dat is de raison vot fore de peeples call the agent brokair—because von the personne have bizness vid him he become broke."

A YOUNG lady in Western New York has declined an offer of marriage from a wealthy lover whose name is Hussey. It is impossible not to admire the spunk of that woman who refuses to be called a hussy for any man.



A TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.

"Plaise, an' is it to carry messages yez want me boy? may the Höl fly away wid me if I ever let him be sint across thín wires. Be jabber; an it's a rope-da-oor you want!"

VERMONT—where, as is well known, no liquor is sold—has 16,000 drunkards, 4,000 habitual "hard drinkers," and 20,000 young men just beginning to drink.

A PHANTOM mule, ridden by a spectral miner, who carries a half dozen pickaxes swung about him, has greatly terrified the workmen of Muldraugh Hill Tunnel, in Taylor County, Ky.



DINNER BELL(E).

A LITERARY Chinaman thus describes attorneys: "Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent or crafty schemes, excite disorder, or by disorderly and illegal proceedings intimidate and impose upon the people." They are not encouraged in China, but some, assuming that character, act in that capacity contrary to the imperial mandate.

A DETROIT man, being jilted by a widow upon whose house he had expended four hundred dollars, took off the doors, carried away the windows, and consoled his wounded feelings by leaving the building in much the same state as it was before he began to make repairs upon it.

A DETROIT woman, with the rheumatism, consulted a clairvoyant, who went into a trance and wrote the following startling description of the case: "I find your case is one that baffles skill. The discs is complycited; the spine is mutch disesed; have hurt it by a fall. The liver is ulcerated, cause you to raise a thick mewouss. Your hed sym-pethizes. You hav spells of feeling dizzy, and the scrofula in the blood, which has destroyed the vitality, causes some tendency to dropsy. The throat is affected by Katarr in the hed. You can, with proper treatment, be helped. I hoap this is not too late to Ben-asfit you; if you want treatment, I will attend to you at wonce."

A BUSINESS man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit he always will insist on taking a receipt.

TOBACCO DANCE. — Tobacco dances are the last thing in Virginia, says a Southern paper. We remember attending a tobacco dance twenty years ago, when our father caught us smoking a cheap cigar in the back gardens. St. Vitus never began to step so lively as we did.

A TERRA HAUTE paper says a city minister opened his front door suddenly and surprised a guilty-looking man, who was just in the act of depositing a neatly-covered basket on the doorstep. The meeting was not rapturous.

"Ah!" said the minister, rushing out and grasping the man by the collar, while he applied a heavy-soled boot under the coat-tail of his visitor, "what do you mean, you villain, by leaving a baby on my door-step? Ah! I have you, scoundrel! I'll show you how to abandon an infant to the cold mercies of the world!"

And these remarks were punctuated by kicks.

"I hain't left any baby at your door," said the man, taking the basket and lifting the cover; "I brought a right fat turkey for you; but I'll be hanged if you shall have it now, if you were starving!" and he walked away with it.



BASEMENT BELL(E).

GRAVE subjects—Tombstones.

BROGUE Anna come from Ireland.

BELLE mettle—A young lady's temper.

NEVER confide a secret to your relatives: blood will tell.

THE phoenix was raised in a hot-bed, and that's what made him soar.

It is reported of a joker that he has worn out one of his sleeves laughing in it too often.

THERE is a poor fellow at B—who says "it's working between meals that's killing him."

EDWIN declares he won't believe that Angelina knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.

WHEN a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished on the principle that pains and penalties go together.

THE *News* says a guileless Danbury man saw a beautiful chromo advertised "for fifty cents," and sent on the money and received the jack of clubs.

JANESVILLE women are grumbling terribly because the managers of agricultural fairs down there don't give at least a year's notice when they offer prizes for the finest babies.

A LADY correspondent of the *Home Journal* says: "I doubt very much whether any fashionable female can be persuaded or driven into heaven without her chignon, paniers and other paraphernalia."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I will state, for the information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in secret wisdom as freely as I have, that one single hornet, who feels well, can break up a whole camp-meeting."

A JOKE IN EXTREMES.—A tailor, who was condemned to be hanged for murder, said, as they were fastening the rope about his neck: "Well, I have often heard that life is a jest, but this is carrying the joke a little too far!"

"It appears to me," said a small, apple-faced man, "that they make a great deal of fuss about this fellow Shakespeare! I'd just like to know what it is all about. Why, if it wasn't for his writings, he never would have been heard of."

M. PAUDHOMME, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth.

"But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?"

"My dear boy, it was your aunt!"

HOW TO CATCH OWLS.—A Jersey paper says: "When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all that you have to do is to turn round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions until it rings its head off."

A WATCH WORD.—Tick.

CAPITAL affairs—National loans.

WHY is a blush like a little girl?—Because it becomes a woman.

A MAN that don't know anything will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

AN Indiana bigamist let the cat out by buying supplies for both families of the same grocer.

THE strongest kind of a hint—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger.

AN Illinois pig broke open a can of nitroglycerine and swallowed a pound of the stuff, and now no one dares to kick that porker.

AN Iowa woman lately went away with a handsomer man, and her husband overtook her, and then let the other fellow keep her for ten dollars.

A MERCHANT of Topeka recently lost \$450 in cash. As his wife and one of his clerks have not been seen since, he is apprehensive that they were murdered for his money.

A RETIRED actress has been teaching elocution to the children in Carson City, and the old people declare that all the young folks say "beeyoutiful skeeye" and "the noble juke."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Yu kant find contentment laid down on the map; it is an imaginary place not settled yet; and those reach it soonest who throw away their compass and go it blind."

"I HAD a gun once—so excellent a gun—why, the moment a thief came into the house, it went off, though never capped."

"Amazing! How did it come so?"

"The thief carried it off."

A SOCIETY writer declares that if you are about to accompany a young lady to a party, it is trifling with her feelings, and abusing feminine confidence, to inquire anxiously what color she intends to wear, and then to neglect sending her a bouquet.

NOT TO BE HUNG.—In Arkansas, a man was sentenced to be hanged, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refused to build the scaffold. As the condemned man himself was a carpenter by trade, the sheriff tried to induce him to put up the gallows; but he steadfastly declared he'd be hanged if he did!

IN a San Francisco court, the other day, a little dialogue ran thus:

Counsel to witness: "You say you were at his house every night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you his partner?"

"No, sir."

"Any relative of his?"

"No."

"What were you doing at his house every night?"

"I was sparking his wife's sister."

WHAT are the best letters of recommendation? S. C.

WHEN is literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

SOME men get their barrel of beer on tick and leave it to settle for itself.

STRANGE to say, no matter how well paid a dentist is, he always looks down in the mouth.

WHY is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

TO THE lover there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

HOW do angry women prove themselves strong-nerved? They exhibit their "presents of mind" by "giving you a bit of it."

IF a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No *Spectator*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you please.

WHAT celebrated battle was fought in a dirty slum? The battle of A-gin-court.

[We hope the *Constable* of France was there; at any rate, he ought to have been.]

A YANKEE, boasting of having killed a young panther, whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough not "to be continued."

A FRENCH gentleman, who had heard rum called *sprits*, went into a hotel a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "ghosts from the West Indies."

A SCHOOLGIRL, during her examination, repeatedly miscalled patriarchs patridges. Whereupon one of the auditors remarked:

"She is making game of patriarchs."

This, Sydney Smith said, was the most perfect pun he knew.

ONE of Charles Lamb's friends, visiting him with his wife and children, happened, in the course of conversation, to repeat the old saying, "One fool makes many."

"Ah, indeed," said Lamb, merrily pointing to the children; "you have a fine family."

A JURYMEN, kept several days at his own expense, sent a friend to the judge to complain that he had been paid nothing for his attendance.

"Oh, tell him," said the witty judge, "that if ever he should have to go before a jury himself, he will get one for nothing."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain gentleman whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were thickest.

"Where was that?" asked one of the auditors.

"In the ammunition wagon," responded other

A HINT.—A widower, who wishes to marry again must buy his departed wife a beautiful monument. This succeeds invariably.

GOLD lockets for ladies are now made deeper, the reason being, it is said, to enable them to hold a whole series of portraits of adoring swains.

CURRAN, in his last illness, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied:

"That is odd enough, for I have been practicing all night."

Two colored men in Cleveland, who recovered \$15,000 damages for being ejected from the dress circle of the Academy of Music, have both opened peanut stands on the street near by, and are comparatively happy.

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss Caroline Smith to a bookseller.

"No, miss, none," was the answer.

"Well," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no plates?"

A WILLIAMSTOWN, Vt., man wants a wife. She must be short, thick-set, with curly hair and keen black eyes. Her age I am not so particular about, say anywhere from thirty-five to forty. He won't find his wife. There isn't a single woman in Vermont thirty-five years old.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it.

"This is really necessary," said the great novelist, in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them are good bookkeepers."

PRINCE METTERNICH once got off a *bon-mot* about the price and sizes of his wife's bonnets. The princess handed him her quarterly bonnet account, amounting to 2,250 francs. The prince, with his usual courtesy, immediately handed her a check for it, and laughingly remarked:

"My dear, I have noticed that in proportion as your bonnets diminish in size the price of them increases. One of these mornings we shall have the milliner bringing nothing but the bill."

WHAT kind of bread do star actors live on? Their great roles.

What do vagrants like? Common loaf.

What do country editors live upon? Puffs.

What do commercial travelers live upon? Strabont.

What do lawyers live upon? Sue-it pudding.

What do gamblers live upon? Stakes.

What is the most satisfactory meal for a contractor? Indian—isn't it?

What sustains the Georgians? Crackers.

What kind of drinks do children like? Tense.

What kind do artilleryists like? Shells.

What kind do sextons like? Bler.

What kind do milkmen like? Water.

What kind do doctors like? Old all.

What kind do cotton planters like? Gin.



"America is a land where even the most humble can climb to the most heights."

"ARE you not afraid that whisky will get into your head?" asked a stranger of a tall man he saw drinking at the bar.

"No," said the man, "this liquid is too weak to climb."

BABEL EXPLAINED.—The use of language has long been a dispute. Some have considered it bestowed to convey ideas. Talleyrand opined it was to conceal our thoughts. A young Journalist of the Period has settled this question, for he says, "it was given to man instead of ideas," and has offered himself and writings as a conclusive proof.

"**JACK** ——— was called up by the school-master to account for his possession of some apples," says a biographer of an eminent lawyer, deceased.

"The apples," said our hero, "were Tom's, and I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he doesn't know how I got them."

The biographer, in raptures, says:

"This evinced the future great lawyer."

What did? it is asked. Taking the apples?

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God!

A LADY, residing in Lansdowne, hailed a passing car with her little son, the other morning, to see him safely on the horse car for a trip to Troy. He stepped on board and scrambled for the front of the car. As he was going, his mother said:

"Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?"

The little fellow was so delighted at the prospect of a ride, and in such a hurry, that he hastily rejoined, looking back excitedly:

"Mr. Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

And, of course, the passengers couldn't keep from smiling.



THE PROFESSOR OUTWITTED.—“OH, KATE—OH, MISS LILLESTONE, YOU MOST DECKITFUL GIRL!”
CRIED OUT THE PROFESSOR, IN AMAZEMENT.”

The Professor Outwitted.

“SARAH, darling! I must have a cast of that pretty head of thine,” said Professor Lindsay, as he lifted a mass of rich chestnut ringlets from the finely-molded temples of his intended. Sarah shook the curls free from the fingers of the admiring professor, and replied: “Those curls, sir, are not going to be desecrated, I can tell you, with any of your horrid plaster-of-paris.”

“Have them all shaved off, child.”

“Have my beautiful hair cut off—and all for the sake of a hideous cast! Edward Lindsay, I am

astonished at you!” was the petted beauty’s indignant exclamation.

“Now, Sarah, I would have every hair of my head cut off, or shaved as bare as my hand, to please you.”

“As if making a fright of yourself could possibly please me! you will be bald enough soon, depend upon it, my dear, without anticipating the evil day.”

The poor philosopher put his hand to his head, where deep study, not age, was already beginning to streak with gray his sable locks.

Sarah’s dark eyes followed the movement, and the somewhat rueful expression of her lover’s

face. "I verily believe that late hours, and dabbling in that plaster, are turning your hair white," she said, with a little sagacious nod. The professor smiled grimly; he saw through the *ruse* of his lady-love; but he was bent on carrying his point. When once he had made up his mind to anything, he suffered no obstacle—even a pretty woman's whims—to conquer him. He returned to the charge.

"Sarah, love, about that cast?"

"Not a hair of my head shall be out off."

"Well, I yield the point about cutting the curls off; though the head ought to be shaved. It is a positive shame that such a fine development of the moral organs should not be done justice to. The cast would be superb. Such a confirmation of the truth of science!"

A dimple hovered about the velvet cheek of the pretty coquette. The hopes of the simple-hearted professor began to revive; he took her small white hand in one of his own large, somewhat brown paws; while, in a tone that he intended should be irresistible, he said: "Now, Sarah, be a good, sensible girl, and say you will consent to please me in this *small matter*, just to benefit the scientific world."

"A small matter—upon my word, to be buried alive in plaster—perhaps suffocated—and have my hair covered with whitewash! Was ever any creature more unreasonable. And then to make so light of such a sacrifice, and to call it a small matter, too! Oh, thou vile professor of all the *ologies*!"

"Now, Sarah, darling, don't be so provoking. You know what I mean—I should consider your compliance as a great mark of your affection for me; it would prove what I have always thought, that you were a girl of superior good sense."

"I wish to show you that I am so, by being proof against flattery."

The baffled professor sighed, almost groaned; but returned doggedly to the charge.

"It would advance the science of *phrenology*; the scientific world would be under an obligation to you, my dear."

"I am very sure that the scientific world, as you designate it—all the musty old bachelors of your acquaintance—would not care a straw for fifty casts of my poor insignificant little head."

"Not for fifty, my dear girl; that might be giving them too much of a good thing (the professor thought that this was rather witty); but one—just one."

The wicked girl knew her power, and rejoiced in teasing her lover. She shook her head, and walking to the pier-glass, began to rearrange her disordered ringlets. "Why do you not ask Kate to let you take a cast of her head? I am sure it would be quite as good as mine, for you know she is a great deal cleverer than I am."

"A pretty owl I should look, with my high-cheek bones and turned-up nose!" broke in her sister Kate. "Worthy to be put up beside John Bull, the little nigger, whose cast Edward was lecturing on so eloquently in the *scullery* last week."

"*Scullery*! My studio, Miss Kate," interposed the professor.

"It was Kate Lillystone that named it so; I only called it *Golgotha*! You know there are some horrid skulls of Indians, and Esquimaux, and Idiots, ranged on a shelf above the window, enough to scare any one out of their wits; and would you believe it Sarah, that poor little black imp, that he brought from down South, has to sleep in that chamber of horrors among the casts and skulls!"

The professor positively glared at the young lady, and muttered something, by way of excuse,

about an experiment on the courage of the blacks.

"By-the-by," he said, looking up at his lady-love, "what do you think, Sarah, that I caught the little black wretch doing this morning?"

"Some notable piece of mischief, I hope," whispered Kate to her sister.

"Well, you know that he sleeps on a mattress in the ante-room of my—"

"*Scullery*," suggested Kate.

"Pooh—nonsense, my studio. I had made a capital cast of the little rascal, and showed it to him; he was in ecstasies—delighted with his white resemblance; he grinned a thousand grins, besides throwing several somersaults about the room, rubbing his black hands with infinite glee, and crying out, 'No more nigger now, massa; John Bull white boy now, just as good as massa. Hurra!' I could get no more good out of the fellow for the rest of the day; he would do nothing but stand in front of his white effigy, admiring how I had washed the black-a-moor white."

"My friend, Sam Taylor, greatly enjoyed the scene; but, in an evil hour, suggested the propriety of blacking the cast, to render the likeness more complete. So to work he went, and soon transformed my albino into a veritable darkey, and then set him up between Washington and Daniel Webster, by way of making the contrast more striking."

"Well," said Kate, "what did he do?—break Washington's nose, or cut off Webster's head?"

The professor took no notice, only muttered, "How I dislike being interrupted!" and resumed: "This morning I found my shoes unblackened and my coat unbrushed. Thinking my boy had overslept himself, I looked into his sleeping-place. Judge what was my indignation—and yet he looked so droll that I could hardly keep from laughing; there, on the bare floor, just as he had rolled off his bed; sat my gentleman, with the cast between his bare legs, scraping away the lamp-black from the face with an oyster-shell, grinning with satisfaction at every patch of white plaster that was restored by his energetic labors. Was it not provoking to see the cast that had cost me a pennyworth of marbles and a handful of candies destroyed? Upon my word, I was in a rage."

"What did you say to him?" asked Sarah.

"What did I say? It was deeds, not words, I assure you. I gave the young monkey a crack over his woolly pate, and sent him spinning across the room, and the cast after him, which, as ill-luck would have it, missed his head, and knocked down two superb Idiots—one a present from Fowler, and the other from the celebrated Coombe."

"I would rather have lost Lafayette and Napoleon, for I could have replaced them both, but those Idiots I can never hope to see again. They are smashed to pieces—utterly destroyed."

Sarah thought, but wisely refrained from saying, "By your own rash temper, Edward Lindsay." But wicked Kate, who was a sort of privileged person in the house, declared that she was delighted at John Bull's good taste, and vowed she would buy him a lot of sweeties the first time she went out. The two mischief-loving girls laughed. The professor frowned, and bit his lips, grumbled a little, and then, in spite of offended dignity, began to laugh, declaring, however, that girls were enough to provoke a saint by their folly and levity.

"The professor has the organs of combativeness and unreasonableness," whispered Sarah, stealing an arch glance through her redundant curls at her lover.

"Why combativeness?" he asked.

"The assault and battery just confessed."

The professor laughed.

"There is no such organ as unreasonableness, miss."

"I have heard you call me unreasonable when you were in an ill-humor."

"Nonsense, Sarah; I never am in an ill-humor."

Sarah held up her hands.

"Well, not with you, though, you must confess, that sometimes you are desperately provoking. Besides, you mistake the meaning of words sadly. Girls always do."

"Yes, when you talk like a book, instead of using common words that every one can understand."

"Did I not explain to you the names of all the different organs of the brain, over and over again, so plainly that any one could understand with a grain of common sense?"

"To be sure you did, and ended the long lecture by calling me 'hair-brained, giddy goose-cap,' or some such complimentary name, and I was dreadfully tempted to box your ears, Mr. Wiseacre."

"Well, to prove that you have quite forgiven me, promise you will let me have the cast taken."

"What decided impertinence, after all your bad behavior to me!"

The professor retreated to one of the bay-windows, evidently a little in the sulks.

Kate, who had hitherto enjoyed the scene, began to fear that Sarah was going too far in teasing her lover, and was not sorry to see the professor's aunt Lillstone's carriage drive up to the door, hoping that the sight of her and his cousin would divert his attention from dwelling on the affront.

"Edward," she said, "here is Aunt Lillstone, a firm friend of yours, and a devoted disciple to the good cause (phrenology). She has had no less than two casts of her head taken, and Crook lectured on one, and Fowler on the other, and they found out that she had every virtue under the sun, and twenty others to boot."

"Yes; and here is Cousin Kate—Kate of Kate Hall, the prettiest Kate in all the world," cried out the professor.

"Always excepting this Kate," said Kate Dalton.

"Not to compare with her. She is a pattern for all other Kates, and some others besides," reported the professor. "Now, Sarah, I actually prevailed on that girl to have her splendid head of hair cut off—shaved, I should have said—that I might take a cast of her head, and it was a capital one. What do you say to that, now!"

"And she exhibited herself in a hideous wig for six months after the event. So would not I."

"She wore artificial hair artistically arranged, and very graceful little blonde headdresses—a sort of silky-looking lace, you know—and looked charmingly, I assure you."

"I think she must have been desperately in love with you. Confess, oh, thou most fickle of professors!"

The poor professor colored and stammered at this homethrust. Perhaps he had flattered himself that pretty, witty Kate Lillstone had been influenced more by love of the artist than of the art when she allowed her bright tresses to be shorn from her fair head, as he fancied, to please him.

"Well, here comes this very complaisant young lady," said Sarah; "and we will have a true and veracious account of all her sufferings for the good of science."

"True and veracious," maliciously repeated the professor; "two epithets, where one would have conveyed the full meaning."

"Organ of language?" interrogated Sarah's sister.

"Organ of *prate*!" growled the professor.

"Glad to see you, Aunt Lillstone—glad to see you, Kate!" he added, gallantly, coming forward from his retreat in the embrasure of the window, and taking the hand that was extended toward him as he approached. "Aunt, you have come to decide the important question, 'To be, or not to be.'"

Mrs. Lillstone looked serious and important. Seating herself on the nearest sofa, and arranging the full folds of her ample brocade silk, so as to display the richness of the material to the best possible advantage, she awaited the important discussion, which she imagined could only be on one subject—naming the wedding-day that was to make Sarah Dalton the wife of her nephew, Edward Lindsay, F.R.S., F.G.S., etc., etc.

But as no one seemed inclined to commence the topic, so interesting, no doubt, to the young couple, she waived ceremony, and addressed the astonished pair with a gentle wave of the hand, which she considered would render her speech more impressive.

"My dear young friends, I shall only be too happy to throw my weight into the scale (Mrs. L. was not less than twelve stone, *avoirdupois*); but you know that settling this all-important matter depends upon Miss Dalton's guardians and trustees, and on those tiresome people, the lawyers, who will not be hurried in drawing the settlements. Sarah—Miss Dalton, I should have said—is perfectly right not to act precipitately. I know these gentlemen are always in a hurry. 'Marry in haste, you know, and repent at leisure,' is an old saying, and very often a true one. When I was young, and engaged to Captain Lillstone, he really worried me with his importunity to name an early day for our marriage."

The professor looked wonderfully embarrassed, and actually blushed to the very tips of his ears. He dared not so much as steal a glance at the face of his beloved; he felt that, like himself, she must be overwhelmed with confusion at this *mal-à-propos* speech of her aunt's; but Sarah and her sister, and the yet more wicked Kate Lillstone, were convulsed with repressed laughter; that is, Sarah's attempts to look demure overset the gravity of the other two, till they fairly burst out laughing, to the discomfiture of the professor.

"Really, young ladies," remonstrated the astonished matron, looking very reprovingly at the trio—"really—"

"Really, Mrs. Lillstone, I beg your pardon," began Kate Dalton, when she had recovered her gravity, so as to be able to speak. "I could not help laughing. It was not a question matrimonial, but a question phrenological, that Edward was about to call on you to decide. The professor wants to persuade my sister to submit to having a cast of her head taken to grace his studio; and Sarah is as hard-hearted as a flint, and she and the learned doctor have been arguing the matter, and almost fighting about it, for the last hour and a half."

"Upon my word, Miss Dalton, I really am surprised, after all the lectures you have heard from the first authorities in the United States, that you should hesitate to add your mite to the many interesting facts that have been collected for the establishment of this delightful, soul-ennobling science. For my own part, I am so convinced of the value and sublimity of phrenology, that if I could only once feel assured that a cast of my poor, weak head would add only one page more to the glorious volume of self-knowledge that the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim are now unrolling, I would have not one only, but a dozen casts of my head taken."

An audible giggle from the girls, and a groan from the professor, might have been heard, if Aunt Lillstone had not been so wrapped up in admira-

tion at her own burst of eloquence as to render her quite insensible to the ludicrous effect it had produced on the minds of her auditors.

Sarah Dalton was too well aware of the sensitive nature of her lover to venture to laugh at his aunt, so she picked a lovely camellia to pieces, petal by petal, as if she was trying the game of "he loves me—he loves me not." Then, suddenly turning to Kate Lillstone, she said:

"Edward tells me that you had a cast of your head taken to please him."

"To please him, my dear! He was never more mistaken in his life—it was to please myself."

"Oh, Kate—oh, Miss Lillstone, you most deceitful girl!" cried out the professor, in amazement. "Did not you make a great merit of having all your beautiful hair cut off, to please me? And did you not put me to the expense of braids and ringlets, and elegant lace lappets, you called the things you wore, on account of the great favor you had conferred upon me?"

His cousin laughed merrily, and said:

"Confession, my venerated cox, is good for the easing of sinful souls. I may as well make a clean breast of it, my dear old father-confessor, and say that I quite forgot, at the time, to inform you that I had had all my hair cut off close to my head before you came from England, on account of a bad fever that I had. They say that I fought and scratched in a very tigerish way to defend my curls, but to no purpose; that remorseless Doctor Winthrop had them all sheared off as close as a shepherd would have sheared the fleece of one of his lambs."

"Why, Kate, you do not mean to say that all those glossy braids and curls were not your own?"

"Of course they were my own. I had Rozier make my poor shorn locks up as fashionably as possible. I wore the set that you most generously supplied me with, in the morning, and my own in the evening. They were beautifully matched; and those clean little mob-caps and French lappets were such a comfort to me under my melancholy circumstances."

The poor outwitted professor looked astounded.

"What artifice!" thought he, "systematically practiced on a guileless man!" And he had, only a few minutes before she entered the room, been holding her up as a pattern to his lady-love. "Ah, now, if Sarah should turn out such another guileful creature!"—his eyes wandered to the head of his intended bride, muttering to himself, "Secretiveness moderate, caution small, conscientiousness large; all right—that cast I must get, somehow or other."

But while the professor was pondering on this interesting subject, Kate Dalton had seduced her recreant namesake into giving a graphic description of the process of cast-taking, from her own particular experience.

"Now, my dear, pray lay aside that levity of manner, which is really unbecoming to a young person of your good sense," said Mrs. Lillstone, "and describe the process minutely in all its details. Begin at the beginning—no exaggeration. I approve of strict *veracity* in all things; and, my dear Kate, you are not as voracious as I could wish to see you."

The girls exchanged sly glances; even the professor looked comical, and took a pinch of snuff—which article he seldom used, excepting on very important occasions; but his aunt's orthography in this and in similar instances was almost too much for even his gravity. He recovered himself, with a desperate effort, and betook himself to pointing a cedar pencil with great precision.

Kate Lillstone, after stealing a sly glance, to note if her cousin was listening to her, said:

"Now, my dear girls, I am going to give you a true history of all my sufferings and woeful

experiences. You must know, then, that this wise cousin of mine took it into his head that my wig covered a splendid set of bumps, and he teased and teased me, morning, noon and night, to allow him to take a cast of my head; and in an evil hour I consented, he bargaining if I would have all my fine hair cut off, he would furnish me with sundry wigs, caps, lappets, etc. You see, I only anticipated his wishes, the curls having been shorn before ever my worthy cousin crossed the Atlantic."

The professor uttered a something between a groan and a sigh, as he threw his pencil into the fire. He had whittled it to a useless stump in his vexation of spirit.

"Well, the day was fixed. Sarah, do not be alarmed—it was only the day for taking the cast. I came down that morning minus my wig, and, to do the good, unsuspecting soul justice, he never once suspected the shabby trick that I was playing; but, on the contrary, overwhelmed wicked little me with his grateful appreciation of my sacrifice for the good of science, though I had my suspicions that he believed half of my goodness arose from tender regard for his own dear self."

"I declare, Kate, you are too bad. I really call you a very deceitful and dishonest girl," said Sarah, who, like a true woman, began to be indignant that her lover should be ill-treated by any one but herself.

"It was too good a joke to be repented of, my dear. Besides, you know it was only my own cousin, and he is as rich as a Jew; and, after all, that precious cranium of mine was worth all that it cost him. The organs of acquisitiveness, secretiveness and caution were so finely developed."

"Ay, and the *absence* of conscientiousness—i.e., moral justice—you know, so remarkably demonstrated," grumbled out the professor.

The incorrigible Kate gave a little sniff, and went on:

"After I had been sufficiently admired, the next step taken was to send for a pint bottle of the best macassar. A damask towel was then carefully wrapped about my neck, and, under my cousin's vigilant superintendence, mamma's maid deluged my head with the unctuous fluid. Was not that what you called the macassar, mamma?"

Mrs. Lillstone gave a little sharp toss of her head, which set her feathers and ribbons fluttering, and Kate went on:

"I was then led in great state to the laundry-chamber, in the centre of which stood a long ironing-table, and beside it a three-legged stool. The apparatus consisted of a pail, filled with finely-powdered plaster-of-paris; a can of soft water; a pewter basin, with a broad rim to it like a pie-dish, only there was a hollow groove large enough to admit the back of the neck; a few thin wooden wedges; a piece of whip-cord; a small wooden mallet; an iron spoon, like a basting-ladle, and a white sheet. My curiosity, as I surveyed this assemblage of odd articles, became intense. I gave myself up as a living martyr to the truths of the sublime doctrine of parenology."

"Well, what followed?" exclaimed Sarah and Kate, in a breath.

"I was enveloped in the white sheet. I ascended the three-legged stool beside the table, and giving my passive hands to my cousin, whom I now regarded in the light of my executioner, allowed myself to be gently lowered down, till my head gradually sank in the basin of cold, wet plaster; an icy shudder ran through my veins; I felt as if I had been suddenly transported to the Arctic regions, and was in the act of freezing to death. In two minutes I was fairly *frozen*, as you Yankees would say. The plaster began to set, and now a genial warmth took the place of

the icy coolness. Warmer and warmer, hotter and hotter, grew the mixture. I began to entertain serious alarm lest I was to be baked alive by some mysterious chemical process."

"I would have jumped up and run away," said Kate Dalton energetically.

"Easier said than done, my dear friend. Every hair of my head was tied down to the bowl of plaster; I might as well have lifted a brick wall and gone off with it on my head."

"I would have made an effort to escape," said Sarah.

"So did not I. I now felt a burning curiosity to see the end of the affair," said the narrator. "Besides, you see, I was helpless, and in the power of my tormentors, so I resigned myself with Indian apathy to my fate. The back of the mark being now fairly set, I considered that the worst was probably over. I was never more mistaken in my life. My cousin now came, and arranged all the little wedges on the edge of the pewter basin; he then took the bit of string, having first wetted it, and laying it upon my head, made it trace the outline of my forehead, nose, mouth and chin, till it rested upon my breast. It felt like a horrible cold worm crawling over my face; he next introduced two small quills into my nostrils."

"My dear child, what was that done for?"

"That I might breathe through them. Now came the grand part of the ceremony. When all these minor matters had been adjusted to his satisfaction, Edward charged me to lie still; I was neither to cough, laugh, sneeze, nor cry, or the cast would be spoiled. I behaved most beautifully."

"During the interval that elapsed while my worthy cousin was attending to the little details, his man, who looked as solemn as an undertaker, was mixing some fresh plaster into a sort of pastry pudding, and then came, bowl in hand, to where I, poor devoted victim, lay like a shrouded corpse stretched upon my bier."

"I am sure I should have laughed outright," cried Kate Dalton.

"Indeed, my dear, you would not. The affair was becoming altogether too serious to admit of laughing. Presently dab went a great ladle-full of cold plaster over my right ear; ditto over the left; I became deaf to all outer sounds; save a faint hollow murmur, such as I once heard as I stood below the great dome of St. Paul's and listened to the distant roar of the moving multitude without, coming to my ear like the booming of ocean waves upon the shore."

"A new sensation was next induced, that of utter blindness—thick darkness—darkness that might be felt; no wandering ray of light penetrated my sealed eyelids. I strove to keep my mouth shut, but the weight of the plaster forced its way between my lips, and felt like a brick wall against my teeth; then came an intolerable sense of weight, especially across my neck and throat."

"I should have screamed out," said Kate Dalton.

"So would I, had utterance been possible."

"But how did you feel when you were thus deprived of sight, hearing, and speech?"

"I felt 'like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'"

"Nonsense, Kate; but how *did* you feel under these novel circumstances?" demanded Sarah Dalton.

"Exactly like a person who has had the misfortune to be buried alive, and enjoyed the supreme felicity of awaking in his or her coffin!"

"Most horrible; a living creature entombed, and sensible to the misery of such a condition!" said Sarah, shuddering.

"And how long were you allowed to remain in this terrible position?"

"They told me it would all be over in eight minutes, but it seemed as if my imprisonment had lasted for a much longer period. Every thought and feeling seemed concentrated on self."

"At last I was sensible of a confused noise, like the hammering and scraping of bricks and mortar above my head. It was the man knocking out the little wedges. It was just as if my tomb was being invaded by resurrection-men who were knocking the bricks or stone about the lid of the coffin. Then, one took the end of the string and ripped up the mask of plaster, and tore it from my face. I felt as if my skin was accompanying it."

"But, oh! my dears, the delight, the luxury of that deep-drawn breath of delicious free air! I never felt so truly thankful for the use of my precious senses, of which I had been deprived, before; and so new and singular were the thoughts that crowded in upon my brain while I lay in that helpless state—shut out from the visible world, and the world from me—that I have often thought that I would rather have had that novel experience than have gone to a dozen balls or made twenty conquests."

"Kate, my dear, how very foolish you do talk! It is highly ridiculous in a girl of your age."

"Mamma, do you know that I am just twenty-one; and, really, it is very imprudent of you to remind me of my age before company! People will begin to think me a very venerable person."

"Now, Sarah, has not my fascinating description of the ceremony of cast-taking charmed you?"

"It has decided me, my dear. Nothing on earth shall tempt me to run such a fearful risk of being suffocated. And how did you look after your resurrection?"

"I looked in a glass, and instantly fancied my charming self transformed into a hod-boy."

"A what?" cried out both the sisters, in a breath.

"A hod-boy—a bricklayer's white slave—the boy that carries the mortar. Oh, what a wretch I did look. If any of my admirers could but have seen me, farewell to my chance of a husband."

"What was done with the cast?"

"That beautiful thing that they call the mask was carried off out of my sight. I believe it came off in three portions, and was then bound together, and fine tinted plaster was poured into it, and it had a slow baking process, if I remember rightly; and after that was all done, and the head beautifully cooked, no doubt, the outside crust was taken off, and the bust and head appeared in all the beautiful proportions of a snub-nose, hollow-cheeked, long-chinned, ghostly semblance of your martyred friend. So disgusted was I at the sight of the hideous thing, that I felt strongly tempted to knock my *doppel-gaenger* down. And after all I had suffered, that ungrateful professor of yours had the barbarity to find out that I had every bad organ, and very few of the good ones to counteract my evil propensities. I declared there was no faith in man."

"Nor woman either, Miss Flirt!" exclaimed the professor, emphatically.

"Miss Lillystone, have you done?" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Yes, mamma, for I am quite exhausted," said the incorrigible Kate; "but I hope that I have convinced my hearers that I have the organ of language, large; ideality, in good proportion; comparison, *large*—"

"Of prate-nonsensicality, and great deficiency in conscientiousness," growled out the professor.

as he snatched up his hat and gloves, and marched out, whistling his favorite old ditty:

"Gather your rosebuds while you may."

And did the professor carry his point? Yes, my dear reader, he did.

Sarah was married, a few weeks after this memorable morning, and before the end of the honeymoon, a fine cast of her classically-shaped head, tinted to resemble the finest Parian marble, graced an elegant pillar in the professor's studio; but he never quite forgave having been outwitted about the wig by his wicked cousin Kate.

Great John Horner.

CONTAINING A BRIEF HISTORY OF HIS LITTLE PLUM.

It was in the auriferous days of 1850 that I landed on the sunny slopes of California.

I had gone out, with some seventy others, in a clipper-built bark, from one of the sea-coast towns of New England; and after encountering all sorts of weather, had accomplished one of the earliest dreams of my boyhood by rounding Cape Horn.

But it was a terrific as well as monotonous experience.

Those persons who now speak of the delights of the overland route, by way of the Pacific Railroad and the six days required for a trip from New York to San Francisco, can have no conception of the fateful six months we had occupied in our passage.

Nearly half of our number had died, and of those who remained alive—with a single exception—not one retained an ounce of the surplus flesh—if he had any—with which he set out. The single exception was the chief mate, whose immensity and oleaginous appearance would have made him, at any period of the voyage, a coveted prize among the man-eaters of the South Seas.

His name was John Horner, familiarly called Great John Horner, on account of his size, which was in tremendous contrast with that of the Little John of our nursery days.

A leak, soon after leaving port, which spoiled half the rations, caused a short allowance after weathering the Cape, and everybody, with the exception of Great John Horner, suffered in consequence. As for him, he had all the responsibility—the captain having died when three weeks out—and most of the work, many of the crew having followed their captain; but through it all, the cheerful countenance of the chief mate was never once seen to change its hopeful aspect, nor his great brown hand to falter in the performance of any duty.

But with the details of the voyage my present narrative has nothing to do.

One hour after coming to her anchorage in the harbor of San Francisco, the only living thing left on board the weather-beaten bark was a sick goat, the mere skin and bones of which had alone saved it from the sacrificial knife, that had slaughtered everything else eatable.

The practical humanity of Great John, when he discovered from the landing the long beard of the animal waving over the side, induced him to return to the deserted ship, and bring it off, turning it loose in the long grass.

With the exception of the chief mate—who was powerless, and wisely offered no remonstrance to the plea of the decimated crew for desertion and the mines—no one felt the slightest interest in the dilapidated craft, which his rare seamanship, under Providence, had alone brought into port; and she was left to swing by her rusty cable, with

her tattered sails and frayed cordage dropping piecemeal away.

In various plights, and by all manner of strange conveyances, the men reached the mining region at last, and the less disheartened plucked up sufficient courage to prospect for claims, and one party began building a dam across the Yuba; but when nearly finished, it was carried away, and with it the hopes of the builders. The men began to straggle off singly and in pairs, and at the end of two weeks the only ones left of the whole company were Great John Horner and myself.

During all our discouragements and minor miseries, his immense fund of cheerfulness had never failed us. In camp, as on shipboard, he was the life and soul of the party; but when the last man had disappeared over the hills, he threw down the pan and pick with which he had been prospecting in vain hope of striking a yield, and said:

"See here, Mr. Brownwhite" (my name is Edgar Brownwhite), "I may know how to handle a ship in a gale of wind, and how to carry her safely into port; but the art of navigation isn't the same as mining; and I'm certain that to be successful in this line, a man must know something of it. Now, I felt, before I had proved it by coming here, that it was many fathoms beyond my capacity; and I'm too old to learn a new business. Besides, I've other duties. I propose to get back as speedily as may be to San Francisco, to take to the old bark again—to repair damages, perhaps, and get her out of port, if the owners, to whom I have written, shall so decide. Inclination points that way, as well as duty, Mr. Brownwhite; and if you will go with me, very likely something may turn up for your benefit. For this sort of thing, you are even less fitted than myself—you haven't the muscle."

He glanced at his big brown hand and sinewy arm, as he spoke—ample corroboration of his assertion.

I readily acknowledged the hopelessness of proceeding further in the mining enterprise, and that my views coincided with his own as to the expediency of returning to San Francisco.

"Every one who comes to California now is fully determined on trying his luck at the mines," continued Great John. "nothing else will satisfy him. Nobody is willing to work, except for himself, nor then unless he can make a fortune a day; not a ship has arrived since the discovery of gold here but what has been deserted immediately, and no vessel will arrive for some time to come without the same thing happening to her. In San Francisco, there is and will be plenty of labor—good, honest labor—at a price which will be a mine in itself! Let us weigh anchor at once! I'm enough older than you, Mr. Brown White, not to apologize for my long sermon and accompanying advice."

We started immediately, and arrived in San Francisco without adventure.

During our absence, a high wind and tide had parted the cable, and driven the old bark on the beach, where she lay hard and fast, with her bow half-buried in the sand, when we went down to look at her.

I did not accept Great John's proposal to take up my quarters with him on board, for, meeting the captain of a steamer, about establishing a line to Panama, I engaged as clerk, and so parted with the chief mate, with mutual expressions of regret and friendship on both sides.

Two years later, I had risen to a part ownership, and in the turmoil of active life, consequent upon and incident to the wondrous growth of the Golden City, Great John Horner had become a pleasant memory of the past. I had dropped him

one or two letters, but failing to receive a response, concluded he had left the coast.

And thus ten years had elapsed.

I pass over the magical changes which that decade had wrought. They are matters of history, hardly less wonderful than the Arabian Nights.

It was in the year 1860—a starlit night in Midwinter.

I had been out for a long walk—as is still my custom of pleasant evenings—and had strayed away into a quarter of the town much frequented by the Mongolian race—a quarter I had never previously visited, that I remembered.

I had just become aware of the fact, and was blaming myself for carelessness or worse, and had passed at a corner where a sharp, incongruous pile of building rose darkly against the night-sky, looking about me to determine the precise location, when a light but hurried footstep near startled me.

The hour was late, and, in a city whose rapid growth was only exceeded by its growth in crime, the instinct of self-preservation rises easily to spontaneous action.

I turned quickly, and glanced about me.

A young girl—her hair back-blown by the night-breeze, with hat and mantle upon her arm, as if hastily caught up on her way to the street—came swiftly around the corner from the side thoroughfare.

She was so intent upon her purpose, whatever it might be—so preoccupied in her thoughts—that only my hasty movement to avoid a collision seemed to arouse her. She recoiled, hesitated a moment, looked at me searchingly, inquiringly, and then, with a sort of timid assurance, controlling a voice eloquent with pathos and with pain, she said:

"Oh, sir! can you—will you direct me to a physician? My father—my father! is dying, or—or dead; and I am alone, and can trust no one here!"

Through all the distress reflected in her face, the purity and loveliness imprinted there shone with a rare attractiveness.

"My poor girl," I said, commiseratingly, "I am a stranger in this part of the city, and, of course, know no physician in the neighborhood. If your father be dead"—she shook perceptibly at my repetition of the word she had uttered—"but possibly you are needlessly alarmed. Lead me to him—perhaps I may be of service."

Without a word, she caught my arm, in a solicitous, childish way, that went straight to my heart, and hurried me toward one of several doors opening into the incongruous pile I had noticed.

Through a dark, narrow passage, reeking with a demoralizing odor of gin and tobacco from an adjoining barroom, into a small apartment, strangely like a ship's cabin, I followed the rapid but now noiseless steps of my guide.

A ship's lantern hanging aloft at the further end threw a dull light on the motionless form of a man of great stature, who lay stretched on a couch at one side.

His face was very pale, which heightened the unnatural flush noticeable about his chin and ears; and there was a trace of blood upon his lips.

There was something familiar about the broad, open countenance, the massive head and frame, and the bushy hair.

Where had I seen them before? Who was he?

As I asked myself the question, my glance fell upon the big brown hand and strong muscular arm, which, partially bared, lay across the deep chest; and, with a rush of recollection, Memory answered:

Great John Horner!

With the impulse of the moment, I grasped the hand as I might have done had he been living.

It was cold and passive; yet, holding it there, I explained to the young girl in few words how, and when, and where I had known him.

I pass over her grief and tears, with which, I am not ashamed to say, mine mingled.

I now noticed a black scarf around the throat, like those commonly worn by sailors—but, unlike those so worn, this appeared to be unusually tight. I made a motion to loosen it.

A long, thin hand, that had in it something tigerish, shot out from under my own and restrained me.

"He has been dead some hours," said a soft, oily voice, evidently belonging to the owner of the hand, so closely following it, and so near, that it made me start.

I turned swiftly, and glanced at the intruder.

A tall, wiry man, whose nationality defied recognition by either voice, tone, or garb. He might have been a Mexican, a Malay, a mongrel Chinese—but never an American nor an Englishman.

His dress partook of the nautical and the Indian.

Surprised for the moment, through previous emotion, from my customary calmness, I yet found words to briefly inquire of this newcomer the cause of Mr. Horner's death.

He bowed very deferentially to the young girl, as if asking her permission to speak before replying, but she gave no token of having heard my question. The assertion that her father was dead, though previously so apparent, seemed to have paralyzed her; and she stood at the head, looking down upon the massive face with eyes that had become preternaturally dry.

The sharp, snaky eyes of the man shot a swift glance at her, but were instantly veiled by their long lashes, like twin brigands in covert.

"The cause," he said, "was easily stated. Mr.

Horner had been subject to fits of an apoplectic nature for two or more years past, but had studiously concealed the fact from every one but the speaker. He had known that he might die at any moment, and, in view thereof, had settled his affairs and made his will. His greatest and principal anxiety had been to keep the sorrowful knowledge of the impending calamity from his daughter; and another covert glance was flashed as he spoke, in the direction of the young girl.

But not so quick, nor so covertly, as to escape her attention. As low as was the tone in which they were uttered, his last words had reached her ears—had aroused her.

She made a step toward him, one fair hand raised warningly, a disdainful expression on her beautiful face, a defiant resolve manifest in voice, gesture, and action, as she looked at him.

"You are lying, Hans Darker!" she declared; "and you know it! My father never had a secret from me; and, certainly, would never have made you his confidant as against his only child. For I loved him—loved him!" she cried, with a passionate outburst. And you—you, to whose unworthiness he trusted everything—what have you done to him? He has been foully dealt with!"

The dusky complexion of the man paled a little, and his thin lips closed tightly; but he did not look up.

"Miss Horner is unjust, but Miss Horner is in great affliction. Hans Darker harbors no malice at her wild words!"

This, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, and turning to me with a servile humility repugnant as affected, "Who should harm Mr. Horner?" he went on. "Not an enemy in the world, he has often said—Miss Horner believes that, surely? Then, who should injure him?"



GREAT JOHN HORNER.—“THE MAN ON THE STEP SAID A FEW WORDS, AND POINTED TO THE MOON, NOW FAST DECLINING; THE TWO OTHERS, WITH THE BAGGY OBJECT STILL BORNE BETWEEN THEM, RE-CROSSED THE STREET AND DISAPPEARED DOWN A DARK ALLEY.”



KATE'S CONQUEST.—"HE WAS SITTING UPON HIS IRON BEDSTEAD, WHITTILING A PIECE OF STICK; BUT HE ROSE AS THE VISITORS ENTERED, AND SPOKE TO MRS. TRAYTEN."—SEE PAGE 411.

No one. Hans Darker, as Miss Horner knows, has been his humblest friend, though his trusted servant, and sole adviser in business matters for three years; and if he says—loving him as he did, and mourning him as he does—that there *was* a little secret kept in fatherly kindness from some others who also loved him, is he to be believed or not?"

He drew himself up proudly, and stood aloof.

If what I felt was in any degree reflected on my face, it is not unlikely that its cautious gravity influenced the young girl.

"Perhaps I have been hasty, Darker," she said, slowly. "If, in my grief, I have done you injustice, I regret it."

It was an effort for her to say it, I could see; but the man brightened visibly.

"You have—you have! Terrible injustice!" he asserted, eagerly, his brigandish eyes still in covert. "I did all for the best—all that could be done. Brought a doctor—two of them. See! here are certificates as to cause of death, and a burial permit from the proper authority."

He drew the papers—pretended, as afterward appeared—from his pocket, but did not unfold them.

I interposed.

These were particulars and details which had better be left to me. I, as an old friend of Mr. Horner, would take charge of the funeral. But a

grave negative from Hans Darker was the immediate response.

He had been especially designated by Mr. Horner, on several anticipatory occasions, as the one person relied on for that sad office—had, in fact, been named as his executor. He had made, as already intimated, all necessary preparations; had watchers, who were even now waiting outside—and more to the same effect; closing by begging me to be present at the hour appointed next day, at the private residence of deceased, whither the remains were to be removed in the morning.

I walked home with the orphan girl—if the desolate house, situated almost at the rear of the quaint pile on the corner, but fronting on another street, could be called home, where an aged duenna and servants now constituted the household.

On the way I ascertained, briefly, certain facts in her own life, and that of her father, and confirmed a singular conjecture that had dawned upon me while in the cabin-like apartment.

The nucleus of that incongruous building was the hull of the bark in which I had left New England. That small apartment, still unchanged, save by the spoiler Time, was her captain's cabin! How came it here, in the heart of a populous district, swarming with a strange people?

I remembered that, when I last saw it, it had been driven ashore, and beached on the sand; and it now appeared that the chief mate had purchased her of the owners, presumably for a trifle; that, subsequently, he had purchased all the land in the immediate vicinity; had filled in and reclaimed many acres to seaward; had sold, from time to time, to incoming speculators, at a great advance—many of whom were sailors and Chinese, until what was once an almost solitary shore had become the centre of a thriving populace.

He had remodeled the old hull by cutting doors in her sides, and making some extensive alterations and additions in various directions, and converted the whole into a vast caravansary for the benefit and accommodation of seafaring men of all nations.

He had built the substantial dwelling in the adjoining street subsequently; had brought his wife and daughter—whose name was Josie—from the East, and installed them therein. But the wife and mother had suddenly died, and Miss Josie was sent away to boarding-school, whence she had been summoned a week before, arriving too late to see her father alive.

Such were the events, substantially, in their history, as conjectured and elicited by my inquiries.

With a promise to call early the next morning, I left my card with the orphan girl, and walked swiftly homeward.

Once safely housed in my apartments, I sat down to think, and to determine on some plan of action.

The man Hans Darker, I was fully satisfied, was a thorough scoundrel; and the more I reflected on the situation, that sudden outburst of the young girl, and the ominous suggestion, or assertion—"He has been foully dealt with!" kept recurring again and again.

True, my old friend could not have had an enemy in the world, as against himself; but he had amassed money, and considerable of it; and what crimes will not avarice excite? In addition thereto, was the rare prize of his beautiful daughter—his only child and heir.

Two desirable acquisitions to such as Hans Darker, if he were bold enough and bad enough to secure them.

Would he attempt it? Had he planned to such end?

The more I thought on the subject, the more restless I became. I could not sleep—I could not rest. I rose and walked about the room; looked from my window, sat down, rose again, and, finally, exchanging my outer garb for one less noticeable, went out softly into the street.

I had placed a pair of Derringer's pistols in my side-pockets, with no definable motive in so doing, for it was against my custom; and, in the same motiveless way, I began swiftly to retrace my steps toward the scene of the night's adventure.

To this day I am unable to define the impulse which urged me forward. But ever and anon, the face of the young girl, glowing with the prophetic light of her startling declaration to Hans Darker, seemed to beckon me on.

The moon quartered herself above the house-tops, and deeper shadows began to fall upon the sleeping city. There was a chilly feel in the air. Somehow, it strangely reminded me of those few early days, when Great John Horner, and the rest of our old ship's company, had camped together on the Yuba; and I thought how his strong arm, and cheerful courage on the voyage, had saved us all—how uncomplainingly he had borne hardships every one else shrunk from—how he had held honest labor, and right and duty, to be greater and better than gold; and then I thought of his massive frame lying motionless in the little cabin his fanciful reverence had preserved untouched. In the new and strange uses to which he had converted the old bark; and, following this, came, singular enough, the remembrance of that black scarf I had noticed about his neck, and the action of Hans Darker connected therewith.

I had heard of the Thugs of Hindoostan, of the Stranglers of the East, and other banded fanatics who had reduced Murder to a Fine Art; and I wondered if it were possible that dark-skinned, softly-spoken adviser of the dead man was a graduate of those infernal schools.

I determined that the half-formed doubt, the crude suspicion which had darkly risen in my mind, should be set at rest before the remains were placed in the coffin. I would visit the place again, gain entrance, if possible, to the room alone—but I *would* see him.

Not by slow degrees did I reach this determination. It came upon me suddenly, and with tremendous force.

To resolve was to execute.

Looking down the street I was crossing, I became aware of the fact that I had already arrived within a block of my unfortunate friend's place of business; and I made a brief pause, and gazed once more at the incongruous pile.

As I did so, I saw a door open, and a tall, thin man come out, glance hurriedly up and down, and then raise one arm slowly above his head, as if it grasped a dagger, and draw it from right to left.

The light streaming out enabled me to see this movement with marked distinctness.

Evidently a preconcerted signal.

And even as this thought arose to my mind, I saw two other similar figures start out from a dark angle where they had been concealed, and cross swiftly to the side of the man by the door.

Between them they carried a dark, baggy object, with short ropes trailing from it, some six or seven feet in length, as nearly as I could judge at the distance.

What was it? Who were they? My excitement rose to fever-heat; but as I thought of my late friend and his helpless daughter, my muscles became like steel.

With intense earnestness, I watched the next move of the sinister trio.

The man on the step said a few words, apparently words of direction, and pointed to the

moon, now fast declining; the two others, with the baggy object still borne between them, recrossed the street, and disappeared down a dark alley. The other waited a moment or two, came out on the walk, looked about him furtively, and then, turning, closed the street-door softly behind him, and moved with rapid, noiseless footsteps directly toward where I was standing.

I had just time to recover from my surprise, and to glide into the deeper shadow of a sunken doorway, when the dark figure passed me—so close that I could have touched him with my outstretched hand, yet so silent that I could not hear a breath.

It was Hans Darker!

A cruel smile of anticipated triumph, of hideous meaning, was dimly visible on his dusky visage, as he lifted his face in the waning light.

Had it been necessary, it would have aroused me, as nothing yet had done, to then and there struggle with him to the death.

He paused, and I felt and knew that whatever was to be done to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, must be done at once.

The darker hours which usually precede dawn were fast settling down. For those darker hours these Birds of Prey were evidently waiting. Circumstances had placed at my disposal a greater opportunity than I could have hoped for. The door was left unlocked, and for a few minutes, at least, I could work. Once inside, I should be governed by the needs of the moment as to future action.

As these thoughts rushed through my mind with lightning-like rapidity, I left my place of concealment, hurried to the entrance, opened the door, without an instant's hesitation, closed and bolted it behind me, and, with a supernatural calmness, made my way noiselessly through the dark, narrow passage, into the cabin beyond.

The sickly light from the ship's lantern still threw a gloomy halo on all within; but, great God! what did I see?

That massive form I had left so calm and motionless in apparent death, uprising, gasping, struggling, and striving with frantic clutch to tear from its throat that sailor's scarf!

"Great John Horner!"

It was the old familiar utterance, as I sprang to his assistance; and the draw of a knife, caught up from a table, relieved him.

"Edgar Brownwhite!" he gasped, huskily, as he weakly tottered toward me, and fell heavily in my arms.

For a moment he seemed helpless as a child; but he rallied again immediately.

"Brandy!" he whispered, faintly, his eyes reverting to a locker.

I gave it him—with almost magical effect.

He revived, raised himself unsupported, walked across the floor, breathing heavily, but apparently easier each breath. He opened a drawer, and felt in it, a slight disappointment visible, I thought, in his resolute face.

"Are you armed?" he asked.

I exhibited my pistols.

He took one of them, and examined it.

"That wretch will soon return," he said. "He has gone for two scoundrels only less murderous than himself, whom he has employed to row my body out to sea, and sink it! Do you know, Brownwhite, every word you uttered here—you, and my dear girl—as well as every word uttered by that villain, was distinctly audible to me, and I, as you saw, utterly powerless to move or speak! Great heaven! shall I ever forget that terrible agony? See!" he continued, taking from the floor the fallen scarf; "this merely served to hide the instrument of murder!"

He held up to view a knotted silken cord.

"If the knot had not slipped, or if the muscles of my neck had been less strong, and my surplus flesh less firm, Great John would not now be talking to you, my dear boy! Hush—he comes!"

A noise at the outer door, by which I had entered, thrice repeated, and then a muttered imprecation in a foreign tongue.

Great John looked at me inquiringly.

I signed to him that the door was bolted.

"It will cause him only a moment's delay—there is another entrance of which he has the key," he whispered, crossing to the opposite side, and taking a position partially screened from observation from the inner door.

It seemed hardly a minute when we heard the villain coming through the narrow passage.

His finding the outer door bolted had apparently only served to anger him, and made him less cautious. His footsteps were now distinct. Doubtless he thought his hirelings had returned on their hideous errand, and had inadvertently fastened him out.

He had reached the centre of the cabin before he saw the vacant couch. Even then he failed to realize its significance, and glanced about him for its late occupant, as if he expected to find the body in the hands of his assistants.

His eyes encountered mine.

No longer twin brigands in covert, but on the instant flaming out luridly, murderously.

Great John, his pistol forgotten, was already leaning forward to clutch the miscreant from behind, when a revolver leaped to the light, and flashed its deadly load within an inch of my temples, my life being saved only by the quickness of my friend's movement, which disconcerted the aim.

The report of the weapon was followed by a death-shriek from Hans Darker, who, with an effort to draw an Asiatic creese, sunk to the floor—dead!

So sudden—so unexpected was this turn of the affair, that it was a full minute ere we could realize what had transpired.

He had died by his own hand.

The ball fired at me had struck the iron frame of a small mirror set in the cabin-wall, and, rebounding at an angle, had passed through his heart.

It had saved the city some expense, and accomplished poetic, though not absolute justice; for powder and ball are by far too honest for such as he.

How Great John's iron nerves immediately succumbed when the danger was over, how his beautiful daughter was hurriedly brought to his bedside in the little cabin, how he was ill for many weeks thereafter, and recovered just in time to be present and give away the bride at a certain wedding, how he subsequently sold the old pile of incongruous buildings, and retired with a nice little plum, it is unnecessary to relate here. For is it not all written (and much more) in the archives of the Brownwhite family?

If the reader's curiosity involves a doubt, ask Little John H. Brownwhite, or Miss Josie, *et al* four, either of whom will delight in fuller details than are herein set down. Good-night!

Kate's Conquest.

"But, Georgina, do you really go amongst those horrible men? Are you not afraid?"

"There is nothing to fear, Kate. I do not deny that I hear and see many things that are offensive beyond description; but if I can do any good, where there is so much sin and misery, I am more than repaid for any personal annoyance. James always goes with me."

"I don't suppose there is any actual danger; but it seems so strange to think of you, the most fastidious, refined of all 'our set,' in prison-cells. What ever made James come here?"

"It is a long story. Will you hear it?"

"I want to hear it, Georgie."

"When James first asked me to be his wife, it seemed to me impossible that I could ever be good enough to marry a clergyman—one, too, so wise, and so much older than myself. Yet, to let him go from me was a parting I could not bear to contemplate. So, as I loved him so fondly, I trusted to his love to teach and guide me, and overlook any shortcomings. I was wealthy, as you know, and just before we were married, James inherited from his uncle a fortune equal to my own. For five years we lived in our old parish, as other ministers live; but there was a want we both felt—a want of some special object to which to devote our wealth and time. God denied us the precious gift of young lives to train and fit for heaven. We have no children. After many long and earnest conversations, James finally sought and obtained this position of prison chaplain, with the express understanding that I am to be allowed to visit with him. Katie, we need look no further for work. Inside in the cells, outside in the families desolated by sin, we find heart and hands kept full and busy."

"But are there not hardened wretches—deaf to you, as well as James?"

"Many—very many. Yet, if we awaken one heart to penitence, we are thankful—if it takes weeks or months. James tries to find honest employment for those who come out after serving their time. Employment as far as possible removed from whatever may have been the former temptation that imprisoned them. Some are grateful, and do better; some return to us again, worse than before."

"You are going to-day?"

"Yes. I want to talk once more with Ryan."

"Who is Ryan?"

"I forget you are but a visitor in our town, and do not know our local interests. Ryan is our most hopeless case. He has been in nearly every prison in the State, under as many names as he has crimes. He is a thief—both pickpocket and burglar—a hardened criminal, who seems, at forty years of age, to have no redeeming quality in his heart or life. His cradle was the street, his home the almshouse, till he ran away to be a juvenile desperado in all respects. A boyhood of crime, youth of drunkenness, rioting and sin, a manhood spent alternately in wickedness or prison-walls, has made this man the hardest wretch we have ever seen. No words seem to move him, no prayers to affect him. To-day he will be released, after serving a term of two years for his last crime, larceny."

"I think, Georgina, I will go with you. I never saw a prison."

Georgina Trayten hesitated. She was a sweet-faced, gentle woman, of about thirty-five, who was spending her life amid the scenes her cousin had never seen. It was her daily, self-imposed work to visit these prison-cells, where crime met its reward. But it was a different matter to introduce there this young cousin, who was visiting her.

Kate Sewell was but eighteen, full of kindly impulses, generous to a fault, an heiress and a belle. Should she cloud her young heart by letting her see this darkest picture of human life? Should she open her ears and eyes to such scenes as she herself witnessed daily?

As she hesitated, Kate changed her bright morning-dress for a walking-suit of dark-gray.

"You are so quietly dressed, Georgie," she said, "I will wear my traveling-suit."

"It would scarcely accord with my errand, Katie, to wear rich dresses. So you wish to go?"

"Yes. I am like you, Georgie, in one respect. I am heartily weary of my frivolous, useless existence. I can never be as good as you are, but perhaps I may find one occasion to-day where a word or a gift may help some poor prisoner."

"Come, then! James will meet us at the gate."

Before the morning was half spent, Kate was heartsick at the wretchedness she had already witnessed. It seemed to her a holy, miraculous patience in James and Georgina when they could persevere in their efforts amid such discouragement. Hypocrisy so evident that it was worse than defiance; suppressed sneers; open profanation of impenitence; all the phases of vice and hardness met them at every step.

"You are tired, Kate," Georgina said. "I will see Ryan, and then we will go."

The chaplain led the way to a cell, and said:

"As Kate is with you, Georgie, I will leave you a few moments. I must see Jones."

"The murderer!" Kate whispered, with white lips.

"Yes. But a few days more are left before he must pay the penalty of his crime. John!"

A pleasant-faced warden answered the call.

"Will you stay with the ladies till I return?"

"Certainly, sir."

"They will go in now to Ryan."

"Yes, sir. Ryan goes out at noon. He was dressed an hour ago."

Although Kate felt as if heart and brain were already weary of the sight of sinful faces, she looked with interest at the man she had heard described by her cousin. He was sitting upon his iron bedstead, whittling a piece of stick; but he rose as the visitors entered, and spoke to Mrs. Trayten.

"Good-morning, ma'am."

Simple words enough, but uttered in a most unpleasant tone of triumph, as if reminding her of a parting, with no good seed sown in the hard heart.

In his showy, vulgar dress, round head, coarse features, bull neck, and low forehead, the print of sin was visible everywhere; low, coarse, debasing sin. Kate looked in vain for any sign of the heroic criminal, the romantic sinner of fiction. There was no trace of it here. But as she looked earnestly in the man's face, he suddenly turned his head, and fixed his eyes upon her. As he did so, a pallor crept slowly over his hard face, his lips quivered, and his eyes softened.

"Who are you?" he said, abruptly.

"I am Mrs. Trayten's cousin," she answered, very gently.

"You—you are very like—" he stammered, and then stopped, his voice choking.

In a moment the girl's kind heart was touched. She came beside the man, who had resumed his former seat, and spoke in a low, sweet voice.

"I resemble some friend, some relative, perhaps?" she asked.

"And you are not ashamed of it?" he said, in a voice of mingled amazement and defiance. "A dainty lady like you look like anything belonging to me? Likely story, that! Ah, Maggie, Maggie! She is in her coffin now, miss, so it is an angel you look like, after all."

"Your wife?"

"Do you care to know?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"You know what I am," he said, with a short, hard laugh, "and I s'pose it's hard to think I ever cared for anybody. She was a little slight thing, only fourteen. Her mother died, and the child was sick in the room next mine—a poor place,

miss, enough. I nursed her, got her a doctor, food, medicine—never mind how. She got well, and lived four years. I was her father then, for want of a better. Well, she died, and all the good there ever was in me was buried with her."

"I hope not," Kate answered. "It is not well to bury what is good."

"She was good. I buried her."

"Not her soul. Only the poor body that suffered. Was she always sickly?"

"Yes. Consumptive. Well, she's dead, and there's the end of it."

"Oh, no," Kate said, earnestly. "It is the beginning of heavenly life for her. She is waiting for you there."

"I'm a likely bird for heaven. It's too late for that, miss."

"It is never too late!"

"Twelve o'clock!" cried the man, as the sound of a bell broke upon the air. "I'm off. Good-by, ladies!"

And giving time for no further word, the man strode into the corridor. A moment later Mr. Trayten joined his wife, and the party left the prison.

A week passed away, and Kate had not revisited the prison. Apparently, she had said no word to produce good results, left no impression upon any mind. She was young and impulsive, unfitted by nature for the gentle patience by which her cousin accomplished so much. She had hoped for some word from Ryan, some proof of sudden repentance, but it had not come, and she thought the transient softening produced by her real or fancied resemblance to his adopted child was over when the bell proclaimed the hour of his release from prison.

In a low, poor room, with surroundings of the meanest, most poverty-stricken description, the man Ryan was seated, one week after his release from prison. The hard face was as repulsive as ever, the coarse clothes as vulgar. But something about the man was changed. It was hard to say in what particular he was altered, but the alteration certainly was there.

"Never too late!" he muttered, leaning his head upon his hand; "that was what she said. Never too late! Now, if she had spent thirty years, as I have, and more'n half of it in jail, I wonder what she'd say? Just a week I've spent trying to live honest! Humph! A pretty fist I've made at it. Honest! I wonder, now, if Maggie is waiting for me. That's all the good there is in your whole life, Jim Ryan, them four years you kept that gal away from the almshouse, or worse. Wonder if it'll be reckoned against the bad jobs. Hark! Fire! Nine strokes! That's up among the big houses. Jewelry, watches and such! I'll go!"

Rushing hastily through the streets, the man Ryan found himself soon in the midst of an excited crowd, who were watching the efforts of the firemen to save a row of handsome houses, rapidly burning in the lower stories. The roofs at the end of the row were on fire, but several houses beyond were, as yet, only burning in the lower part. One of these, a very handsome residence, attracted the man's attention at once.

"Plenty of time there," he thought, "to crawl along the roof, get into the upper rooms, and save the valuables. I'll try it!"

He ran as he spoke, in a half whisper, down the side street, and gained the rear of the buildings. Like a cat he climbed by balcony-shutters and window-sills, till he was on the level of the third floor. One blow of his strong arm dashed in a window, and he sprang into a large room, so full of smoke, that the rush of it nearly smothered him. For a moment he staggered back.

It was evident that the burglary he had contem-

plated was a far more dangerous task than he had supposed.

The sudden entrance of air through the broken window was clearing the smoky atmosphere, and drawing the flame upward. Upon the floor near him were scattered articles of value, jewels, money, and a heavy gold watch, and he hastily stooped to collect them, only then seeing, a little distance away, on the other side of a table, a woman lying, face downward, upon the floor. She had evidently been preparing to fly with what articles of value she could save, and had been overcome by the dense smoke.

Ryan hesitated a moment, then turned the senseless figure toward him.

A bitter oath escaped him.

"It is Mrs. Trayten's cousin that looks like Maggie. She is not dead! I'll save her! I'll save her! It is never too late."

Flinging open the door, he ran to the front of the house, and shouted for a ladder. It seemed a madness to try to escape. Alone, the road by which he came was still open to him, but burdened with the woman's weight, it was simply impossible to descend as he had ascended.

Seeing that efforts were being made to raise the long ladders to the front windows, he shouted again to take them to the back of the house, but was unheard in the tumult. There was no moment to be lost, and he again sought the room where Kate still lay insensible.

As he reappeared at the window, with the girl's figure in his arms, a shout rose from below, and the efforts to steady the ladders were redoubled. One was at last raised, and he caught the bars, and commenced the perilous descent. In spite of the streams of water thrown upon the ladder, it was on fire in several places, before the slow descent was half accomplished. The crowd were quiet now, hardly breathing as they watched these two coming toward the gulf of the flame below. They were saturated with water, and their clothing had more than once caught the flames, when, with a crash, the base of the ladder gave way, and they were hurled to the ground. Men rushed in then, regardless of their own frightful risk, and lifted them up out of further danger.

Three hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Trayten, returning from a day spent in the country, arrived at the house where Kate and Ryan had been taken for refuge. The young girl, unhurt and entirely recovered from the long, suffocated swoon, dressed in a borrowed dress of some white material, came to the door to meet them. She was deadly pale, excepting where tears had reddened her eyes, and trembled violently.

"We know all, dear," Mrs. Trayten said.

"Thank God, you are safe. Where is the man who rescued you?"

"In the next room. Oh, Georgie, it is Ryan; and he is dying."

"Dying!"

"He struck his head in falling, and the doctor says he breathed the flame. James, come in. He has asked for both of you."

Upon a white bed, with the rough face pallid and drawn, the man waited for death. As the door opened, he looked eagerly toward it, and over his white lips a smile hovered, as Kate came to his side.

Mr. Trayten spoke to him, and Georgie kissed the rough hand on the coverlet, her tears falling too fast to allow a word to come to her lips.

"Don't, ma'am," he said, in a faint, broken voice. "I'm thankful you're not crying for her?" and the dying eyes sought Kate's face again. "Parson, if you'll say a prayer now, I'll try to hear it."

Mr. Trayten knelt down, and Georgina also bent by the deathbed; but Kate's hands, were

taken in those that had saved her life, and she did not attempt to release them. The prayer was not long, but it was fervent and heartfelt, and Ryan, perhaps for the first time in his life, whispered, "Amen." All his thought was evidently for Kate. As Mr. Travten rose, and came near him, he whispered, "Thank you, parson," and then looked again at Kate.

"Never too late, you said?" he whispered.

"Never too late. God's mercy is infinite," the girl said, in her low, sweet voice. "Think of Jesus who died for us. And you," she sobbed, "have died for me."

A smile came again on the white lips.

"A bad life is better lost than a good one. I wonder if Maggie is waiting for me—if God will think this any atonement?"

"God only asks for penitence," answered Mr. Trayten.

"Yes, parson! Well, it is easy to be sorry, when it's all over."

There was a long silence. The doctor stole in softly, and shook his head as he heard the labored breathing. The group around the bed spoke but little, in subdued tones, and Kate, bending low, kept her soft hands on the brow or in the clasp of the dying man, whose rapidly glazing eyes were fixed ever upon her face.

Suddenly the worn, pale face lighted up with a perfect radiance, an inarticulate cry escaped from the white lips, and in a moment all was over.

"Oh, Cousin James, what did he see or hear?" Kate cried, as the doctor drew the sheet over the dead face.

"We can never know," was the answer. "But we may believe this last act of his life canceled the dark past, and God forgave the long career of sin."

They put him to rest in a lovely spot in the cemetery, and after a long search, found Maggie's grave, and placed her beside him.

Few days pass when there are not flowers upon these graves, for the entire town feels, with Kate, that they must honor the grave of the man who gave his life to save that of a woman who must have died had he deserted her.

~ No. 29. ~

"It is of no use, mother," and the young man pressed his lips more firmly together, as if fearful that the sorrowful, stately figure before him might lead him to retract his determination. "I have accepted the position, and am to enter on my duties to-morrow. Now, mother"—as she moaned at this plain statement of facts—"I understand your feelings thoroughly. I went through the whole struggle yesterday, but now I can truthfully say I am glad that circumstances have brought to me to this. Why, mother, look at the matter. I am not putting down pride by this course, but upholding it. If I, a man of twenty-five, well, strong, and of sound faculties, should consent, for one moment, to be a burden on another, I would, indeed, be fit subject for tears, and our pride of birth might well be leveled; but, as it is, I aim to keep unspotted our clear family record, and shall let independence and honesty compensate for the wealth which has so suddenly disappeared."

The mother's face brightened a little. The enthusiasm and highmindedness of the handsome fellow wrought a slight but salutary change in her emotions, and the sigh was but a faint edition of previous ones with which she preceded her next remark:

"But a letter-carrier, my son! Surely a higher position than that was obtainable. Of what avail

will prove your talents and education, in such a life?"

Alton Burke smiled sadly.

"Mother, my talents and education have all been devoted to one object—the practice of law. Father's sickness has prevented my beginning my profession with him, as we had proposed. I will not ask the business influence of those who have socially given us the cold shoulder; and without influence, there is no possibility of obtaining a mercantile position. I have tried perseveringly—you know with what result. We must live; and a letter-carrier is, in my opinion, far superior to an aimless puppy who sits down contented to exist on the bounty of relatives."

Mrs. Burke had by this time become pretty well imbued with her son's magnetic fervor. Her eyes were brighter, her forehead clearer, and she had almost smiled, when another consideration intruded itself, and, with most unpardonable officiousness, pushed the gathering brightness back into its hiding-place.

"But, Alton—Here the fond mother hesitated. It was a delicate subject she would have touched upon, and she was uncertain how to proceed. He divined her meaning intuitively, and a sadder light came into his dark eyes.

"Maud Murray, I suppose you mean, mother. Well, I have relinquished, with other hopes, the idea of winning her. She is proud!—woefully proud!—so am I. Adversity has leveled that portion of my pride which was weakest; but she has never been tried, and will view the matter as I should probably have done a month ago. Alton Burke, the aristocrat, was very well; but Alton Burke, as Letter-Carrier No. 29, would be scorned most heartily. I don't think the pecuniary loss would have affected her. She is far too noble for that. But social degradation she could not endure. It is well that there was no engagement existing between us, as there need be no formal breaking of bonds."

"But, Alton," and the speaker's voice trembled as she saw her boy thus putting away from himself all hope of happiness, "you may misjudge Maud. Shall you make no endeavor to discover whether your estimate of her character be correct?"

The dark face flushed brilliantly as the remembrance of certain cuts, from divers of the small-minded of his past "set," rose vividly to his mind, and very emphatic was the response:

"No, ma'am. Maud Murray has our address, and any desire on her part to retain our friendship may be easily manifested by a call on you. The worst part of my business is, that her street is the principal one of my new route, and as the number of the young lady's correspondents are by no means limited, I shall, doubtless, often have occasion to visit the mansion in my new capacity;" and, with a whistle neither very loud nor very firm, the young gentleman turned to the window, looked out a moment silently, and then walked from the room.

Alton Burke was morally strong. He had studied, had traveled, and was just about to commence the practice of Law with his father, Judge Burke, when that gentleman was stricken with paralysis. Some time before his ultimate illness he had shown symptoms of mental weakness, which had worried his friends exceedingly, and when his affairs came to be looked into, it was found that of his enormous fortune scarcely a thousand dollars remained. Certain sharpers had taken advantage of his business imbecility, and drawn him into speculations from which his money had scarcely more hope of escape than from a grave. His son, a young man whom fortune had petted to an exceptional extent, rose superior to the circumstances which had come

upon him without the slightest preparation, and rejecting the money offers which had come in from various wealthy relatives, went manfully to work to procure a position, the proceeds of which would be sufficient for the support of himself and parents. This was not an easy undertaking! The relatives who so generously proffered pecuniary aid had no sympathy with what they termed his "Quixotic ideas of independence." They would gladly have placed him in some law-office, and taken care of the family until he should have worked himself up to a paying position in his profession; but the idea of a mercantile life for one upon whose education so much had been expended, and who most undoubtedly possessed superior talent for the bar, was to them preposterous, and they refused utterly to render him assistance in the way he desired.

After persevering and energetic endeavor, he discovered that, unaided, it was useless for him to seek either very profitable, or very "genteel" occupation; so, after a struggle far more intense than even his mother had any conception of, he accepted the first and only situation offered—a metropolitan carriership. The blow was hard enough of itself, but his love for one of the proudest women in New York city made his troubled heart even more sensitive.

He had seen men banished from her good graces for trifles no other young lady in her circle would think of noticing, and, although she was in every sense of the world her own mistress, the possibility of her overlooking his self-imposed lowliness never once occurred to him. She was—must be—fully aware of his affection; but that fact made it only the more hopeless; and resolutely putting away all thought of the haughty beauty, No. 29 commenced, the next morning, his trying occupation. As he expected, among his budget were several epistles for Miss Maud Murray.

"Bahaw!" he murmured, impatiently, ringing the area-bell; "if Colonel Gregory sends her a letter every mail, it's none of my business!"—for, he had recognized the writing on one of the envelopes.

Truly, his cross was a hard lot to bear. The streets through which he was daily obliged to pass were among the most aristocratic thoroughfares of the city, and the majority of individuals to whom it was his business to convey letters had been in days past his nearest friends.

Colonel Gregory was the only person excepting himself whom Miss Murray ever honored with any special amount of favor, and this was evidently owing quite as much to his own persistency as to any wish of the young lady in question. Colonel Gregory honored Alton Burke with his supremest hatred, and it was, perhaps, natural that he should rejoice over his rival's downfall. His bachelor establishment was in close contiguity to Miss Murray's palatial home, and Alton felt but too surely how every opportunity now favored his love for the fair heiress.

A week or so went on. As he expected, neither in person nor by letter did Miss Murray recognize their past friendship. One morning they met face to face on the street—she, with a lady friend—he, with his uniform and letters. Her face reflected the crimson of his, and even at that moment he felt a thrill of triumph, for few were they who had power to make the haughty Maud Murray change color. The friend looked steadily across the street. She looked straight at him, and, with a distant but courteous bow, passed on. Her pride would never allow of her demeaning herself. Alton Burke smiled sadly. Possibly, had she followed the example of her companion, his love would have turned to contempt. As it was, it rather increased than diminished.

The next time he met the young lady, she was accompanied by Colonel Gregory. There was no chance of evading the meeting; in fact, had there been, it is doubtful if he would have availed himself of it. The sight nerved him with a desperation inclined rather to court than evade the disagreeables of life. Miss Murray colored again, and inclined her head in recognition. Had Colonel Gregory been a man of tact, he would have done the same; but Colonel Gregory was not a man of tact, at least, not on that particular occasion.

"Here, my man!" he hallooed, stopping short on the sidewalk; "any letters for Colonel Samuel Gregory?"

Alton Burke's lip curled, as did Maud Murray's. "I only deliver letters at the residence of the person addressed," he answered, haughtily.

Miss Murray smiled, and then, as both men would have hurried on, asked, with a defiant glance at her small-minded companion:

"How is your father, Mr. Burke?"

"Better, I thank you, Miss Murray."

"I am very glad to hear it," she responded, cordially. "Will you remember me to your mother?"

"I will." And, with another bow they parted, Colonel Gregory the while biting his lips in undisguised annoyance.

The young carrier's heart was a little lighter as he passed on. Not that he built any hope for himself in her few words. He thoroughly understood that they were intended almost entirely for Colonel Gregory's benefit; but the look of contempt her face had worn for one second showed that her rude companion could never hold a place in her heart, and for that he was unspeakably glad.

Several times after this he met the lady, but not again did she unbend from her haughty dignity. His evenings Alton Burke devoted entirely to discovering the reasons for his father's pecuniary losses, which had been considered by every one as irretrievable.

By diligent and thorough research, he had discovered affairs to be not nearly so bad as represented. His legal acumen, although as yet untested, was of no mean order, and his own intense interest in the matter served to render his efforts the more strenuous. Fifty thousand dollars, at least, he discovered to be recoverable, and, certain of this, he prepared to relinquish his unprofitable and distasteful position, and proceed at once to the building up of a practice in the profession for which he was so thoroughly fitted.

It was his last day on duty, and, scarcely with regret, and yet with a certain sadness, he went over the well-remembered rounds. Arriving at the Murray mansion, with, as usual, a letter or so for Miss Maud, he was accosted by the servant, agitatedly:

"Oh, Mr. Burke" (it was the first time she had ever shown sign of recognition), "can't you come up-stairs a minute? Colonel Gregory's going on awful, and there's nobody in the house but Miss Maud and us."

The girl was undoubtedly terrified, and following her into the hall, he tried to get some idea of the true state of the case. She stopped unwillingly enough, seeing that he would not follow her up-stairs without some explanation, and went on hurriedly:

"Well, sir, he came about an hour ago, and asked for Miss Maud. She sent word, 'Engaged'; but he said he *must* see her, so she went down. He was as white as a sheet. First he talked low, but at last he got to yelling and pacing the floor like a wild animal. I got frightened, and went up to the door just now. He was standing against it, I know, because she was asking him to let her

out. I don't suppose he'd hurt her, but he's in an awful rage, and—do come up!"

He required no further urging. The idea of the woman he loved being subjected even to an unwelcome presence was terrible, and he followed the excited girl up-stairs without a word of comment. She drew him into the back parlor, and whispered:

"Just stay here, and see that he don't hurt her. I don't believe she'd like us to interfere unless we had to."

He nodded assent.

"No," came in thundering tones from the next room. "I will not allow you to retire until you have made me some reply. When you inform me whether you love any one else will I be satisfied, but not before. You say there is no possibility of your learning to love me. I wish to judge for myself."

"Very well, sir," and the lady's voice rang forth scornfully clear. "Then, be satisfied—I do love some one else. Now, I will pass."

But still he intercepted her.

"One word more," and that the words came through clenched teeth was apparent to the unwilling listener. "Is it your postman whom you have honored with your affection?"

The "postman" would have sprung forward then, but the servant detained him. She began to think her fears had been somewhat foolish, and was anxious if possible to remove her companion without having any collision between the two men. Had the folding-doors been transparent, Maud Murray would probably have given her sneering questioner a different answer; but utterly unsuspecting of the proximity of the individual most concerned, and anxious to bury her companion's hope beyond all possibility of resurrection, she answered, as clearly as before:

"If, by the postman, you refer to Alton Burke, I will answer you"—and here she paused to give the succeeding word due emphasis—"Yes."

"I thought so," muttered the man; while Alton, doubting alternately his own sanity, wakefulness, and hearing, listened in a half-stupor. "But," with an insulting leer, "I should have thought it in better taste to choose your coachman; his livery is much more genteel."

This was too much. Pushing aside the girl, who vainly urged him to be quiet, Alton Burke pushed open the doors, and stood before the astonished couple. Maud Murray was too dumb-founded even for blushes, and stood without a word, while he turned to the craven before him.

"There is the door, sir. Make use of it."

Colonel Gregory's bravery did not show itself here, for, without a word, he walked from the room, and in a moment more the street-door was slammed behind him. Then Alton turned to the lady. The recollection of the confession made but a moment before had by this time crimsoned her face. It is uncertain whether magnanimity or pride most prompted Alton Burke's next speech; but there was assuredly considerable of the latter manifest, as he said:

"Miss Murray, do not allow any of the events of this morning to trouble you. I think you need fear nothing further from Colonel Gregory, and I understood too thoroughly your position to base an insane hope on your answer to his impertinent queries."

The lady bowed just as coldly as himself, as he turned to leave the room; then, while the blood mounted to the roots of her hair, she said:

"Mr. Burke—"

He stopped, and waited for her to proceed. She knew very well that this man loved her, and one would have thought it no difficult matter for her to have said, "Stay!" but she found it impos-

sible; and, finally, between embarrassment and excitement, she broke entirely down, and cried as if her heart would break.

Her companion was bewildered. The servant, with considerable tact, had left them immediately. He must try and soothe her; and, approaching the weeping girl, he said, sadly:

"Miss Murray, do you refuse to trust me? I tell you, I will never allow myself to think of your words—I will forget them—"

"But," interrupted Maud, half defiantly—his stupidity was doing much to allay her hysterics—"I don't want you to forget them."

This thought, lacking somewhat in explicitness, was sufficient for even Alton Burke's comprehension; and to this day the prominent lawyer rejoices in the misfortune which, by forcing him into an humble independence, gave him so fine an opportunity of testing the reality of his wife's affection.

For a Walk.

There is much in a person's walk denoting character.

A rapid walk indicates energy, something of importance on hand which requires immediate attention.

A slow walk suggests an easy-going turn of mind, a disposition to let things take their own course, and, if they go wrong, it will be all the same in a thousand years.

A shambling walk belongs to indolence, the body seeming to be an unwelcome burden to the feet, which they attempt to shirk, by hugging the ground as closely as possible.

A rolling walk is the gait of the "jolly tar;" and if the natural walk of a landman, denotes an independent don't-care-tiveness, and good humor.

A nippy walk, which twists and turns from side to side, cutting off and putting a period after each step, is the sign of a snappish, terrier disposition.

A graceful, deliberate swing walk indicates a proud and haughty nature, with plenty of self-conceit.

A slight bend and intense swing of the body, with elbows out and nose snuffing the air above the heads of other people, and the least pigeon-toed walk, suggests vanity, and a frivolous devotion to style and display.

A hesitating walk denotes a changeable mind, lack of perseverance, and a growing mental shallowness, resulting from a want of energy.

A careless walk, always running against somebody, denotes a person wrapped up in self, without ability to see much outside.

The studied, accurately measured, "aren't-you-all-looking-at-me" walk, indicates an unreliable, superficial, deceitful person, whose pride is in fashion, beauty, the cut of hair, trimming of whisker, fit of a dress, or some such attraction given by the tailor, barber, or dressmaker.

A loitering walk indicates a person whose thoughts are always placidly, basily contemplating a narrow sphere of life, in which self is the prominent figure. Such persons, when thrown upon their own resources, are as helpless as a turtle on its back.

The sharp, quick, clean step over rough or even places with prompt precision, as if every footfall was marked, indicates a person in possession of full mental faculties and farsightedness, with an eye which surveys the ground in advance, guided by a quick, intelligent, sharp business qualification, and a readiness to battle with life, making the most of everything. Such persons are self-reliant, hard to trip, quick to rise when once down, and never in doubt which way to go when once upon their feet.



THE ROMANCE OF AN AMERICAN QUEEN.—“IN AN INSTANT EVERY CHIEF HAD SEIZED HIS TOMAHAWK AND SPRANG FROM THE GROUND TO RALLY AT THE CALL OF THEIR QUEEN. AT THIS MOMENT CAPTAIN JONES DREW HIS SWORD AND DEMANDED PEACE.”

Romance of an American Queen.

In 1733, the settlement of Georgia was commenced by a number of English people, who were brought over by General Oglethorpe, and pitched their tents on the very spot now occupied by the city of Savannah.

In his intercourse with the Indians, he was greatly assisted by an Indian woman, whom he found in Savannah, by the name of Mary Musgrove. She had resided among the English, in another part of the country, and was well acquainted with their language. She was of great

use, therefore, to General Oglethorpe, in interpreting what he said to the Indians, and what they said to him. For this service, he gave her a hundred pounds a year.

Among those who came over with General Oglethorpe was a man by the name of Thomas Bosomworth, who was the chaplain, or minister, of the colony. Soon after his arrival he married the above-mentioned Indian woman, Mary Musgrove. Unhappily, Bosomworth was at heart a bad man, although by profession he was a minister of the gospel. He was distinguished for his pride, and love of riches and influence. At the same time, he was very artful. Yet, on account

of his profession, he was, for a time, much respected by the Indians.

At one of the great councils of the Indians, this artful man induced some of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one of the greatest among them, and to declare him prince and emperor of all the Creeks. After this, he made his wife call herself the eldest sister of Malatche, and she told the Indians that one of her grandfathers had been made king by the Great Spirit, over all the Creeks. The Indians believed what Mary told them, for since General Oglethorpe had been so kind to her, they had become very proud of her. They called a great meeting of the chiefs together, and Mary made them a long talk. She told them that they had been injured by the whites—that they were getting away the lands of the Indians, and would soon drive them from all their possessions. Said she: "We must assert our rights—we must arm ourselves against them—we must drive them from our territories—let us call forth our warriors—I will head them. Stand by me, and the houses which they have erected shall smoke in ruins."

The spirit of Queen Mary was contagious. Every chief present declared himself ready to defend her, to the last drop of his blood.

After due preparation, the warriors were called forth. They had painted themselves afresh, and sharpened anew their tomahawks for the battle. The march was now commenced. Queen Mary, attended by her infamous husband, the real author of all their discontent, headed the savage throng.

Before they reached Savannah, their approach was announced. The people were justly alarmed. They were few in number, and, though they had a fortification and cannon, they had no good reason to hope that they should be able to ward off the deadly blow which was aimed against them.

By this time the savages were in sight of Savannah. At this critical moment an Englishman, by the name of Noble Jones, a bold and daring man, rode forth, with a few spirited men on horseback, to meet them. As he approached them, he exclaimed, in a voice like thunder:

"Ground your arms! ground your arms! not an armed Indian shall set his foot in this town!"

Awe-struck by his lofty tone, and perceiving him and his companions ready to dash in among them, they paused, and soon after laid down their arms. Bosomworth and his queen were now summoned to march into the city, and it was permitted the chiefs and other Indians to follow—but without their arms.

On reaching the parade-ground, the thunder of fifteen cannon, fired at the same moment, told them what they might expect, should they persist in their hostile designs. The Indians were now marched to the house of the president of the council in Savannah. Bosomworth was required to leave the Indians, while the president had a friendly talk with them.

In his address to them he assured them of the kindness of the English, and demanded what they meant by coming in this warlike manner. In reply they told the president "that they had heard that Mary was to be sent over the great waters, and they had come to learn why they were to lose their queen."

Finding that the Indians had been deceived, and that Bosomworth was the author of all the trouble—that he had even intended to get possession of the magazine, and to destroy the whites, the council directed him to be seized, and to be thrown into prison.

This step, Mary resented with great spirit. Rushing forth among the Indians, she openly cursed General Oglethorpe, although he had raised her from poverty and distress, and declared

that the whole world should know that the ground she trod upon was her own.

The warlike spirit of the Indians being thus likely to be renewed, it was thought advisable to imprison Mary also. This was accordingly carried into effect. At the same time, to appease the Indians, a sumptuous feast was made for the chiefs by the president, who, during the better state of feelings which seemed to prevail, took occasion to explain to them the wickedness of Bosomworth, and how by falsehood and cunning he had led them to believe that Mary was really their queen—a descendant of one of their great chiefs.

"Brothers," said he, "it is no such thing. Queen Mary is no other than Mary Musgrove, whom I found poor, and who has been made the dupe of the artful Bosomworth; and you, brothers, the dupes of both."

The aspect of things was now pleasant. The Indians were beginning to be satisfied of the villainy of Bosomworth, and of the real character of Mary. But, at this moment the door was thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, Mary burst into the room. She had made her escape from prison; and, learning what was going on, she had rushed forward with the fury of a tigress:

"Seize your arms! seize your arms! Remember your promise, and defend your queen."

The sight of their queen seemed, in a moment, to bring back all the original ardor of the enterprise. In an instant, every chief had seized his tomahawk, and sprang from the ground to rally at the call of their queen.

At this moment, Captain Jones, who was present, perceiving the danger of the president, and the other whites, drew his sword and demanded peace. The majesty of his countenance, the fire of his eye, and the glittering of his sword, told Queen Mary what she might expect, should she attempt to raise any higher the feverish spirit of her subjects.

The Indians cast an eye toward Mary, as if to inquire what they should do. Her countenance fell. Perceiving his advantage, Captain Jones stepped forward, and, in the presence of the Indians, standing round, again conducted Mary back to prison. A short imprisonment so far humbled both Bosomworth and Mary, that each wrote a letter, in which they confessed the wrong they had done, and promised, if released, that they would conduct themselves with more propriety in future. The people kindly forgave them both, and they left the city.

The Dwarf's Gold.

CHAPTER I.

It was an irregular, sandy level, of no great extent, between tall rocks of quartz and granite, at the foot of a spur from one of the mighty mountain-ranges of Arizona, many a long and weary mile from any trace or prospect of culture or civilization. It looked like the mouth of what might be a pass, should any adventurous feet seek one into the wild fastnesses beyond. One would have thought it the most unlikely of all places to have ever felt the tread of white men's feet, and yet the bright, clear, glittering sunlight of Arizona poured down upon ghastly evidences that there had at some time been other than Indian tenants of that lonely patch of sand and rock.

Scattered here and there were skulls and bones, and remnants of arms and clothing, and many another relic to show that on that spot had been enacted the closing scenes at least of some grim and awful tragedy of the wilderness.

The deserts and the mountains have their se-

crests as well as the great cities, and here was one of them, but who should solve it?

There was something in the utter silence more eloquent of desolation than even the solitude and the scattered bones; but both the silence and the solitude were about to be broken.

Creeping around the corner of a huge mass of granite, peering from side to side as if fearing to meet some evil or some danger, the form of what seemed to be a man advanced slowly in upon the sandy level, and behind him, plodding lazily at the end of a lariat, was a long-legged, long-eared, gaunt and ill-conditioned mule. The latter was the first to break silence, for, as his master paused, as if to take in the whole scene at one long look, his quadruped follower stretched out his scrawny neck, and gave vent to a most protracted and sonorous bray.

"Thank ye for that, Moses!" exclaimed the man. "I'm right down glad to hear something in this yer place. Thar's something awful about it, even to me, and I've seen a good deal."

The speaker was indeed a most singular specimen of humanity. Apparently not much over four feet in height, thin, skinny, and weather-beaten, what there was of him was also so remarkably misshapen, that at first sight it was hard to say whether his body, face, or limbs were most distant in their outline from any recognized standard of beauty. For all that, however, the ugly face was by no means an evil one; the black, piercing eyes looked out from under a broad and well-developed forehead, and the deep, grimy lines of the distorted countenance had more in them of doubt, fear, distrust, and it might be of suffering, than of any positive wickedness.

"Moses," he went on, still seeming to talk to his mule, "I knowed how it would be as soon as I found they didn't come in. You and I have had a long hunt for 'em, and thar they are. I wonder if they are all thar?"

Carefully securing the lariat to a rock, as if distrustful even his one companion, the dwarf passed stealthily, but with great rapidity, hither and thither over the sandy level, picking up and examining relic after relic, and seeming to comprehend everything he saw or touched, as if the story of it had been written out for him.

"Only nine of 'em," he said, at length, "and thar was ten. Moses, thar's one of 'em got away, and I wonder he ain't never come back for the plunder. Why didn't he take it with him? Maybe he was sick. P'raps he didn't have no transportation, and gold is as heavy as they make it. He couldn't have toted it on foot, not one man couldn't; but why didn't he come back? It's safe to say he'll come some day, if so be he isn't dead, and that ain't the unlikelyest out. Now, you see, Moses, my old boy, they got bad luck by robbing me, and kicking my poor twisted carkias out of camp, arter I'd worked with 'em a whole year, and showed 'em whar to find it all. Then they robbed that old Pache lodge of them buffer-skins. They might have knowed thar was small-pox into them buffer. I kin just seem to see how it all worked; and now this was the upshot of it all. Moses, my boy, yer good at kicking, but don't you ever lift yer hoof agin a dwarf, nor steal buffer-ropes from dead Indians, even if they're Pache. These fellers was all robbers, and it's all mine now if I choose to take it."

What it was that the dwarf meant was soon made more apparent, for, as he renewed his search with more minute care, and with a lynx-eyed sagacity that seemed almost more than human, he picked up, unearthed, scratched out, from one bone-marked spot after another, little bags and ingots, and bars and nuggets, of various kinds, shapes, and sizes, of heavy yellow metal. It was gold that the dwarf had been robbed of, and he

had now recovered not only his own share, but the proceeds of the year's work of a large and very successful mining expedition.

It made a tempting heap, as it lay on the sand in the bright sunlight; but as the dwarf stood and looked at it, he shook his head.

"No, Moses, my boy. We won't try it on now. We'd only be robbed of it again. We'll just put it whar we'll know, and then we'll come for it some time when we've got company that we kin trust. Thar's more in that heap, Moses, than I'd like to have you run away with."

Nuggets and miners' "bullion" are by no means "coin pure," but the dwarf's treasure was a very fair sort of fortune if it could have been safely carried to the settlements. His next motion would have been readily understood by any one who ever made what the miners and hunters call a *caché*. He measured and paced until he had secured a "bee-line" directly from one sharply defined corner of rock to another like it on the other side, and, just in the centre of that line, he began to dig with a small spade and pick that he had taken out of the mule's pack. It was hot work even in the loose, gravelly sand, but before long the dwarf had made a pretty deep hole, quite deep enough for his purposes. Into this he carefully carried his pile of gold, put a broad, flat stone over it, and then, having filled up the hole, he labored assiduously to remove every surface indication of his work. When he had done, he leaned for a moment on his spade.

"Moses," he said, "I feel the shivers coming over me, and I just want to git out of this the shortest way. 'Pears like it was an awful place to be in, with all them bones, and that thar gold hid away among 'em. Moses, my boy, let's you and me make tracks. Some other day p'raps we'll come yer agin, but it's awful to think of what went with them men. And thar wasn't a dwarf among 'em."

CHAPTER II.

Nor many weeks later than the day of the dwarf's hard work in the mountains, a group of three were gathered in a dingy lawyer's office in one of our largest far-western mining towns. The town itself, of course, was of recent growth, but already it called itself a city, and it was a place where men builded and cheated and traded and made fortunes and lost them.

The group in the dingy office consisted of one young woman and two elderly men. The former was tall, dark-eyed, with luxuriant raven hair, but hardly what would be called a beauty. Her features were regular enough, and her manner that of a refined and cultivated lady; but her lips were set with an expression of unusual firmness, and her sunburned face glowed with what seemed to be suppressed but stormy indignation.

The older of her two companions sat by a baize-covered table, fumbling with a pile of papers; and a harder, more selfish, unmerciful sort of face it would be difficult to find.

The other, on a broken-backed chair near the young lady, was altogether a more genial and gentlemanly-seeming man, but his face wore a puzzled and almost troubled look. After a moment of silence, he said:

"Now, Jennie Lambert, I don't say you're wrong, but I can't say you're wise. I was your father's friend, and I'm your friend, and I want to see you act for the best. You've heard Judge Brunt's offer, and what can you do if you don't take it?"

"Yes," here interrupted the harsh, grinding voice of the older man. "I don't want to be hard or unkind to Miss Lambert, but money is

money, and what more can I do about it unless she can meet the notes?"

"Yes, now, Jennie, how can you ever get together money enough, in less than four months, to meet such heavy payments? Hadn't you better compromise now, while you can?"

"Doctor Parker!" exclaimed the young lady, "I might compromise, but this is being robbed. It leaves me hardly anything."

"But what can you do?" asked the gentleman who seemed to act as her friend.

"Do? Why, I will tell you. I believe a woman can do anything that a man can, even if I can't say how, just here and now. Besides, I must be plain. I don't believe my father owed Judge Brunt all that money. I will try and pay, but I will lose every cent before I will be plundered of my own free will, and with my eyes open."

Judge Brunt's hard face grew harder, and he drew a tight knot in the red tape with which he tied up the papers; but they were all three now on their feet, and it was clear that the interview was over. The young lady turned abruptly, and walked out of the office, leaving the lawyer and the doctor to any such further discussion of her case as might suit them.

"Oh, my father, my father!" she murmured, as she walked rapidly on. "It is a terrible thing to be left all alone, and in such a place as this. I am hardly safe day or night. And yet I might be—I wonder if Neale Murray knows that I am likely to be penniless? Oh, if I only knew! I hardly know whom to trust—not even good Doctor Parker. I feel strange and half unwomanly at times, but I can't submit to be robbed. I owe that much to my father's memory. If I only could pay those notes, and take up the mortgage! I must do it, but how shall I?"

Jennie Lambert had not long been an orphan. Her father had been one of the most enterprising and successful citizens of the young community, and although he had left his property, which was mostly real estate, very much involved, Jennie knew that if she could only keep it together, and carry out his plans for its development, it would provide for her as he would have himself desired. In fact, it was much more a regard for her father's memory than a desire for even wealth that made it hard for the resolute and keen-witted girl to give up to extortion the results of his labor and enterprise. Her position was, however, a very difficult one, as her friend Doctor Parker had so plainly suggested.

Now, it happened that the consultation in Judge Brunt's office was not the only one set down for that morning. At the very moment when Jennie Lambert had entered that dingy den of extortion, a couple of young men, of very opposite external appearance, had been walking along one of the by-streets together, at no great distance. The first was a tall, showily-dressed, rather fast-looking youth, not unhandsome, but with too much of swaggering recklessness in his manner, and too coarse an expression of face, to claim rank as a gentleman.

"Well, Jinks," he said, "it's a queer story, and I don't wonder you never wanted to go alone on an errand like that. I've given my word on it, and I'll go, but I reckon we needn't take in anybody else. Two's as good a divide as I know of, and I can take my share awful easy."

"Yer right thar," said his companion. "I'm glad I come across ye, Dan Brunt. 'Tain't every man I'd ave let on to about a thing like that. Yer the first man I've blowed it to. Not that the man alive could find it without me. But you're the man I want."

The speaker was a heavy-set, rough-featured, villainous-looking chap, in the ordinary dress of a miner out of luck, if that is a thing that can be

imagined, and he had evidently been making a communication that both of them deemed important.

"When ought we to set out, Jinks?" asked his rakish companion.

"No hurry; but, the sooner, the quicker'd suit me, you bet."

"Sure nobody knows? Didn't you say another chap got off?"

"Wall, yes, thar was the dwarf, but we set him clean adrift before any one of us got sick, and I don't reckon he got in safe, nobow. Even allowing he did, he couldn't go to the place, nor take any one else thar. No, Dan Brunt, that there plunder is safe for you and me; but, I wouldn't lose no time."

"No more wouldn't I," said Dan. "I'll have our outfit got ready in short order. The whole trip ought not to take over a month."

"Oh, we'd do it easy, in less time than all that," replied Jinks.

There were a few more questions and answers, and then the two oddly-assorted friends separated.

Dan Brunt made the best of his way to his father's office, where he found the hard-featured Judge in apparently excellent humor, after his interview with Doctor Parker and his lady friend.

"Dan, my boy," said the Judge, "I reckon I've got that Lambert business all safe. 'If you're bound to have the girl, you may, and be hanged to you, but the property is safe ours, I reckon. Why, she might have saved a little something on my offer, but I won't make it again."

Dan stood for a moment in a sort of brown study, and then he said:

"Well, old man, I s'pose you know what you're about better'n I do. If you can only fetch her down a peg, I reckon I'd stand some chance. According to what I hear, Neale Murray's about counted out. She don't go for any poor man. After all, if I've got to take old Lambert's real estate, I might as well make a clean bargain, and take his daughter along with it."

"That's your business, not mine," said his father. "Though I can't see what you find to fancy in such a spitfire as that. Why, she's almost inclined to be a man on her own account."

"Pretty independent, sure's your life!" said Dan. "But, I reckon I can tame her down. Even a man feels his backbone weaken when he finds his pile leave him. And now I've got something else to tell you."

"What's that, Dan?"

"Why, I'm off on a queer spec of my own, for a few weeks, and I want some money."

"Hum—well, now, that's another thing. How much will it take? Sometimes your specs don't pay, Dan."

"This one will, you bet!"

And Dan proceeded to tell his keen-eyed sire all he knew, or cared to unfold, of his recent bargain with Jinks the miner.

Meantime, that latter individual, on parting from his friend Dan, sauntered on from street to street of the unpaved, irregular and dusty town, soliloquizing as he went:

"I'm glad I met Dan. He's a bad egg about some things, but he can scare up the right kind of an outfit, and thar's no way I see that he kin come roots onto to me. If he tries it, I'll fix him out, now, you bet!"

And the miner twisted his rugged face, and shook his battered hat ominously, and quickened his pace a little, as if the thought of being defrauded spurred him up. In a few moments more he continued:

"I do wish I knowed about the dwarf. We played it pretty heavy on the little toad, we did. He couldn't pilot nobody, and I'd a-heerd tell of him, if he'd come back into these parts."

Even as the words left his lips he looked up, and his eyes fell on an object in the street, a short distance in advance, which brought a profane exclamation to his lips, and made him spring forward.

"Thar he is, now! Thar ain't two sich. If I catch him, I'll choke it out of him!"

Jinks had been seen, evidently, as quickly as he himself had seen, and the object of his sudden dash was also moving. The dwarf, however, was no match for Jinks in speed, and, before the poor fellow had gone two blocks, his pursuer had caught up with him, and, with a half-smothered gush of angry profanity, as he grasped him by the arm, exclaimed:

"No, you don't, Tobit—no, you don't. You can't git away from Jinks. Yer just the chap I want. Come right along, now, Tobit; I want to talk with ye."

"Let go! Let me alone! I don't want anything to do with you. You helped 'em drive me away, in the Sierra! Oh!"

And, as he spoke, the dwarf struggled with all his might to free himself from the iron grasp of the miner.

"Shut up yer noise," growled Jinks. "Stop yer kicking, or I'll cut yer throat! Come along!"

"Robber!" exclaimed the enraged and frightened dwarf.

"Take that, then! Shut up!"

"See here," exclaimed a deep, manly voice, just behind them, as Tobit fell heavily to the earth under the blow Jinks had struck him.

"Who're you striking? Hab!"

The latter exclamation followed a quick motion of the miner toward the belt where his pistol hung, and was accompanied by the "chug" sound of a heavy set of knuckles on a face. The newcomer was also a "man of his hands," beyond doubt, and Jinks was knocked clean off his feet, without a chance to draw his pistol, while above him, in a half-threatening attitude, stood a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular specimen of American manhood in its very best development.

"I'll pay you for this, Neale Murray!" hoarsely exclaimed the fallen man. "I owed ye more'n enough s'ready."

The blue eyes of the stranger were of the kind that blaze quickly, and those of Jinks shrank from meeting them fairly and squarely.

"You don't owe me anything, Jinks, except for the horse you stole. What made you strike that little fellow? Safe enough to stop you, anyhow. Get up, will you?"

Jinks slowly and surlily arose, and his adversary went on:

"I just want to give you one warning, Jinks. You know me by this time. So long as you behave yourself, you may come and go, and I won't disturb you; but, if I find you cutting up ugly, against me, or anybody else, there'll be work out for the buzzards. Do you understand me?"

Jinks evidently did, for, while his face put on an expression of the most wolfish ferocity, he turned on his heel without a word, and marched off down the street. All this had passed quickly enough, and a bit of a street row was only too common in that place and time to attract attention; but, when Neale Murray turned, with some little curiosity, to look for the odd being he had rescued, the dwarf had disappeared, and Neale was compelled to be satisfied with the consciousness of having tried to do right.

CHAPTER III.

TOBIT, for the dwarf appeared to have borne that name, had sprung to his feet the moment he saw his enemy stricken, and had darted off with

all the speed of fear. He seemed, indeed, to have been seized with a fit of shivers, as if his meeting with Jinks had brought back to him something more awful than a mere knock down. As he turned a street-corner, however, in his flight, a light form blocked his way, a small but firm hand grasped his arm, and a kindly voice said:

"Stop a moment; you are safe now, and I want to speak to you."

The dwarf came to an instant halt, and looked up with his distorted visage full of astonishment, for the speaker was a woman. It was, in fact, no less a woman than Miss Jennie Lambert, on her way home from Judge Brunt's.

"We cannot talk here in the street," she added. "I saw what happened to you, and I want you to come with me."

"Wall, yes, ma'am," replied Tobit. "I'm ready to go 'most anywhere."

And go he did, and in a few minutes more had crossed the threshold of the once pleasant home which had been the pride of Jennie's father. It was lonely enough now, for servants were not to be had in those regions, and no woman of less courage or independence would have thought for a moment of remaining in it. She had done so, however, and was able to give her strange acquaintance a very good, and to him very welcome dinner, as well as an assurance that his enemy should not molest him while under her roof. As for Tobit, unaccustomed to kindness of any sort, and utterly strange to the voice and ways of womanhood, the effect of his present adventure was remarkable. Keen as he was ordinarily, his confused faculties failed to note the shade on his hostess's face when he denied any knowledge of the man who had rescued him, or the flash of enthusiasm that followed it when Jennie said to herself:

"Then, he did it for a stranger!" I'm glad of it! It's just like him!"

And then the shade came back, but the dwarf did not see that, either. If Tobit had been in a mood for quick thought and observation, he would have comprehended that Jennie's sudden interest in his welfare had been mingled with something else besides compassion. Now, however, as she conversed with her guest, and ministered to his wants—for the dwarf had been both hungry and thirsty—and as she mentally studied the deep lines of his singular face, the commiseration and curiosity that were aroused shone forth from her dark eyes in a way that went to the heart of Tobit.

"And do you live here all alone by yourself—and you a woman?" asked Tobit, timidly.

"Why not? I am an orphan, alone in the world, and a woman can do anything a man can."

"Can she?" was the doubtful reply.

"Why not? And yet, at times I wish I was a man; then they could not rob me, and then I could make money."

The last was said in a half-musing way, and it was in somewhat the same manner that the dwarf responded.

"Yes, ma'am; do you know that was just what I was wishing, that you was a man."

"Me a man? Why should you wish it?" exclaimed Jennie.

"Because, besides that splendid young feller that upset Jinks, you're the first that's done me a clean kindness for this many a long year. It's your face, too, and something troubled in your voice. Yes, ma'am, I know I'm safe to tell you, if you'll let me, and then, mebbe, you'll see why I wish you was a man."

Jennie's curiosity was fast rising, and she most willingly put aside her own annoyances for the while, and listened with more and more excited eagerness to the dwarf's strange recital.

When he had finished, with a reiteration of the "wish" that he began with, Jennie was on her feet, walking up and down the room, and she turned upon him, almost fiercely, with:

"Well, sir, a woman can do that, if a man can. I am man enough for it! Yes, indeed, I will be a man, long enough for that, if you dare try it with me!"

The dwarf positively bounded to his feet, as if his timid and suspicious heart had caught fire from Jennie's eyes, and— But the immediate consequences of Jennie Lambert's charity to Tobit, the dwarf, affected other human beings besides themselves.

It was the next evening, just at dusk, that Neale Murray was slowly riding into the outskirts of the town, and met a couple of horsemen, followed by four lightly laden pack-mules. One of the former he thought he recognized, and saluted him with:

"Good-evening. Going out on a long trip, I should reckon."

"Oh, yes; this young man and me are off prospecting."

"All right, only keep out of barm's way. Has Jinks troubled you any more? I warned him not to."

"Thank you, kindly. I ain't seen him; but a poor little old feller like me is safer in the mountains than he is in town."

"That's so," said Neale, as he again moved on; "and your mate isn't any too big a man, either."

Tobit's "mate" had maintained his silence, but tugged nervously at his mustaches until Neale had passed by.

"Ah, me," he sighed, "I should be a good deal more of a man if Neale Murray was with us."

And so they two, with their mules, including the dwarf's friend Moses, pushed on into the darkness.

The next morning, who should Neale Murray meet, almost frantically seeking him from one part of town to another, but Jennie Lambert's friend and special counselor, Doctor Parker.

"Read that, Neale—read that," said the doctor, as soon as he could get breath enough. "I know it was breach of confidence to open it, and another to show it to you; but something's got to be done. The girl's crazy! Why, she'll never in the world get back alive from a trip like that."

The doctor talked on, but Neale heard him not, in his intense interest in what he was reading.

"No, doctor, it wasn't a breach of confidence," he said, at last. "You're her guardian, in some sort, and you ought to have been lynched if you'd kept that for thirty days before looking at it. It's a rough map, but I can follow that trail. I know all the country, to the edge of the ranges. It's right in among the Apaches, too. By-the-way—the dwarf! And I met them when they were leaving town. How she was disguised! Well, I'll be ready to start before noon. If I only knew a man I could trust, I'd take him along."

"Why, we two are enough," interposed the doctor. "I don't want anybody else to know."

"You?—you going with me?" exclaimed Neale. "I never thought of that. Of course—why, you're just the man! Come on, then; get ready sharp. We'll have to rough it, though."

And as they two urged forward their preparations to follow the trail which Jennie had indicated, in case of her non-return in thirty days, so, unknown to them, did Dan Brunt and his ill-omened associate.

CHAPTER IV.

DAY after day flew swiftly by, after the events narrated in our last chapter. That was a busy season among all the mining communities of the West, and the deserts and mountain ranges were

being penetrated in all directions by little squads of adventurous gold-hunters. Not a few went on their romantic and perilous search single-handed and alone. And yet, so vast is that wild and wonderful region, that had the numbers of those who went been multiplied a hundredfold, they would still have left incomparably the larger part of it unvisited, nor need they have crowded one another, or crossed each other's paths unnecessarily.

Thus far, the bone-marked, sandy level, in the jaws of the mountain pass, had been unvisited by the feet of any roving band, or even single miners, and the red men were far away, for the season, among more profitable and to them more congenial hunting-grounds.

There came a morning, however, when the ghastly solitude was once more broken, but not this time by the stealthy footsteps of the half-frightened dwarf, or by the sonorous voice of his long-eared companion. Talking loudly and recklessly as they came, for Jinks had evidently been rehearsing the fearful history of the spot they were approaching, that worthy and his friend Dan Brunt urged their panting horses up the declivity, from the hot and barren plain below, all feverish with excitement, and, it may be, with even some stronger stimulus.

They each dragged after him an extra animal; but that is a matter of course to all explorers in the land of mines.

"Thar it is!" shouted Jinks. "That's the spot, and you kin see for yourself. All that's left of the boys is them skulls and bones. Trust the buzzard and coyotes for all that. Thar's nobody but you and me to divide anything we kin find on this yer level."

"But mebbe some one else has carried off all there was to find," replied Dan.

"Don't you believe it," said Jinks; but, nevertheless, it was with very evident nervousness that the truculent-looking miner sprang from the saddle, and began to look about him.

He knew what he was after, for, as he said, the bones lay about where he had left the bodies; but his most patient search revealed only a meagre return in the shape of any remains of the treasure collected by the ill-fated expedition, though some stray ingots did turn up.

"Tell ye what, Jinks," said Dan, at last, "it's no use talking, there's been somebody here before you and me. I don't doubt you've meant to deal square, for the skulls and bones could witness to that; but the pile's been raked in."

"No, I reckon not," replied Jinks. "I don't reckon any man has been yer, but I tell ye what"—and here the miscreant hesitated somewhat, and even turned pale as he spoke—"I tell ye what, some of them fellers wasn't quite dead when I came away, and I reckon they somehow managed strength enough to *cache* the gold. They mought have did it. You see, I was pretty badly akeered, and I knowed I couldn't do nothin' for 'em. I just cleared out between two days, and now all we've got to do is to dig round and prospect till we find the place. I'm sure it's yer somewhere."

At the very moment he was standing on the spot under which Tobit, the dwarf, had buried his gathered heap.

"Reckon you may be right," slowly returned Dan. "Hullo!" he added, more briskly; "look out vonder on the plain. Somebody's coming, and we don't want any help. Quick, now, let's get under cover till they go by."

"Wonder who they kin be?" said Jinks. "I never seen any one this way before. It 'pears all-fired 'spicious. Yes, sreee; we must git in among the rocks."

The objects of their cautious movement were as yet far enough away to preclude the idea of their

having seen Dan and his comrade, for the rocks protected them in part, even then. To be still more safe, however, they led their animals some distance up the narrowing gorge, hiding them completely among the huge fragments of primeval quartz and granite, and ensconced themselves where they could see all that took place below them, and were not too far from the proposed site of their further investigations.

Now, it happened that, all unknown to Dan and Jinks, there were other watchers than themselves among the lonely recesses of that rugged mountain-side, and for a not altogether dissimilar reason.

Hardly had the sun arisen that morning before a well-mounted but decidedly faded-looking brace of riders had drawn rein within half a mile of that very spot.

"Doctor," said the younger of the two, "we've made blunders enough, and I'm not sure but riding all night was one of them. I don't see how they made out to dodge us yesterday, the second time, too; and now here we are, at the foot of the Turkey Creek ranges, and we don't know which way to turn."

"Then, don't let's turn any way," sententially replied the doctor. "I thought you was an older hand on a trail than that, Neale Murray. Don't you see, we've got a head of them a few hours, that's all. We've done our errand pretty well, too, for we know they're safe, thus far. Now, if the map of their trip is worth a cent, they'll pass somewhere within good eye-distance of one of these heights. You've got your field-glass, and they can't get by unseen. But, then, we don't want to race 'em any more, and so we won't let them see us. Let's hunt up a good, comfortable ambush."

The latter had been easier said than done, but Neale had readily agreed with his older and cooler companion, and, after a smart search, they had driven their horses and mules into as good a cover, at a sufficient elevation, too, for purposes of observation, as that vicinity seemed likely to afford.

Hardly had they done so, however, when Neale, who had been busily sweeping the wide plains below them with his glass, suddenly exclaimed:

"There they are, doctor—there they are! We've hit it. They're coming!"

"Let me see," said Doctor Parker, as he laid aside his own "specs," and took the double lens his friend held out to him—"let me see."

Long and very careful was the survey of the doctor, and when he lowered the glass, he quietly remarked, in a half-anxious tone of voice:

"Not them!"

"Not them!" exclaimed Neale. "Then, who can it be?"

"Look!" said the doctor. "I guess you know 'em!"

Neale took the glass again, and looked long and earnestly, with more than one low mutter and shake of the head, and then he said, between his set teeth:

"It's them! It's Dan Brunt, and that infernal thief, Jinks! I wonder what they are after, now and here? There is something between Jinks and that dwarf. I kept him from hurting the old anatomy, myself. It's a very remarkable piece of business, all round."

"Leastwise," remarked the doctor, "we won't let them see us. We've nothing to do with them."

And so Neale and Jennie Lambert's old friend had patiently waited, while Jinks and Dan Brunt had approached them, passed them, and disappeared from their sight among the rocks by the little sandy level. And so it was that when Dan Brunt and his comrade were watching the ap-

proach of yet more newcomers, the far-seeing spyglass of Neale Murray had already made out their character.

"It's she and the dwarf," he said; "and they are making a bee-line this way. I must say this is a most remarkable affair. She can't be meeting Dan Brunt by appointment off here!"

The last remark was below his breath, and showed how completely Neale had been puzzled, not to say half stunned, by the strange riddle of the past few days.

There had been that in the conduct of Jennie Lambert, even to him, ever since the death of her father and her own discovery of her precarious circumstances, that had been well calculated to drive him out of conceit with any previous notions that he might have entertained.

It was half an hour later before Dan Brunt and Jinks made the same discovery with Neale, in part, for Tobit's identity was all of which they had any suspicion.

"Dan," said Jinks, "if it turns out that Tobit is better posted than we be, do you mean to sit by, and see him and his mate walk off with the plunder?"

Dan's reply was most profanely energetic, and his face was fast settling down into an expression of merciless greed, that would have done credit to the old judge himself.

"Not much, I won't!" he said, in conclusion. "Two more skeletons won't count, out there on the sand, even if one of 'em was a crooked one! But don't let's be in any hurry—I don't want to shoot anybody, unless it turns out to be needful."

By this time the dwarf and his companion were rapidly drawing near the mouth of the pass. No mustaches now adorned the face of the make-believe young man, for Jennie had found them, and much of her other attire, hot and uncomfortable exceedingly under the burning sun of the desert.

"We haven't seen a soul to-day," remarked Tobit; "and I'm glad of it, for I'm dead sure then fellers made after us, whoever they were. We don't want any company just now."

"This is the place, then?" asked his companion.

"Right ahead there, on that patch of sand. Please, don't let's talk about it much, miss; it makes me nervous only just to be here. All I want is, to dig it up, quick as we can, and make off."

"Even then, I don't see how it's all yours, or how it ought to be mine?" said Jennie, doubtfully.

"Why, I told you all about it. I knowed all about whar to find the gold, and I agreed with them miners to show 'em for half we might git. If any feller died, his sheer was to be divided among the rest. It was a fair bargain. Then, when the work was done, they went back on me, and kicked me out of camp, and I like to have starved in the mountings. Then they all died, accordin' to agreement, but one, and he the worst of the lot. Hain't a grain of conscience about him."

"But about me?" said Jennie.

"That's contract, too," replied the dwarf. "I wanted company I could trust, and clean hands to pick up the gold, for I'm awful superstitious about that; and I wanted hosses and mules and help, and so I go sheers. If you die, it's all mine; if I die, it's all your'n, and that's what I call fair and squar."

By this time they were out on the little plateau, and Tobit began to take the bearings of the rocks without a moment's delay. Suddenly, however, he stopped short in his tracks, and began to look nervously about him, while his misshapen frame shook as with an ague-fit.



THE DWARF'S GOLD.—“SCATTERED HERE AND THERE WERE SKULLS AND BONES, AND REMNANTS OF ARMS AND CLOTHING.”

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Jennie.
 "Matter! Why, the gold is right here under my feet; but—but—ha! don't you see them tracks in the sand? Thar's been some one here this very morning. Oh, miss, what be we to do? Ah, thar they come—thar they come!"



MY DEAD BROTHER'S WIFE.—"SO DEEPLY INTERESTED WAS SHE IN HER MOTHER-TASK, THAT IT WAS EVIDENT SHE HAD NOT NOTICED MY ENTRANCE."—SEE PAGE 427.

Even as he said, so it was, for Dan Brunt and Jinks sprang from their cover, and came rushing down upon them, pistols and knife in hand.

Alas, for Jennie Lambert! When she had thought of doing anything a man might do, she had hardly dreamed of an emergency like this. Still, for she saw that her poor old comrade was utterly unnerved, she drew her revolver, cocked it, and said, as bravely as she could:

"Courage, Tobit, my friend! We will not give up, or tell them anything! Courage!"

"No, miss, I'll die before I tell! But to think of you, miss—oh!"

Dan Brunt and Jinks had rushed down with loud shouts and imprecations, and the latter instantly sprang upon the poor dwarf, like a wolf on his prey.

"Now I've got you, you venomous old toad! Out with it—tell us what it is! I won't give ye three minutes to p'int to the right place!"

Even while he spoke, however, his companion seemed to have passed with lightning quickness through several successive states of mind; but a sort of fierce and brutal triumph had absorbed the others.

"Jennie Lambert!" he almost shouted. "You here—in that rig!"

"I'm here," coolly returned the young lady; "but what is that to you? Don't come a step nearer, or I'll fire! Make your man let go of Tobit!"

"Ha, ha! that's good!" laughed Dan, between his teeth. "Don't we know what brought you here? Ain't everything you've got mine; and ain't *you* mine, I'd like to know? Come! let's have the gold up, and go back to town without any more nonsense!"

"I, yours!" exclaimed the brave girl, in whose black eyes a dangerous light was rising—"yours! What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, do you think I'm a fool? Come! I mean well by you; but mine you are, gold and all! I don't let slip a chance like this, now, you bet!"

Even as he spoke he stepped quickly forward, and, though Jennie's finger pulled the trigger, the barrel was knocked aside, and the aimless bullet buried itself in the sand. Poor Jennie! In another instant she was as helpless as old Tobit himself, and Dan Brunt and Jinks were apparently masters of the situation.

Only for a moment, however, and only apparently, for there had been a hushed sound of hasty feet upon the sand, that none of them had noticed in their excitement, and then, just as the rocks and the hot sunshine faded from before the fainting sight of Jennie Lambert, there came shouts and oaths, and the shock of grappling men.

It was a terrible struggle, though a brief one, but Jennie heard nothing of it. Old Doctor Parker had been no match for the tough sinews of Jinks, but a fever and fury of angry strength had made a giant of Neale Murray, and Dan had been hardly an infant in his hands. Then he would have helped his friend, but a weaker, if deadlier hand, had been before him, and the doctor was disengaging himself from the loosened grip of what had been a robber, but was now a bleeding corpse.

"I did it!" exclaimed Tobit. "I never shot a man before; but it was a right thing to shoot at that man. I did it—oh!"

In a few moments more Jennie Lambert's consciousness returned; but she could hardly believe her senses, for Neale Murray held her in his arms, while Doctor Parker leaned over her, and the dwarf was busily examining the still stunned and half inanimate person of Dan Brunt.

"Oh, where am I?" gasped Jennie.

"Where I never expected to see your father's daughter," almost snapped the doctor, still half breathless from his tussle with Jinks. "Whatever sent you out here on such a wild-goose chase, with no one but that old—There! I mustn't say anything! I do believe the little twist saved my life. I'd have had my throat cut in a minute more!"

Here the good doctor's breath failed him entirely; but Jennie sprang to her feet, and Neale Murray's still boiling rage turned its tide once more upon Dan Brunt, who had struggled to a sitting posture.

"Up!" he shouted. "Get on your horse, and clear out of this! I don't want any blood on my hands, but you're no time to lose. Up with you!"

Dan had gathered just sense enough to scramble off in a sort of confused and blind obedience; but as he went, he muttered something incoherent about notes and bonds and mortgages, that Neale Murray failed to understand. The dwarf, however, was insanely digging away at a bloody spot in the sand, near where Jinks had fallen. As by some fascination, the others gathered around, nor was it long before he called for help, to loosen and lift up a large flat stone.

"My strength is all gone," he said; "but the gold is there."

And so it was; but when it had been brought out, ready to be packed for transportation, and by that time Dan Brunt's horse had borne him far out on the plain, poor old Tobit stood and gazed upon it ruefully.

"That it is, miss, all of it; but I don't want to touch it."

"Why not?" mechanically asked Jennie Lambert, who had now fully taken in and comprehended the singular situation.

"Why? Well, I'll tell you. I was a dwarf, and I thought folks would forget that, if I was rich; and so I've spent half my life in the mountains. I've been robbed ag'in and ag'in, but I never hurt nobody, nor ever meant to. And now it's come to this, and old Tobit has had to shoot a human being! Oh, ma'am, it's awful! I'd rather just be a dwarf, and not have any gold. You take it."

"No, indeed, I won't!" exclaimed Jennie. "There are some things a woman can't do, but she can be honest. I'll only take my share, and I wouldn't touch that, if it wasn't for my debts."

"Debts, Jennie!" said Neale Murray, half reproachfully. "Why, I'd meant to have the pleasure of fixing all that, I ain't so very poor, even if you thought I was."

There was a new light in Jennie's eyes now; but the dwarf had something more to say.

"Well, I won't touch it with my hands, anyhow. You take it in, and keep my sheer for me, till I come for it. I'm going to stay in the Sierra till I get over this. I never meant to hurt anybody. If I don't come back, why, then, it's yours, only you must do something good with it, on the old dwarf's account. Oh!"

And so they carried it in; but when they reached town, they heard that Dan Brunt had gone East.

One of Neale Murray's boys has "Tobit" for a middle name, though he is no dwarf; but the strange being he was named for never came back for his share of the "Dwarf's Gold."

Rage and Hatred.

THERE is a great difference between rage and hatred; and we think that we may say that there are few men capable of hating. What the majority of persons feel when injured, is rage, not hatred. Their anger ceases when their enemy

falls into a great misfortune, or loses his life. All those desires of vengeance which they previously felt then vanish, and, as it were, die with him. Nay, they sometimes regret his disgrace, and are touched with sentiments of pity and compassion for his misfortunes. On the contrary, hatred is never softened by any accident which may happen to an enemy; it derides his calamity; it receives joy from his death; and though it ought to terminate with his death, it lasts to the grave, and persecutes his memory and his posterity. It thus appears that a man who feels rage, only wishes evil and acts revengefully against the person who has done him an injury, while the latter has the power of continuing his misdeeds, but abandons this design as soon as his enemy is no longer in a condition to annoy him; and as great misfortunes, and, principally, death, deprive him of that power and that will, rage loses all its desires of vengeance, and is even inspired with sentiments of pity and commiseration for the calamities with which he is overwhelmed. But hatred does not stop only in repulsing an injury, and in obnoxious him who has done it; it wishes absolutely the enemy's complete loss of wealth, life and honor; and though it does not always contribute to such ruin, it is always very glad when it comes. Hatred, again, stretches its malignity beyond its just enemy. It extends its vengeance to the injurer's parents, relatives and friends, as if they were a part of him. It has the same feelings against them as it has against him. It tries to destroy them, and, if they are dead, it pursues them with its instruments of malice.

My Dead Brother's Wife.

ENDED with black, a letter, dated many weeks anterior to the opening of this revelation, reached me while sojourning in the Far West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, whither I had gone from the Atlantic seaboard in my professional capacity of mineralogist, employed to examine and determine upon the working value, direction and accessibility of certain veins of silver, which had privately been reported to enterprising capitalists as being exceedingly rich. And these lodes, by repeated and circumspect experiment, I had found exceeded, in the quality and the quantity of the precious ore, the wildest statements of those who had discovered them.

I had closed a *résumé* of my report, and was considering how best to forward it to my principals, when the ominous-looking missive was placed in my hands by a returned messenger of our exploring party, who, some days before, had been sent to Salt Lake City for an Eastern mail, which we had persuaded ourselves must have arrived three weeks previously.

I am writing of a time not remote, but now almost forgotten, when the journey across the plains, from the Missouri to the Sacramento, required as many months of hardship, the conveyance a springless emigrant-wagon, drawn by slow and easily-wearied oxen, as it now does days, passed in ease in a superbly appointed railway coach, whose propelling power is as wonderful as it is untiring.

I turned the dispatch over in my hands two or three times, scanning the superscription, noting the date of the post-office stamp, and wondering while I dreaded to question, Who had passed on?

"Ah," I soliloquized, as I foolishly toyed with the letter, instead of at once tearing open the envelope and reading the lines traced on the pages within—"ah, this is from proud Annie Birkstolf, my brother George's wife! How came she to write to me! With what contempt she looked on me when last I saw her! Ah, how her

beautiful dark eyes flashed their anger as I took my hat and cane, and walked to the door, which opened upon the street."

I loved the haughty, handsome girl then; and—well, I ought not to care for her now, save as a man cares for a sister, she being my brother's wife. And how came she to give her small, white, shapely hand, her cold, reserved heart, and her aspiring soul, to him? Of all her suitors, to me he seemed the last she would select for her life companion. Pooh! women are strange, fanciful beings! How I idolized her! And she knew it; and George, who gave her but scant courtesy, who thought much of his musty law-books, and the reports and commentaries thereon, had but to say in his careless, irreverent way, "Annie, will you be my wife?" to win her assent. Thank heaven! I was not there when he or she sacrificed—I could not know which—a heart at the altar. And how, like a tigress, she turned upon me that day—I who had so loved her! I demanded an explanation, but she would give me none, save that I was a hypocrite and a scoundrel—insisting that I should from that hour cease to regard her in any other light than that of a stranger! I left her in anger, for I felt I had been only too faithful to her. Days and weeks passed, and our intercourse was not renewed. Then, wearied, humiliated, and feeling myself condemned in the eyes of the only being on earth to whom I had given my entire heart, I wrote to her, begging for an explanation of her conduct, and an opportunity to defend myself if I had unwittingly wronged her. But the note was returned unopened. Ah, then I felt desolate! I made the tour of Europe. During my absence, she became my brother's wife. Upon my return to New York, I engaged apartments in the vicinity of the University, near the Washington Park, and devoted myself to further studies in geology and its related branches of knowledge. Vainly I labored to forget the past in study.

Many times, sometimes every day in the week, my brother George would call upon and urge me to visit him and even make his house my home, but I steadily refused.

When he found I would not even pay a visit of courtesy to his wife, he flushed with rage, and spoke words which I am quite sure he must have repented of when his anger had left him. He said more than he intended.

One afternoon, while I was absent, a lady, I was told, had called, and had left her card. It was Annie's. I was surprised at this; but I reasoned that, against her own wish, she had made a formal call to please her husband, and thus open a way to reconciliation between him and me.

A few days subsequently I departed for the West, where I passed my days determining the character of the country, which hourly enlarged my knowledge of the capacities of its ore-bearing districts, that, at no distant day, are destined to astonish the world with their wealth—with resources that are inexhaustible.

But my black-edged letter—what of that?

"Let me see," I said, as I ran my knife-blade along the folded part of the envelope, and then extracting the paper, on which were traced, by a delicate hand, lines that were few in number, but which were to fill, at the same moment, my heart with a sense of sorrow and of joy!

I read, omitting the formal introduction, and which I fancied was as passionless as ever:

"My dear husband, your brother, it pains me to write, has passed away—has gone, I trust, to heaven. My life with him was not unpleasant. We never spoke in an unkindly way to each other, for there was no occasion. I do not persuade myself that he loved me. He cared for me,

I am quite satisfied, as much as his nature—ambitious in a professional way—would permit him. In our home, my word was law, and abroad, he deferred in all essential things—that is, when I cast no shadow upon his legal doings—to me. My life ought to have been happy, and would have been, had not the knowledge that I had been made the victim of an unmanly will constantly obtruded itself upon me. I shall not enter upon that theme now. In a not distant future I may, as a matter of duty to myself, explain my meaning more fully. You may or may not know of it."

"Well," I muttered, as I paused in my reading, and looked out from my tent-door, near which I was sitting, at the magnificent snow-capped mountain scenery, that trended from the southwest to the northeast further than the eye could reach, while at my feet rolled the waters of the Humboldt, irrigating the valley through which they ran, to be presently lost in sink and lake—"well," I repeated, "she speaks unreservedly and coolly. Poor George! My brother, I wish we had grasped hands, and parted friends. If you could have but known why I would not enter your doors, you would not have blamed me. On the contrary, it would have intensified your esteem for me. And Annie—how deliberate she is! She never loved her husband with the strong, unyielding, abiding passion which is hers. But there is a reason—a mystery. Perhaps"—I blushed to the very roots of my hair as I recalled the day when she would not listen to me, nor hear explanation or defense—"perhaps," I murmured, "she has been enlightened. Let us hear further of her."

I held the written page before me, and while a tear stood in each eye, dimming my vision, a smile played upon my lips. How strangely inconsistent are we!

"You are, I presume, aware," she continued, "that a little girl, now scarce two years old, is the fruit of our union. My husband would have her called Annie. She is said to look much like him," and, of course, like me, I added, for there was a striking resemblance between us.

"He has," continued the writer, "jointly with myself, placed his estate in your charge. His last words were that, wishing to make amends for his conduct, I should write to and urge your return to New York, at any sacrifice of time and money, and take upon you the burden of managing his property. In his will he has made you heir to one-third of the estate, reserving the remainder for our dear Annie and myself. The income from the property is more than sufficient to maintain us comfortably, even elegantly."

"But," I said, as I turned the page, "I cannot leave this place for, perhaps, a year to come; and it is so long since this was written that I do not know I could be of much service to sister-in-law or niece. George, poor fellow, was careful in accumulating and managing his estate, and, I doubt not, everything is going on swimmingly. In my absence she can, I presume, administer upon it, and enjoy the income."

The letter, as it proceeded, became less reserved, and toward the close it was even a little gossip, or, rather, I should say, unconsciously familiar, as if Annie had forgotten her anger, and was desirous of leaving a good impression upon my mind.

It was not until I had reached the close of the epistle that I learned the cause of my dear brother's death.

It was pneumonia.

"Poor Annie," I murmured, as I felt a warm glow at my heart, "you are a woman, after all. Ah! why did you turn from me? We would

have been so very happy. Egotist!" I suddenly exclaimed, as I sprang to my feet, "that I am! Annie cared nothing for me."

The man who handed me the letter, which he had selected from the mail because of its having upon it the emblem of mourning, again approached me—this time with some half-dozen business dispatches.

The first of these that I opened was from the legal firm of Thomas & Lawrence, requesting my signature before a notary public, commissioner of deeds, or county judge, to certain accompanying documents, which, upon inspection, I found were as voluminous and as involved as a decent regard for the community of words could make them.

"Notaries public, commissioners of deeds, and county judges, are rare gentlemen in these regions," I said, with a laugh. "I will withhold my signature until I have read these papers in New York. And now," I continued, taking up a square, business-looking letter, the address upon which was in a clerky hand, "what is this? From Cressus and Pactolus. Are they anxious for information?"

They were. More, they desired my presence in New York at the earliest possible day. They advised me to proceed direct to San Francisco, if thereby I could gain time. If not, to return to St. Louis, and telegraph thence my arrival, and continue my journey by rail to the seaboard.

"Some speculation on the *tapte*," I said, "and they would have me confirm their statements. Well, that I can, and truthfully. I am prepared to astonish—dazzle them."

I instantly called my following together, and read to them my instructions.

All agreed that in the mere matter of time, my shortest distance (upon the principle, doubtless, of the "longest way round being the nearest way home") would be by way of San Francisco. I could reach that city in eight days at furthest, and if a steamship was about to leave, I could, by crossing the Darien isthmus, reach New York within thirty-five days.

And I did.

Exactly on the thirty-fifth day from that of the reception of the dispatch, which, by-the-way, was of much more recent date than that which announced my brother's death, I stood in the office of my principals, and handed to their confidential agent a full report as well as *résumé* of my discoveries.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon this subject. I was unanimously thanked for the faithfulness with which I had executed my trust, and, additional to my salary, a handsome *bonus* was voted me, which, to show my entire confidence in the future of the mines I had pronounced upon so unequivocally, I begged leave to invest in stock.

My business happily closed with Cressus & Pactolus, and the company they were organizing. I entered a public coach, and, upon instructing the driver to proceed to the residence of my dead brother's wife—the street and number of which I handed him—I threw myself back in a corner of it, first pulling the curtains down, and gave myself up to thought—to a review of my life since Annie and I parted in anger.

"Had she but given me an inkling of my supposed fault, I am quite sure I could have satisfied her of my innocence, for I am positive, in word or deed, I never, intentionally at least, offended her. I perhaps shall soon know all. I think I have a right to this much. How else am I to act with her in administering the estate of my brother? Ah, George, dead though you be, you were a lucky man to win and wear so precious a treasure as is Annie. And yet, I am persuaded in my own

mind, that you never really appreciated to the full value the jewel that was yours. Annie—"

The carriage stopped suddenly. I raised the curtains, and looking out, saw that my journey was at its end. But a few feet separated me from her I had loved, and yet—

The door to the coach was suddenly flung open by the driver.

"This is the house, sir. Isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, as I alighted. Handing the man his fare, I added: "Wait one moment. The person I am seeking may not be at home."

I ran up the steps, and rang the bell.

The call was answered by a neatly-clad young woman—evidently a servant.

"Is Mrs. Birkatoff within?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, she is," the girl promptly answered.

"Shall I call her, sir?"

"Hand her this," I said, placing a card in the speaker's extended hand.

The Abigail ran up a flight of stairs, and a moment later returned, and said:

"My mistress will be with you in one second, sir. She's in the nursery with the child."

"That is at the head of the stairs?" I questioned.

"The first door, sir."

"All right," I said.

The stairs were instantly mounted; and ere I well knew what I had done, I was standing in the presence of the woman I cared for of all her sex, my traveling-cap in one hand, and my cane, the end thereof resting on the floor, in the other.

I stood quietly before her half-bent, graceful form. So deeply interested was she in her mother-task, that it was evident she had not noticed my entrance. Her dark, rich eyes were cast downward, with a great wealth of love in them, resting upon her child—my niece—whom she had been patiently and sweetly teaching to use her tiny, toddling feet.

"Annie," I said, in low, tremulous tones, "I am here in obedience to your summons."

She looked up with a quick glance. All her former haughtiness—her reservedness of manner—was gone.

I saw the blood, but not in anger this time, mount to her brows.

Impulsively she held out, as if to welcome me, one of her white, soft hands.

"Edward!" she stammered and blushed, for the moment forgetting the babe.

I moved quickly to her side, and—I was not conscious of the act—wound an arm around her waist.

"My idol, whom I have so long worshiped!" I murmured, as unresistingly I pressed my lips upon hers.

"Hush!" she sobbed rather than spoke. "It was him who caused it all—who came between us—with his lies. I did not then believe him base. I—I—" she paused, and then gasped out, "Oh, Edward, I have always—always loved you! Yes, God forgive me—loved you when I was the wife of another—of your brother! But I was tempted."

"Of whom do you speak?" I asked, not comprehending her. "This man who has made our lives unhappy—dividing them—who is he, Annie?"

"I dare not answer. Do not ask this of me. And you care for me, and will forgive all? Oh, I have waited so long—so very long, Edward, that I might be forgiven!"

"And I have nothing to forgive, darling. You will now be mine?"

She rested her beautiful head, with its widow's-cap, on my bosom, and sighed, as would a wearied child seeking rest in its mother's arms.

"And some time you will tell me all—that which caused our separation?"

"Never, Edward," she returned, standing erect, and with something of her old hauteur. "I am yours—your slave—for you are my hope and my life. Therefore, do with me as you will. But, I may not recall the words—shall I say carelessly spoken?—or say aught against the dead."

Precoity of Genius.

WHILE the constant labors and extensive researches of eminent men deserve our praise and esteem, the premature development of genius excites both our admiration and astonishment. To see youth graced with all the beauties of science and learning, strikes our minds as a singular phenomenon. Such phenomena have appeared, and we have selected a few instances for the entertainment of our readers.

Pietro Metastasio was born at Rome on the 8th of January, 1698. We are informed by his English biographer, Doctor Burney, that before he was ten years old he could make verses on any subject; and it was no unusual sight to see his father's porch surrounded in the evening, after school-hours, by groups listening to the poetry of a child. At the early age of fourteen, he produced his tragedy "Giustino," written after the Greek models. At eighteen, he went to Naples, and sang with the most eminent improvisatore of the day. His precocious genius made him become the topic of all conversations.

Cowley published a volume of poems in his thirteenth year.

Pope, also, was a poet in his infancy, writing a poem when only twelve years of age.

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I hoped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Extraordinary as these productions were, they were eclipsed by the verses of Chatterton, written at eleven! This

"—marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

executed imitations of the antique when he was fifteen and sixteen, which exhibited a vigor of thought and facility of versification—to say nothing of their antiquarian character, that puzzled the most learned men of the day—that stamp him a poet of the first class.

Thomas Campbell, at sixteen years of age, while resident at Glasgow University, translated the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, which was pronounced to be the best exercise ever given in by any student of the university. At twenty-two years of age, he published his "Pleasures of Hope," a poem which probably created, at its appearance, more sensation than any other of modern times; and it has, in a great degree, continued to retain its popularity. The volume went through four additions in a twelvemonth.

Theodore Hook, born in London in 1788, was, while still a youth, distinguished for his great conversational powers; and his talent as an improvisatore is described as marvelous. Sheridan is said to have been present at one of his most remarkable exploits—the singing of an extempore song, in which no less than sixty persons of the company obtained a point a piece. At the same time he was an expert performer on the pianoforte, and sang delightfully. He wrote songs for his father, and sometimes composed the airs. In 1806—that is, when only seventeen years of age, he wrote a very successful operatic farce, "The Soldier's Return," which was succeeded by several other pieces, which became equally popular.

William Beckford, before he was nine years of age, had attracted considerable attention from his intellectual precocity; and the promise thus given was fulfilled, when he published a little work, en-

titled "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," which was, in fact, a bitter satire upon certain living English artists, and the common slang of connoisseurship. At this time he was but eighteen years of age. In the year after, he brought out the celebrated Arabian romance of "Vathek." This work has been thus eulogized by Lord Byron, than whom a more competent critic on such a subject could not be found: "For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it: his 'Happy Valley' will not bear comparison with the 'Halls of Eblis.'" A remarkable circumstance attending this work was, that it was originally written in *French*, and in so pure a style, that many authors in France attributed the authorship to one of their own countrymen.

The parents of Thomas Wolsey, perceiving the bent of his disposition to learning, put him early to the grammar school of his native town—Ipswich; and such was the maturity of his talents, that he had taken the degree of bachelor of arts at Magdalen College, Oxford, before he had reached his fifteenth year; and from which circumstance he obtained the appellation of "the boy bachelor."

Hugo Groot (Grotius is the Latinized form) was a native of Delft, where he was born in 1583. While yet a child, he acquired great fame for his extraordinary attainments. At eight years of age he composed Latin elegiac verses; and at fourteen, he maintained public theses in mathematics, law and philosophy. In 1598, being then fifteen years of age, he accompanied Barneveldt, the ambassador from the Dutch States, to Paris, where he gained the approbation of the reigning French monarch, the celebrated Henri Quatre, by his genius, and was everywhere admired as a prodigy. After his return to Holland, he adopted the profession of a lawyer, and while no more than seventeen years old, pleaded his first cause at the bar, in a manner that gave him prodigious reputation.

A Good Smuggling Story.

On the Belgian frontier the French smugglers are doing a prosperous business. A few weeks ago information was given to the custom-house authorities, that at a certain hour a wagon-load of straw would pass in a given direction, amongst which a quantity of tobacco would be concealed. The wagon arrived at the time and place indicated, and was stopped by the custom-house officers. In reply to their questions, the wagoner answered in an unsatisfactory manner, which created suspicion, and a strict examination was commenced. It was ascertained that the wood was solid, and that there was no double bottom to the wagon, and therefore the tobacco must be in the bundles of straw, which the custom-house officers commenced probing with their long skewers, without coming in contact with anything which felt like a bale of tobacco; they therefore decided upon unloading the wagon, and examining the straw bundle by bundle. When they were in the midst of this operation a funeral came up, preceded by little boys carrying incense and tapers, the cross, and the priest, chanting psalms, accompanied by the sound of the *serpent*. The employes hastened to make room for the funeral to pass, and remained uncovered till it did so, when they set to work again undoing the bundles of straw, and examining them one by one. Whilst this was going on the hearse and funeral cortège was con-

tinuing its route, and had been long out of sight before the wagon had been thoroughly searched, and the bundles of straw tied up and reloaded, and, to the disappointment of the custom-house officers, not an ounce of tobacco found. The wagon was allowed to continue its route, but was followed at a distance, in order to discover the secret which appeared to be concealed from them. But there being nothing to conceal, they discovered nothing until the following day, when all the tobacco had safely been disposed of, and the smugglers were out of reach. The funeral cortège was composed entirely of smugglers—the priest, the player on the *serpent*, the incense-burners, and all the cortège, were a band of smugglers, and were laden with tobacco, as well as hearse and coffin. The value of the tobacco thus entered is stated at \$40,000, but this is probably greatly exaggerated.

The Price of Diamonds.

It was Winter among the mountains, and a snowy season, much longed-for by lumbermen and the little dealers of Longfield, to whom a "lively trade" meant sales of a half hundred dollars in the village during an entire day.

The fact that it was a snowy Winter had filled the little tavern, and thronged the lodging-houses of Whittredge & Co. with laborers, who, with slack work in the cities, had come up to Longfield to reap from the passing harvest.

There were sounds of oxen driving in the woods, the clankings of huge chains, the boom of falling logs, and smothered shouts from the roll-ways on the mountains: for the log-bush of Whittredge & Co. was alive with its busy stir, and the foreman, honest Tom Downing, said, for some reason or other, the boss's whole heart was in the timber.

Allan Whittredge was one of those earnest and affectionate men, who find happiness in conferring; and carried out, one could see that his great zeal for success was not that he might aggrandize himself personally, but that he might surround those he loved not only with luxuries, but with all the advantages of a moneyed position.

He lived, not among the mountains, but with great honor as a business man in a neighboring city, where Lucy, his wife, was among the leaders of style, and where her littleness of soul did not betray itself in the conventional life to which she was devoted.

A grand old radical is Nature in her quiet and apparently conservative way; and often, taking hold of a diminutive personality, like a skillful architect with an unpromising structure, she adds, enlarges, curtails, and lops off, and finally presents, for a future record on the ages, a character worthy to be perpetuated. This, in the case of woman, Nature often does through maternity, causing "the wilderness" of a narrow individuality "to blossom as the rose."

To Lucy Whittredge Nature had not denied this experiment—one child was granted; but instead of enlarging her soul by a sense of sacred dignity, the baby was to her something given to complete her life, and not for her to carry forward to a generation here, and eternity hereafter. He was a beautiful creature for her to love, admire, and lavish money upon, that he might do her credit, and love but her.

To this end the little Roy failed to divert her personality, and she became self-absorbed, as one who studies only to nourish one's own nature.

There was no end to Lucy Whittredge's covetous love for the things of fashionable life. Already in the little inland city of Shelburne hers was the finest house, the most expensively ap-

pointed establishment. Her horses and carriages were standards for all who might venture to copy, her evening parties were the gayest, and her dinners the most elegant that anybody had ventured upon. As for personal properties, had she not the most elegant costumes, the newest shapes, and the first of everything?

Was there not a suite of rooms at her command in the grandest hotel in New York, and a bona fide French *modiste* to follow all her orders?

And yet there was "a spider in her cup." Go where she might amongst the *ton* of the great New York and Washington, there were diamonds—great, glittering spheres, to parallel which she owned nothing.

Only a ring or two, and a memoriam pin, but no great, scintillating solitaires, the envy of her woman world. Anything moderately beautiful would not do for Lucy; her diamonds must be such as Russian princes could afford, and crown aristocrats put on—something for posterity, or failing that, some one who, among historical treasures, might count the Whittredge gems.

And accustomed as Allan was to listening and conforming to all of Lucy's whims, the diamond question it was that was detaining him in the mountains this Winter, where every energy was aroused, and every workman pressed, for the sake of gathering more mines than on any previous year.

* * * * *

"Come, Tammie, lad, 'tis nigh upon five o'clock, and by the time you're out upon the road 'twill be daybreak!" said old Dame Downing, trying to rouse the sleepy and overweary son, the foreman of the Whittredge log-bush.

Tom, with grunts and groans, a sigh for "the riches of King Solomon, and never a log-bush in life," came down the half-stair, half-ladder that led to his room above the keeping-room of Dame Downing's cottage. Coming, he left behind three little brothers, of whom he, all fatherless as they were, was eldest, and only bread-winner.

It was a coarse breakfast of baked beans, tea and brown bread to which Tom sat down; but having eaten, with the habit of a laborer, he took his dinner-can, and, standing before the fire for a moment, struck his brawny arms to and fro upon his breast, as one that keeps off frost in open air.

"And what doth ail you, Tam?" said the mother. "Can't you ever waken?"

"Oh, but it's hard, mother—late at night, and early in the morning! Do you know what o'clock it was last night when I came in from raising the logs on the skids in the yard? And what's it for? Sure the boss might put on more hands, and not weary the life out o' one at night! Whatever ails the man I do not see!"

"Well, well, lad," said the old mother, "do thou do right, and right will follow! Whittredge, they say, is pressed by debts, and this bush will save him!"

"Yes, and kill us, mother! Yesterday two of the men were down with fever; and the doctor says it's poor food and worse houses, damp air and little rest. You did not see it, but all Sunday the men chopped in the mountains, and Whittredge walked the floor in his room at the tavern."

"Ay, ay!" said the mother, comfortingly; "but you did not work, lad, and, please heaven, will not work on the holy day! So be off, Tammie, boy, and never vex thy heartstrings."

"By!" replied the son, which, in its monosyllabic sufficiency, included affection and the *au revoir* in use in polite society.

Tom Downing was last at the waiting-room at the foot of Pine Hill, where, on calling the roll, three of the best division-workers were found to be absent.

"Larking again!" said Tom; and, detaining the men, he returned to town to stir up the delinquents.

The word he brought back was startling. Adam Sands was dead, after only a week's illness, of a strange, delirious fever, and two others were down of the same disease. A cloud fell upon the men, and they separated silently to their toil.

During the day Adam's good points were warmly commended, as is the tender-hearted custom of humanity, and everybody ignored such evil deeds as he had done in his toilsome day of trial.

Before the week was over, the foreman sickened, after a fearful struggle with the silent foe. The choppers chafed him, and said he was set on edge by having saws to sharpen; but the wild eyes of the man and his quivering frame told the story. He, too, was "sick unto death," and in forty-eight hours poor Tom ceased to be.

There came a panic among the woodcutters. Uncultivated natures are never a match for mysteries, and whatever the intangible something was that poisoned the air at Longfield, and smote the able-bodied at their work, it was demoralizing.

Some said it was a curse on Sunday choppings; some said it was a blight upon the boss, foretold by strange signs, which, come to think, they had all observed. The sturdy and fearless laughed to scorn the weak and frightened, and so it went.

Doleful letters were those that Allan Whittredge sent down to Shelburne from his work among the mountains; and at last, fearing the effect of his absence on the men, and longing for companionship, he sent for Lucy and the little Roy to come up and pass a fortnight.

It went against Lucy to go. It was the society season just preceding Lent: all the gay doings of the Winter were to be concentrated in those dying days and nights, and to leave all and bury herself in the lumber railroads was too aggravating. At the very moment when selfishness, and a faint sense of conformity to what was expected of her, were battling with each other, there came a guest from Boston, and the scale no longer hung between duty and desire.

Little Roy was sent to the mountains in charge of Hester—the most faithful of nurses—and Mrs. Whittredge remained at Shelburne, "impossible as it was, and indecorous as it would be," she wrote her husband, to leave her friend from Boston.

There are husbands, and *husbands*, as the French say, and if Allan Whittredge did not feel any excruciating pangs of regret when the covered sleigh arrived at the Longfield tavern, bringing only the boy and Hester, he may be excused on the ground of his native generosity, and self-sacrificing spirit.

Roy was in raptures of delight. There was nothing half so beautiful to the six-years-old child as the great snow-drifts, pure and glittering; nothing half so excitingly entertaining as two tame squirrels in a revolving cage, and a raccoon well enough educated to whine like a dog when Roy called Ooney, and grunt like a pig when he fed it with corn.

And there were doves to tend, and strutting turkeys—birds from the woods and clattering guinea-hens; and no velvet jackets to be crucified for, and no fine clothes to be in martyrdom concerning. The boy was natural for once, and a week sped by with great content to all.

It was on the tenth day of Roy's visit to his father, that at night the boy was flushed and nervous. He fretted with everybody, and stood upon the order of his going to bed with a furious fit of temper, and a passion of tears brought on exhaustive sleep. There was a strange look in Allan's eyes, as he laid the boy in his bed that night; an

anguished, appealing, "what if" in his whole face, that hurt one's soul to see. There was no sleep for him in the heavy hours till day, nor were his fears allayed next morning, when Roy talked wildly, and sang with flighty, half-formed notes the little songs he knew.

Another day, and Roy knew nobody. In vain poor Allan carressed the child; in vain he tried to rouse him.

A messenger was dispatched for Lucy. He found her absent, and waited, bringing her at last as he met her, in a dinner costume, a mockery of life by the side of death.

The scene, when the mother reached Roy's bed, was what one might expect from natures which perpetually revolve, and never extend their selfish limits to include another soul.

It was *her* suffering, *her* fearful affliction; *her* boy it was, dying, in that gloomy mountain-place; her error it was in letting him go there, but not her error in remaining behind.

Beautiful Roy passed away, without a word of recognition for anybody, and the father, crushed to earth, left the mountains for ever, when he had carried back to Shelburne the lovely clay, once so beautiful with the spirit of his child.

Home, with all its associations, became unendur-

able. The property was sold at a wild sacrifice. The railways among the mountains passed into other hands, and *he* Whittredges, in a cottage by the reedy banks of the Chesapeake, find a trifling solace in the companionship of distant relatives.

When Lucy, silent, and as self-revolving as ever, happens to say to mothers, tempest-tossed by babies innumerable, that she once had a child and it died, they are fain to ask: "What was the matter?"

Scourging herself, for beyond she has not reached, the saddened mother answers, with a self-inflicted stab: "He was the price of diamonds." And bitter as the answer is, the meaning is most clear—Roy was the penalty of worldliness.

We know God easily, provided we do not constrain ourselves to define Him.—*Soubert.*

No plant absorbs nitrogen so rapidly as the sunflower, as ravenous as the stomach of an ostrich. A pigeon was buried between the roots of a sunflower; after some weeks not a vestige of the bird was found—the plant had devoured and digested even the feathers.



THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS.—"HE BROUGHT HER AT LAST, AS HE MET HER, IN A DINNER COSTUME, A MOCKERY OF LIFE BY THE SIDE OF DEATH."



THE IMMORTAL FLAME.—“SHE WENT DIRECTLY TO HIM, STANDING BESIDE THE CHAIR IN WHICH HE HAD WEARILY SEATED HIMSELF.”

The Immortal Flame versus the Blue Taper.

NELL REMINGTON was in a brown study. The unquestioned belle of her set was nonplussed. She sat in the library-window, quite in a flood of Winter sunlight, her pretty face buried in her white jeweled hands. This one who had nonplussed her, the cause of this brown study, sat beyond the reach of the sunlight, in the shadow of the room, reading the morning papers.

This quiet, courteous gentleman was the first one Nell Remington had ever found ineffectual to her charms. Always before, on meeting a

stranger, she had simply to think it worth her while, in order to add him to her list of triumphs; but this friend of her brother's, who was to make his home for the Winter with them, had been under the same roof a full month, and still treated her with a cool politeness that touched on indifference.

In that month Nell had taxed her every power. If he had been a woman-hater, cynical and ungallant, she would have known exactly how to reduce him to terms. Instead of that, he was kind and considerate to every one, especially to ladies. If he had even treated her with positive dislike, she would have felt confident of winning him.

When in her society, provided she made the advance, he was affable and entertaining; otherwise, he seemed utterly unconscious of her presence, as he had been for the past half hour.

It made the girl wretched, and still it interested her, probably on the principle that we value anything in proportion to the difficulty of its attainment.

He was wealthy, intelligent and cultivated, and courted by a score of designing mammas, with families of stylish and expensive daughters on their hands.

But not one of these considerations was the incentive. It was the fact that he presumed to be indifferent. Conquer she would! His heart should be offered a holocaust upon her altar; and once her suppliant, she would make him suffer. If once she could start the immortal flame in his cool, quiet being, she would fan it until it quite devoured him, and then, in the hour of her triumph, would coolly inform him it was nothing but a blue taper.

Quite unconscious of the wicked design conceived in the heart of this pretty flirt, the subject of it read column after column, and at length, having exhausted their contents, tossed the paper aside, and, glancing at his watch, arose. Instantly the girl came from the window, saying, quietly, for all the little inward start at her own daring:

"Mr. Guion, may I ask a favor of you?"

He courteously bowed assent. She went on hurriedly:

"I am going to dine with Mrs. Woodruff to-night. Brother Ned has an engagement; it is terribly provoking, for it leaves me no way to get home. Should it trouble you very much to call for me?"

He replied that, "on the contrary, it would give him much pleasure," and, bidding her good-morning, left the room.

When alone, the girl blushed scarlet, then said to herself, with a funny sort of self-contempt:

"Well, Nell Remington, you are a modest piece, indeed! Quite an unsophisticated, bashful girl! In the first place, you have invited yourself out to dine; and in the second, have requested a gentleman to call for you who has never even so much as asked you to church. But all is fair in love and war, and this is war to the death. And wherever surely was there war without stratagem?"

And with a light laugh she ran up-stairs to find her mother. That fashionable lady was in her boudoir, reclining among the luxurious cushions of her lounge, and whiling away the morning hours with a novel.

"Ma, I am going to dine with Mrs. Woodruff!" exclaimed the girl, breaking into the quiet.

"My dear, Will Holmes dines with us; it will be excessively rude!" and the lady raised on her elbow, and regarded her daughter disapprovingly.

"Well, I can't help that, ma! If he had a grain of pride, he would not enter the house after being rejected!"

"He comes on my invitation, Nell, and is, therefore, at least, entitled to respect," in lofty indignation.

Will Holmes was one of the pretty flirt's wealthiest suitors, and consequently a favorite with the worldly Mrs. Remington.

The young girl made no reply, but looked defiant.

"Why can't you drop Mrs. Woodruff a note of apology, stating the exigencies of the case?" in a persuasive tone.

"Because, ma, it will never do to disappoint—myself," the latter mentally; and she shrugged her shoulders with a sudden twinge of conscience at the equivocation, and speculated curiously as

to what lengths her first bit of deceit was doomed to lead her, remembering, oddly, the moral to all stories about naughty little boys—how to tell one story you had to tell another to hide it, and still another, and another; and the more you told, the more there were to hide.

Her mother was thoughtful a moment; then, as if seized with a happy idea, said:

"Well, Will can call for you, Nell."

"Mr. Guion is going to do that, ma," hastily.

"O-o-oh!" said the lady, in a prolonged tone of satisfaction; for, like the many other ambitious mammas, she, too, had had her designs.

Out of consideration to the aforesaid moral, Nell hastily left the room, before any further questions should follow.

She started for her visit immediately after lunch, seized with a sort of horror that the lady in question should have also made up her mind to go out to dine. To her infinite relief, she found her at home, and of course perfectly delighted to see her. She was a young married lady, and she and Nell were fast friends.

"But, my dear, how did you ever break away from the whirl of gayety you are always in, to spend a quiet home-afternoon and evening with me?"

"Well, you see, dear, ma had asked that horrid Will Holmes to dine with us, and the moment I heard it, I determined to fly here for refuge," gayly, though with a sort of inward terror to see what an adept she had become, and wondering if she had gone so far that she wouldn't know the truth if she told it.

"And my husband will see you home; he will be perfectly happy," delightedly.

"Oh, Mr. Guion is going to call for me," with well-assumed indifference.

"It is funny he don't follow the fashion, and fall in love with you, Nell. I have heard ever so many say so. He is so cool and unapproachable, for all his courtesousness, I would really like to see him captured. Why don't you try it, Nell?" in a sort of gay teasing.

"Why, my dear, I wouldn't be guilty of leading any one on, just for the sake of refusing him, let alone Mr. Guion," seriously, and with an inward conviction that she was entirely "given over," as the ministers alarmingly put it.

Early in the evening, to the girl's extreme satisfaction, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Guion was ushered in. Mr. Woodruff absolutely monopolized him. Somewhat later, when they started for home, they found a slow drizzling rain, that had been threatening all day. Mr. Guion insisted on going for a carriage, but Nell very emphatically vowed she would not go home that night, unless she walked.

She was unnecessarily decided, and spoke in such a quick, imperious way, that Ralph Guion looked at her in a sort of silent surprise. It was the first time he had ever seen her in any other than a sweet, amiable mood, for the girl was naturally winning and sweet-tempered.

She experienced a little thrill of triumph, that she had been able to arouse his interest, though it was only in disapproval. Absolutely, she had been able to shock him! Well, she had been shocking herself all day; it would be easy to follow out that course.

At the foot of the steps he raised the umbrella, and offered her his arm. She coolly declined it. Though she could not see, she felt his amazement at her rudeness. He was large, she was small and slight. She made him catch step for her at least twenty times, nor kept it then. She would have absolutely nothing to say, and answered all his attempts at conversation in monosyllables.

Cupid is a wicked imp, and delights in curious pranks, and is very apt to turn on one who tries

to steal his power. So it came that when Nell Remington attempted to strike this immortal flame, he, with a sudden gust of wind, tipped back the umbrella, and what of the flame was not quenched turned in upon the girl, so that, in a sort of blank dismay, she said to herself, "I believe I am being caught in my own trap. In trying to put his lordship in love, I have gotten there myself," nor ever heard the blind imp clap his wings, and fly away, crying, "Fire! fire! fire!"

To complete her discomfiture, in her utter dismay at her discovery, she forgot to mind her steps, and, stepping heedlessly over a glazed patch of pavement, fell. Then for a moment to her all life was extinct. When she came back to consciousness, she was being borne rapidly along, in a pair of strong arms; the umbrella was closed, and the rain was dashing in her face.

Then followed weeks in which Nell Remington was carried from her bedroom to the pleasant sitting-room, nor could take a step; weeks in which she passed the nights tossing restlessly with pain from the sprained, swollen ankle; and days that stretched themselves to interminable length, for all the lounge was luxurious with downy cushions, and her friends vied in trying to while away the hours for her: for the young girl was a general favorite.

Mr. Guion was kind and attentive: brought her flowers and fruit, and called in to see her once or twice every day. "But it was simply the courtesy he would show to any one in pain," so Nell thought, little dreaming that this quiet gentleman, suddenly startled, was watching her with a keen interest.

He had been wont to look on the girl as a foolish, trifling flirt: one who had been trained to complete worldliness. Her beauty had always attracted him, but he thought there had been nothing beneath it. Now, he saw her in quite a new light. This love which she had given, all unsought, had stirred the girl's nature to its depths, and developed all her latent power and strength. He, not suspecting the cause, saw only the effect. He watched her at first with pleased surprise; then with a deep interest; and at length with the earnest love of his strong, true nature. It was one of life's infinite misunderstandings.

The girl, checked and dismayed at thus giving her love unwon, and troubled and unhappy, at length grew rebellious. All this time, Will Holmes had been untiring in his attentions. Suddenly came the thought, that if she accepted Will, this other love would be forced to die, and she said to herself, bitterly, remembering how she had wickedly planned it before, that this flame, that had turned in on herself, should not prove immortal; she would reduce it to a blue taper.

To think was to act. One kind look, and Will had again offered himself and been accepted.

Mrs. Remington was in ecstasies. Their set began already to plan their costumes for a Spring wedding. An elegant solitaire flashed and sparkled on her first finger.

When Ralph Guion saw it, he set his lips and suddenly paled. The girl was not looking at him. After that he came more seldom to her sitting-room.

As her ankle improved, her physical health seemed to run down. She was constantly feverish, and so utterly depressed, that at length her worldly mother lost all patience with her, and even her ardent lover grew fretted and annoyed.

He had loved her as the merry girl who had been hard to win; having won her, he found her gayety gone, and discovered that they viewed life quite through different eyes, and that what interested her utterly bored him. Books to him had always been a vexation. She, at her gayest, had

always loved to read—now the fondness was growing on her.

The doctor had forbidden her again going out, that Winter, in the evening, though she was able to go feebly about the house.

The theatre and opera had always made up the greater sum of his life. She saw he missed them, and gladly placed his evenings at his disposal. At first he had persistently refused to leave her, but at length had yielded, with a great show of protest.

That decided her. She hoped to crush out the love for one man by engaging herself to another. She had not succeeded, save to fan that other's love quite cool; so, the next day, when he called, she handed him the ring and released him.

Ralph Guion was the first one to whom she told what she had done. She hardly knew why she did it, without it was to clear herself in her own eyes of the imputation of being a jilt, as well as a flirt, which she knew would be the sure consequence of the announcement of the broken engagement.

He came into the drawing-room as Will left it. She went directly to him, standing beside the chair in which he had wearily seated himself.

"Mr. Guion, which is more culpable: to keep a wrong promise or to break it?"

He made no reply, but looked at her keenly, his proud, quiet lips set.

"You will not help me even that much!" she said, angrily; then added, in an excited tone, "You will probably side with ma and the rest, and say I should have married him, for all I did not like him and was sure he was tired of me."

The blood rushed to the man's very brow—his voice, usually so quiet, was unsteady. "You have broken your engagement with Will Holmes!"

She bowed assent in a sort of mute surprise at the strange, new excitement in one usually so self-contained. He arose abruptly and left the room. The girl sat down and buried her face in her hands, utterly bewildered.

Then a month went by. In that month Ralph Guion was constantly with her, watching her in his quiet, searching way. In that time, the nine days' wonder of the broken engagement had given place to newer astonishments which keep the fashionable world in constant excitement.

One day the girl was sitting where we first saw her, in the morning sunlight of the library-window, and the same quiet gentleman against whom that day she had plotted was again reading the paper, as then. She was thinking it all over, with her face again in her hands, remembering, with a sad little pain at her heart, that old moral about the wicked little boys who told stories, and about the sorrowful end they always came to, and thinking how all her troubles had come from that first deceit about being asked to dinner, when she was not.

If she had not gone out to dine she would never have cared for him, and none of that miserable deceit about Will Holmes would have ever occurred; and she wouldn't have sprained her ankle, and been sick all Winter; and she would not have learned, to her own grief, that a real live flame could not be reduced to a blue taper.

So engrossed was she, she was unconscious that this quiet, courteous gentleman had crossed the room and sat down beside her. Suddenly the two hands over her face were taken in two other firm, quiet hands, and held so that her eyes were quite brought to view.

"Nellie, I have been trying to find you out. Will you help me?" He had never taken her hand before; he had never called her Nellie; there was a strange, new depth to his voice; the girl grew very pale.

An hour later, Mrs. Remington glanced into the

library, and went away quite unobserved, in utter delight. The color flitted bright and beautiful, as it had not done for many weeks, in her daughter's cheeks. She sat on a low stool at Ralph Guion's feet, whilst he held her hands in one of his, and with the other caressed her soft dark hair.

As her mother had glanced in, she had been telling him, half laughing, half crying, all about it; and he, with his quiet voice, full of latent teasing, was replying: "You have proved fire a stronger element than water, for both flames were started in the rain."

Madeline's Birthday.

It was early Winter, and the lonely old dwelling on the "Flats" seemed to stand in the very highway of the storm. It was difficult to say whether the snow had turned to wind or the wind to snow, so fierce and white the feathered wings of the tempest. Although, after his day's labor had closed in town, Philip Stayner had for weeks been engaged in fortifying his dilapidated residence against the inclement season that had been gradually stealing upon his wife and his only daughter Madeline, yet, on this particular evening, various nooks and crevices that had escaped his notice began to manifest themselves in a very emphatic manner. To be sure, the dining-room, kitchen and parlor, which were all merged in one apartment, had been carefully overhauled, and some cunningly devised panes of anything but glass inserted where needed in the broken window-frames; but, then, notwithstanding all this, and the cheerful fire that blazed on the hearth in anticipation of Mr. Stayner's speedy appearance with the necessaries for a certain birthday dinner, there was an air of poverty about the place, which neither the handsome face of Madeline, nor the pleasant, although aimless, bustling of her mother could wholly dispel.

So close was the weather-beaten old dwelling to the sea, that the exhausted tide not unfrequently smacked its cold, thin lips on its very threshold, as though eager to devour it and all it contained; and so constantly was it subjected to the fury of the gales that swept the vast expanse of waters that lay before it without succumbing to their power, it, at last, became to be regarded as impregnable, while the more superstitious looked upon it as being under the protection of some supernatural agency. The whole secret of its resistance to the dire attacks periodically made upon it, however, lay in the massive beams which composed its framework, as it had at one time formed part of a depot for government marine stores.

Philip Stayner had been unfortunate in business, and having lost his all, an already delicate constitution had become so undermined that, even before he had begun to descend the hill of life, he was in most terribly straightened circumstances, and unable to meet the necessities of his family. Throughout all his embarrassments and misfortunes, nevertheless, he managed to give his daughter Madeline an excellent education, and fit his only other child, a son, for a seafaring life, in which he had embarked, at the age of eighteen, seven years previous to the commencement of our story, and which he had followed in distant seas without having, through some cause, been able to succor his sister or parents, from whom he seemed gradually to have fallen off altogether, as they now had not heard from him for many a long day. And yet Mark Stayner had, up to the hour of his departure from home, always evinced the most tender affection for Madeline, as well as for his father and mother. It was therefore with a pang they arrived at the conclusion that he had

now forgotten them, or what, was scarcely more painful, that he was no longer an inhabitant of this weary world.

Still, at periods hope would come, and his bright, bronzed face and laughing eyes would flash through the bars of memory, and throw such strange radiance on its dungeon floor as to almost make him a reality in the doorway he had so often illumined; and never had the vision occurred with such power to both mother and daughter as on this same wild and stormy evening, although, in the case of Madeline, another long-absent face peeped in at those bars also, and lent additional weight to the sadness that lay hidden beneath her smiles.

There is no voice under the canopy of heaven that appeals so powerfully to the mother of a sailor-boy as that of the great deep when he is abroad on its bosom in the midst of darkness and storms, and now as the winds freshened along the dreary coast, and began to almost rock the old building upon its foundations, Mrs. Stayner became gradually more and more abstracted, until she at last ceased to busy herself about household affairs, and unconsciously seated herself by the open fireplace. Madeline, whose sympathetic heart soon divined the cause of her sadness and silence, rushed as usual to the rescue, and endeavoring to estrange her fond parent from the thoughts which she well knew preyed upon her at the moment, observed, with equal love and adroitness:

"Poor father will have an unpleasant walk of it; and what I fear is, he will be so laden with little purchases for to-morrow, that, in his weak state of health, he will be unable to make much headway in this blinding tempest, and may perhaps at this moment need some assistance on his way hither. I shall, therefore, put on my cloak and bonnet, and go to meet him, for it is already getting somewhat late."

This affectionate little ~~was~~ had the desired effect; for Mrs. Stayner, becoming at once interested in what her daughter had just said, returned, with both decision and earnestness:

"No, dear child; you must not venture out on a night like this, so thinly clad, and with such wretched shoes; for, should you do so, you may get your death, and then what should become of your poor father and me?"

"Why, dear mother," replied Madeline, smiling, "how can you be so simple as to suppose that a great strong girl like me, now actually twenty-two, could be injured by a short walk through half a foot of snow? and, as for the wind, let me tell you, I can tie my bonnet firmly under my chin, and although my cloak may be a little threadbare, I can wrap it closely about me, and defy the blast were it more searching than it really is."

"You must not go, Madeline—you must not go!" ejaculated the mother. "It is upward of a mile to Doctor Marsh's, and your father may not have left the office yet, and so long as there is any prospect of a patient calling, you know the doctor will not think of letting him away."

"Yes," rejoined the other; "I know Mr. Marsh, or doctor, I suppose I must call him, is a hard taskmaster. He has kept my poor father for nearly two years on that miserable five dollars a week, and constrained him to perform offices not only unjust in themselves, but so repugnant to a man of gentle blood and correct feeling, that I am of the opinion, were my dear father in any other position in the world, his health might be partially restored at least."

"But, Madeline, dear, what should we have done without this miserable pittance even? for, although you work wonders with your needle, the

proceeds of that alone would never meet all our little necessities, unpretending as they are."

"I know, dear mother, I know; but, then, it strikes me as both mean and dishonest on the part of a wealthy man to take advantage of the necessities of an assiduous employé, who, although ill in body, performs the duties that devolve on him faithfully, and is ever to be found at his post—ay, even when he is scarcely able to hold up his head."

Mrs. Stayner was silent, for she knew how just the observations of her daughter were; but still persisting in her opposition to her leaving the house, as it was now almost seven o'clock, and nearly pitch dark, the sweet young girl relinquished her filial project, which, although scarcely entertained seriously at first, soon began to grow upon her as an absolute duty.

Doctor Thomas Marsh was one of those wealthy underhand practitioners who was innocent of a diploma, but whose wretched and fragmentary education was no obstacle to his making money among a certain class. He was vulgar, vain, and cruel, and so eaten up with the love of gain, that every fibre of his nature was withered with a thirst of gold. He was a widower, and, as some alleged, of his own making, and professed to a degree of medical skill which threw the legitimate members of the profession completely into the shade. In dress he was gaudy and expensive, although the polished purgatory of his boots could not obliterate a defect of his left foot, or the most impressive kids give a shapely appearance to his large, sinewy hands.

He was not, however, in the main bad-looking, notwithstanding a restlessness of his small, greenish-gray eye, which had a wild-animal character about it, and some lines near his mouth that spoke of cruelty and insincerity. He was yet powerful and active, although somewhat past the meridian of life; but the love of strong drink had done something toward undermining his constitution. And, yet, he had his associates and admirers amongst those who moved in what might be termed respectable society, and hence it was that poor Philip Stayner had in his dire necessity been betrayed into his employment, from which, through ill health and adverse fate, he had never been able to extricate himself.

But this was not all in so far as Philip was concerned, for the doctor in his vanity had been casting his eye about in relation to another matrimonial venture, when it fell accidentally upon the beautiful features and fair form of Madeline, for whom he at once conceived a most ardent passion, as he termed it, and in respect to whom he was under the impression that he had but simply to send her father into ecstasies by declaring his predilection for her, and demanding her hand.

In this, however, he had reckoned without his host; for, so soon as he had broached the subject to Philip, the latter, with an angry flush, declined the intended honor, and insured thereby a subsequent eight months of galling servitude without a single penny advance of salary, although his duties were increased, and his office hours lengthened, all of which he suffered in silence, having never apprised his daughter of the penalty his devotion to her had entailed upon him. Madeline, however, with the true instincts of her sex, soon discovered that the doctor had some design upon her: for, on more than one occasion when she called to see her father, he was offensively gracious to her, and indulged in a strain of conversation, which subsequently induced her to avoid his office altogether.

Vindictive beyond measure, Marsh thought the best way of avenging himself for the slight put upon him, was to keep Philip in his hands, so that

he might be able to crush him at the proper moment, or starve his family into compliance with his wishes regarding Madeline; but as eight months had already elapsed without the slightest prospect of success, on this very evening, after a hard day's labor, he summarily dismissed poor Philip, who had always drawn his week's salary in advance, and sent him out into the howling storm without a single cent in his pocket.

None but the decent poor and penniless, who conceal their misery from the world, can describe the anguish that consumes a loving and affectionate father who is constrained to turn his footsteps homeward late at night, through a pelting and pitiless storm, without food for the dear ones that are anxiously awaiting the sound of his footsteps; and, although there was yet a little bread in the house, still, Philip faltered when he reached his door, because it was Madeline's birthday eve, and he was not only returning from town empty-handed, but was now out of employment. There was, however, no way of concealing his misfortune in so far as the morrow's dinner was concerned, as a single glance would satisfy his family in that direction. So, without well knowing what he did, faint and weary, and white with snow, he staggered into the little room in which his wife and daughter were seated, and sank into a chair with a groan.

In an instant they were both by his side, divesting him of his shabby overcoat, and chafing his temples, as he had almost swooned away from anxiety and exhaustion. In their eager solicitude regarding his sudden indisposition, they had lost all sight of everything else; and it was not until he had apprised them of his situation with his own lips, that they remembered his having entered the house without any parcel under his arm or in his hand. And, now it was that the sunshine of Madeline broke through the darkness, for, on learning of the deep and silent sufferings which had been consuming him for months, because of his true love and affection for her, she exclaimed, while her face assumed an expression of almost preternatural beauty:

"Dear father, thank God for your freedom this night from the bondage which has been so long sapping your life-blood. Don't despair because of this trial which has beset us. I am strong, and quite able to keep the wolf from the door until heaven sends us larger aid; and, were it not for your affectionate interference, or, rather, insurmountable opposition, I should have long since sought permanent and lucrative employment at some point where I am sure I could have obtained it. I am not, as you know, depending on my needle only. I have a knowledge of music, and a fair education otherwise; and surely, with a stout heart, and a pure resolve, I cannot fail to meet all our little necessities, or at least to provide the common necessities of life until a wider door is opened to us."

There was such hope and firmness in the voice and manner of the lovely young girl, that even poor Philip felt their influence; but seeing how scanty the humble fare that she was now spreading for their evening repast, and how sad the prospect of even a single meal for the morrow, his heart again died within him, and his head would have fallen once more on his breast, had not a knock at the outer door arrested his attention, and caused him to cast an anxious and inquiring glance in that direction.

When Doctor Marsh discharged Philip, after the labors of the day had closed, his mind had already been made up to persecute him and his family to the death if possible, and to avenge himself for the slight, as he fancied it to be, put on him by a person in his employment who was all but a beggar, as he mentally termed him.

Having had this infamous object in view for some time, he managed, for a trifle, to purchase the old house on The Flats, and without the knowledge of its occupants, become its proprietor. It had been for a considerable period in the possession of the Stayners at a nominal rent; but, now, it would seem as though they were about to be deprived of even this humble refuge; for Marsh, in his fiendish malignity, determining to supplement his evening's cruelty toward them, dispatched a ruffianly messenger to The Flats, almost in the very footsteps of Philip, to apprise the unfortunate that they must seek other quarters on the following day, as the house had passed into his hands, and as it was to be devoted to a certain purpose by him, without an hour's delay if possible. Of all this he might have informed Philip earlier in the evening, or, at least, at the moment when he discharged him from his employment; but, feeling that the intelligence would fall with a more crushing weight after poor Stayner had disclosed to his wife and daughter the ill-luck that had already befallen them, he reserved it until nearly an hour after Philip had left the office to return to it no more, and then packed it after him by way of capping the climax of his misery.

On opening the door, in answer to whoever sought admission, a thick-set, ill-looking fellow, whom Philip at once recognized as a creature of Marsh's, strode into the apartment where the family was assembled, and, without the slightest ceremony or apology, shook from his shoulders a quantity of snow on the newly-sanded floor, and threw himself uninvited into a vacant chair. At first, Philip thought that the doctor had regretted his unfeeling conduct, and was about to make some reparation for it; but, scarcely had he entertained the idea, before "Ugly Tony," as the newcomer was nicknamed, began to disabuse him of it in the following manner:

"Ow much rent is due on this 'ere 'ouse, as now belongs to Doctor Marsh, as want it to-night, and as informs you by me, in this 'ere paper, as 'ow you must toddle out of it to-morrow by ten o'clock, as he has rented it to another party as is comin' in at noon?"

Philip became stupefied, and even Madeline's courage forsook her for a moment as she gazed on the forbidding messenger of such cruel and unexpected news. Recovering herself, however, and on perceiving that her father and mother were utterly paralyzed, she replied with all the presence of mind at her command:

"Whatever amount of rent is due, my father is unable to pay it to-night, and to-morrow being my birthday, we won't think of obliging your wretched and vindictive employer by leaving those miserable premises until the following day at least."

"You speak purty pert, young gal, for one in your position; but, I tell you, I'm not a-goin' to leave without the money; and, besides, you might have settled all this 'yourself long ago, if you had sense, and knew what was good for you."

The blood mounted to the cheek of Madeline, and a fierce light came into the eyes of Philip, even, as these expressions dropped from the lips of the scoundrel, who was, evidently, partially intoxicated. The idea of having their humble dwelling invaded at such an hour, and with such intelligence, was terrible enough, but the allusion to Madeline, and the threat to remain all night, was more than either father or mother could bear. So, starting from his chair, with an energy which surprised all present, Philip demanded on what authority the villainous emissary trespassed on his premises at such an unreasonable period, or threatened to occupy them for even a single moment.

This was somewhat perplexing to Tony, who

was fortified by no legal document whatever; but fancying that his employer would stand between him and all harm, he determined to bluster his way through the interview, and remain in his chair as long as he thought proper, as well as indulge in any language that his ruffianly mood happened to suggest. So, striking the table with his clinched fist, he broke forth into a tirade of abuse, both bolsterous and indecent in the last degree, until none present could bear their ears, and Madeline, in her utter helplessness, burst into a flood of bitter tears.

During the unwarrantable conduct of the scoundrel, and while the hitherto peaceable dwelling was resounding with his coarse and vulgar epithets, the door leading into the gloomy and narrow hall again opened, and yet another party, unheralded and unnoticed, presented himself on the threshold, where he stood for a moment concealed from view. A handsome fellow of about twenty-seven years of age, clad in the garb of a fisherman, and apparently of great strength and agility, if one might judge of the ease with which he had made his way through the storm with a heavy hamper, that, on entering, he at once placed at his feet. He had been knocking at the door, but, owing to the high voice in which Ugly Tony was speaking, his summons had not been noticed. There he stood, bewildered and diffident, without well knowing whether to advance or retire, until he heard Tony exclaim at the top of his bent:

"I tell you what, gal, there ain't no use on your snivelin' there; for I must have the money afore I leave this 'ere chair, and out on the 'ouse you and all on you must trot, bag and baggage, afore ten o'clock to-morrow, for them's my orders from Doctor Marsh as owns the place, and as you refused to marry for the sake of a good-for-nothin' as they call Stanton, that hasn't a penny in his pocket to bless himself with, and as nobody knows anythin' about in these quarters."

A sudden exclamation in the hall, that attracted the attention of all, and the next instant, Gerald Stanton, with the fierceness of a tiger, sprang into the room, and clutched the scoundrel by the throat!

Powerful as Tony was, he was but a child in the grips of the sinewy and enraged athlete who now had hold of him. In vain he struggled to free himself from the terrible grasp, until, half-strangled, he begged for mercy, falling on his knees in his extreme fear, and gurgling out, as best he could, some unmeaning sentences of apology, professing his readiness to retire from the premises, and confessing that he only had the verbal authority of Doctor Marsh for the visit he had made. At the earnest solicitations of Madeline, and her parents, Stanton relaxed his hold on the scoundrel, but not before he dragged him to the outer door and thrust him headlong into the storm, with a force that caused him to measure his full length on the rough and frozen earth that the gale had stripped bare of the snow at that particular point.

When the door closed on the ruffian, Gerald at once turned to his friends, and explained how he came to overbear what had passed, and begged that they would not look upon his interference as an intrusion, for his mission was conceived in a spirit of friendliness, to all the world, for that matter, as he only came over from The Point, it being the eve of Madeline's birthday, with a few little things that he hoped they would not object to receiving at his hands, as they were neighbors, or nearly so, and as he and his dear wife and mother had really more themselves than they knew what to do with.

Now, this latter was a fib, which was, no doubt, carried off to heaven's chancery like my "Uncle

Toby's" oath, and no one knew it better than Madeline; for she had been long well assured that the Stanton's had but little to spare of this world's goods. However, when, in the course of some little time, and after various explanations, he lugged his hamper into the apartment, and produced sufficient for a very plentiful and substantial birthday dinner, indeed, her eyes overflowed with other tears than those shed but so short a time previously; but when, with the utmost delicacy, yet, at the same time, transparency, he begged her mother to accept, as a little bit of a present for herself, a beautiful pair of shoes, which he well knew would scarcely go on the tips of her toes, and which were evidently the size that she herself wore, she turned away to her small chamber hard by, and, with a heart too full for utterance, forgot at once all the unpleasant circumstances of the evening, and poured forth her pure and gentle soul in an unrestrained flood of grateful and affectionate tears.

Before Mark Stayner had gone to sea, Gerald's brother and he were not only schoolfellows, but sworn friends and companions. Gerald, who was a couple of years his senior, had come with his young wife and this brother, as well as with his widowed mother, to reside at what was called The Point—a promontory that ran into the sea about a mile from where the Stayners then resided, and, oddly enough, about the same distance from their present abode on The Flats. The Stanton's, like their neighbors, had seen better days; but a long chancery suit, that held out some slight hopes at first, soon worried the father of Gerald and Henry into the grave, and obliged them and their remaining parent to retire to the locality already mentioned, where, in course of time, and as their slender means were becoming exhausted, Gerald, three or four years previous to the opening of our story, purchased a snug fishing-smack, and became a toiler of the sea, while Henry, soon emulating the example of Mark, who was just one year his junior, shipped on board a merchantman, also, in the hope of bettering his fortune. He, however, unlike Mark, had returned from sea on several occasions to the midst of his friends, and, although they had not seen him for nearly a year, yet he corresponded with them constantly, as his ship had never visited distant lands.

From the first hour that Madeline and he met, they became attached to each other; so that Mark, on leaving his home, felt that his sister was not only ardently loved by his friend, but that, in case anything should occur to deprive her of her parents, he would succor and protect her to the last drop of his blood, until he could make her his own.

Young as the newly-fledged sailor was, this was a source of extreme happiness to him; and the last words that fell on Henry's ear, as they both parted on the deck of the Good Fortune, were: "Watch over Madeline until I return."

And well did Henry observe the injunction, for she who was his idol before, now became sacred in his eyes; and his only earthly desire was to obtain a home to which he could lead her his wife, without the fear of any of the discomforts that wait upon penury, and where, in addition, he could render happy the declining years of her parents, and those of his own dear mother.

Since his departure, it had been up-hill work with Gerald, and so much so, that up to the present he had been barely able to keep the fire burning on his own hearthstone. Therefore, when he assured the Stayners, on opening the hamper, that he was quite overstocked at home, he was guilty of dissimulation, but of a character so pardonable that few will be inclined to charge it against him as a crime. The truth is, his sudden and opportune appearance as a sort of Santa

Claus, was owing to the fact that, while in town during the evening, or a short time previous to his presence on The Flats, he learned, by mere accident, of the inhuman treatment of poor Philip by the miserable wretch Marsh, and knew precisely how it stood with the family of the former. Consequently, to almost the last shilling in his pocket, he extended his market purchases, etc., leaving his own portion of the supplies at The Point with his mother and wife, who, proud of his noble and generous heart, hurried him off with the remainder, and their blessing, to their dear friends on The Flats.

The hamper contained amongst other things many little delicacies, which were now displayed on the edge of the table, where the scanty repast already alluded to had been spread, the more solid items being laid almost lovingly aside. This pleasant task was performed by Madeline, who had reappeared on the scene, half ashamed of the weakness that proved her so warm and lovely a creature—so true and noble a woman.

The shoes were for a considerable period somewhat a puzzle to Mrs. Stayner, nor could she for some time comprehend how Gerald came to pay her such an impossible compliment, although her feet were shapely, and proportionate to her size. All at once, however, the true state of the case burst upon her, when, like that of her daughter, her vision became suddenly blurred, and she remembered how necessary it was to turn toward the window, and look out earnestly at nothing.

When Ugly Tony returned to Doctor Marsh, and informed him of the treatment he had received on The Flats at the hands of Stanton, that high-toned and Christian gentleman turned absolutely sea-green with fiendish venom, and brought his good foot to bear upon Tony in a manner that astonished that worthy.

"Why did you not cut his heart out, you infernal scoundrel!" he hissed, from between his clinched teeth, as his villainous lackey slunk into a corner—"why did you not cut his heart out, you coward," he continued, "as I did that of the—"

But here he stopped suddenly, as if he felt he had already said too much, and began to make some less violent observation on the subject of the discomfiture of his emissary.

"Never mind! never mind!" he went on to say, still excited. "I shall pay them a visit to-morrow myself, and if I don't spoil her birthday, if I have not done so already, the fault won't be mine!"

The first that was known in the neighborhood of Doctor Marsh, was his arrival at a certain small hotel where he put up for a few days, previous to engaging some apartment, or, rather, an office for the practice of his profession, as he termed it. No one knew anything of him, or where he came from, as in these relations he was reticent beyond measure. He had evidently plenty of money, however, which he seemed to spend freely, although in reality he never lost sight of a single shilling, except from some sordid or sinister motive.

His passion for Madeline, if such it could be called, was as much out of a desire to make her father his slave and her mother his housekeeper, as out of any affection for her. Having restless and moody periods, for which none who knew him could account, he required some one to amuse him, or upon whom to vent his spleen, and Madeline he thought the most available person for these purposes.

Owing to the poverty and position of her father and family, his rejection, at first, did not wholly dishearten him, as he thought he could win Philip to his project; but when, after eight months, the conviction was forced upon him that he should never have an opportunity of punishing the young

girl for daring to refuse his hand, he determined to swoop upon the whole family at once, and not only deprive them of their daily bread, but drive them from house and home. In this attempt, as we have already seen, he succeeded to some extent; but whether he accomplished the whole of his nefarious design permanently or at all, must be left to the sequential flow of our narrative.

The ship *Good Fortune*, in which Mark Stayner made his first voyage, after trading for a couple of years in the China seas, went to pieces on her return homeward off Cape Palmas, on the coast of Upper Guinea. In this disaster, the whole cargo, and all the crew, save three souls, were lost. These latter, of which Mark was one, were fortunately picked up by a native boat, and landed safely on shore, after having been tossed about for many hours on a few frail planks in the midst of a tempestuous sea.

Though short a time as Mark had followed his profession, he managed, by trading a little on his own account, which was permitted by an indulgent captain, to accumulate a considerable quantity of gold, which he always carried about his person in a leathern belt. This he contrived to save on the night of the wreck, although he feared that, from its weight, it would insure his certain destruction, should he be swept for even a single moment from the planks to which he and his companions clung. It was now safe, however, and, as the natives appeared friendly, he had no further anxiety about it, but proposed to his fellow-sufferers—one a passenger named Winters, and the other a sailor called Jones—that, during their stay upon the coast, they should trade with the natives, and endeavor to turn their misfortunes to good account. This proposition was made on his becoming aware that both his companions had saved a considerable sum of money, also, and in the belief that they could all conjointly realize a larger amount of profits in the aggregate than could be won from their independent individual exertions.

The idea was at once adopted, and a small native coasting-vessel purchased, in which the three adventurers embarked, with the understanding of sharing equally the labors and advantages accruing from their partnership. In the space of a

very few months, through care and assiduity, they had amassed a cargo of great value, besides a large quantity of pure gold in nuggets, all of which were kept on board under the eye and constant supervision of Jones, who never left the vessel, and who was as frank and noble a fellow as ever plowed the sea.

One morning, however, as Mark returned from an inland excursion undertaken the day before, he found the vessel gone, and poor Jones lying weltering in his blood on the shore, surrounded by some natives, who seemed filled with compassion, as he had been a great favorite with them. At first he supposed that they themselves had been guilty of the fearful tragedy; but soon he abandoned that idea, and learned from one of them that the act had been committed by a white man, not only from the manner of the unfortunate sailor's death, but from the fact that he still held in his clutch the fragments of a dress such as did not belong to any of the natives, but which Mark instantly recognized as a part of the waistcoat worn by Winters on the previous day, when about to start, as he alleged, on a short trading excursion in another direction than that taken by his partner.

This was a dreadful affair, indeed, for, not to dwell on the atrocious murder, and the escape of the assassin, he was now absolutely alone and on a foreign shore, with none to commune or sympathize with him in the true sense of these terms. However, having still a considerable sum of money in his possession, of the value of which the natives seemed to be perfectly aware, he, on consigning the remains of his murdered companion to the earth, set about repairing his fortunes, which were not to be mended by either apathy or vain regrets; when, as if in compensation for the losses he had suffered, his projects were attended with such success that, at the end of four years from his first landing on the coast, he had secured, in a place of safe deposit, a cargo so valuable, not to speak of a large quantity of the purest gold, that, disposed of in any market in the world, could not fail to realize an ample fortune for himself and his family.

As may be readily seen, however, having never fallen in with a ship during the whole of his stay



MADELINE'S BIRTHDAY.—"THE LONELY OLD DWELLING ON THE 'FLATS' SEEMED TO STAND IN THE VERY HIGHWAY OF THE STORM."



THE MINSTREL.—SEE PAGE 445.

on the coast, until the period of his final departure from it, he was unable to communicate with any member of his family, or apprise them of his being still in the land of the living. During all his service in the China seas, and while connected with Winters and poor Jones, he was known under the name of West only, which was that of his mother before her marriage. This, from its shortness, he somehow came to consider as a better seafaring name than that of his father. It could, he knew, be more easily sung out on deck, and heard in any emergency, than the one he already bore, so he adopted it without hesitation, and with the knowledge of his family.

This circumstance had never been mentioned to any person by his father, or by his sister or mother; and as all three had settled down in the idea that he had long since died, or been lost at sea, his name had never been mentioned to outsiders for upward of three years, and scarcely in their own little circle, until this same birthday-

eve, when they and Gerald Stanton had gathered round the cheerful fire, on finishing a repast that had been interrupted at once both pleasantly and painfully. Now, however, while the tempest seemed to be gathering fresh strength without, the sad remembrance of the lost or absent one came full upon them all, and Philip, in a tremulous voice, ventured to make a brief allusion to the perils of the mariner on so wild and stormy a night.

The ice once broken, the subject of Mark's long silence or probable fatal shipwreck was introduced and discussed, timidly and tearfully at first, by his three relatives. Gerald, nevertheless, sticking strictly to the idea that his brother's affectionate companion and friend was still in the land of the living, and would return, one day or other, seemed to rekindle a spark of hope within their bosoms.

The wind was dead on shore, however, and some anxiety was now felt for the fate of a vessel that had been seen standing off the coast all the

evening, without being able to make the slightest headway against so fierce a gale, but yet seemingly holding her own despite the force of the winds and waves. It was obvious, notwithstanding, that should she become disabled in any way, her doom was fixed, for even now nothing but the perfection of seamanship, and the trustiest of rigging and timbers, could prevent her from being driven in upon the rocks.

To some conversation on this head soon succeeded various allusions to Marsh's inhumanity, and the cruel juncture he had seized upon to exhibit it. Gerald knew of him, of course, and of his disreputable practices, but he never for a moment supposed that he had any matrimonial design upon Madeline. This was studiously kept from him by Philip, who, being aware of his deep love for Henry, and of his impetuous disposition, feared the result of its disclosure. When, however, Ugly Tony, through his observations, gave him a cue to the true state of the case, which was subsequently verified by Philip, his rage knew no bounds; and it was well for all parties that the doctor himself had not been the bearer of the heartless intelligence intrusted to his infamous creature.

But now, all said and done, was the case of the Stayners bettered in any degree through the treatment, however just, bestowed upon the messenger and agent of their landlord; and would they not, in consequence, be subjected on the following day to all the cruelty and inhumanity of which Marsh was so capable?

These were the questions that Gerald now put to himself mentally, and as they grew in importance the more he dwelt upon them, he threw them from him by answering them aloud, and observing to Philip, who was again relapsing into a deponding mood:

"Marsh is a heartless ruffian; but he can't deprive you and yours of the shelter of a roof so long as there is one belonging to Gerald Stanton. Though small the cottage on The Point, it is large enough to hold almost any number of true friends, and you all know how deeply you are seated in the hearts that occupy it at this moment. So cheer up, and let not an infamous scoundrel mar the present moment, when, if all goes to all, you can snap your fingers at him, and share half of the little I possess on this earth."

The eye of the speaker dilated into splendor, and the color brightened on his manly cheek, as his generous soul expanded beneath the noble and ennobling influence of those exalted and philanthropic sentiments; but in his warmth and impetuosity, he never paused to analyze the effect upon his friends, until recalled to himself by their streaming eyes and choked utterances, as they vainly endeavored to express even one single syllable of their gratitude.

Madeline, despite all her efforts to suppress her feelings, sobbed aloud, as she felt how worthy was the generous speaker of such a brother as her absent lover, and how, since his departure, Gerald watched over her with a care and an affection that had almost transcended the claims of kindred, while her mother and father were able to express themselves only through a fervid though tremulous pressure of the hand that was extended toward both of them, as the noble fellow concluded his sincere and warm assurances of true friendship.

It was now waxing late, and Gerald was about to bid his friends good-night, after having accepted for himself, his wife and his mother an invitation to spend the morrow with them, when the sullen boom of a gun came over the angry waste of waters, and seemed for a moment to drown the din of the tempest.

In an instant he leaped to his feet, and, throwing open the outer door, to which both Madeline

and her parents hastened also, he perceived the lights of a vessel in distress, scarcely a mile outside the bar, and already almost among the breakers off The Point.

The sight struck him with dismay, for even a lifeboat could scarcely live for any length of time in a sea so terrific. Though perilous the situation beyond measure, however, what would he not now give to be on the deck of that laboring ship; for he perceived at a glance that, was there any one at the helm who was thoroughly acquainted with the reefs on the shore, she could be run through an opening in them under the lee of The Point, and into comparatively smooth water at the mouth of a deep river scarce a stone's-throw from where he stood.

Henry Stanton was known as one of the handsomest and bravest fellows on that part of the coast, as Madeline was regarded, by those who knew her, one of the best and fairest of her sex. Henry, who was her senior by three or four years, adored her for her goodness and great personal loveliness; and as both were educated far beyond the position to which they had been reduced, the bond of sympathy between them was not only complete, but refined.

Notwithstanding that he never relinquished totally his hopes of success relative to the chancery suit, he felt that the necessities of the present required the most active and judicious treatment. To defer his union with Madeline until the uncertain period of the termination of a suit that, after all, might be adverse to the interests of his family, was not to be thought of; so, in the hope of speedily mending his fortunes, and accomplishing the great desire of his heart, he shipped on board a trading-vessel belonging to a friend of his father, where, in the capacity of steward and purser, he had already realized a considerable sum, which he invested in a small but lucrative business in one of the ports that his vessel frequented, and from which he hoped soon to derive a sufficient amount to enable him to return to his home finally, and take Madeline to his bosom as his first and only love, and install her beneath some roof beyond the reach of penury, and that she could call her own. Madeline, on her part, was well aware of the object of his absence and self-sacrifice; and although, from time to time, he begged and implored of her and her family to share in advance the good fortune that was attending his endeavors, no solicitation had for so far induced them to burden his struggling resources with their necessities.

But if reference has been made to the manly beauty of Henry, with his frank blue eyes, brown clustering locks, and winning smile, what is to be said of the lovely being who had so captivated and enchained his soul from the very first moment he had caught a glimpse of her? It would, in truth, be difficult to describe adequately the charms which characterized her physically, or the purity and tender refinement of a soul whose eloquence became luminous in the large, dark, trusting orbs that had so often entranced her lover, and won the admiration of all who chanced to behold them. Sufficient to say that she was a rare creation, and of such exquisite mold and features as to almost bid defiance to anything like rivalry, and to have secured, even outside her humble sphere, an unconscious notoriety, that was the envy of many a more pretentious and wealthy damsel.

It was verging toward ten o'clock, when the signal of distress reached her ears, and now, as she noted the perilous situation of the laboring ship, evident from the point whence its blue lights were thrown up, her heart sank within her, when the idea obtruded itself that, possibly, the ill-fated vessel numbered among its passengers or crew

either her lover or her long-lost brother. There was something agonizing in the mere supposition, and she sought, consequently, to banish it from her mind; but every time the lights of the ship were lost in the trough of the sea, she felt as though some link had been broken that bound her to all that was worth living for on earth, and stood bewildered beside her parents and Gerald, who, now that it had ceased snowing, and that some blue rifts were visible in the heavens, began to catch a glimpse of the masts of the stranger, as she rose and fell upon the merciless billows.

In one of those unaccountable flaws that sometimes characterize the fiercest storms, the wind suddenly chopped round and fell, promising instant relief to the distressed ship, if she happened not to be already among the breakers. Gerald, noticing this circumstance at once, hastily addressed some observations to Philip, upon which the latter speedily resumed his greatcoat, and, snatching up his hat, followed his neighbor, who, after a few sentences of explanation, had set out at a rapid pace for his own sturdy little craft, that, when in port, always lay safely moored hard by in a bend of the river previously alluded to. The wind was now off the shore, and although the sea outside the reef still ran mountains high, he felt satisfied that he could reach the ship through the passage already mentioned, and render her some assistance in case she stood in need of it, even under the more favorable circumstances in which she had just been placed so unexpectedly. When, therefore, they reached the deck of the Mermaid, as she was called, they at once began to hoist sail; but, before she was clear of her moorings, a third party stepped from the rough little dock alongside which she lay, and stood on board within a few feet of them. It was Madeline, who, in the fullness of her sympathy for human suffering, had hastily wrapped herself up, and, fearing that some of her own sex might be on board the doomed ship, that had, alas, been driven upon the rocks before the wind had veered or fallen, hastened to join her father and Gerald in the hope of being of some service in such a calamitous crisis. She was well accustomed to the roar and aspect of the angry deep, and had no fear of the terrors it presented at the moment, as she also recognized the favorable change of the wind.

Her mother remonstrated in vain; for the brave girl, on assuring her that there was not now the slightest danger to any craft that might approach the ship, caught up a flask containing some spirits that formed a portion of the contents of Gerald's hamper, and dashed after the two adventurers with incredible speed, just reaching the Mermaid before she was cast loose from the dock.

Although Philip and Gerald were astonished at her sudden appearance before them, there was no help for it, as she refused to quit their side or to return to the house. Consequently, as there was not a moment to lose, the moorings were cast off, and the trusty little vessel was instantly on her way out toward the rocks, upon which it was now discovered the ship had been driven, and where she lay with the sea washing over her. For, so far, no other boat had attempted to reach her; and, had another day elapsed, the peerless little craft, that was now hastening to her succor, would have been stripped of its canvas and laid up for the season.

Fortunately, its deck had been swept clear of snow by the gale, so that the thinly-shod feet of Madeline were not exposed to either wet or cold, and as she now gazed steadily on the helpless vessel they were nearing so rapidly, she perceived more clearly, each successive moment, that every soul on board was in the most imminent danger,

and that nothing short of a miracle could rescue the crew from certain destruction.

Although in this situation of frightful peril, it was fortunate, to some extent, that the ship had been precipitated upon the rocks close to the opening through the reef recently mentioned, and beside which she was now suffering terribly, although neither of her masts had yet gone by the board. Short a time, however, as the wind had fallen and changed, the circumstance seemed to endure the captain and crew with new life and energies; for they could now be discovered getting the boats ready, and launching them on the side of the vessel opposite to the passage through which the Mermaid was now struggling, with Gerald at her helm, and Madeline, with a ship's lantern in her hand, standing beside her father, who, just as they were about to pass close alongside the large, dark vessel, instantly lowered the one sail they carried, and brought their craft to, within half a cable length of her.

The sea, although still running tremendously high, and thundering among the rocks on each side of them, began to sweep more evenly through the narrow channel, and to lift the Mermaid so high upon its billows, at times, that her deck was, frequently, almost on a level with that of the stranger. There were, evidently, no women on board, and the crew had as palpably taken to the boats; for, now, all that could be discovered on deck were two figures, which, on perceiving the proximity and light of the little craft, dashed, between the waves that swept over them, now, at longer intervals, toward that part of the ship beneath which the Mermaid rose into full view and disappeared into the depths below, alternately. Gerald immediately came to the conclusion that they were captain and mate, who had bravely determined to stand by the ship until the last, or who would not overcrowd and endanger further the boats, but run the chance of being rescued, should they ever reach the shore in safety. When, however, one of the men hailed him through a speaking-trumpet, which he seemed to have caught up at the moment, and asked him to stand in a little closer, he then knew that they wanted to board him, and escape, if possible, from their perilous situation.

When all sail had been taken in on the little Mermaid, Gerald and Philip, according to a previous understanding, instantly shipped a pair of long sweeps, with which they kept their craft under some degree of control, with her head to windward; consequently, on comprehending the nature of the request just made, they prepared to comply with it. Fortunately for the sufferers, the vessel had, within the last few moments, keeled slightly over in the direction of the Mermaid, so that the men, if at all adroit sailors, could readily catch the rise of the friendly boat, and by some of the loose ropes that hung from the impending mast above it, swing themselves on board. This idea seemed to have struck the strangers also, for each, seizing a rope that came within his reach, and testing it with his weight, bent his eager eye upon the trusty little craft, and catching it as it rose alongside, swung himself clear of the groaning ship as another sea just broke over her, and dropped uninjured on board, between Gerald and Philip. Scarcely had they reached the deck, however, when a wild cry of joy burst from Madeline, who had all but fallen on the spot where she stood, and was caught in the arms of Henry Stanton and those of her long-lost brother, whom she recognized in the light of the lantern that now lay extinguished at her feet.

We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed in the old building on The Flats when the rescuers with the rescued again entered it; nor shall we dwell upon the strange combina-

tion of circumstances which led to the meeting of Mark and Henry on the deck of the same vessel, as both were hurrying to the same port—the one, after seven years' absence, and the realization of a large fortune, and the other having spent some time much nearer home, where he, too, gained something like a comfortable competence. Mark had at last fallen in with a homeward-bound vessel that had been driven to take shelter on the Gold Coast, and on which he embarked with a rich cargo, that he had recently sold, at an unusually large sum, in a mart scarcely a week's voyage from the home of his boyhood. Here he accidentally encountered Henry on board the ship that we have just left in sore straits upon the rocks. Henry, remembering the birthday of Madeline, was hastening to be with her on its celebration, and was almost crazed with joy at the prospect of being present at the meeting between her and a beloved brother whom she had long mourned as dead. In addition, he now believed himself in a position to claim his betrothed as his own at the altar, and so determined to abandon his seafaring life for ever, having, as he asserted, already made his last voyage.

The next morning the Stayners and the Stantons formed a happy group on The Flats. All the inmates of the cottage on The Point were present upon the occasion. Contrary to expectation, the ship and cargo that had run upon the rocks at low water, and all the crew, were saved with but little injury; the vessel having been subsequently got off at high tide, and when scarcely a ripple wrinkled the face of the deep. As may be presumed, the infamous and inhuman conduct of the scoundrel Marsh received its due amount of comment; and, as it was regarded more than probable the miserable wretch would follow up in person, some time during the day, his attack of the previous evening, it was determined that he should be checkmated in a manner calculated to impress him seriously for the rest of his natural life.

When, therefore, in the afternoon, he was discovered by Philip wending his way through The Flats toward the old dwelling, all its inmates, save Madeline and her parents, retired, as previously agreed upon, to an adjoining apartment, where they could not only hear but witness all that might transpire on his arrival.

Scarcely had they disposed of themselves here, when the outer door was thrust rudely open, and, without ceremony or announcement, the doctor strode into the apartment where all that were visible of the family were seated. On perceiving them alone, and believing that the house contained no other inmates, he at once began, in a coarse and brutal manner, to refer to the treatment of his messenger, and to apprise them that they must quit the building at once, and seek shelter where best they could, for another night they should not remain on the premises. Scarcely had he begun to speak, however, when Mark became suddenly agitated, and drawing Henry and Gerald aside from the slightly open door which concealed them, endeavored to catch a glimpse of his countenance. He was standing with his back toward the apartment, and it was not until he had finished his last cruel sentence that he casually turned his face in its direction. In an instant afterward, Mark, tearing open the door with a terrible imprecation, leaped upon the villain, while the whole house rang with the cry:

"Winters, the murderer!"

It was even so! The wretch that soon lay bound hand and foot on the floor, and was speedily conveyed to a criminal's cell, was neither more nor less than the demon Winters, who had assassinated poor Jones in cold blood, and escaped, with the cargo already spoken of, to a far distant

shore, where he had disposed of it, and whence he sailed, under an assumed name, for another quarter of the globe, where he hoped to enjoy in security his ill-gotten gains. As if his course had been traced out by the fiery finger of retribution, circumstances, or an avenging power, led him to settle down in the town previously referred to, where the name of Stayner could arouse no unpleasant suspicions, as he knew Mark under that of West only, and as he had, besides, never learned what part of the world the latter hailed from. Both families, now present, having been apprised earlier in the day of the robbery and murder, looked upon the capture of the monster as under a special decree of Divine Providence, and when he subsequently, on the most conclusive evidence of his guilt, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, they all, unanimously, as well as the general public, cried, "Amen!" The remainder of our brief narrative can be readily anticipated; although it may be necessary to say, that, on the morning Madeline and Henry stood side by side at the altar, the latter received the joyous intelligence that the long-pending chancery suit had been decided in favor of his family, and that, now, like the Stayners, they were for ever beyond the reach of penury.

Different Kinds of Engraving.

"LINE" engraving is of the highest order. All great engravings are done in "line"—simply lines. Next comes "line" and "stipple." "Stipple" means dots—small dots like this:

. . . . These small dots are used to lighten up the high parts of the face or drapery. It is very hard to engrave a face in lines, simply, and only master engravers have ever undertaken it. The masters understand and practice both "line" and "stipple." Claude Mellan engraved in 1700 a full head of Christ with one unbroken line. This line commenced at the apex of the nose, and wound out and out like a watch-spring, until it ended in the border of the picture. Mezzotint engravings are produced thus: the steel or copper is made rough like fine sand-paper. To produce soft effects, this rough surface is scraped off. If you want a white place, or "high light" in your engraving, scrape the surface smooth, then the ink will not touch it. If you want faint color, scrape off a little. Such engravings look like lithographs. Etching is adapted to homely and familiar sketches. Almost all the great painters were etchers. Etching is done thus: the copper or steel-plate is heated, and covered with black varnish. The engraver scratches off this varnish with sharp needles, working on the surface as he would on paper with a pencil. Nitric acid is then poured over the plate, and it eats away at the steel and copper wherever the needle has scraped off the varnish. When the varnish is removed with spirits of turpentine, the engraving is seen in sunken lines on the plate.

Useful Proverbs.—Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying. He who gives a trifle meanly, is far meaner than the trifle. Men looking at the faults of woman, should shut their eyes. If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily. Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions. Better be upright with poverty, than be wicked with plenty. He who laughs at cruelty, sets his heel on the neck of religion. Time never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed. Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself. Resolve to perform what you ought, and perform what you resolve.

The Minstrel.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! Wandering on from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Magnificent, and love and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook; beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital,
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood,
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
He walked protected from the sword of war,
By virtue of that sacred instrument,
His harp, suspended at the traveler's side:
His dear companion, wheresoe'er he went,
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody and by the charm of verse.

Death in the Fort.

CHAPTER I.

I saw them with my own eyes!

First a tall, majestic man of most noble bearing approached The Fort from the other side. He seemed to my dazzled, girlish vision a veritable hero of romance, in a rich green uniform, revealed by the lifting of his military cloak, and a diamond star flashing on the breast. He had no sooner disappeared within the half-ruined archway of the building than he was followed by a person who might have served as his opposite in every respect.

If the first stranger had delighted me by the splendor of his aspect, the second one chilled the very blood about my heart by the terrible malignity of his face.

He was an old, deformed creature, wrapped in a costly fur robe, and supporting his footsteps with a gold-tipped cane.

He paused where the setting sun illuminated all his repulsive ugliness; the wind blew aside the covering from his bald head, and he took from his neck a heavily-wrought chain, with a pearl cross attached, which he hurled into the sea with an intense fury of expression.

Did the waves, breaking in curved lines of foam along the shore, actually *hiss* as they received the gift? And did the frightful old man look straight at me, as if connecting the deed with me, somehow, before entering the archway in pursuit of his handsome predecessor?

My brain became confused. The sun was sinking beyond the sea into a purple bed of storm-cloud, the billows wave foam-crests to herald an approaching tempest, while the sea-birds screamed shrilly as they circled in swift flight overhead.

Any scene more wild and desolate than that portion of the Normandy coast now spread out before me cannot well be imagined.

The old stone tower of The Fort—erected nobody knew when, so far back into the dim years of the past must its origin be traced—stood out on the sands in strong relief, with the waters coming in about the base at every tide, draping the stone walls lovingly in sea-weed festoons, as if already claiming it for the ocean into which it must finally crumble.

That was the only building in sight.

I was not a cowardly girl, but at the moment the old gentleman vanished within the archway I was seized with a deadly chill of terror; my knees trembled, and my teeth chattered.

The next minute I was laughing, for the curious red cloak, which I had found in the tapestry-chamber of my grandmother's chateau, and put

on to escape to the shore unseen—freedom from convent rules being something unusual for me—had fallen into a tide-pool, while I was gazing at the stranger, and was no longer of service to protect me.

One more look at The Fort, and I would fly home before I was missed—ay, before the terrible old man came out, and perhaps accosted me.

The level, crimson rays of the expiring sun lay across the sea in a glory, and fired the old tower with sudden rosy life.

My God! what did I see?

Framed in one of the casements, the golden head, and perfect, delicate beauty of *my mother*! On the Normandy shore, when she had sent me a box from Paris the day before? With a cry of surprise, I ran toward The Fort, stumbled over a sharp, jutting rock, and fell, striking my head violently. A kind hand raised me.

"In Christ's name, my child, are you hurt?"

It was the parish curé, returning from a visit to a poor fisherman along the shore.

The curé was an amiable old man, with clear, penetrating gray eyes, a firm, round face, and an expression of habitual calm.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, gravely, pointing to the cloak.

I hung my head in silence. The curé patted me reassuringly on the shoulder.

"We will go home now," he said.

This aroused me from my confusion. I sprang away, and regarded him defiantly.

"Never! And leave my mother in The Fort? No, no; we will go to her; besides—oh, heavens, the tide is coming in! Hasten, or she may be drowned!"

My voice rose to a wailing shriek of terror, which seemed taken up and echoed by the sea-gulls. The curé grasped my arm sternly, and looked steadily into my troubled eyes.

"Who have you seen?"

"My mother."

"Tut, tut! you are dreaming."

"I tell you she is *there*. I am wide awake."

"Hortense de Meuron, there are things that you do not understand; you are too young. Come home with me, child. *Your mother is safe in Paris.*"

CHAPTER II.

THE first person I saw when we reached the chateau was old Baptiste, in the hall.

"The curé will not believe me, Baptiste; but I have seen my mother and two gentlemen at The Fort," I said, triumphantly.

"Jesu Marie!" ejaculated Baptiste, dropping the porcelain vase he held, and turning very white.

I burst impetuously into my grandmother's presence with:

"Monsieur le Curé does not credit a word I say. He thinks me asleep, or—a fool! I tell you, my mamma is in The Fort, and will drown! Think of it—with the waves coming higher every moment! And the two gentlemen must drown, also."

My grandmother gazed at me in speechless astonishment, and, taking the red cloak from my shoulders, cast it far away.

"Pauline, where did she get this?"

Mademoiselle gathered it up quietly, and thought I must have found it in the tapestry-chamber, where it always was kept.

I cast myself down on a footstool at the old lady's feet, and began to sob nervously, weary of hurling myself against that rock of unbelief, the curé.

The good man regarded me in perplexity. The remark he made was curious.

"At all events, *she* is not a Daudin, and she is the last of the race."

"Thank heaven for that!" responded my grandmother, fervently.

"Why am I not a Daudin?" I asked, indignantly.

"You are *not* a Daudin, because you are dark and small, like your father's family," said Madame Daudin, slowly. "*Why* it is best you should not be like us, you shall know when the right time comes."

"I had rather be beautiful," I said, wistfully.

Ah, how the light broke over the refined, exquisite face, as some flame tinged the alabaster vase, and brought back a faint reflection of the vitality of youth.

"We have beauty, old friend," extending an imperious slim hand to the curé.

"Beauty is a snare of the devil," observed the curé, piously crossing himself.

Although my grandmother followed his example, I fancied the disdainful exultation still lingered. She had been crowned with that one perfect if fatal attribute of—beauty.

A stately, elegant old madame, seated in a carved antique armchair, with soft, white hair brushed from her face in the Marie Antoinette style, and covered with costly lace, in a satin robe, and with transparent hands folded in her lap. What she was to mademoiselle, who had served her these forty years, I know not, for I would no sooner have dared to penetrate the mysteries of her toilet than Bluebeard's chamber.

As I saw her, precisely elegant, in satin and lace, the world always saw her.

From time to time I was permitted to leave my convent, and visit my grandmother's quiet home. I knew that she had been a famous beauty in her day at court, and more than once good mademoiselle gave me a peep at the splendid costumes, faded and tarnished, laid away up-stairs, which she had once worn at ball and theatre.

My grandfather was a dream; my own father a dream; my mother hardly more than a beautiful vision.

The silence was broken by Madame Daudin.

"Let us hear the story. Who did you see at The Fort?"

"I saw a tall, grand gentleman enter first. His uniform was unlike our army."

My grandmother's face became drawn with pain.

"Then a second one followed—old, ugly, horrible; but he threw his pearl cross into the sea, and looked at me—"

I was interrupted by her sudden movement of bending forward, and clasping me in her arms. Then she pushed me away, and regarded me with horrified eyes.

"It can't be *you*! Ah, *ciel*, always the same tale!"

"Then I saw mamma at the casement."

Madame Daudin rose and paced the room, wringing her hands, all her dignified composure quite gone. She moved as lightly as a lapwing, skimming the surface of the carpet; but she fluttered like a wild creature hunted and baffled.

I went to her boldly—steadied her wandering gaze.

"What did I see at The Fort?"

"Ghosts," answered my grandmother, dearly; and the words fell on the silent room like an echo from another world.

Mademoiselle rose from her work in a distant corner.

"There is a storm coming. Perhaps Monsieur le Curé will perform service for us *to-night*."

There was an emphasis on the *to-night* of mademoiselle's sentence which all of us understood.

The next moment we were walking to the little chapel in the park, where my grandmother prostrated herself at the altar devoutly. Quieted and composed by the good curé's ministrations, we returned to the chateau in the darkness. The storm had already burst upon us. A sudden roar came from the sea; clouds drove in wild masses across the heavens, while the wind rushed up the avenues, bending young trees like whips. The thunder rolled heavily, and a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the dark stone-work of the entrance-door.

Madame Daudin crossed the threshold, and I was prepared to follow, when the horrible old man stood *between* us. I recoiled on mademoiselle.

"There he is again!" I shrieked, my voice mingling with the wild discord of the storm, as it had done with the sea-gulls' clamor.

Mademoiselle's firm, thin hand was pressed over my lips. I do not know whether she knew him or not.

"He comes to the next generation," she muttered, absently.

CHAPTER III.

"You are seventeen years old. I think you may be told."

The curé had gone his way. We three women had dined in the cold, stately dining-room, with Baptiste serving us. It was not a cheerful meal, for there was a pall of apprehension hanging over us, a dread superstition which seemed to come with the storm. I understood nothing. My grandmother's face, alone, made me afraid to question her, but I felt the atmosphere of fear.

None of us actually ate our dinner, and Baptiste's face was clouded. Whenever I glanced up I found the faithful old servant's eyes fixed on me with a peculiar expression. Mademoiselle was composed. Her behavior was perfect, for although she made no attempt at useless conversation, her cheerfulness imparted a certain warmth of courage.

"Not here, to-night," said madame, with a nervous shiver, looking into the large drawing-room where we usually sat.

The room did look ghostly enough, with the wax-lights burning dim, and the storm dashing against the long casements.

So we went to madame's boudoir, a charming little sanctum, where we drew the curtains close, and even sheltered ourselves further by placing a tall screen about the fire. Even in this cozy retreat the fearful night mocked us in the wind's boisterous mirth, and tapped with icy fingers against the windows. I could not help glancing over my shoulder to see if the old man's face grew out of the shadows beyond the screen. Now, that I knew he was a ghost, he had a terrible fascination! I could scarcely curb my curiosity and impatience when my grandmother made that remark:

"You are seventeen years old. I think you may be told."

At last I was to hear! I had lived through four long hours of mystery. I had seen my mother at The Fort, and been told it was not she. What did it all mean?"

My grandmother drew a small cabinet to her side—a costly toy of buhl workmanship, and unlocked the brass-wrought door. Her finger touched the knob of a drawer, which slid out, and from it she took something wrapped in silver cloth.

"A picture of my mother!" I instantly guessed.

"No."

"Then of you in youth?"

"That is the face of my grandmother," she said.

Before I could recover from my surprise, she drew forth a long tress of golden hair, so beautiful in color and fineness that the very firelight dwelt lovingly on it, as it sparkled like a ray of sunshine across her dark robe.

"At all events, I know *this*!" I exclaimed, eagerly.

I had never seen such hair, except on my mother's head, and it was the wonder of the gay capital.

"Child, child, the head is dust to which it belonged. This is my grandmother's hair. My mother had it; I had it—whitened now—and your mother has it. We have been celebrated for our hair in all time since Celestine Daudin's day. Pauline, tell the story.

She leaned back, and closed her eyes wearily. "A great many years ago," began mademoiselle, "Celestine Daudin was born and reared in this very chateau. She was a rare flower, innocent, gay, and spirituelle. Monsieur, her father, led the life of a quiet country gentleman. He was out of favor at court, and had been stripped of his pensions. In a word, he was poor. But you could no more impeach the fact of Celestine's wonderful beauty than you can prevent the sun from shining. The country around knew of it; and, by-and-by, Monsieur le Comte heard of it, too, even obtained a glimpse of her golden hair, and determined to make her his countess.

"Monsieur le Comte was old, deformed, vindictive, but he was of fine family, and the largest land-owner in the province. What would you have? Monsieur Daudin was poor, and a golden stream of gifts flowed from castle to chateau. Monsieur Daudin wearied his daughter with entreaties to listen favorably to the suit of this great lover—he was too indulgent a parent to force her inclination; but although Celestine felt the longings of vanity to fly out into the gay world, she hesitated, with natural repugnance.

"Thus do the most hideous old trunks of trees strive to garland their ugliness with the fairest flowers of youth.

"Brilliant company filled the castle, and at last Monsieur le Comte gave a great ball.

"Celestine arranged her own costume with charming willfulness and coquetry. She spent hours alone in the tapestry-chamber, and kept her dress a secret. The count's guests had amused themselves by adopting fancy costumes of every description. The Prince de L— was Phœbus Apollo, in burnished helmet and cuirass of gold. Monsieur Daudin and his daughter were late. Monsieur le Comte's eyes sought for them impatiently.

"At last he beheld, framed in the crimson hangings of a doorway, a slight form, veiled in a mist of black lace, flecked with gold stars. Out of the night of her draperies dawned the wonderful loveliness of alabaster arms and neck, shone the soft light of large eyes, and rippled the living gold of her hair. Ah! magical was the effect of her presence. Monsieur le Comte trembled as he hastened forward; but, before he reached the spot, Prince de L— sprang forward, and doffed his helmet, saying:

"Surely Phœbus Apollo may well claim the dawn!"

"The lovely couple, so well matched, then joined the court dance.

"It is destiny," said the prince.

"Ah that night they drank the light of each other's eyes. They met often. Celestine prayed night and day to be delivered from the count. Then the prince went to the war. Well, report said that he had married a German duchess. Then Celestine became the countess. She crossed the boundary from seclusion to the gay world, even though she trod on a serpent in doing so.

Now, she became a great lady indeed. She drank the sparkling cup of pleasure to the dregs in two years. The court world rang with her caprices and extravagancies.

"The prince returned a noble warrior and field-marshal. He had not married the German princess. The count had lied about everything. When the countess learned the truth, she raved like a madwoman. It was even said she tore off her jewels, and flung them at her husband, a pearl cross among the rest. Certainly the strange man wore the cross afterward—until— Of course the prince met his old love, and the count ever watched the ill-fated pair. At last they came home to the castle, and there your grandmother was born. The prince was not among the castle guests that year.

"Everything was tranquil, madame very quiet, but the count never ceased to watch her. One day he went away, and that afternoon Celestine, wrapped in the red cloak, went to the shore alone. She had promised to meet the prince at The Old Fort, which stood then, as it stands now, with the tide flowing into the lower chambers. She watched him approach from a casement, and saw—oh, horror!—the count following.

"Save yourself!" cried a voice, as the prince appeared, and Celestine sprang down a broken flight of stairs to the vaults below. The prince was too late to hear the warning. He believed she had not yet arrived. Turning, he confronted the count, but he never quailed.

"I am here to meet the countess. I shall not harm you, my kinsman."

"Go to the castle, and find her," said the count, coldly.

"The prince went haughtily. Then the count seated himself on the step of the broken stair, and Celestine below knew it. The shining waters slid in, and laved her feet. No prayer for mercy escaped her. Some think she welcomed death. The increasing waters climbed her limbs. Her terrible guardian on the step sat peering into the darkness below, hoping to see her. The foaming waters surged above her shoulders, and bubbled to her lips.

"Wildly the prince rushed back with drawn sword.

"She is here!"

"He hurled the count aside, just as a wave gently surged upward through the gloomy place, and deposited its fair plaything in his arms—dead!

"Then it was that her wretched husband, robbed of her even in death, cursed her and her race, wishing—"

Here mademoiselle faltered, and stopped.

My grandmother sat erect, and continued:

"Wishing that the women of her family should suffer, as he had been made to suffer, through the infidelity of their husbands. And the curse has come. It fell on his own child, and it fell on me. I resumed my family name. Ah, the monster! Can he not rest in his grave? He always appears to one of us before a calamity, and we see the lovers at The Fort."

"Still the poor man was wronged," I urged.

Madame Daudin surveyed me coldly from head to foot.

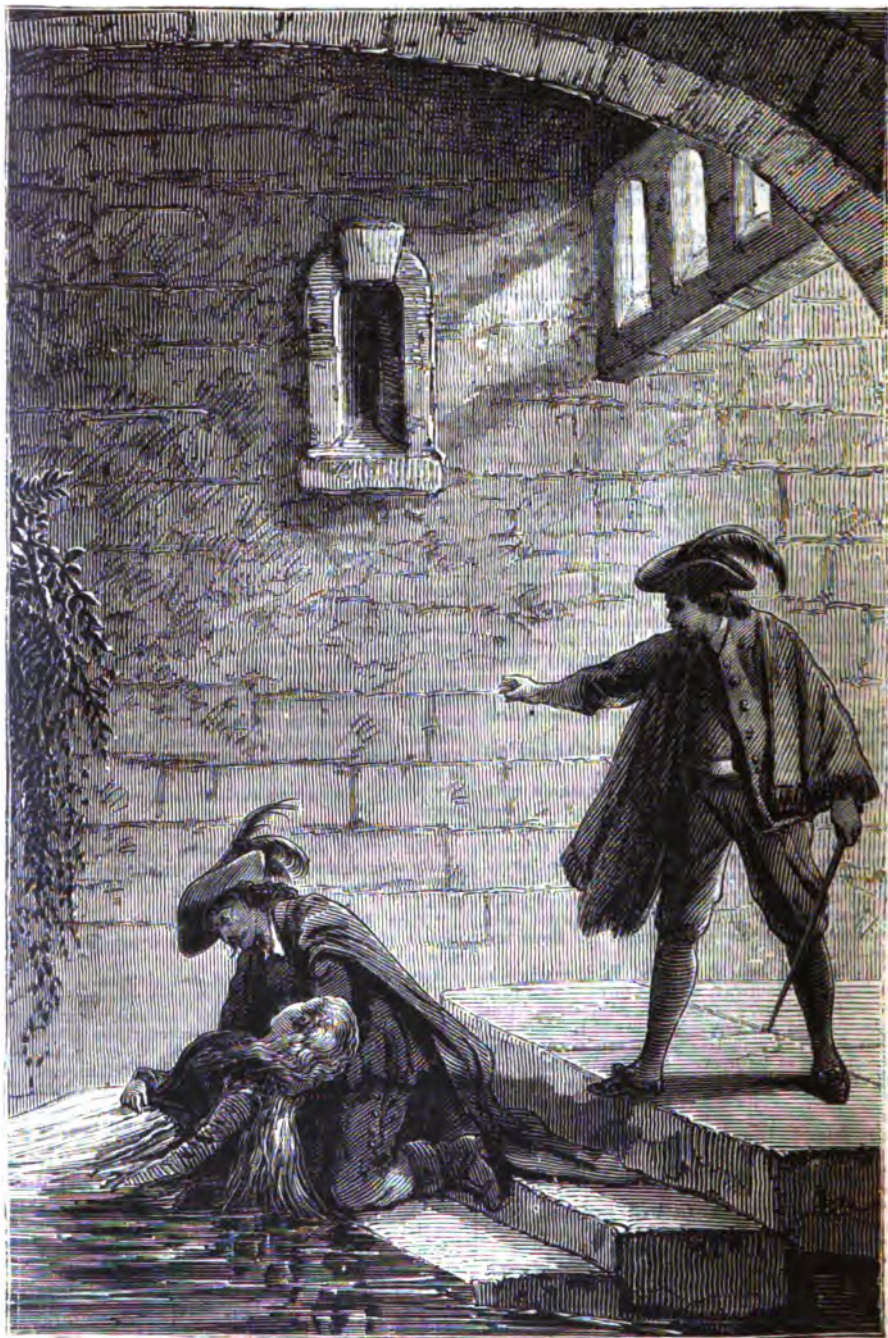
"Ah, I forgot! You are not one of us."

"He has not been seen for twenty years."

We were all startled by the loud clang of a long-unused bell. There was a dull reverberation of closing doors, a rush of flying garments along the corridor, and my mother stood before us. Her face was haggard with suffering, and the rain had fallen on her disheveled hair. I did not dare to touch her, she was so awfully like the face at The Fort. My grandmother rose, and confronted her.

"It has come at last, after all these years!" cried my mother, and was clasped in Madame Daudin's arms.

Then we knew that my father had disgraced and left us for ever, and that my mother, through storm and darkness, had come home to die.



DEATH IN THE FORT.—"WILDLY THE PRINCE RUSHED BACK WITH DRAWN SWORD. 'SHE IS HERE!' HE HURLED THE COUNTESSE, JUST AS A WAVE GENTLY SURGED UPWARD THROUGH THE GLOOMY PLACE, AND DEPOSITED ITS FAIR FLATTEING IN HIS ARMS—DEAD!"



DOT'S BABY.—"SHE BROKE FROM MY ARMS WITH A CRY, AND RAN DOWN. I FOLLOWED, AND THERE WAS THE BLESSED BABY IN THE ARMS OF A STRANGE YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

Dot's Baby.

It was the most absurdly incredible thing in the world, that Dot should be the owner of a baby. With her soft, pink and white prettiness, her crinkling, golden hair, her smiles and her dimples, and her happy, innocent heart, what was Dot but a baby herself? And, yet, one day in the rosy ripeness of Summer, we had all crowded the parlor, in white Swiss frocks, with garniture of love-liest blossoms, and quite premeditatedly, but all in tears, and with yearning regrets, and tender forebodings, and sighing looks backward to the happy girl-life which had been a thing of beauty, but

would be a fair dream for evermore, had given her away to a tall, handsome young fellow, Harry Ascott by name, of whom we knew nothing, except that Dot loved him, and that he loved Dot. It was an awfully audacious thing to do, plucking Fate by the sleeve, as it were, and bidding her serve us, *volens volens*; and when, after the cake and ice-cream had been served, and everybody had kissed Dot, and everybody who dared had, also, kissed the blushing bridegroom, and our darling treasure had clung to us all one dreadful moment, and cried in the most heartrending fashion, and said she never, never could leave us, and she was a wretch for thinking of it, and when somebody had

announced the time for the train, and Dot had slipped out of her white silk and into her gray linen in a twinkling, and that cool young robber had quietly shut her up in the carriage, and we had hung an old slipper after them for luck, and Harry all smiles and inky mustache, and Dot all blushes and sobs and fluttering little rings of gold hair, had vanished in a mist of tears. I went away by myself to my chamber, now desolate for evermore, and had a private little weep of my own, and indulged in the dismal luxury of horrid forebodings.

Harry might be a brute! He might break her heart! They might both be killed on the railway! Harry might lose all his money, and Dot might have to come back, an abandoned, miserable little woman, to the family inglorious. But this last picture had a bright side. I dried my tears to look at it, and was presently in condition to take myself in hand and administer a good scolding.

Harry did not turn out a reprobate. I was made quite miserable by Dot's happiness as reflected in her letters. Ah, these girls! How confidently, with what utter hilarity do they flee from the dear old hearthstone, lured away by the might of that strange, potent necromancer who holds such a marvelous lien upon all human hearts!

By-and-by, I had a letter from Dot, begging me to come to her, and lying *perdu* in the little rose-scented note was the most exquisite secret in the world. I went at once, and before I had been many weeks in Dot's home, all the world—our world—knew our secret. There was a day and a night of awful suspense, and the stars in all the great round earth to tremble and quiver in mute, breathless expectation. Then, in the hush of the morning, a new little life began, and we laughed and cried over each other, and praised God's goodness, which we had dared to doubt only a half-hour earlier.

It was funny to see Harry. He had been lifted in a moment from the valley of despair to the sunlit heights of hope, and the poor fellow was dazed. He stood leaning over her where she lay, like a wilted lily, but with heaven shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Harry, look at him!"

That was just what Harry was doing with all his might. Presently, he touched the baby's cheek with his finger. I think he had had a suspicion that it was by no means real flesh and blood, but only a waxen hoax.

"He's a little fellow!" he said, contemplatively.

All the mother awoke in Dot.

"Little! Why, Harry! how can you? He weighs eight pounds!"

Harry did not recoil under this monstrous fact. He took it quite calmly.

"Does he? Well!" still doubtfully. "I suppose he will grow."

"Grow!" cried Dot, sobbing and laughing. "I should think he will. It's only a question of time. Give him time enough, and he will be as big as you are. Oh, you precious, conceited fellow. I didn't know you thought you were born grown up!"

Dot's baby did grow. It was in a refined, suitable fashion, after my own heart. I never could understand the ecstasies people go into over your huge baby, who only represents so much adipose tissue.

"Look at his arms!" they cry. "Look at his legs!"

"Dear friends, I do look at them, and I don't like them. They remind me of pork! It's a dreadful thought, I know, but I can't help it. I suppose it betrays some horrible cannibal pedigree, but I never see one of these over-corpulent

babies without thinking how nice he would be cooked. As for a soul, I should despair of finding one in such a mass of *avoidupois*.

You may think it is only nepotism which makes me declare that Dot's baby, as a baby, was absolutely perfect. His exquisite limbs would have delighted a sculptor. Indeed, they were modeled more than once, and we might have had quite a museum of casts, only that Dot declared she wouldn't have pieces of her baby lying round all over the house.

The little fellow had a name of his own—a very pretty name, too—but he was always spoken of as Dot's Baby. When he was three years old, I went to spend the Winter with Dot.

"It is really time you were married, Ruthy," said Dot. "I have a foreboding that you will be an old maid. I read the other day that there were seventy thousand more women than men in Massachusetts. The papers didn't say that the most of 'em live in the country towns, but I know they do. You shall stay here this Winter, Ruthy, and if you don't get a lover by Spring, Harry and I will pay your fare to Colorado. Only, you mustn't make love to Harry, or seduce the baby's young affections."

This was the week before Christmas, and our principal work just then was to go shopping for presents. One day we had been unusually busy, had lunched down-town, and didn't start for home till the short Winter afternoon was just closing in.

"I am wild to see the baby," said Dot, as we crowded into the car, already crammed as cars are at the holidays. "I always think when I'm going home, 'What if anything has happened to him?'"

"What should happen to him?"

Dot knit her two aristocratic eyebrows into a frown.

"Don't be a goose, dear, and pretend. You know a thousand things might have happened to him. But I can't tell the man to drive faster because I'm worried about my baby, can I?"

I smiled in my maiden superiority. I believe I said something about conceited young women who fancy that their baby's cradle is the axis of the planet. Poor darling Dot! Why couldn't I have foreseen the awful trouble that was to come upon her?

We got home at last, and Dot ran up the steps before me, and rang the bell. Mary, the second girl, opened the door, smiled at first, glanced past us inquiringly, and then gave a short scream.

"What's the matter?" demanded Dot, turning upon her with a white face.

"Sure, an' it's the baby, ma'am?"

"The baby!" shrieked Dot. "What—what—" The words died on her lips. She was quite past speech. But she seized Mary by the shoulder, and her eyes were wild and fierce in their demand.

"You said first you'd take him, ma'am, and when I went up-stairs, and found he wasn't asleep on the sofa as ye said, I thought you'd tuk him. Howly mother! it's lost he is!"

One awful, fixed, uncomprehending stare, and then, as the truth came home to her, Dot fell forward in a dead faint in my arms.

"Oh, how my heart ached! and yet I dared not stop to grieve. We carried Dot up-stairs. I sent the cook down to Harry's office, and Mary to the nearest police-station. In half an hour the parlor was full of neighbors and friends, whom the news of our sudden trouble had brought to us. In among them all came Harry, pale and wretched, and took Dot in his arms.

"God won't be so cruel to us, my darling," he said.

Her dry, hot eyes seemed to cling to and devour him.

"I don't know," she sobbed. "Dreadful things happen in the world every day, and He lets them."

"What a night that was to live through—what a night to remember! A dear friend came to us, and consulted with Harry. They agreed upon measures for search. Everything was done that could be done. Harry staid by and comforted us. Sleep was not thought of. We walked the floor, we went listlessly from room to room.

"Oh, if Dot could only cry," said Harry, with streaming eyes. I looked at her. Would her heart break?

It was a dreadful risk, but worth the chance. I went into Dot's bedroom, and hunting about there, found a little worn velvet cap, with its shred of gold lace, and its dilapidated tassel. We had fancied that the baby looked particularly lovely in it, and had been loth to throw it aside.

"Dot, darling, you know you threw down his coat and his new cap on the bed when you decided not to take him. He must have put them on himself. See! here is the old cap, dear."

I put it into her lap. She had been rocking back and forth, her face in her hands. She dropped her hands now, gazed at the poor little *chapeau*, and great sobs began to shake her.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, and a rushing torrent of tears swept away the icy despair that had controlled her.

It was better after this. Dot could talk, and her sorrow was easier to bear when it could be put into words.

"I think of him wandering into those vile streets, and the poor outcast children crowding around him—he must seem like an angel to them, or a little king,—and perhaps one ruder than the rest tears off his cap, and another seizes his cloak, and he is cold, and the Winter wind blows his hair about, and he wants mamma, and he gets hungry, and—oh, Ruthy, how can I bear it?"

ot cries at the picture, and directly new combinations arise.

We see him running up and down the streets, and he grows more and more heartbroken in his longings and hunger for his sweet mamma.

Just in the gray of the morning the bell rang again. It had been ringing at intervals all night, and again and again our hopes had been kindled only to die.

Harry went down. Dot and I listened at the head of the stairs.

"It's nothing, darling," I said, with my arm around her waist.

But Dot's quicker ear, or, more likely, her mother instinct, divined the truth. She broke from my arms with a cry, and ran down. I followed, and there was the blessed baby in the arms of a strange young gentleman.

Those arms yielded him instantly.

How he was kissed and cried over! What congratulations, what a tumult of thanksgiving, what tears, what sobbing laughter received this unwitting prodigal! Was it not all witnessed by the handsome young stranger? who was no stranger, after all, but an old friend of Harry's, called by him Jack, as familiarly as if he had been his brother.

It was a long, pathetic story, but the gist of it was, that Mr. Conway had rescued the baby from the clutches of a beggar, who undoubtedly meant to use him as capital in her trade.

"I tried to find out his name," said Mr. Conway, laughing; "but all I could learn was, that mamma was 'Dot,' and he was 'Dot's Baby.'"

Mr. Conway retired after being, I hope, properly thanked and refreshed.

It was breakfast-time now, but who cared for breakfast? We gathered around the table, however, a happy if not a hungry party.

"Harry, who is Jack Conway?" asked Dot.

"He is an old comrade of mine. We stood shoulder to shoulder at Antietam and Gettysburg."

Shoulder to shoulder! and he five feet seven, and you—seven feet five, is it?"

"A capital fellow," proceeded Harry, not noticing Doc's irrelevant interruption. "In a banking concern down-town."

"Mr. Ascott," remarked Dot, with a curious look in her eyes, "may I be allowed to ask why you have never introduced this capital fellow to the bosom of your family?"

"Never thought of it, I suppose. Why?"

"Why? why?" cried Dot. "Oh, the ineffable stupidity of the masculine mind! Because, you precious goose, he is the man predestined from the foundation of the world to be Ruthy's husband."

"Ah!" said Harry, and surveyed me with a new and critical interest.

"Nonsense, Dot! you're crazy!" I cried.

"Not at all. I'm a much-abused and unappreciated seeress of whom my family are not worthy. Never blush, dear. See if my prophecy doesn't come true."

It did—it really did. And it all came of Dot's Baby.

Aerolites and Miraculous Showers.

THE fall of aerolites, often termed by the vulgar a shower of stones, is either more frequent than in days of yore, or attracts more general attention. The record of similar phenomena has, however, been handed down to us by the ancients; for we are told of a shower of stones which, in the days of Tullius Hostilius, fell upon the city immediately after the ruin of Alba.

"While the senate was occupied in its deliberations," says Livy, "a shower of stones fell from heaven upon the Alban Mount. The prince, astonished at the report of such a phenomenon, sent to ascertain the truth, and found that a shower of pebbles had really fallen, similar to hailstones."

Before the time of the Romans, the Greeks had witnessed similar phenomena. In the Thracian Chersonesus there fell a huge grayish stone, which excited the greatest consternation.

In the sixteenth century, a descent of stones took place on Mount Lebanon, accompanied by a luminous globe. At the same time it is stated that there fell near the Adda, in Italy, nearly twelve hundred stones, one of which weighed one hundred, and another sixty pounds. In the Abbé Richard's "Natural History of the Air" there is a description of a fall of stones which took place in 1758, in Maine, from which we extract the following passage: "During a hurricane that took place near the Château de Lucé, in the province of Maine, a clap of thunder was heard, followed by a noise similar to the roar of a wild beast; which was audible for many leagues round. Some persons in the parish of Périgné thought they perceived a dense body fall with great velocity into a meadow near the high road to Mans; and on hurrying to the spot, found the stone imbedded in the ground. At first it was hot; but soon cooling, they were enabled to examine it at leisure. It weighed seven pounds and a half, and was in form triangular, or, rather, it had three protuberances, of which the one plunged in the earth was gray, and the two others black. A fragment being submitted to the examination of the Royal Academy of Sciences, neither

— "SHALL I TELL YOU?"

FROM—"SHALL I TELL YOU?"

but a species of pyrites, giving out a smell of sulphur during its solution.

Aristotle, in mentioning the stone that fell in Thrace, rejects the idea of its coming from the heavens; and Pliny confesses that most naturalists are of the same opinion. This was a step toward the extinction of a popular error. Fréret denies the existence of atmospheric stones, and declares them to be volcanic emissions driven by the force of the winds. He supposes Mount Albano to have been formerly a volcano; and the stones that fell must have issued from a reopening of the crater. Falconet, the sculptor, wrote a volume to prove that Pliny was in error concerning atmospheric stones. While the learned world was thus at variance, the multitude was justified in asserting them to fall from the moon, since men of science were unable to prove the contrary.

On the 24th of April, 1803, there fell a vast number of atmospheric stones at Aigle, in the department of Orne. The peasants of the place, thinking it was the end of the world, fell on their knees invoking divine mercy; and even their betters shared their alarm. This phenomenon happened most opportunely, as the world of science, both in Paris and London, was just then discussing similar occurrences which had taken place in India and Provence; and after most diligent inquiry, the Institute resolved to dispatch one of its members to the spot. Monsieur Biot, an enthusiast in the cause of science, arrived on the spot on the 16th of July, and collected the following facts:

"About one o'clock, P.M., the sky being calm, with only a few grayish clouds above the horizon, which did not diminish the fineness of the weather, a luminous globe was seen, from Caen, from Pont Andemer, from the vicinity of Alençon, Falaise and Verneuil, rushing with great velocity through the atmosphere; and immediately afterward, a violent explosion was heard at Aigle and thirty leagues round, lasting six minutes, and resembling a discharge of artillery followed by that of musketry, and terminating as with a roll of drums. A small cloud of rectangular form seemed to have been the origin of all this terrible noise, the broader side of which was toward the west. It appeared to be motionless throughout the phenomenon, vapors being emitted after each discharge. The cloud was very high in the air. The inhabitants of two villages, situated a league asunder, perceived it as if exactly suspended above their heads. A hissing noise, similar to a stone hurled from a sling, was heard wherever it hovered; and at the same time, numerous solid bodies fell, which being collected, proved to be meteoric stones. When tested, they were found to contain sulphur, iron in the metallic state, magnesia and nickel, which, in the mineral kingdom, have no analogy."

One phenomenon often succeeds another; and shortly after the fall of stones at Aigle, a shower of peas took place in Spain, and the kingdom of Leon. This last phenomenon occurred in the month of May of the same year; and, in Spain, fifteen quintals of an unknown seed were collected after a violent storm, being round in form, white in color, less than peas in size, and resembling no known seed. They seemed, however, to belong to the leguminous family of plants. Cavanilla, the botanist, analyzed them without being able to determine their class. These productions, at least, could neither be supposed to come from the moon, nor to have a volcanic origin. Some of the seeds were sown in the botanic garden of Madrid, without result. This is, however, by no means a betrays a terrible calamity, as I never see one of these over-corpulent

recorded showers of blood, milk, wool, money, and pieces of flesh! Those authors make frequent mention of such occurrences, dupes, no doubt, to the traditions of the ancients. If we deny the existence of showers of blood, we must admit that there have been phenomena such as to justify impostors in propagating the delusions. During the siege of Genoa, in 1774, there fell a red rain upon the suburb of San Pietro d'Arena, which caused much consternation among the inhabitants, the wind having carried up a quantity of red earth, which proved the cause of general alarm. A similar phenomenon took place near Hermanstadt, in Transylvania.

After Long Months.

Looks all coldness—averted eyes—

Cheeks at my coming that flush and pale;

Hands withdrawn from my eager clasp;

Lips that would flout me, but somehow fail.

Is it so long since we parted friends?—

Nay, lovers, in spite of the would-be wise,

Whose limited vision peers over the heads

Of those to whom Fortune her smile denies.

But months have passed, do you say long months?

Since last we met in a staring crowd,

With a watch so keen on each furtive glance,

That we dared not utter a word aloud.

Met—and were sundered by those who claimed

A right to misjudge me—my fame to brand;

To call me an idler, and say my love

Was small for the heiress, but great for her land.

And they have been at your ear since then—

At first with a doubt and then with a fear,

With slanderous whispers and crafty hints

They dared not have breathed while they thought me near.

Ah, Lilla! the absent are always wrong—

Did you ever remember these words, my own?

Shall I tell you whither I went? and why

I left you to brave this ordeal alone?

I was poor, but money's worth could be won;

Diamonds glittered in African earth—

Gems that would make me your peer in wealth,

As well as your equal in heart and birth.

And so, no sluggard, with hope in view,

With none to wish me God speed, I went

To labor for you, or if failure came,

To pray for your welfare, and die content.

These hands are roughened, this skin embrowned—

I have known the pangs of a quenchless thirst;

Of wrestling with fever 'neath Southern skies;

Of longing for death when things looked their worst.

I have laid me down on the bare hard earth,

Weary, dejected—yet dreams were sweet,

For they pictured me rich in the starry stones,

As I come to you now, with my task complete.

They are here, mute records of lessons learned

From the arduous toil that secured each prize;

Take them, dear love—that they prove my truth

I know by these tears in thy gentle eyes.

Glass.

Nothing is known to a certainty regarding the invention and early history of glass; but it is supposed that, as the volcanic lavas often cool

into rude crystals, the ancients were induced to imitate them, and so became masters of the art. The name "glass" is derived from an old German word, signifying to shine or glisten. That the Egyptians understood the manufacture of glass at an early period is proved by relics found with mummies more than three thousand years old, among which are richly-carved vases and

urns, paintings on glass, and artificial gems, in which amethysts, emeralds, and other precious stones were imitated so successfully as to deceive the practiced eye. For many years, in ancient times, glass was applied to ornamental purposes only, and much ingenuity and skill were exercised to find substitutes for the useful purposes to which we now employ it; for windows, the



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inhabitants of Eastern countries used linen or paper, rendered transparent by being soaked in oil; the Chinese, shaved horn, split oyster-shells; the wealthy Roman, thin sheets of agate or mica. Among the Esquimaux of our day large blocks of ice are inserted in their snow-huts to admit the light. In the fourth century glazed windows were introduced into houses, and justly considered a great luxury; before the invention of glass mirrors, plates of highly-polished metal were used, specimens of which are still preserved in many families as heirlooms. The rich wines of antiquity were kept in pouches, and quaffed from the horns of animals, or rough stone cups; as the art of glass-making became more generally understood, it was applied to useful articles, and these rude utensils gradually disappeared. In a liquid state, glass can be blown or wrought into almost any form or shape, from landscapes inclosed in paper-weights, to dresses composed of threads as fine as the spider's web. Without the aid of glass, the investigations of science could not have been pursued—as the telescope, microscope, and all other optical instruments, as well as the thermometer and barometer, depend entirely upon it for their various uses. To no other invention are we more indebted, both for luxury and utility, than glass.

Escape of the Chevalier Johnstone.

ONE of the most active partisans of the exiled House of Stuart was the Chevalier Johnstone, the son of a merchant in Edinburgh. On the first landing of the Pretender in 1745, he flocked to his standard; and being strongly recommended by some of the leaders of the rebel army, he received a captain's commission, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray. He bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army; and at the fatal battle of Culloden, charged on foot, leaving his horse in the care of a servant; but when the day was lost, he could find neither man nor horse. He was so much fatigued, that he was scarcely able to walk; when fortunately he got a horse, mounted it, and escaped. He wandered about for some time in the disguise of a beggar; when, in consequence of a dream, he determined, contrary to the advice of his friends, to go to Edinburgh.

At Broughty, the chevalier was rowed over the Frith by two young girls, the daughters of the landlady of the alehouse there, when the boatmen had refused. When he reached St. Andrews, he called on a Mrs. Spense, who was too much suspected to afford him an asylum, and, therefore, she gave him a letter to her farmer, to lend him a horse; but he refused, saying that his landlady might take his farm from him, and give it to whom she pleased, but she could not make him profane the Lord's Day, by giving his horse to one who intended to travel on the Sabbath. Near Wemyss, he was secreted in a cavern, which has been called the Court Cave, on account of its having been a place of refuge to King James IV.

On reaching Edinburgh, the chevalier found an asylum in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, where he remained two months, and then set off for London, disguised as a Scots peddler. He regretted much that he did not die at Culloden, where he had so narrowly escaped; and envied the fate of his comrades who fell on the field of battle. The dread of the hangman, and punishment inflicted on all those who had the misfortune to be taken and condemned, always haunted his imagination; and the prospect of perishing on a scaffold, in presence of a brutal and cruel populace, almost tempted him to abridge his existence.

He remained some time in London, and after-

ward embarked at Harwich with Lady Jane Douglas as her servant, and reached Helvoetsluys in safety. Toward the end of the year 1746, he repaired to Paris, where he received a pension of two thousand two hundred livres, out of a fund of forty thousand livres ordered to be distributed annually among the Scottish exiles in France.

The chevalier received a commission as ensign in the troops detached from the marine to the island of Cape Breton; he embarked at Rochelle in a vessel which was not seaworthy, and encountered more imminent dangers than he had done when a fugitive in Scotland. After remaining at Louisbourg until 1761, the chevalier returned to France; he afterward went again to Louisbourg, where he remained until it was captured by the English in 1768, when he escaped to Nova Scotia, and thence to Canada. Here he remained, until the subjection of these provinces by the British arms again compelled him to seek refuge in France, where he long survived most of his fellow-countrymen, and died in a good old age, leaving a memorial of the last effort of the Stuart, which many years afterward was published, and some very curious memoirs of the last struggle of France for North America, in which he did good service under Montcalm.

Cigar-Makers at Work in Seville, Spain.

THE cigar manufactory at Seville is an immense establishment, looking more like a fortress than an industrial concern.

Snuff was formerly the great object of manufacture, but now cigars and cigarritos are the staple. Of these, the consumption in Spain is enormous, pipes being rarely seen, except in Catalonia and the Balearic Islands.

This manufactory generally employs four thousand five hundred persons, the four thousand being women. The large rooms are filled with these working-girls, in very slender toilets, generally a chemise and petticoat, many with neither shoe nor stocking, but few without a flower in their hair. Hoops, however, have proved an attraction even for them, as they are seen hanging on pegs on the walls, with their shawls, mantillas and dinner-baskets.

The great majority of the paper cigar-makers are curly-headed, swarthy gipsy girls from the Triana suburb. They are constant talkers, and it is impossible to maintain silence. As a class, they are lightly spoken of, though many are very exemplary. The most expert cigar-makers can turn out five hundred cigars a day, producing for them about one dollar and twenty-five cents, but the average is not over fifty cents a day.

They are, however, all attached to their trade, light-hearted, cheerful and happy.

The Sealed Chamber.

MR Miss Gracie was a pretty lassie, tall and fair, and sweet and good. I've seen many prettier, but not one that could hold a candle to my young lady, by reason of the sunshine in her face, and the heart of gold that beat so warmly in her bosom; yet, for all, she had a breezy temper, but it was like the passing of a swift wind, that shakes you as it rushes by, but leaves no harmful track behind. She was an orphan, and, after she was done schooling, nothing would serve her turn but hurrying off to the country, where she owned a crazy old house in the middle of as lonesome a spot as you'd care to see. She was rich, and there was a plenty of far-away cousins who would have carried her about with them to all the gawdy

doings; but, bless you, Miss Gracie had about as much care for those doings as a bird of the air.

"I feel my wings, Marjie, dear," she said to me, as she helped me to pack, "and I long to try them!"

"As how, dearie?" I asked, for I couldn't help feeling that what she was doing wasn't the best thing for a young creature like her.

"Oh," she said, looking in a way she had with her sometimes, as if she was looking past you at something, "I will live my own life in that beautiful wild place! I will paint, and make myself a great name. I will give up my life to my darling art."

"Miss Gracie, dear," I said, "I'd rather see you give it up to some good man, and I'd rather see the little children playing about your feet, than see you paint the grandest picture in the wide world! That I would, dear!"

She blazed up in an instant.

"I won't have you say such things," she said; "he isn't a good man, I tell you, and I hate and despise him!"

"Who, Miss Gracie?" says I, as mild as possible. "I didn't mention names."

"You're a provoking old woman," says she, walking up and down the room, with her pretty face like the heart of a rose, "and if ever you mention that man again, I will never forgive you!"

With that the door opened, and in sailed Miss Gracie's aunt, that I hated like poison, and that hated me to the full as much, though she was ever and always purr, purr, purring at me, like an old tabby-cat in a satin gown. She was as mad as she could be at Miss Gracie making such free use of her wings, and, though she showed all her false teeth in smiles on us both, I knew, if my lassie didn't, that she was furious at the idea of her son (who was traveling in foreign parts) failing to secure Miss Gracie and her money.

I couldn't keep on speaking before the old dame, so I just went on with the packing, keeping my ear open all the time, for she was a real old Guy Fawkes for mischief, and I had a mind to watch her.

"So," says she, "my misguided darling, you are really so cruel as to leave us?"

"Yes, aunt," says Miss Gracie, pretending to be very busy with her packing; but when the warm weather comes, you must run down, and see how Marjie and I get on. Marjie will keep house like an old fairy."

"A good creature!" says my old lady, looking at me, and smiling very much, the old crocodile! "But won't you miss some of those you leave behind?"

"Of course," says missie, turning pale behind the lid of her trunk, but her voice as steady as could be; "a great many."

"By-the-way, my precious one," says the old thing, coming closer, so that she could see Miss Gracie; "Mr. Ormsby sailed for England this morning. He called to make his adieux; but I would not have you disturbed, as he didn't ask to see you."

"Oh," says Miss Gracie, as cool as ice, "quite right, Aunt Granitson! I would not have had time to go down. Marjie, hand me those handkerchiefs, please!"

"Your uncle takes my view of the case," went on Mrs. Granitson, "that there must be some very discreditable secret connected with the young man, or why would he be so strangely reticent about his English antecedents? I am glad we never noticed him very much, and I fancy America has seen the last of him. Strange he went away so suddenly. Very inconvenient, too, as your uncle will have some difficulty in filling his place in the office."

Miss Gracie didn't answer, but kept on with her

packing, very particular about the way she laid the things away, and, though the old lady's gimlet eyes were fixed on her, as though they'd pierce into her very soul, she might as well have kept looking at the trunk, for all my proud girl would let her see in her face.

When she rustled off after a little time, Miss Gracie went and stood at the window with her back to me for a long time, and I knew she was crying; but I was that choking with anger against Mr. Ormsby for going off in such a way, that I kept away from her, and let her have her cry out; and, perhaps, it was the best thing I could do, for, presently she came back to her packing, though she was very quiet over it.

"Marjie," she said, putting her arms round my neck, as she was leaving the room to go down to lunch, "you are the only real friend I have in the world; but if you ever mention Arthur Ormsby to me again, I shall hate you!"

I promised, ready enough, for I was more than a little upset by the way things had turned out. As long as it was only Mrs. Granitson as kept for ever ringing in my girl's innocent ears that this young Englishman was a bad man, I held out for him, especially as I knew that Miss Gracie loved him dearly all the time that she was trembling at the stories of his wickedness, and thinking that she hated and despised him, for, if I do wear spectacles, I can see as far as most people; but it gave me a real turn when the old crocodile said he'd gone without trying to set himself right with Miss Gracie. It looked guilty, but if he was a bad man, he was better away from my child, and in time her heart would turn to another. I was mistrustful, though, that she'd learn to forget him in the lonesome place she was hurrying off to; but I hoped for the best, and finished packing with as good heart as I could.

Of all the old places that ever I saw, Stonehouse was the most ramshackly, the most darksome, the grayest, the dampest, and, far and away, the lonesomest. The very first look of it promised rheumatics, and immediately I got a bad twinge in my shoulder, though we was only driving through the gates, and there was a bright sun pouring down on us. The chimneys were built in every shape but the right one, and it gave me the shivers to see the great steep roof quite green with moss. A grove of great, lonesome-looking pines stood close round the house, and not a speck of sunshine could force itself through them into the deep, square windows that were barred across with thick rods of iron, red with rust. A woodpecker was knocking on a window-frame, and it sounded as loud as a gun, for there never was a churchyard quieter than the place. A wild rose-bush had grown across the hall-door, and the narrow avenue was a foot deep in rank grass.

The house was built of gray stone, and straggled away, as though it was partly minded to take itself off, and partly minded to stay where it was; and the windows had broken out anywhere, right under the great, dark eaves, round corners, and one or two up amongst the chimneys. The earth was black and swampy, and I made up my mind that extra flannels and camphor julep was what we had to expect while we staid there. Miss Gracie, ignorant young thing, was as pleased as a child that's got a new toy.

"It's lovely!" she cried, jumping out of the carriage, that had brought us twenty miles from the nearest depot. "We'll have plenty of time to ourselves here, Marjie."

"Heaps!" says I, as cross as could be; "though I'm not above saying that, between smoke and damp and rheumatics, we'll never feel a bit lonesome!"

"You're an old raven," said Miss Gracie, "and it's very unkind of you to croak so! But you don't mean it, do you, Marjie?"

"Not altogether," I said, vexed at having displeased her; "but it's a dismal place, dearie!"

"Yes," she said, looking round with a little shade on her face; "but," brightening again directly, "we'll alter all that. You won't know the place in six weeks from this time."

I must say that I felt very queer when the man drove off, and left us knocking at the hall-door, with a great iron knocker, so stiff, that it took us both to lift it, and that rolled through the house like thunder.

"I hope old Peter got my letter," said Miss Gracie, anxiously, as she found that no one answered our loud knocks. "Wouldn't it be dreadful if he was away any place, and we were obliged to remain here until his return? I'm sorry I sent the driver away."

But just then we heard a dismal coughing inside, and some one began to force back rusty bars, and let down clanking chains, and, knowing Peter's slow ways of old, I beat on the door with my umbrella to keep him alive; and presently he pushed back the creaking door, and let us into the hall, though he had first to trample down the rose-bush that we might pass in.

Ugh! the damp smell that came creeping round

us as we went in! I do think that for a moment Miss Gracie was sorry she'd come down to Stonehouse; but she had a brave heart of her own, and the thing was new to her. I took a cough-lozenge, and gave one to Peter; and Miss Gracie sat quietly down on an oaken settee that ran along one side of the square hall, and looked about her, while Peter blinked at her like an old owl that met a sunbeam unexpected.

"So this is Granduncle Warden's house!" said Miss Gracie, thoughtful-like. "I wonder what made him leave it to *me*?"

"Because, mum," said Peter, "you was called after his only daughter, as died when she was a very young lady."

"And you have lived here alone ever since his death?" said our young lady, looking wonderingly at him.

"Yes, mum—nigh upon twenty years," croaked Peter.

"Well, Marjie and I are going to live here perhaps always," said Miss Gracie, "and you won't find it so lonesome."

"I be's used to that," wheezed Peter. "But, sakes, mum! it's a queer place for a young lady to pick out to live in!"

"We'll make it a very nice place," said missie, decidedly; "and, now, Peter, have you any one to take our trunks up-stairs?"



SCAPE OF THE CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE.—"AT BROUGHTY, THE CHEVALIER WAS ROWED OVER THE FRITH BY TWO YOUNG GIRLS, THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LANDLADY OF THE ALEHOUSE THERE, WHEN THE BOATMEN HAD REFUSED."—SEE PAGE 454.



CIGAR-MAKERS AT WORK IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 454.

Peter was an old bachelor, and a kind of simple old body, but he had a bright little niece staying with him, and by ordering her round, and trotting about myself, I made out to get things "ship-shape," as poor Uncle Tarpaulin used to say, though what between the dust, inches thick, on the furniture, and the rats scurrying from under my very feet, I had a poor time of it.

Such a place as it was! furnished a hundred years ago with chairs and tables, and sofas loads for a man to lift, and great beds that looked as if they'd never done a mortal thing but hold corpses, and over all the shadows of those pines creeping, and filling the rooms with a shivery kind of gray light, that was enough to give a body the blues.

Miss Gracie went very soberly about with old Peter, looking at everything, and I thought more than ever that Stonehouse was hardly the place for the bright young thing, as I saw the grave look that settled on her face as she followed the old man about; and when I went into the old dining-room to set the table for tea and dinner in one, I found her standing before the fireplace, looking at a picture that hung over it.

Peter had lighted a fire on the hearth, and it was roaring up the chimney, quite merry, and making the pine shadows of no account in the room at all, such a light as it threw about. It lighted up the picture at which Miss Gracie was

so busy looking, and, putting the tray on the table, I went and stood beside her to have a good look at it.

It was a lady it showed—a proud, beautiful, scornful creature, in a riding-habit, such as ladies wore when I was a little girl, all done out with gold lace. She was leaning against the neck of a white horse, and her great dark eyes, and shining brown hair, showed out, as if she was alive, against the snowy skin of the creature. She was smiling a little, and it *did* seem as if she was watching Miss Gracie and me, and laughing at us, and those eyes turned round and followed me if I only moved an inch. I've lived in grand places, and have seen many pictures, but none that could show beside that for being *alive*. Though the great deep gilded frame was black with age, the great knots of scarlet ribbon in the red-brown hair and the red of those scornful lips was as fresh as they'd been the first day.

"Who is it, dear?" says I, after taking a hearty stare at it.

"How you startled me!" she said. "I thought I was alone!"

"My girl," says I, "you want your dinner, or you wouldn't be so easy startled. Come away, dear; it's ready for you now."

Miss Gracie sat down, but in such a way that the picture hung straight before her, and all the

time she was talking to me and eating her dinner, she kept looking up at it. Peter, who waited on us, told us all about it.

"It be's the picture of Miss Grace Warden, taken whiles she war in England with an aunt, and it do seem real like, but not half so bonnie as she was when she left Stonehouse. She was a rare young lady, and true as steel, though she was as high-spirited as her father himself. But, bless ye, miss! she came home only to die, and she's buried in amongst them pines, yonder."

He pointed through the window, and there, sure enough, was a white pillar, all stained and broken, standing in them shadows.

"How sad!" said Miss Gracie, in a low voice, "What did she die of, Peter?"

Peter shook his head.

"Some said consumption, and some said heart-disease; but I had my own thoughts, young as I was; and if ever a lady died of a broken heart, Miss Grace Warden did."

After dinner, nothing would serve Miss Gracie but that I'd sit down to rest in one of them big chairs, while she sat on the rug, at my feet, all ready for a cosy chat, she said; but not a word had she to say, and I found out she was looking at the picture, and so I took to looking at it again. I don't know how it happened, but afore I knew what I was about, I cried out:

"Miss Gracie, dear, if that isn't the very living image of Mr. Ormsby!"

I could see the white back of her long neck and her little ears turn scarlet, but she never said a word, and I knew quite well her young eyes had found the likeness out for herself, long before. I could have bitten my tongue out for having spoke his name, after the promise I'd made her, and I hurried to speak of something else—airing the bed-linen we'd brought with us, I think—and she never pretended to notice the slip I'd made.

Peter had aired the rooms pretty well, when he heard we was coming, and we had plenty to choose from. We was glad to get to bed, but I will say a more uncomfortable night I have no wish to pass. The wind moaned among them chimneys, tops, and rattled the old lead spouts, until I couldn't close an eye, and when I opened them, there was the moonlight throwing the black shadows of those pines right across the bare floor, and my bed was set so, that, with my head on the pillow, I could see the broken gravestone of dead and gone Miss Grace Warden in amongst them like a ghost, and the more I tried to turn on the other side and go to sleep, the more I couldn't. There seemed to be steps, steps through the house the whole night, and though I knew it was ghosts for which rat-traps and poison is the best banishment, they sent cold shivers all over me; but when morning come, and a weak-minded sunbeam come in through the dusty panes, I felt all recovered again, especial as I heard Miss Gracie singing down-stairs, and agin I had tied my cap-strings, I'd made up my mind about circumventing them draught rats.

Miss Gracie, the darling, looked as bright as could be, and had slept as sound as need be. She had been round the place with old Peter, who, though he was eighty past, was quite hale and hearty, and had planned out more things to do than would have taken years to have done; but it pleased her, and so pleased me. She looked uncommon pretty that morning, someway, in her light-blue cambric dress and wide hat, of coarse yellow straw, that I had plaited for her with my own fingers, and she had put a wreath of fairy ferns round it, that she had picked in the woods. Her hair was soft and yellow as silk, and her eyes were such a pretty blue, as bright and clear, and soft and sparkling, as might be!

It was part of Miss Gracie's pretty, loving ways, that she waited nigh as much upon her old Marjie, that had nursed her mother, as I did on her, and when she hadn't company we were never apart. So, this morning, when Peter was gone to his breakfast, and that pert little niece of his was attending to her work in the kitchen, Miss Gracie took a great key out of her pocket, and held it up before me.

"Just think, Marjie," she said, "this is a key of a room that hasn't been opened for just seventy years."

"A pretty pickle it must be in, then, with rats and damp and dust," I said, "and no fit place for you, Miss Gracie."

"You careful old dear!" she said, laughing.

"Come, Marjie, you and I will go and let the fresh air into poor Miss Grace Warden's rooms; they've never been entered since the day she was carried out of them to be buried."

"Sakes! Miss Gracie," I said; "who told you that rigmarole?"

"Peter," she answered. "After the funeral, my great-granduncle placed his seal on her door, and in his will left directions that no one was to enter it or break the seal until I did myself. He was very eccentric, poor old gentleman!"

"Well," I made answer, "if you will, you will, that's certain, so I'm ready, my dear, if you are."

Miss Gracie took my arm, and we went up the wide, dismal stairs together. As we left the room, I took notice that she looked back at the picture over the mantelshelf, in a lingering kind of way, and its dark, proud eyes seemed to answer back her look.

Well, sure enough, there was the seal on the door, all black with age, and Miss Gracie began to tremble a little at the idea of going into that queer, shut-up place.

"You open it, Marjie," she said, drawing back a little; and, not being over and above nervous, I turned the key in the lock (and hard it was to turn, by reason of rust), and pushed open the door of the sealed chamber.

Ugh! the close, musty air that came out nigh knocked me down, and it was so dark that we could hardly see, for the shutters were closed, and except for a long streak of pale light coming in through the cracks, there wasn't a glimmer in the room. I groped my way to the nearest window, and pulled back the shutters, and, with Miss Gracie's help, raised it up, so as to let the fresh air in; and then we took a long look around us.

Well, it didn't look so queer or dismal at all. Everything was old in shape and make. There was piles of dust, and a many spiders and cobwebs hanging flapping in the air. But, bless you! the moment fresh air and sunlight gets at a place, it would make a monument cheerful; and the sunlight went prying and peeping into every corner, as I opened one window after another, until nearly as curious as Miss Gracie herself.

There was two rooms opening into each other, and this first one had been Miss Warden's own sitting-room. There was a dull carpet on the floor—a Turkey they call them—richer and softer than any velvet, but not bright and pretty, as carpets is now-a-days. The sofas and chairs were black, spindle-legged things, covered with rich old brocade, that had, once on a time, been dark-green and gold, and in a corner there stood an old harpsichord, with some yellow music lying on it. A queer, shining cabinet, black and smooth, and painted all over with gold butterflies and outlandish beasts and flowers, and queer people with long tails of hair hanging down their backs, stood by a window; and it was to this Miss Gracie first turned, while I went to take a look into the bedroom. Miss Gracie stood looking at the cabinet, half as if she wasn't looking

at it all, but at something else beyond, and not wishing to be in her way, I made my way into the bedroom.

It was just the same there, only there was a great bed, like a hearse, in the centre of the room, with feathers at the tops of the posts, that were nodding, nodding, in the breeze that was stealing in from the other room, and it gave me a queer feeling when I ased that though the pillows had turned veller and mildewy, there was the dint in them where the dead head of Miss Warden had laid last. There was an open wardrobe near by, with her dresses hanging in it. Stiff brccades and heavy velvets, rich and grand, for the Wardens of Stonehouse were rich and great in their day, and the pillows on the bed were trimmed with lace as deep as my finger. Someway, I didn't want my Miss Gracie to see that dint in the pillows that I spoke of, and what did I do but went to shake it up, and, tut! it was as rotten as a pear, and, puff! went the feathers in a cloud about me.

"Seventy years of damp has been telling *here*," says I to myself. "This room will get a good airing before I'm a day older. But, eh!" says I, out loud, "what's this?"

Under the pillow I had lifted, there was a queer-shaped little key, with a scrap of paper tied to it by a bit of ribbon.

"What are you saying, Marjie?" called out Miss Gracie, running in, and I pointed out the key to her.

"How strange!" she said, in a kind of whisper, and she didn't touch it for a moment, but stood looking at it; but then she took it up and carried it to the window of the other room to look at it.

"There's writing on this piece of paper," she said, "but it's almost faded. Listen, though; I can make it out;" and she read:

"The key of my Japan cabinet, to be given to my father as soon as I am dead.

"GRACE WARDEN."

Miss Gracie's sweet face turned very pale, and she leant against the frame of the window. It was like a voice coming from a grave, that bit of writin', and I began to feel as if I wished my old bones out of the room. A bit of paper fluttered on the carpet, and I hardly dared turn my head for the sudden fright I was in that I'd see *her* in her rustling dress, and proud shining eyes, looking at me from some corner, and I never felt gladder in all my born days than when I heard that monkey, Peter's niece, calling out from down-stairs:

"Mrs. Marjory Daw, them pies is ready for the oven."

"I'll Daw you!" says I, which my real name is Pepper. "And, now, Miss Gracie, my dear, I can't leave you in this place by yourself, which I must look after them pies, or have them as cinders would be underdone to them."

But Miss Gracie smiled, and said that I was not to mind, that she would not be lonesome, and so I went off to the kitchen, not too willing to leave her there, and promising to be back just as soon as I could.

One thing and another kept me longer than I thought, and it might have been nigh on an hour afore I made my way back.

Miss Gracie was sitting in a great highbacked chair before the Japan cabinet, which was open, and showed a many little shelves full of papers; and her cheeks were burning like roses. She was leaning over a paper that was spread out before her, and was so wrapped up in it that she never heard me as I came up behind her. I touched her on the shoulder, and she sprang up with a scream, and before I could catch her, she had fainted dead away!

I bundled them dratted papers out of the way,

and managed to get her off the dusty floor into the chair. She was a fragile lassie, and I wasn't much put out at her dropping off, but I made up my mind that she shouldn't come into them musty, damp, nasty rooms again, until I had them aired and cleaned. No more she did for many a day. When she came to herself, she got up without saying a word, and casting a frightened glance at the bundle of yellow papers, she signed to me to come out of the room, and when we got outside, she said:

"Lock the door, Marjie, and give me the key."

I did as she bid me without saying a word, for there was that in her face that frightened me, and, not looking at me, she ran down-stairs and out, and looking from the lobby-window, I saw her walking quickly away through them pines, and, if you'll believe me, she was wringing her little hands together in quite a wild way.

"It's not my way to pry into things that aren't no concerns of mine, but Miss Gracie was like my own child to me, and it went like a chill to my heart the way the bright, pretty creature began to droop and fade from that very day, and I puzzled my old head, day by day, to think what might be the reason. She tried to be busy in making all kinds of pretty changes about the old place, but the same thing always happened—she'd steal away, and I'd find her standing before Miss Grace Warden's picture, looking her very soul out at it, but always pale and trembling, and frightened-like. I used to think at first that it was the great likeness of the proud young beauty to young Mrs. Ormsby as drew her to it, but I knew my Miss Gracie too well to think that long. She was too proud a heart to throw it under the feet of them as had turned from her, and another thing was, that she began to talk in quite a feverish way about poor Rose, and heaping such hot scorn on the head of Mr. Ormsby, for his share in the sad business, that I thought if she had once cared a straw about him, *that* was well over.

"Oh!" she said, one evening when she had been talking and talking about it, "it is well when vengeance overtakes such criminals as he is in this life!"

Her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed, and her little hands clinched themselves on her lap.

"Now," says I, looking up from my knitting, "Miss Gracie, my word for it, Mr. Ormsby had no hand in that matter, as I've ever and always said. Whose word had you for it but your aunt's. Tell me that?"

Miss Gracie shook her pretty head.

"So soon as *that* happened he never came near the house again, until the day he came to say good-by, and, oh, Marjie! the very night poor Rose was found dead, he told me he loved me!"

Her cheeks were red as roses, and the anger against him brightened her blue eyes until they shone like stars. Poor little Rose had been a sewing-girl, with a pretty face, and the innocent heart of a child, a special pet of my Miss Gracie, and when one morning she was found drowned by one of the jetties, missie's aunt had told Miss Gracie that Mr. Ormsby had driven her to her death, and Miss Gracie believed her, poor dear, the which, if she had said, "White is snow, or black is crow," I wouldn't, the old crocodile! I looked nigher home than Mr. Ormsby.

It was nigh about sunset, and where were we sitting but in the kitchen, for Libby being away to see her friends, I had to get tea, and Miss Gracie came to keep me company. I had just put down my knitting to see if the water was boiling, when Miss Gracie gave a little cry, and, turning sharp, who should I see, standing in the doorway, but Miss Gracie's cousin, Mr. Arthur Granitson, looking as handsome and deceitful and smiling as a man could, and I *did* feel a wishing in my fingers

to pour the boiling water about them feet of his, that owed it to be hoofs, if ever mortal feck did.

Miss Gracie ran to him, and I nigh choked when he had the brazen-faced owdacity to put his arm round her and kiss her as pleasant as might be, but I was glad to see the cold, surprised way she drew back from him. He saw it, too, but his face might have been made of wax for all the sign of it he showed.

"This is quite Arcadian," he says, in his smooth voice. "I found the hall-door open, and the seneschal absent, and I explored until the sound of voices drew me here. I'm glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Marjie!"

"Are you?" says I, mighty cool and pleasant. "Old age hasn't made me foolish yet, Mr. Arthur." He bit his lip, and turned to Miss Gracie.

"I arrived from England early this week, my little Gracie, and hearing of your extraordinary seclusion, from my mother, I ran down from a whole herd of fatted calves, in the guise of dinner parties and balls, to have a look at you, and a very charming peep it is."

Miss Gracie was looking very soberly at him, and looking soberly at him, too, I made out that he looked restless and hurried, and that his handsome face looked more like a lie than ever.

They talked for a few minutes, and I noticed a queer thing about him, that he seemed to be listening, listening the whole time for some sound he feared to hear, but I went on making my tea-cakes, and never pretending to notice them, though I kept my two ears as lively as might be. I didn't feel a bit too pleased to hear him presently ask her to give him a few minutes' private conversation, but my heart rose again when Miss Gracie said, in her coldest way, "Very well. Come into the dining-room," and away they went.

Well, as soon as the trail of my girl's white gown had turned the door, I wrings my hands clear of the dough I was working, and quietly draws the bolt of a queer little door in the wall, used for passing the dishes in and out from the kitchen to the dining-room, and put it so that I could hear every word between the two.

"By Jove!" was the first thing I heard, "what an image of Ormsby that picture is!"

Through the crack, I could see Mr. Arthur staring at it, and a very ugly look his eyes had, I will say.

"Yes," said Miss Gracie, in a low voice, "there is a great resemblance certainly."

"Which makes it all the easier for me to introduce my real errand," said Mr. Arthur. "Sit down, Gracie. I have a strange piece of family history to tell you. That is Miss Grace Warden's portrait, of course?"

Miss Gracie was standing beside him, and she looked from him to the picture, with one of them sudden frightened glances that I'd noticed in her for some weeks back.

"Don't tell me," she cried out, suddenly and passionately. "I know it all. He is *Aer* grandson. Those papers told the truth. But I will not hear it again—I cannot!"

She was trembling like a reed in a stormy wind, and her face was like snow.

Mr. Arthur's face turned scarlet, and then chalky white.

"Then, there *are* proofs!" he cried. "Gracie, I must see these papers at once. I am commissioned by Ormsby to get them, if in existence. Do you hear me, child?" for she had turned away, and was leaning against the table.

"Oh!" she cried, suddenly and sharply, "must mine be the hand that shall raise him to so much. Must I do this thing? Oh! I hoped that it might not be him!"

"Grace! every instant's delay is of vital importance to his case. I have traveled night and

day to procure those papers, if such existed, and even now I ought to be back on my road to England!"

He shook her by the arm, and his devilish face was white with impatience. She pressed her hand on her forehead, and, for a moment, I trembled lest pride should keep my darling from the right. Not it. She said:

"You shall have the papers, Arthur." And wasn't I the proud and happy woman when she said it.

He suddenly clasped her in his arms, whispering something in her ear, and kissed her, but she broke from him, with a bitter cry of scorn and anger, and fled away, leaving him standing smiling like a devil to himself.

Well, when Miss Gracie went to get them papers, there wasn't a blessed speck of them to be seen, high or low; and whether it was owing to rats or ghosts, it wasn't in her power to say. Mr. Arthur turned as livid as a corpse when he found out how things were, and that all his searching couldn't bring them to light; and poor Miss Gracie, the child! was so frightened that she fainted dead away, and went from one fainting-fit into another, until I was frightened for her.

But young things soon get over a fright, and before Mr. Arthur could have galloped thirty miles on his journey back to New York (and if he broke every bone in his skin, hearty and welcome, says I to myself), she was sleeping, natural and sound as could be, and me watching her.

Well, we heard no more of Mr. Ormsby, and it came on to be August weather, but pleasant, at that, in the country; and all any one could say wouldn't coax Miss Gracie from Stonehouse; and I wasn't against her biding there quietly, instead of posting about the world with her aunt; and that old crocodile didn't waste much sweetness on her after Mr. Arthur wrote to ask her to marry him, and she said once for all that she wouldn't; so we were left in peace and quiet among them old pines all the long Summer.

Miss Gracie never spoke of young Mr. Ormsby; but for all that, as time wore on, her bright looks did not come back; and I think the vanishing of them papers troubled her a good deal—and it *had* a queer look, take it as you would. She had the flooring pulled up, and the wainscot pulled down, thinking that, perhaps, the rats had pulled the papers into some of their holes, but not a sight of them was to be had; and it got to be that no one liked to pass Miss Grace Warden's rooms at night; and it went round the country that we had ghosts at Stonehouse, than which a prettier spot, before the end of Summer, you wouldn't care to see, for Miss Gracie didn't spare either time or money on it, and she never seemed happy if she was still for a minute; and so, as I say, August came, and found us there quiet enough.

One day, I mind, it was the hottest that came that year, and the air was hazy and trembling like blue smoke. Peter came back from the village, where he'd been to post letters for Miss Gracie; and he had some for her, that he put into my hand to carry to her. Of course, as I went along I looked at them, and I saw that one was a newspaper, directed to Miss Gracie in Mr. Arthur Graniton's hand of writ.

"Mischief!" says I to myself, and I just slips it into my pocket, and walks off to Miss Gracie with the others, that I knew was from some old school-friends of hers—pink little letters, with twisty gold letters on the seals, and smelling like gardens.

Miss Gracie was in the dining-room. A great, cool room it was now, with French windows, opening on a shady veranda, that was a sight by reason of the stands of flowers lining it, and the heavy vine that crept all over it; and in I went.

Miss Gracie was sitting in a deep chair, covered with green morocco, and her eyes was closed, as if she was asleep; and in spite of the pink color that the rose lining of the bright oblong curtains threw over her face, I could see it was as pale as marble, and drawn in about the temples and cheeks in a way I didn't like to see.

I stood looking at her for nine five minutes, quite scared by the look in her quiet face, for it wasn't there but just a little, when she was sitting busily about, as lately she always was; but it do take death or sleep to write the sorrowful truth on the face; and while I stood staring, them great eyes of hers opened straight into mine. I suppose my look frightened her, for she sat up suddenly, and blushed up, as she always did when she was startled, or pleased, or sorry.

"What is wrong, Marjie?" she said, putting her hand over her heart, as if it pained her.

"Nothing, dearie," says I, vexed at having startled her. "I was just thinking that the hot weather has made you look very frail," and I handed her the letters.

"Oh, I'm quite well," she said, laughing. "Is this all?"

I pretended not to hear her query, but, says I: "I smell them pies burning; drat that Libby! she ain't worth her salt!" and off I trotted, but not to the kitchen.

Up I slipped to my own room, and turning the key in the door, down I sat in my big chair, and quietly opened that there paper. Sure enough, the first thing that met my eye was a short piece, marked out with a pen-and-ink line run round it, so as to catch Miss Gracie's eye at once.

Heart alive! when I read it, just wasn't I angered? It was all about him as used to be Mr. Ormsby; but I'll just put it down as it was there:

"We learn with pleasure that a gentleman lately known in New York society under the name of Ormsby, but at present bearing the title of Earl of Beaumont, is about leading to the altar Lady Gwendoline Starmont, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Fontany, and sister of the present duke. We hear that the story of the earl's accession to the title and estates is one of almost romantic interest; and we hear, with pleasure, that he is the direct descendant of one of our oldest and most prominent families. The marriage is to take place almost immediately, and will, we understand, be honored by the presence of royalty."

I didn't credit a word of it. I knew Mr. Arthur Granitson, and I could see his cruel, bad hand in the lie. He wasn't the man to forgive Miss Gracie's refusal of him; and I had my own reasons for knowing that, since the earl had come into his own, he thought that my innocent lamb had played him false about them missing papers, and he had just found out this way to stab her tender breast in revenge.

Well, it never takes me long to make up my mind, and I just locked the lie away in my hair-trunk, with M. P., standing for Marjory Pepper, in brass-headed nails on the top of the lid, puts the key in my pocket, and walks down-stairs, as cool as you please.

As I came down the stairs, I seed a long shadow lying across the shining oak floor of the hall, and my heart jumped as I seed a gentleman standing in the wide-open door looking up at me, and I stood stock-still looking at him.

From where I stood in the middle of the stairs I could see Miss Gracie reading her letters in the dining-room, so cool and pretty in her soft white dress, and her yellow hair hanging all about her slim, tall figure, smiling a little to herself at what she was reading, and *him* standing, tall and dark, in the doorway, looking up at me.

I put my finger up to keep him silent, and walked down into the hall. Miss Gracie wasn't that strong that I'd like to see her get a sudden shock, special as I minded that her poor mother had dropped dead of heart-disease, and of late I hadn't liked the look in her face.

I walked past the dining-room door, hoping that Miss Gracie wouldn't take no notice of me, and that I'd have a little time to prepare her; but she saw me, and calling out, "Marjie! Violet Silver is going to be married next month," she got up, and came toward me with the letter in her hand.

He started when he heard her voice, and came a step into the hall, and I never saw a face brighter as his did.

She came into the hall, and saw him directly, and stood still, as white as the dress she wore.

"Gracie!" he cried, springing toward her with both hands out; "Gracie, my own darling!" But she sprang to me, and caught my arm.

"Send him away, Marjie!" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "How dare he come here!"

"I'll do no such thing, Miss Gracie," says I, quite resolute. "Mr. Ormsby," says I, "just come in and take a chair, and make Miss Gracie hear reason," and I drew missie into the dining-room, and beckoned him to follow.

"I don't understand this," says him as was Mr. Ormsby, looking at Miss Gracie, as she leant against me, very hard and earnest, his color coming and going.

"No more do I," says I, "and no more does she, and I think you'd best sit quietly down and give an account of yourself, my fine fellow; and as I'm a little hard of hearing, I'll just take myself off, and Miss Gracie can tell me all the news afterward;" and I put Miss Gracie into the big chair and walked off, shutting the door carefully behind me.

"I'd best take in the tea-tray," says Libby, a good two hours afterward, her black eyes shining with curiosity.

"You'd best not," says I; "give it to me, and don't be comin' where you ain't wanted!" and I walked off to the dining-room.

It was all as quiet as the grave, and after knocking two or three times, and nobody answering, I went in. There was nobody there, but looking out of the open window, I seed them standing in among them pines, beside Miss Grace Warden's tomb. He had his hat off, and his head was bent, but his arm was round Miss Gracie's waist; and when presently they came in, their faces was grave, but as happy as might be.

"Marjie," says the earl, taking both my hands in his, "so it is you I have to thank for the position I occupy to-day? Gracie tells me she did not forward the certificates of my grandmother's marriage to me, so it must have been you."

"Well," says I, "I won't deny it. I thought you might get them without bein' beholden to that Mr. Arthur, so I just slipped up afore Miss Gracie, and stole them, and sent them to you that very night. I never trusted Mr. Arthur further nor I could see him."

"Well for me that it was so," said the earl, gravely. "He must only have guessed at the existence of such documents, and his wish to possess himself of them originated in his desire to revenge himself on me, by destroying with them my chance of fortune. He is a bitter and unflinching enemy, and I earned his undying hatred by two things: firstly, by winning the heart of my Gracie, and, secondly, by remonstrating with him concerning poor Rose."

"Ah, poor Rose!" says I, "but how was it you went off without bidding Miss Gracie good-by?"

"How could I," he said, "when her aunt said

that she would not see me? and I could not delay then to inquire into or combat her resolution. However," he went on, laughing, "I forgive the old lady heartily."

"And so do I," said Miss Gracie, blushing and smiling.

"I don't," says I; "and if ever a old crocodile decee-ved choking, it's your aunt, Miss Gracie, my dear!"

There never was an old body gladder to settle down quiet than I was, after a year of running up and down foreign countries; and Beachmont Abbey was a place to settle down in; and I think the earl and Miss Gracie—I mean the countess—were glad to be at home at last. Yesterday there was great doings here, for we had a christening; and I will say a handsomer nor finer baby of his age (ten weeks to-morrow) don't live than Lord Herbert Ormsby, and I think there's signs of his cutting his teeth uncommon early.

Miss Gracie—the countess, I mean—is as pretty as a May morning. I wish you could see her picture hanging in the gallery, between those of her husband and his poor grandmother, that they brought over with them from America. They're going to have Lord Herbert's picture painted directly, and if they could only have his voice done as he is roaring this blessed minute, nobody need never have any anxiety about them blessed lungs of his.

Miss Grace Warden had married privately while in England the grandfather of the present earl, and had a son; but had quarreled with her husband, who was a bitter, bad man, and leaving her child in England, had returned to Stonehouse to die. She had left a letter telling her father all, but he'd never set eyes on it, owing to his locking up her rooms after her death; and her husband dying soon after, no one ever heard of the marriage, until her son was dead, leaving a son, who grew up not knowing who he was, until a old lawyer scented out a clue; but if it hadn't been that I slipped them papers out of Mr. Arthur's way, my Miss Gracie would never have been Countess of Beachmont.

Grandma's Ruse.

"If a fellow don't get bored to death in this out-of-the-way, rocky, billy, man-forsaken part of the world, then he must be a philosopher, that's all," and John Trumbull changed his well-packed, rather heavy traveling-bag from the left hand to the right, and quite soberly trudged along the narrow path leading across the Steuben fields to the Steuben farm-house in the distance. "My mother's old home," he continued, with a little sigh. "A sorry dog am I, never to have hunted up my relatives before; but the fact is, I have always been led to suppose that such institutions were expensive luxuries, not to be indulged in by a fellow who has got his own row to hoe in this troublesome world; and then again—but what's the use? That's the confounded old Trumbull pride! I was always a little scary about these Down-Easters—had an idea that they were a trifle vulgar. Never could tell exactly what put such a notion into my head. They write first-rate letters—there's no rubbing that out—but we shall soon see what we shall see. The man at the turnpike said that was the house. A nice-looking place, to be sure. They are not expecting me, and I'll see what stuff they are made of, before making myself known. By Jove! just think of it! Twenty-five years old, and never saw my grandmother! That's what I call a little rough."

Thus meditating, Mr. John Trumbull sauntered leisurely along, evidently in no great hurry to reach his destination. Fifteen years of this young gentleman's life had been spent abroad, so, notwithstanding his self-accusations, it was hardly to be wondered at that he knew so little of his relatives on the maternal side.

"This savors a trifle of the romantic," he continued, as, nearing the large, handsomely-built country residence, his quick eye caught sight of something that looked suspiciously like white muslin dresses on the piazza. "'Distance lends enchantment' in this case, no doubt. Now, that, from this standpoint, is a mighty pretty picture; but what will a nearer inspection bring out? Tan, freckles, uncouth manners, anxiety and care, and botheration—what a bore 'twill all be! However, here goes!" and without stopping to consider what the result of such conduct would be, our friend quickened his pace, and in five minutes more stalked into the very midst of the little group.

"Good-afternoon, friends," said he. "This I believe is the Steuben homestead."

"Yes, this is the Steuben homestead," replied a very pretty young lady, without looking up from her work. "But we want to tell you now, before you have time to utter another syllable, that we shall not buy one blessed thing that you have got in your bag—in fact, we don't want to be bothered with the slightest description even of your drygoods."

"My drygoods!" chuckled John Trumbull, under his breath. "Jupiter Ammon! if this isn't a joke! Takes me for a peddler! Confound the vixen! I wish she'd turn round. I'd like a good look at her face. So far, no freckles."

"But, perhaps," he resumed, aloud, "the other ladies might like to look at something. I never have been round in these parts before, and my stock is just from New York. I certainly saw other ladies sitting here, as I crossed the meadow."

"Aunt Lillian! Aunt Lillian! won't you please come here, and tell this itinerant Stewart that we are well supplied with everything in the drygoods line."

Obedient to the summons, a fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked woman, apparently about middle-age, stepped from the low sitting-room window to the piazza.

"My niece is right," she began, in most courteous tones, and then, as she caught sight of the visitor's handsome and refined face, stopped suddenly short, and left him to take up the thread of the conversation.

"But really, madame," he continued, "this is hardly fair. I have come from a great distance, and it seems cruel that you should send me away without first allowing me the opportunity of convincing you that I have really in my portmanteau something that will interest you—in short, something that you may want—may want to keep."

"Isn't he funny?" laughed the young lady, still without looking away from her work. "Let him show you, auntie. Have you jewelry, sir? If so, perhaps—"

Just at this moment, Miss Blanche Norris—for this was the name of the self-possessed beauty—raised her eyes, and encountered those of the young gentleman fixed steadfastly upon her face. A quick, nervous glance, a blush, an attempt to speak on the part of the lady, which her companion did not appear to notice.

"I have," he interrupted, "a little jewelry, which is at your service—a few *bijoux*, picked up in foreign parts; but the principal article in this portmanteau, which I especially desire to commend to your notice, is a picture. Once having seen it, I feel sure that nothing can induce you to part with it."

Miss Blanche essayed to speak, but the words evidently died away in her throat.

Grandma Steuben surveyed the young man a moment in silent bewilderment, and then, between a laugh and a sob, said:

"For pity's sake, young man, open that wonderful bag of yours, and let us see its contents immediately. You have thrown me into a fever already. Come, come—be quick!" as the individual addressed made no haste to comply with her demand.

"Will you mind," inquired Mr. Trumbull, with a most comical expression, "if I unpack just a few of these traps, in order to reach the picture?"

"Why, of course not," replied both ladies, in a breath.

"Very well, then—here goes!"

The first article that met the gaze of Miss Blanche was a nicely-ironed shirt. She had ample time before noting the next in order to remark that the bosom-plaits were wide, and the material linen; and then this was covered with another, and so on, until a full set of these garments appeared in sight.

"Why—but—but—do you carry these things to sell, sir?" gasped the old lady, in astonishment.

"They are very handy to have round in an emergency," replied John, without a smile.

"Pon my word," continued grandma, as her quick eye caught sight of the stockings, carefully folded, the toilet articles neatly, almost fastidiously arranged, "as true as I live, that concern," pointing to the open portmanteau, "looks a good deal more like a gentleman's traveling-valise than it does like a peddler's bag."

"Very likely, ma'am; but here is the picture." And John Trumbull touched the spring of a small velvet-cased affair, and presented it, with a bow, to the old lady.

"My daughter! my daughter!" she almost shrieked; "Mary Steuben—Mary Steuben Trumbull; and you—you, my boy—you are——"

"John Trumbull, your obedient grandson—at your service, dear grandmother."

Explanations made and embraces over, John naturally turned to the spot occupied by the young lady; but the place was vacant, the bird flown. At supper, the two were formally introduced.

"My greatniece, Miss Blanche Norris—my grandson, John Trumbull," grandma said, with a sly twinkle of her bright eyes.

"My greatniece" evidently had determined upon a very cold and dignified course of conduct, for she received his cordial salutation most frigidly, and ate her bread and butter in profound silence.

"Mad to think I'm *not* a peddler," said John to himself. "A girl of some character, evidently, but extremely unsophisticated. It'll be awful dull here. Now, if she only knew something—could talk to a fellow, or read with a fellow, first promising, of course, that she'd be half-way civil to a fellow—there might be some chance for enjoyment, and possibly a jolly flirtation; but now, heigho! I must vainly entertain myself—and that is deemed hard work for a man ennobled to death as I am."

"What under the sun is the reason," inquired grandma one day, as Blanche sat quietly looking out of the window, "that you and John don't get acquainted? You take to folks generally—and—"

"Well, I don't take to your grandson, auntie," interrupted Miss Blanche; "that's a sure case. He'll never forgive me for mistaking him for a peddler, and I'm sure I don't care whether he does or not; and then again, he has made up his mind that I am a natural fool, and as true as you

are here, dear Aunt Lillian, I shall never try to convince him to the contrary. What do you think! I met him yesterday, returning from his daily ramble in the woods. He had in his hands Fauchnitz's edition of the French Revolution, by Carlyle. I, wishing to be civil at least, said:

"What have you there, Mr. Trumbull?"

"Something that wouldn't interest you at all," he answered; and then, with a cynical laugh, continued: "I am very fond of reading in the woods, Miss Norris. You have the last new novel, of course. If it isn't *too* insipid, we will try it together to-morrow—that is, if you will favor me with an hour or two of your agreeable society."

"What did you say to him?" inquired grandma, elevating her eyebrows.

"Say to him?" repeated Blanche, in disgust—"say to him indeed? Simply, that I was engaged to-day, and to-morrow, and every other day, as long as he remained here."

"That was very rude," answered the old lady—"very rude indeed; although, child, I do think you had considerable cause for your behavior. Now, I want you to go out with John this afternoon. Do it just to oblige me," as the young lady made a decided motion of dissent. "I have my reasons, and if you love me, you'll try to please me this time, at any rate."

At dinner, grandma remarked, in a careless sort of a way:

"Blanche, I want you to show John the Cave this afternoon. You can walk down, and I will drive round by the beach-road in time to take you home to tea."

"Will your numerous engagements permit such a waste of time, Miss Norris?" inquired the gentleman, with ill-suppressed irony. "She informed me no longer ago than yesterday, grandma, that she was engaged every day for the next three months."

"Blanche is a mighty busy little woman, that's a fact," said the old lady; "but I guess she can afford to throw away a little time on you. By-the-way, John, if you'd like something nice to read, I have a few articles marked that I think will interest you. Now, be off, and get ready as fast as you can."

So they started.

"Anything but a happy-looking pair," laughed grandma, as she watched them down the road. "Shouldn't be at all surprised if they quarreled like the mischief before night. But one thing is certain—he'll be a wiser man when he returns, else I'm no prophet."

Of all the situations that ever Miss Blanche Norris was plunged into, this was certainly the most trying. Mr. Trumbull was evidently bound for the Cave—intended to make a business of the journey—and so they traveled along, both apparently busy with their own thoughts.

"John, I'm tired," Miss Norris finally remarked.

"And you must be quite worn out, brute that I am to have lugged you along at this horrid gallop. Here is a grand old tree! Let us rest under its shade, and look over some of grandma's literature. Here's a nice rock for you, and if you will allow me, I will recline at your feet. Newspapers and old magazines, upon my word! Now, let's see what the old lady has marked. That grandmother of mine is an exceedingly smart old lady. By Jupiter, what is this? A review of British authors, and a long critique upon Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' It is not possible that my grandmother enjoys such reading!"

"And *why not*, Mr. Trumbull?" inquired the young lady, with burning cheeks.

"Well, because—because—oh, nonsense!—because women are not generally supposed to be very deep, or very logical, or——"

"Very sensible," interrupted Blanche. "It is a pity your mother died when you were so young, Mr. Trumbull. She would have given you a better opinion of our sex."

John Trumbull looked into the flushed face with evident surprise, and then commenced to read aloud.

"A charming critique, upon my word! Splendidly written. It is so clear, and so comprehensive, so logical, and, by George! such pearls of sentences. I'd like to know the man who wrote this."

"Perhaps the writer was a woman?" suggested Blanche, the color still deepening in her cheeks.

"Oh, good heavens, no!" replied John, with a deprecating gesture. "I admit that a few women have distinguished themselves in the world of letters; but women never reason. 'Pon honor, I never yet met a woman who could be logical to save her life."

The article was read through carefully, and on the margin of the paper—just at the end of the column—John espied a name written in pencil.

"But what does this mean, Miss Norris?" inquired John, in surprise. "Do you see what this says? 'Written by Miss Blanche Norris, whose *nom de plume* is——'"

"Aunt Lillian's work!" sobbed Blanche, hiding her face.

"And do you mean to say—do you mean to say——" stammered poor John.

"I mean to say nothing, sir," said Blanche, with considerable dignity. "Auntie can finish the work she has commenced."

"Did you write this article, Miss Norris?" persisted John.

"I did," replied the lady.

"Then, all I have to say is, that I have been a fool, and I most humbly beg your pardon. Jupiter! what an ass I have been, though!"

Did they marry? Shouldn't be surprised. That's the way such affairs generally end; but truth compels the statement that the writer came away then, and hasn't heard from them since.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the awards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influences of example.—*Samuel Johnson.*



GRANDMA'S RUSE.—"HERE IS A GRAND OLD TREE. LET US REST UNDER ITS SHADE, AND LOOK OVER SOME OF GRANDMA'S LITERATURE. HERE'S A NICE ROCK FOR YOU, AND IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME, I WILL RECLINE AT YOUR FEET."



THE LONE TREE OF GOFF'S HOLLOW.—“HE CARVED A CROSS UPON THE TREE WITH HIS AX.”

The Lone Tree of Goff's Hollow.

You are a stranger to our great American forests, I see, and it's no wonder you ask me so many questions about the trees and wild creatures, for they all have a sort of romance about them, though in a rough way.

As we passed along, I noticed you looking at some tall stumps of trees, that were cut down at a height of twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. I guess your mind was puzzled about them.

I've known folks who were unused to the woods ask if there were giants around when these trees

were cut down, because the arms of no common mortal could reach them so high up with an ax. Others have guessed that the lumbermen who cut them must have gone up ladders; and they were puzzled to know why.

Listen to what I have to tell, and you will know that if there be strange things that happen in your big cities, so it is with us here in these old woods of ours.

Many years ago there came to settle in these parts a family, whose name was believed to be Goff, though there were other stories about that. They were three in number. The man Goff seemed to be about forty years of age, though he might have been less, for his face was haggard,

and there was a strange, wild light in his deep-set eyes. His hands were soft and delicate when he first came among us, showing that he had not then been used to rough work.

His wife was a small creature, of some seven or eight-and-twenty; and of all the sad faces I ever saw, hers was the saddest. One might say that there was a sorrowful story written upon her poor, wistful face, in the lines by which it was marked.

They had with them a bright boy of four, who, after a while, used to come around among the wood-choppers, and was the only one of the strange family with whom the neighbors had often a chance to talk.

Goff used to be much out in the woods with his rifle, and as these forests were then alive with game, he could keep a pretty good larder in the log-house occupied by him, which he fitted up with all sorts of fixings, that we folks of the hard-fisted sort never should have troubled ourselves with. He had lots of books with him; and as some of these were in strange languages, we, of course, knew him for a scholar, and this set queer stories afoot as to his having been a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or something of the kind, who had got into trouble with the world, and had come here to bury himself in the woods, and escape having fingers pointed at him.

Anyhow, he had not been long here when his poor, heart-broken wife sickened and died. It was a sad November day, with a sprinkling of snow on the ground, when we carried her on a hand-sled through the solemn woods to the little log church, four miles away, and in the church-yard of that she was buried.

After his wife's death, a deeper gloom seemed to settle upon Goff, and he became more unsocial and morose than ever. His only consolation now was his boy, who seemed precious to him as the apple of his eye. He used to make bows and arrows for him, and taught him how to use them; and whenever a tribe of roving Indians came along that way, Goff's boy would be very thick with the small red-skins of his own age, from whom he learned much about the woods and waters.

The only man in our neighborhood with whom Goff cottoned was a wild, shiftless fellow, named Morgan, who never did a steady day's work in his life, but went about a good deal with Indians, hunting and fishing, and drinking whisky, when he could get it, as they did. Goff took a liking to this man, and used to let him loaf around the place, and go and come as he pleased. Often they would go out hunting deer together, and on these occasions Morgan's mother, who lived in a shanty not far away, would take charge of young Goff, for they loved the boy, who was especially attached to Morgan, as boys often are to roving characters of the kind.

Sometimes Goff and Morgan used to have words with each other, but nothing serious ever came of these little spats, and they seemed in general to be on friendly terms.

There was a camp of strange Indians here one time, who came along through some far-off lakes and rivers in their canoes, and remained hereabouts for a few days only. From the day when these Indians left, Morgan was missing, and so was Goff's boy. Of course, the suspicion was that Morgan might have had a quarrel with Goff, and out of revenge have gone off with the Indians, taking the boy with him.

Goff was frantic at the loss of his boy, to the extent that at first he seemed incapable of action. Then, recovering his energies, he made up a party of hunters, and went in pursuit of the Indians; but with these they never came up, nor

was it ever known from where these wily red-skins came, and whither they went.

Then Goff became a prey to melancholy, of a kind that had danger in it; and none of us were sorry when he made arrangements for selling out his little property here; having done which, he went away as silently as he had come, giving no hint as to his movements, and bidding nobody farewell.

Years passed on, and many changes took place in these parts, which became settled by degrees, and took on more with civilization than they used to do. We used to get hold of newspapers now once in a while, and the part of these most eagerly read by us was that which brought us in contact, so to speak, with the great cities, which few of us ever had a chance of visiting, and, therefore, wanted all the more to hear about.

One day the clerk in the store was reading out to a lot of us, from a New York paper that had just come to hand. There was an account in it of a strange, lone man, who had died in a tavern in that city, leaving no trace of his name or belonging, but only a written paper, containing a confession that made some of us start, for it seemed to throw light upon the dark things of which I have just been telling you.

This confession, much of which was blotted out, as if the writer had repented of making all known, amounted to about this: The writer, who did not give his name, was living at one time, he said, in a certain backwoods settlement, of which he did not give the locality. While there, he had a quarrel with a man, who was sometimes employed by him, and they were going to fight it out with weapons, but were separated by some neighbors. Shortly after this, the writer, so he said, heard that a deer had been seen in a hollow of the woods, near by where he lived, and he went out with his rifle to look for it. After a while, he saw the deer move among some thick branches of a fallen tree, and drawing a bead upon it, fired. Nothing stirring, he went up to where he supposed the deer had fallen, and, to his horror, saw stretched out before him dead the man with whom he had quarreled in the morning. Unfortunately, the man wore a deer-skin cap, which led to the mistake.

Then remorse and fear overwhelmed the slayer, for he knew that, viewing his late quarrel with the dead man, all the neighbors would swear that he had murdered him in spite, instead of by mischance. To remove all traces of the crime, then, he bethought him of a wily plan. When the top-hammer has been cut away from a great tree that has been blown down by the wind, with its roots partly in the ground, such is the spring of the roots, as he well knew, that the part of the tree left attached to them is jerked back into its place with a sudden snap, the roots falling into their old grooves as nice as a button, without leaving a trace of their having been torn up. Throwing the dead man into the cavity then, he went for an ax which he kept in a hollow tree, not far off. With this, he cut through the tree at a distance of some twenty feet from the roots, when, no sooner had he jumped away clear from it than back it sprang, and the dead man's grave and monument were there in less time than it takes to tell about them. Then, the writer said, he carved a cross upon the tree with his ax. And that was all of the manuscript that was legible.

Before the reading of this confession was quite finished, three of the party—I was one of them myself—had sprang to their feet, for the whole thing flashed upon us at once. The writer of the confession must have been Goff, and no one else. The person who had bought out Goff, in clearing away the woods in the hollow already mentioned, noticed a headless old basswood tree, with a cross

carved upon it, and this he left standing, and in course of time it threw out young branches and leaves at the top, and became a landmark among the surrounding stumps.

For this tree, then, a crowd of us made with all speed, and after an hour's hard work with pick-axes and shovels, we disinterred the remains of a man. It was a mere skeleton, with a few rags upon it, and the name of Morgan was yet to be seen carved on the stock of the rusty old rifle that lay by it. This we expected, but what was our horror on searching the cavity further to find in it also the skeleton of a child, certain marks yet observable on the clothing of which showed that it was all that remained of Goff's boy?

It would have been far to go to find a coroner; and what good would a coroner have been, anyhow, since we had all made up our minds about the facts of this sad case? What we all agreed upon was that while Goff was engaged in cutting the tree, his boy stole down unperceived, and thinking that he saw his friend Morgan asleep at the foot of the great mass of upright roots, nestled in by him, just as the tree sprang back, and so met with a terrible death at the hands of his father, who was all unconscious that the grave devised by him for the slain man was also that of his darling child.

And so we buried the remains of the two at the foot of the old tree, which stands as a headstone for them to the present day. And now you know how it is that very tall stumps of trees are sometimes to be seen in the clearings.

Phantom Fingers.

CHAPTER I.

THIS was a fanciful idea, without doubt; but as a bit of description in two words, it could not have been excelled. For his fingers were certainly phantom-like. At a piano their peculiar shadowy appearance came out more powerfully than anywhere else; the effect upon people who watched them was corresponding. They seemed to flit about the white keys—much whiter than the ivory, indeed—and not to bring out the notes by striking, but by a weird, magnetic influence, that cannot be well by words described. So people looking on—and there were always many when he played—experienced first surprise, next interest, next a chilliness, and next horror. In the end they trickled away, and ran into little pools elsewhere, and said, diffidently, what they thought about it.

"Odd!" "Never saw the like before!" "Pon my soul it made my flesh creep!" etc., etc.

But Valerie's expression met the need precisely. She said, with a little turn-up of her exquisitely pet nose, "Phantom fingers!" And henceforth Melchior Marck was known, behind his narrow back (where, however, he seemed to have eyes) by that name.

This, in the very beginning, makes him melodramatic; and I am sorry, because some do not like melodramatic stories, and so will drop mine at once; and because melodramatic heroes are usually noodles.

Herr Marck was pale—of course; had light, and rather cold blue eyes; a bad mouth; strong, white teeth; above them, a nose inclining a little to be beakish. He was reserved; there was, in fact, a chill about him, and people drifted but little in his way, and he rarely talked. He professed that he could not; but his silence was evidently due more to a constitutional inertness and a contempt for conversation than any other motive.

It was profoundly calm that evening, or, rather,

dreamy. The stillness without seemed to have penetrated the very walls—the stillness of the meek stars, the bright moon, and the white snow. Everybody seemed to be talking in languid whispers, and even the fire in the grate diffused its grateful, gentle warmth without noise. The red coals appeared to sleep.

Suddenly the door opened as if for a ghost. It was only old Captain Rothwell, trundling along by the aid of his great, creaking shoes—quite canoes—and his massive walking-stick, almost large enough to have made a mast for a ship. For a sailor, he was by no means jovial—all that, they ill-naturedly said, had been taken out of him by his wife before she died—and so he sat down with a quiet bow, and fell into a study. The only other person in the room who had been enjoying his own society exclusively was Herr Marck. He had been softly humming to himself in the corner, and twiddling those restless fingers; but now, at the appearance of the captain, he rose, and went over to him.

"Why don't you play cards, Mr. Marck?" asked the blunt officer, in a husky, hurricane kind of voice.

"Because I do not find myself able to fancy them, good captain. It is wasting brain, thought, diplomatic skill, and such good things, to no purpose. But I perceive that your niece is fond of them."

"Ay, ay!"

"And also fond of a nice partner—(is nice the word I should use? I am clumsy at English epithets). She always selects the best—Mr. Atherstone."

The captain scowled. The German went on:

"And how greatly they do enjoy themselves! It is really a pleasure for me to sit and look on and listen. Both so handsome and young, too!"

"Ay, ay!" growled the sailor, dryly.

"And youth, sir, is the foam of life. They are happy who have youth; I never had. I was born old and odd and wretched."

These last words reached the sharp ears of Frederick Atherstone, who was at the card-table some yards off, and who had been casting uneasy glances at Herr Marck ever since he had left his seat.

"Talking some of Goethe and Byron's nonsense to your uncle," said Fred to Valerie, shuffling his pack excitedly. "And the old buffer swallows every word! It provokes me, confound it!"

"Play, play!" interrupted Mrs. Jorry, who hated to lose time over euchre. "Play, Fred!"

"I can't, with my attention distracted there. The fact is, Valerie, your uncle is the most precious old pump I ever encountered in all my life. Anything can be poked down his throat."

Valerie laid down her pencil, with which she had been keeping account of games, and looked at Fred seriously.

"I have told you, Fred, that I really cannot allow you to speak in my presence so disrespectfully of my uncle."

"But he is an idiot—a confirmed idiot! For a man to have traveled as much as he has, and to have learned so little, is a shame! I hate such infernal stupidity, and such disgusting block-heads! They ought to be put out of the world!"

He had actually worked himself into a fierce passion. His cheeks were red, his eyes blazing, and his fists were clinched. Mrs. Jorry laughed; but Valerie rose.

"You are mad, Mr. Atherstone, certainly," she said, in a very cold voice, and with much earnestness. "I shall not listen to you any longer. Do not speak to me again, sir."

She swept away with gentle dignity, and Fred, with a scowl, went over to the window, and hid himself in the folds of the curtain.

All of which Herr Marok had quietly observed.

"There, now!" said he, compassionately. "There we have another instance of what card-playing is! All our friends have quarreled."

"That's nothing," said the sailor. "Quarrel about the like every day. Soon make it up, sir."

"Let me see," continued the German, appearing to examine more attentively. "No, I was mistaken. It is only two of them who have quarreled—your sweet niece, sir, and Mr. Frederick."

Captain Rothwell looked more interested.

"And so it cannot have been about the cards; it is more likely to have been a love-quarrel! Ha, ha, ha!"

This came out in a little burst of triumph. Herr Marok's laugh was a sort of internal chuckle—not precisely disagreeable, but singular. The captain's eyes began to dilate.

"Impossible, Mr. Marok. There can be no such contention between my niece and Mr. Frederick Atherstone. You have mistaken the relations between them. Till I am in the ground, my niece will never be placed in circumstances to have a love-quarrel with anybody; and, sir," said the old man, earnestly, "whether I am alive or dead, there shall never be anything of the love character between her and Mr. Frederick Atherstone."

This method of formally repeating the young man's full name was certainly expressive. Herr Marok, who had lived in all countries, gave his shoulders a French shrug.

By this time all in the room were listening, except the subject of the conversation.

"I thought he was a most excellent gentleman."

"No doubt he is."

"True—perhaps nobody will deny it—he has a bad temper; that is to say, he is quick and terrible—fiery; but that is a common fault. I have also understood that he has a great faculty—what call you it?—for revenge."

"So he has," chimed in Mrs. Jorry. "His hate is terrible. I know as well as I sit here that Frederick Atherstone in a fury would do murder."

Herr Marok was horrified.

"Nay, nay! That I cannot credit, madame."

"Nor I, Herr Marok," said Valerie. "I am angry with the hot-headed gentleman; but I shall say nothing against him behind his back; nor, if I can help it, allow anything to be said."

"Why are you his champion?" asked Captain Bothwell, quickly.

"I don't know why," she answered, a little confused; "unless, perhaps, because he appears to have none. Herr Marok has uttered the only good word for him."

"I am really proud of that distinction, mademoiselle," answered the man of the slender white fingers. "I do certainly greatly esteem our friend in the very core of my heart of hearts! This savage, bloodthirsty humor, which you all say he possesses, I deeply regret. And furthermore, it is not pleasant for me to reflect that there exists a belief, however wild and extravagant, that he would take life."

"Why I have the notion," said the good-natured, empty-headed Mrs. Jorry, "is, because, in drawing a portrait one day, he fell into such a rage with his fingers, because they did not catch a certain shade, or something, that he got deliberately up, took his pocket-pistol, went into the corridor, and blew his forefinger half off."

This foolish speech, of course, created a sensation. The German looked much pained, Valerie startled, the others deeply shocked; but old Captain Rothwell laughed.

"But," resumed the unlucky narrator of the anecdote, possibly perceiving the effect of it,

"suppose we change the subject. It is too gloomy for me. Mr. Marok, give us some music."

They pressed him, and he went over to the piano. He pushed up the stool with his knee, blew out a little puff of breath right and left, coughed slightly, and then suddenly produced his phantom fingers.

Somehow, he never played solemn pieces in minor keys, and so was never necessitated to strike long resounding chords. His hands, flitting here and there, never alighting, drew a bright, sweet symphony from the ivory, and put the spirit of real music into the auditors' souls on the very instant. His light introduction ended, he dashed, with a brief preliminary pause, into the subject; and he never failed to play on till every one had left his side.

This always occurred for the reason I have given—none could endure the chill of those horrible, ghostly fingers.

Whatever he was executing—he mostly composed as he went along, and immediately forgot every note after he had plucked it out—it was beautiful; and Frederick Atherstone, to listen better, came out of his retreat in the window-curtains.

Naturally, and much to his amazement, everybody, despite the music, cast a glance at his right hand. It was a broad, heavy fist—for he was a large, burly man—and there was confirmation; forseeing gone at the second joint.

The music over, Frederick said:

"It is late, but I am going out for a ride across the snow. I've been in a passion this evening, and I wish to get thoroughly cooled off."

"Ring for your horse, Mr. Atherstone," said Valerie.

Perhaps this was to make it up with him.

"Thanks; but no," he answered, bursting into a bright smile at her. "My greatcoat is in the stable, and I shall have to walk across anyhow."

"And," cried Herr Marok, rising quickly, and in a tone of remorse, "my poor dog! sweet Atous! named after the once celebrated Mr. Brummel's dog. I must get the poor thing, or I shall have no company in my room to-night—and it will die of the cold. Poor, poor Atous! let me instantly rush to thy rescue! Mr. Frederick, I will order your horse, and bring him and the overcoat across, myself."

He darted from the room precipitately.

In ten minutes he was back, sitting on the horse, and carrying his dog. He dismounted, and gave place to Frederick. We were all, except the captain, standing in the doorway.

No sooner had Frederick put on his coat, than he began with much concern to search his pockets. It was a fruitless investigation.

"Confound it!" he burst out. "I've lost something!" And he dashed madly into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

HERR MAROK became melancholy. He wandered about the house and grounds for hours together. His piano was silent—his fingers concealed themselves in the darkness of his pockets.

Frederick Atherstone noticed these things, and went to him.

"What's the matter, Marok?"

"I cannot tell. I am gloomy. I have the blues."

"It must be one of two troubles—love, or money."

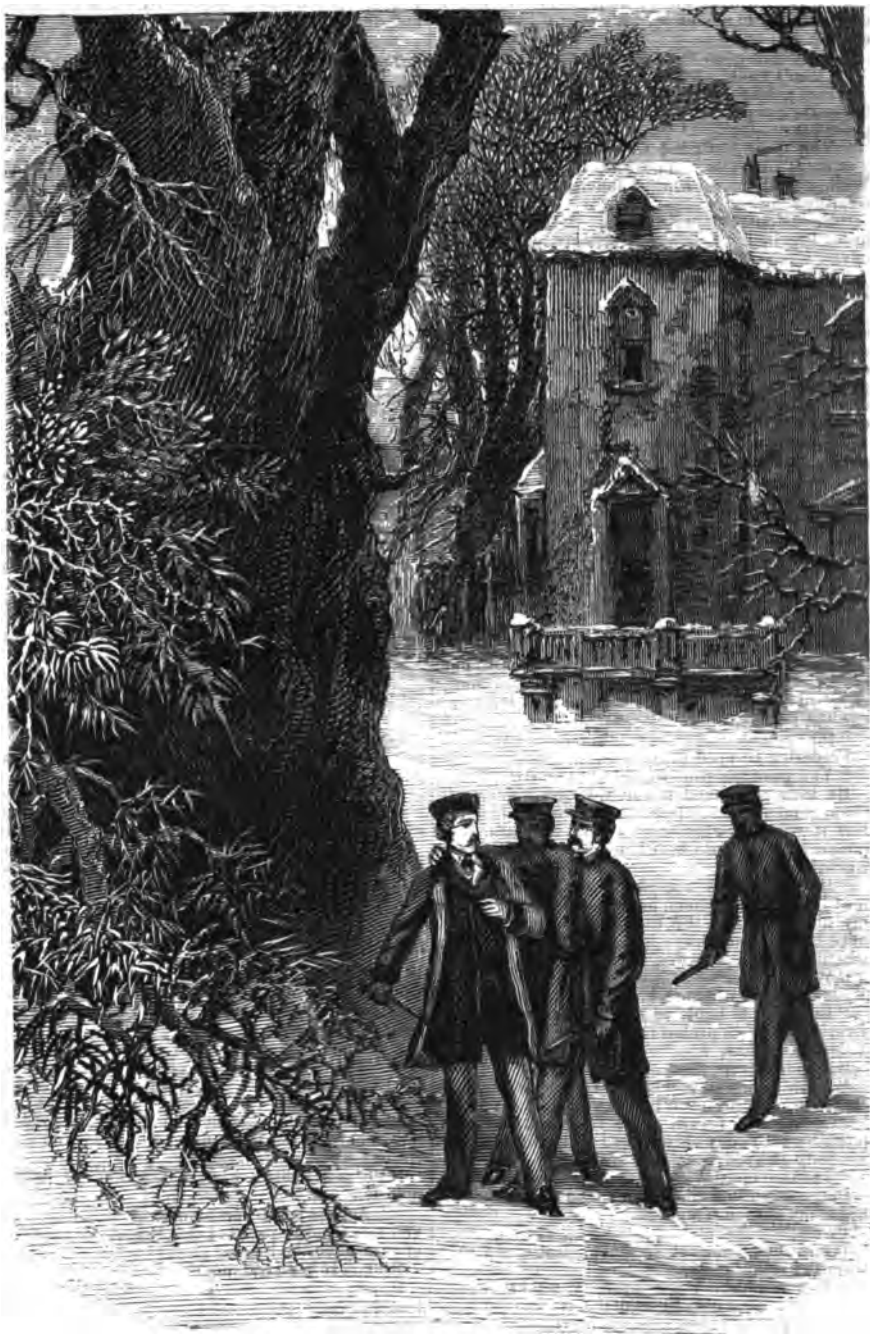
The German laughed.

"How well you know the world! It is money. I will tell you all, because I know you can keep a secret. You saw the foreign letter I received the other day? Well, that was from a friend in

Weimar—my bosom friend, my Pythias! I love him beyond life itself. He writes me for money to pay a most particular debt, and I have not one penny to give him! Is not this hard?"

"Rather," yawned Fred, who was disappointed in Herr Marok's story. "But can't you borrow what you want?"

"From whom, unless yourself?"



PHANTOM FINGERS.—"AT THE MOMENT THEY ENTERED THE GROUNDS FROM THE HOUSE, THEY CONFRONTED THE SUSPECTED MAN."

"My dear fellow, you can't from me, for one good reason: practically, I have none. You won't believe it, perhaps, but I'm not yet of age; shan't be till next June; and, consequently, I can't put my hands on a single cent till that time arrives."

Herr Marck grew very down-hearted, indeed.

"I don't know what to do then!"

"Don't despair, at any rate. Try old Timber-toes. He has plenty, and might accommodate, on great persuasion."

"You mean the good Captain Rothwell. Ah, you don't like him! You hate him—don't you? Well, we all have peculiar fancies. Is he very wealthy?"

"Enormously!" said Fred. "He even has great lots in his bedroom. Miserly, you see. I advise a trial, Marck."

"Thanks, thanks. It's but a faint hope; but a hope at least."

Now, Frederick that day had determined to put a question to Captain Rothwell, too. He had resolved to ask for the hand of Valerie, and he immediately reflected that it would be a matter of prudence to get in advance of the German. If two favors are asked in one day, the first is, of course, the one the more likely to be granted.

Frederick encountered the old sailor prowling about the hothouse. It was a good day, the snow was nearly gone, and he was ailing his rheumatic legs. Fred had determined to be humble and temperate. He approached, gravely.

"Captain Rothwell, you are at leisure, I perceive. May I speak with you five minutes?"

"I am at your service, Mr. Atherstone," was the answer, cold and dignified.

"You will listen patiently till I have done. I love your niece. I should like your permission to marry her."

He had not opportunity to make his sentence longer. The captain swung himself round, clinched his fists, grew red as blood in the face, and shrieked:

"Sir, you—"

Frederick stopped him.

"You gave me your word to hear me out."

He then proceeded to run through quickly all the arguments he had previously arranged to offer. But it was language—and rather dramatic language, for who could have helped that?—perfectly wasted.

"Have you said all, young man? Now hear me!" cried the captain, hotly. "You can't have my niece. That's the end of it. Nobody shall have her till I am dead; and you shan't have her, whether I'm alive or dead."

"Why not I, sir?"

Fred's blood began to boil.

"Because I hate you, *W* you must know. Everybody has a prejudice; mine is against you. Valerie shall have a more worthy man, if any."

"You insult me!"

"I don't care, boy, whether I do or not!" said Rothwell, roughly. "Who are you, jackanapes?"

Atherstone's breath came fast, and in little fetches; his ruddy skin turned white and sickly; his body swayed from side to side.

"I cannot control myself, man!" he whispered. "Don't tempt me too far, for God's sake! You know my demon temper!"

"Pah!"

It was the essence of contempt, this slight puff from the sailor's lips.

"You miserable old coward! you take advantage of my weakness!" said the other, clinching his nails till the palms of his hands bled.

The captain had hardly heard this, when he raised his great stick, poised it over his head an instant, and brought it down across Frederick Atherstone's broad shoulders.

"The rod is for the impudent schoolboy," he said.

The young man received the blow without a wince. There was a pause. He suddenly turned and darted away like a madman.

That night, Herr Marck encountered him coming up the steps of the great piazza.

"How pale you look! Where have you been all day? Riding, I suppose? Well, I did not ask the good captain. His face was unfavorable. To-morrow will do."

Frederick seized his arm, and glared into his eyes.

"Do you know, Marck, what is the noblest passage in Shakespeare?" he hissed. "It is Othello's cry—

'Blood, Iago! Blood, blood!'"

The clock in the turret had just boomed out the hour of one. There was a dreadful shriek, coming apparently from the third corridor, and ringing throughout the house.

A single word was uttered in the voice of a man:

"Murder!"

Everybody in the building rose, threw on some garment, seized a light, and ran.

The door of Captain Rothwell's apartment was open. Those who entered saw a fearful sight.

The old sailor lay on the bed, stabbed and strangled to death. On the white wall near his gray, matted hair was the print of a bloody hand.

Herr Marck, with starting eyes, pointed it out with his phantom forefinger.

"See," said he, "see! The right hand, and the forefinger gone at the second joint. Oh! Atherstone, my dear friend, what does this mean?"

Frederick Atherstone stood stock-still, like a man in a dream.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT does it mean? It means that he has been foully murdered—by whom, I know not!"

"But it is the print of your own hand!" cried the German. "A fearful recollection rushes over me, my friend! What were your last words to me this night when I encountered you on your way to bed? You shrieked 'Blood!' Oh! dear Atherstone, for the sake of thyself and all, explain this!"

Atherstone pulled up the sleeve of his arm, and placed his right hand upon the crimson stain. The coincidence was exact.

A look of horror, deeper yet than that which had preceded it, sat on the faces of all.

The young man then slowly raised the same hand above his head.

"As heaven is my judge, I am innocent!"

But with the shadow still on every countenance, all shrank away but one, and left him with the dead. This one was Valerie. She was on her knees, her head buried in the pillow. He paused, and looked at her in silence. She rose, and confronted him.

"Do you believe what I assert?" he asked, quietly.

"I will not hold you innocent," said she, "till you bring better proof of that innocence than this of your guilt."

He bowed his head, and left her.

Hardly had he gained the corridor when he heard a quarrelous voice apparently calling some animal. It was the voice of Herr Marck.

"Atous, where are you? Where are you, I say? Oh, this is what it is to have a silly dog, who cannot be trusted alone! You have run once more. It is distracting!"

"What now, Herr Marck?" asked Atherstone.
 "My little dog is gone. I ran from my room in so great a hurry that I forgot to close the door. The little fiend is so fond of outside that it makes off at every opportunity. It is fled now, and will take to the woods, and be starved to death, for it is stupid, and can never find the way back. Oh, I am so troubled this miserable night!"

"Never mind the dog, man," said the other, angrily. "Murder has been done here; the corpse lies in yonder room; you had best seek the villain who has done so dreadful a deed!"

"I know, I know, sir," answered Herr Marck, sharply. "But under your circumstances, I should not be so anxious for investigation. Reflect well, Mr. Frederick Atherstone."

"What do you mean by this insolence?"

"Ah, forgive me. I am hasty, because I am provoked at the wretched dog. Let me take a light, and search the grounds."

They parted.

None retired again to bed that night. The servants were sent off to the adjoining town, with news of the murder, and a request for the presence of a coroner and the police.

Frederick Atherstone, as soon as breakfast was announced, went down, and took a position at the head of the table. All looked at him in wonder, and with the same horror as before.

"You believe me guilty," said he. "I see it in every eye. But I have sworn that I am not, and to this I shall stand while I have breath sufficient in my body to utter it. The officers of justice will arrive by noon. Let them come to my room, and take me thence to prison."

He went away, and left the breakfast to be eaten in a silence that was chill and ghastly.

At precisely noon, the police arrived. First they examined the scene of the crime; next, the coroner and a magistrate heard the testimony, and finally they went to look for Frederick Atherstone.

He was not in his room.

This was as great confirmation as could have been a judge's seal of death.

Pursuit was ordered. At the moment they entered the grounds from the house, they confronted the suspected man.

"You came a little sooner than I had anticipated," said he; "but it is all the same. Take me."

The inmates of the house were standing at the windows. The sun was shining brightly on the snow, and the air was fresh and generous. Suddenly Herr Marck opened the piazza-door, and came down the steps.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do you believe this man to be guilty?"

"Let us first make the trial of that print on the wall," said the magistrate.

They returned to the chamber of the crime; it need not be said that all suspicion was confirmed.

"So be it!" broke in Herr Marck. "I only waited for the decision of authority. Mr. Frederick Atherstone, you are a murderer; at your trial I shall be the principal witness against you. The end will be death!"

He had hardly uttered these words when there were pattering footsteps heard at the door. A little dog came trotting in. There was something in its mouth.

A bloody glove!

The man of the phantom fingers turned horribly livid, and fell against the crimson smear that was on the wall.

"I see it all!" suddenly shrieked Frederick Atherstone. "That man has done this deed. Arrest him!"

The dog came quietly around, dropped the glove, fixed its wild eyes on its master, stooped like a cat, and sprang at his throat.

"Off, Atous! You little devil, off, I say! It is I, your master, you are shaking!"

The spectators glared, in powerless and horrified surprise.

"My glove!" continued the excited Atherstone, in a voice of thunder—"my glove, stolen from me, as I can prove, but a few nights since. I missed it from my pocket the night I took the ride, after my quarrel with Valeria. Do you not see, gentlemen, the dreadful depths of this conspiracy against me? This wretch did the murder, then marked the wall with the print of my hand, to throw the suspicion on me. Compare, gentlemen, for yourselves. Look, look!—the glove and the stain coincide identically! It is heaven's own work, this attestation of my innocence; for, observe, he writhes between the teeth of his own dog, who has betrayed him! Do not let him escape! He will wrench away the dog, and fly, if you do not seize him!"

Marck struggled with the animal for life. The long, white teeth pressed into his throat were strangling him.

"Off, demon!" he gasped. "The dog is mad, my friends! Take him away, or he will kill me! See, he is on my chest, and clings to my pipe of breath! I shall fall of exhaustion, and my death will be on your heads!"

Atherstone, recovering his presence of mind, rushed forward, and pulled away the frantic beast. The officers then seized the German.

He panted in silence for nearly three minutes. By this time, every person in the house had entered the room.

"It is so!" came forth, in dry, husky words. "I confess I planned as you have perceived. Was I not clever?"

He looked up, and then around at the faces staring at him. Then he laughed.

"But I have failed—perdition seize my accursed luck—I have failed!"

He dropped into a chair, and hid his eyes in his long, slender, ghostly fingers. But by another effort, he recovered himself, took them away, and spoke again.

"I confess my crime," said he, "because I am tolerably confident, from what has happened, that the devil has deserted me, and that, at my trial, I should be found guilty. Now, as to details: My motive, in the first place—it was want of money. I took the old captain's out of his sea-chest, and hid it in my water-pitcher, which possesses a false bottom. Returning to this room, the dog followed me—curse him!—and saw the stab I gave. But was not the good Rothwell already dead? He was; choked by these pretty white fingers, that play the piano so nicely. I used the knife, which you will find also in the water-pitcher, to get some blood wherewith to put over the glove; of course, one cannot print without ink. That is all."

It is not pleasant to elaborate narratives such as this, when they have reached so great a crowning-point of horror. Therefore, I condense the rest.

Herr Marck was tried, and, of course, convicted. But he poisoned himself with the nicotine of a pipe he was, by a special favor, allowed to smoke, the night before his execution.

His conduct while in prison was curious. He made prints of his phantom fingers all over the walls, where some of them may be seen yet. And in one spot he drew the portrait of a dog—Atous. Underneath he wrote: "When a man loses the friendship of his dog, he is friendless, indeed." This was in German, and in that language had more point than it can be given in a translation.

Atherstone and Valeria married; but not until he had succeeded in disciplining his temper. It is now very good.

A Croat of the Military Frontier.

THE Military Frontier of the Austrian Empire is a tract on the Turkish border, subject to particular regulations, and under military control. This exceptional state of affairs has had its effects on the whole system of the country, and by no means a healthy one. The people are unsettled, improvident, nomadic, liable to be displaced by the exigencies of military service. The different races are somewhat mingled, but the Croats abound. One of these is represented in our illustration.

standing by the peculiar stove in use in this region.

Although no enemy is at hand, all through this district are military stations, where five or six Gränzer, as they call the Croat soldiers, sleep, or lounge by their muskets of Albanian form, which hang on the wall, or near their stoves in winter.

Their dress is a brown jacket, with coarse white shirt and pastaloons, over which in winter is the hooded red cloak.

At their sash are a pistol or two, and a dirk, with the bone handle set with coral or glass.



A CROAT OF THE MILITARY FRONTIER.

A DOMESTIC, having been sent to purchase a bottle of capers, forgot her errand, and asked for a bottle of frolics.

"JAMES," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that the chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school:

"If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her!"

WHICH requires the most rope, a ship-rigger or a thimble-rigger? The ship-rigger, of course. Which deserves it most? Why, the thimble-rigger.

THE following epitaph is to be seen in a Parisian cemetery. The author of it is a forlorn American widower: "Sacred to the memory of Theodora, the beloved wife of —, proprietor of the — newspaper. Yearly subscription — francs, payable in advance. She was a good wife and an excellent mother. The publishing office is in — Street; knock loudly at the door. Thou art bitterly regretted, oh, much-loved wife! Rejected manuscripts are not returned."



CUTE BOY.

"Pop put a fly in that sugar-bowl, but I will turn it over, hook the sugar, and say the fly upset it."

THE night before a Boston man died his faithful wife watched by his side all through the dreary hours, with no companion but the dying husband and a copy of "Jack Sheppard."

On one occasion the Bishop of B——, in Scotland, was entertaining his choir at his private residence. After dinner, cheese and, amongst other things, lettuces followed, and the bishop handed a dish of the latter to one of his young guests, who, after looking at it some time, said:

"Na, na, my lord, thank you; I like my kail (cabbage) belled."

A PARISIAN recounts that he met recently, in a railway carriage, en route to Toulouse, a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with this *compagnon de voyage* with some regret, and with an exchange of cards; the agreeable person adding, as he gave his, "It would afford him great pleasure at any time to be useful to him professionally." Politeness forbade him looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of the public executioner of Paris. There was no mistake. Underneath the name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.**1.—ACROSTIC.**

In primals or finals downward you read,
You'll find one t'whose vagaries
Cæsar thought proper a place to concede
In his first Book of Commentaries.

1. To discover this, just take a map
Of South America. Scan it.
It is a river which mayhap
You'll say that find you cannot.
2. This is a sailor—a midddy bold;
Of one of them Marryat a tale has told.
3. A murderous gun is named by this,
You'll easily tell me what it is.
4. Webster's meaning to this is given,
As one from home and country driven.
5. In marine phrase we use this word
When all is right and undisturbed.
6. If this to know you are intent,
You'll find by it a medley's meant.
7. If I my hate wished to express,
I'd use this word; what is it?—guess.
8. To know this word you wish to try,
Curtail a portion of the eye.
9. This is a certain brand of ale,
To find it out you cannot fail.

2.—LOGOGRIPE.

The fox is said to do my whole,
By night, through woodland shades,
When seeking for the feathered prey
Along the thorny glades.

Beheaded, then so quick the change,
He'd fancy me, no doubt,
A bird he seldom gets, I fear;
Of course, you'll find it out.

Behead again, and, if transposed
Aright, the word will be
A river's name that you know well,
Not fifty miles away.

Again transpose, and it supplies
A liquor's name, I'm told,
That makes (nor brandy, rum, nor gin)
The drinker stout and bold.

Behead again, and forward read,
An article am I;
Restore, and back, without my last,
Another, you must say.

Once more curtail, one only form
Of me there will remain—
A number, neither more nor less.
Than that you will explain.

3.—SQUARE WORDS.

An Indian weight; to linger; misfortune; a
compound of hydrogen and carbon; to anneal,
and a conjunction; a French land measure.

4.

To turn; king of the fairies; columnar; a
species of palm trees; sums; perceptions, transposed.

5.—DOUBLE ARITHMORUM.

Tree and 251; O harper and 100; hear and
1,101; Kent and 1 g; rue and 3,000; hasp and
1,103; bane and 52 u; one noun and 1,000. If you
read down the initials and finals of the above, you
will find the names of two celebrated literary
partners.

6.

At cricket my first you're apt to get;
My last at a Broadway tailor's;
And as sure as there's an alphabet,
My total is priz'd by sailors.

In Sweden and Persia my primal is seen;
In Holland and China my next is revealed;
My third has in Egypt for centuries been,
And my fourth in America's snugly com-
cealed.

In Asia and Præsia my fifth will be found;
In Denmark my sixth in security's placed;
My next in Australia doth greatly abound,
And my last in old England is easily traced.

When you've joined these together, in order
precise,
A famed English dramatist springs to your
gaze;

A man of great parts, though addicted to vice,
Who in debt and in poverty ended his days.

7.—LOGOGRIPE.

Complete, I flee from danger; behead, I am a
stem; again behead, I am a headland; transpose,
I am a degree of celerity; deprive of a letter and
transpose, I am a plant and its fruits; transpose,
I am a simpleton; curtail, reverse, I am a rela-
tion; and behead, I am an article.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

The god of love; a flat; to converse; islands;
the name of a goddess.

9.

Metrical compositions; a musical entertain-
ment; at no time; voracity; a mineral product.

10.

An attendant; perfume; kinds of earth; a small
insect; one of the senses.

11.—ARITHMORUM.

Bore-gun, 550; rue, 150, en; Oo, 102; no rest,
5; agen sin; one, 1,000; quay, aga, 51; O, no art
1; bar oar, 550; farrot, 1,000; but so, 1,150; as ye
rat, 2,050; rents, 1,052; rout, 111; no hat, 1,051.

Initials and finals, down, name two well-known
poets.

**ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN
JUNE NUMBER.**

1. Lord Lytton, Eugene Aram, thus—LYTE,
OrmolU, RinG, DonE, Laocoon, YorkshirE,
Talavera, TigEr, Orchestra, Nizam. 2. Pride,
rides, idols, Delia, essay. 3. Opal, pose, Asia,
lead. 4. Ibis, bore, iron, sent. 5. Kent, Hero,
Cleon, Gallus, Phebe, Paulina. 6. Life. 7. Shel-
ley, Addison, thus—hAkespeare, HurDis, ColE-
ridgE, GoLdsmith, WiLliS, LongFelloW, YouNg.
8. Smarts, marts, arts, rats, tars, star, sat, at, t
(tea), trams, rams, Mars, arms, Sam, (djam, ma,
m, mats, Mat, tam-tam. 9. Vulcan—Lucan;
Avernus—Venus; Vesta, seat, sea; Circe, rice,
ice; Hydra, dray, ray. 10. Senegambia, Guada-
loupe, Sacramento, Newfoundland, Rio Grande
de Santiago, Beloochistan, Terra del Fuego, Red
River of the North. 11. Coral, opera, reign, argue,
lanes. 12. James, avert, metre, error, stern. 13.
Start, throw, argue, route, Tweed. 14. Amend,
mend, Amen, men. 15. Malpas (birthplace of
Heber) thus—Milston, birthplace of Addison; Ald-
winkle, birthplace of Dryden; Liverpool, birth-
place of Mrs. Hemans; Poultry, London, birth-
place of Hood; Alton, birthplace of Withers;
Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of Shakespeare.
16. Pink rose, thus—PeaR, IndigO, NutS, KinE.
17. Because it is a full hour (flower). 18. Because
they descend lower than other men do to dirty
work, and the produce of their labor (coal) is only
fit to be burnt.

It is a bad sign to be skillful in apologies.

A NOD FELLOW—Morpheus.

WHEN betting men say they'll take you, take care it's not in.

YOU may always recognize a champagne maker by his fizz.

ETIQUETTE—If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt.

A MAN may be ashamed of the fashion of the nose, although he follows it.

ANOTHER.—In what way does the law relating to crossed checks apply to tarians?"

A MISER'S first rule in arithmetic is addition, but his heirs generally begin with division.

IT is said that Schuyler Colfax—but who wants to know any more about Schuyler Colfax?

GOTHIC styled architecture "Frozen Music." Coleridge calls Christian architecture "Petrified Religion."

DO NOT kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping.

THE bed to be avoided, next to an onion-bed, is probably the bed of the river—unless one is partial to sheets of water.

IF it takes a man two days to make a post hole in broken ground, how long will it take him to make a broken post whole?

A MISSING man was lately advertised for, and described as having a Roman nose. He won't be found. Such a nose as that will never turn up.

HERE'S the new style of thing in the Illinois papers: "Miss S. E. Raymond declines to be a candidate for a member of the Board of Education in Bloomington."

IT is a little singular how much valuable time a man will take in studying the postmark of a letter to see where it comes from, when he can open the letter and find out at once.

AN English paper, speaking of a man who was kicked by a horse, says: "His life was extinct for a short time, but recovered so that he reached home on Saturday evening."

AN English lady ate oysters all through the month of August, when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "r" in that month. "Orgust" was the way she spelt it.

A TELESCOPE has been erected which brings the moon within eighty miles of the earth. The people up in Goshen, who manufacture cheese for a living, are properly alarmed at this, and have called a town meeting.

AMONG the spoony bits of goodness which gem the provincial press, we read:

"Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm."

What for? He only wants you to let him come under your umbrella.

A ROUND of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

FORTUNE may favor fools, but that's a poor reason why you should make a fool of yourself.

PAWNBROKERS and drunkards are always taking pledges; the former sometimes keep them.

A POETIC Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a "flame," because it is a tinder sentiment.

WHY are Indian servants called coolies? Probably because their principal duty is to fan their masters in the heat of the day.

CALIFORNIA housewives describe soda as "that ere stuff which you put in biscuits to make 'em get up and Grecian bend themselves."

MAY we inquire what is the best motto for a postman on Valentine's day? Rap-tat Amor! [The postman on that day must adore NOX beginning, and a door knocks ending.]

A YOUNG farmer in Rhode Island being asked if he believed in a future state, replied:

"In course I does, and I'm going to enter it, tew, just as soon as Betsy gits her things ready."

AT a spirit meeting, the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit world. The reply was:

"Reading obituary notices."

AN inquiring man hereabouts thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth the horse had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

AN Irishman, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high.

"Well, I can't say he did," said Terrance, "but he died high."

Like the banks in those days, he was suspended.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books that his wife exclaimed:

"I wish I were a book, that I might always be in your society."

"I wish you were an almanac, so that I could change you every year," replied he.

A SMART boy, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

"I THINK John labors under the impression that he is not wanted here," said Prunkins to his wife, at the same time nodding his head in the direction of her nephew.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," replied the wife; "John is too lazy to labor under anything, even an impression."



"DOES HE SMOKE?"

TOBACCONIST (to youth who has been turning over the stock of pipes for the last half hour, and bought nothing.)—"Ah! I see what it is—permit me to have the honor of measuring you for a pipe!"

TEACH your children to help themselves, but do not encourage them to extend the habit to what does not belong to them.

"WHAT's that?" said a teacher, pointing to the letter X, to a little ragged urchin.

"Daddy's name."

"No, my boy."

"Yes, it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

GRACE GREENWOOD, alluding to recent exhibitions at the seat of Government, says: "The unsatisfactory nature of these explanations, the failure of our great expectations, the precarious condition in which honorable gentlemen are left, after all their frantic efforts to 'set' themselves right before the country, reminds me of the mournful foundering of a Mississippi steamboat, as described by an eye-witness:

"She hove and sot, and sot and hove,
And high her rudder flung;
And every time she hove and sot,
A wusser leak she sprung."

A MAN in London, who had made a fortune as proprietor of a newspaper, wanted to name a vessel "The Printer's Devil," in memory of his old business; but that name being thought too long, the craft was called "The Devil" for short; and this name proving prejudicial to the owner, he finally got it changed to "The Newsboy."

UNDER the head of the Sanctuary of Superstition, the *Index* gives us some very funny advertisements, of a religio-commercial sort, collected from Christian papers, such as:

"Butler Wanted—Must be a Single Man and one of the Lord's redeemed family. A Scotchman preferred. Address Mr. Allen, Inchmartin, Inchture, Perth."

And in its advertising-columns it gives us the following:

"Wanted, in a city of the West, two efficient lady teachers that are free from all religious prejudices. Applications will be received at the office of the *Index*."

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



